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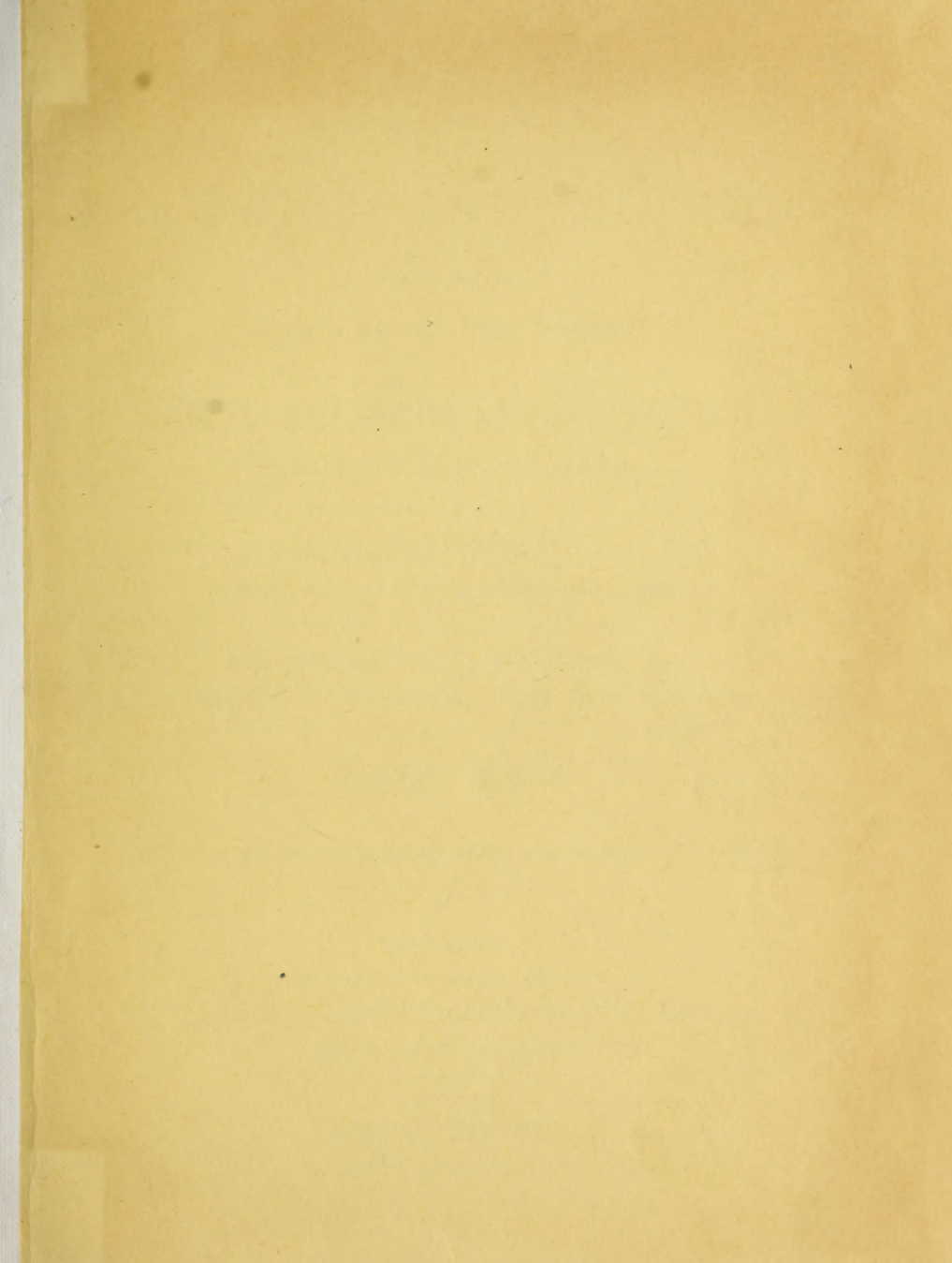
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✓  
HYMNS  
ANCIENT AND MODERN

FOR USE IN THE  
*SERVICES OF THE CHURCH*

WITH ACCOMPANYING TUNES

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

UNDER THE MUSICAL EDITORSHIP OF

✓  
WILLIAM HENRY MONK, MUS. DOCT.,

PROFESSOR OF VOCAL MUSIC IN KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

THE SUPPLEMENTAL TUNES REVISED BY  
CHARLES STEGGALL, MUS. DOCT. CANTAB.

Complete Edition.

"Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the Lord."

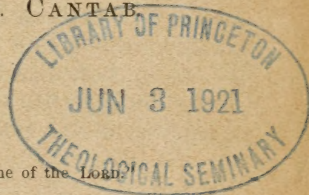
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THE  
CLAY AND MIDDLE

MEMOIR OF THE CHURCH

WITH A HISTORY OF THE

CHURCH OF THE

WILLIAM BRYCE

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## PREFACE.

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THE Compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* are well aware that it is no light matter to put forth a revised and enlarged Edition of their Book. It is too widely used, and (perhaps they may add) too much loved, to allow of any change being made without good cause. But the very fact of its large circulation is their best apology for revision. It is a simple debt they owe to the Church. The fourteen years that have passed since their first copy was published have seen a great change in opinion on many points. For example, it is not necessary now, as it was thought to be then, to print an altered or shortened form of a good Hymn simply because it happened to be so used by certain congregations. No one wishes now to reprint tunes with unsatisfactory harmonies because we have been accustomed to them. The general desire is rather to have a Hymn as its author wrote it; and Compilers are expected not to make changes in it without strong reason. The best Musicians of the day are writing new Tunes and re-harmonizing old Melodies. New Hymns have been written to meet admitted needs. It would surely then have been almost a dereliction of their duty to the Church, if the Compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* had not taken advantage of these altered circumstances.

They therefore now venture to offer what is not a new Book but a revised and enlarged Edition of the old. It contains nearly all the old Hymns, and most of the old Tunes; what have been omitted are such as were either seldom used, or have been replaced by better ones of a similar character. But the whole Book has been most carefully revised: in some Hymns the original text has been more closely followed; the Translations are in some cases improved; the Tunes are often better harmonized; a more orderly arrangement has been made, according to subjects, of the "General" Hymns; and a large number of new Hymns and Tunes are added, many of them written for this Book and now printed for the first time. Among the new Hymns may be mentioned especially those on the "Seven Words," which our Lord spoke on the Cross, as being likely to meet a want which is becoming every year more widely felt; and those for the

For the use of Tunes that had been already published the Compilers desire to thank not only many of the foregoing Contributors, but also Mr. Turle, Organist of Westminster Abbey; Mr. Arthur Sullivan; Mr. John Hullah; Mrs. Havergal (for a Tune by her late husband, the Rev. W. H. Havergal, whose generous aid in this work will be always gratefully remembered); Mr. Richard Redhead (for Tunes inserted with the consent of Messrs. Masters & Co., and Messrs. Metzler & Co.); Mr. Walter B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.; Mr. A. R. Reinagle; Mr. Henry Lahee; Mr. Wilhelm Schulthes; Mr. James Watson; Mr. Frederick Westlake (for a Tune inserted with the consent of Messrs. Burns, Oates, & Co.); the Rev. R. F. Dale, Mus. Bac.; the Rev. T. R. Matthews; the Rev. R. R. Chope (for permission to insert the Tunes by Dr. Dykes to Hymns Nos. 21 (1st Tune), 99, 140 (2nd Tune), 260, 285, and 289, from his Hymn and Tune Book); the Rev. T. Darling (for permission to print from his "Hymns for the Church of England" Dr. Steggall's Tune to Hymn No. 233); Mr. Lamborn Cock (for permission to insert Dr. Steggall's Tune to Hymn No. 81); Messrs. Nisbet & Co. (for their generous permission to print Tunes which are their copyright); and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

In conclusion the Compilers venture to repeat the words of their former preface, that "they have endeavoured to do their work in the spirit of the English Prayer-book, and in dependence on the grace of God;" and they commend to Him the result of what is, in all human probability, their last revision (a revision to which, perhaps, even more anxious thought and time has been given than was spent on their first work), in deep thankfulness for the wonderful success with which He has been pleased to bless their efforts hitherto, and with the earnest prayer that they may still "promote, in some degree, His greater glory, and the good of His Church."

*January 21st, 1875.*



## PREFACE TO THE SUPPLEMENTAL HYMNS.

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THE Compilers of *Hymns Ancient and Modern* having been repeatedly urged to supplement their Book with some additional Hymns, and having taken counsel with those upon whose judgment they could rely, undertook the work with a deep sense of the responsibility which they were incurring, and now humbly present the result of their endeavours. Whatever degree of success they may have attained is mainly due to the hearty co-operation of a large number of Clergy and Laity competent as Hymn-writers or as critics to take part in such a work, to whom they desire to tender their most grateful thanks. More especially they would acknowledge their deep indebtedness to the Rev. John Ellerton, the Rev. Canon A. J. Mason, the Rev. Canon Medd, the Rev. T. B. Pollock, the Rev. S. J. Stone, and the Rev. Canon H. Twells, for the time and labour which they have so ungrudgingly bestowed, and for their valuable contributions; to these names must be added that of one who has recently been called to his rest, the Rev. Jackson Mason, whose Hymns and Translations are among the choicest in their Supplement.

They desire further to express their obligations for the use of Hymns to the following: His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Lord Bishop of Exeter; the Lord Bishop of Wakefield; Bishop Jenner; the Very Rev. the Dean of Rochester; the Very Rev. the Dean of Wells; Mrs. Alexander; Miss Dorothy Blomfield; the Rev. A. G. W. Blunt; the late Rev. Dr. Bonar; the Rev. G. H. Bourne, D.C.L.; the Rev. Canon Bright, D.D.; Mrs. Codner; Mrs. Cousin; the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould; the Rev. E. Harland; Mrs. Hernaman; Thomas Hughes, Esq.; the Rev. S. J. Jones; the Rev. J. Julian; the Rev. R. F. Littledale, LL.D., D.C.L.; the Rev. R. M. Moorsom; F. T. Palgrave, Esq.; Miss Ellen M. Sewell; Miss Isabel Stephenson; Captain Turton, R.A.; Rev. J. R. Vernon; George Watson, Esq.; Rev. E. A. Welch; Rev. C. E. York; James Nisbet & Co. (for granting

the use of a Hymn by Miss Havergal); the Rev. Canon Beadon (for the use of a Hymn by Bishop Woodford); Mr. J. T. Hayes (for the use of Hymns by Dr. Neale); Messrs. Burns & Oates (for the use of two Hymns by Rev. F. Faber, D.D.); the Rev. Canon Furse (for the use of a Hymn by Dr. Monsell); the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth (for the use of a Hymn by their father, Bishop Wordsworth).

With regard to the "Accompanying Tunes," the Compilers have thankfully committed the superintendence of this important part of their work to Professor W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc., who has received constant and valuable assistance from Sir John Stainer, late Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral; Dr. Charles Steggall, Organist to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn; and Mr. Charles Edward Stephens.

They thankfully acknowledge contributions, firstly, from the late Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., Mus. Doc., Professor in the University of Oxford; from Sir Herbert Oakeley, LL.D., Mus. Doc., Professor in the University of Edinburgh; from Sir Robert Stewart, Mus. Doc., Professor in the University of Dublin; and from Sir George Elvey, Mus. Doc.

Also from many Musicians of distinguished merit: Dr. George C. Martin, of St. Paul's; Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey; Mr. Charles Harford Lloyd, Mus. Bac., of Christ Church, Oxford; Dr. J. V. Roberts, of Magdalen College, Oxford; Dr. Garrett, of St. John's College, Cambridge; Dr. Longhurst, of Canterbury Cathedral; Mr. C. S. Jekyll, Organist of Her Majesty's Chapel Royal; Dr. C. W. Pearce; Dr. C. J. Frost; Mr. Ebenezer Prout, B.A.; Dr. Frederick Iliffe; Mr. J. W. Elliott; Mr. A. H. Brown; Mr. W. Stevenson Hoyte; Mr. Everard Hulton, Mus. Bac.; Mr. Myles B. Foster; Mr. T. E. Aylward, Mus. Bac.; Mr. Alfred J. Eyre; Mr. John Heywood; Dr. E. H. Turpin, F.C.O.; Mr. A. H. D. Prendergast; Mr. Cedric Bucknall, Mus. Bac.; Mr. Joseph Barnby, to whom they are indebted for several valuable contributions; Mr. W. C. Filby; Mr. T. L. Forbes; Rev. S. J. Rowton; Mr. J. A. Macmeikan, M.A.; Dr. F. H. Champneys; Mr. Gerard F. Cobb, M.A.; and Dr. Edwin George Monk.

Thanks are also due to the Lord Bishop of Lichfield (for leave to reprint two of his Tunes); to the Lord Bishop of Exeter (for "Pax Tecum," from the "Hymnal Companion"); to Mrs. Dykes (for a Tune by her late



husband, an ever-to-be-remembered contributor to this Work); to Mrs. Brock (for Mr. Henry Smart's "Moseley"); to the Rev. T. Darling (for "St. Clement" and "Bonar," by Dr. C. Steggall); to the Rev. R. R. Chope (for "St. Osmund," by Mr. H. S. Irons, taken from R. R. Chope's "Carols for Use in Church"); to Miss Hodges (for a Tune by the late Dr. Edward Hodges); to the Rev. William Statham, Mus. Doc.; to the Rev. F. A. J. Hervey; to the Rev. W. Sloane Sloane-Evans; to the Rev. C. C. Scholefield; to Mr. Spenser Nottingham (for the Melody of "Bride of Christ"); to Mr. T. Armstrong; and to Mrs. G. E. Cole.

A Tune by Sir George Macfarren appears by leave of Messrs. Burns & Oates; Mr. Prout's "Cairnbrook," by leave of the Rev. Dr. Hannay, on behalf of the Committee of the Congregational Union of England and Wales; Dr. S. S. Wesley's "Engedi," by leave of Rev. Frank Wesley; Mr. Forbes' "Come sing," by leave of the London Church Choir Association; and one by Mr. Barnby, from the "Sarum Hymnal," by leave of the Right Hon. Earl Nelson.

Alternative Tunes have been provided for Hymns 98, 295, 350, 398, 437, and will be found immediately after Hymn 638.

Metronomic times have been marked, not only to the Tunes in the Supplement, but throughout the Book.

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On the eve of the publication of the Book, to the completion of which his best energies had been given, Dr. Monk was taken to his rest.

In him the Church has lost one whose refined and devotional musical taste was not unimportant among those influences which have led, of late years, to so marked an improvement in the Services of the Sanctuary.

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It is requested that all communications on musical matters may be addressed to DR. STEGGALL, 8, Horbury Crescent, Notting Hill, London, W.

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*Any questions concerning the copyright of these HYMNS should be addressed to the CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF HYMNS A. & M., care of Wm. CLOWES & SONS, Limited, 13, Charing Cross, London, S. W.*

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.
A few more years shall roll . . . . .	288	Dr. Horatius Bonar.
A living stream, as crystal clear . . . . .	213	Rev. John Keble, based on J. Mason.
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide . . . . .	27	Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.
Above the clear blue sky . . . . .	336	Rev. John Chandler.
Above the starry spheres . . . . .	152	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers: from the Latin.
Again the Lord's own day is here . . . . .	35	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
All glory, laud, and honour . . . . .	98	Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.: from the Latin.
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All hail the power of Jesus' Name. . . . .	300	Edward Peronet.
All people that on earth do dwell . . . . .	166	Rev. W. Kethe.
All things bright and beautiful . . . . .	573	Mrs. Alexander.
All ye who seek for sure relief. . . . .	112	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers: from the Latin.
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Alleluia! sing to Jesus . . . . .	316	William Chatterton Dix.
Alleluia, song of sweetness. . . . .	82	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
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Almighty God, Whose only Son . . . . .	363	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
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And now the wants are told . . . . .	32	Rev. William Bright, D.D.
And now this holy day . . . . .	564	Rev. E. Harland.
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Angel-voices, ever singing. . . . .	550	Rev. F. Pott.
Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat . . . . .	626	Rev. J. Newton.
Around the Throne of God a band. . . . .	335	Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.
Art thou weary, art thou languid. . . . .	254	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.: from the Greek.
As near the wish'd-for port we draw . . . . .	597	Rev. C. F. York.
As now the sun's declining rays . . . . .	13	Rev. J. Chandler and Compilers: from the Latin.
As pants the hart for cooling streams . . . . .	238	Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady.
As with gladness men of old . . . . .	79	William Chatterton Dix.
At even ere the sun was set . . . . .	20	Rev. Henry Twells.
At the Cross her station keeping . . . . .	117	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers: from the Latin.
At the Lamb's high feast we sing. . . . .	127	Robert Campbell: from the Latin.
At the Name of Jesus . . . . .	306	Caroline M. Noel.
At Thy feet, O Christ, we lay . . . . .	6	Rev. William Bright, D.D.
Author of life Divine . . . . .	319	Rev. John Wesley.
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Awaked from sleep we fall . . . . .	474	Rev. R. M. Moorsom: from the Greek.
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Behold the messengers of Christ . . . . .	433	Compilers. (Based on Tr. from Latin by Rev. I. Williams.)
Behold the sun, that seem'd but now . . . . .	476	George Withers.
Behold us, Lord, a little space . . . . .	475	Rev. J. Ellerton.
Behold us, Lord, before Thee met. . . . .	348	Rev. William Bright, D.D.
Bishop of the souls of men . . . . .	408	Rev. Gerard Moultrie.
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*The TUNES marked thus \* are copyright of the Compilers; as well as many of the Harmonies of other Tunes.*

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A few more years . . .	288	*Chalvey. D.S.M. . . . .	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.
A living stream . . .	213	Stockton. C.M. . . . .	Thomas Wright.
Abide with me . . .	27	{ 1.*Eventide. } 10 10 10 10	{ 1. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Above the clear blue . .	336	{ 2. Troyte's Chant. No.1. } 6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4	{ 2. Arthur H. Dyke Troyte.
Above the starry . . .	152	Children's Voices. 6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.
Again the Lord's own . .	35	St. Michael. S.M. . . . .	From Day's Psalter.
All glory, laud . . .	98	Church Triumphant. L.M. . . . .	J. W. Elliott.
All hail, Adorèd . . .	158	{ 1. St. Theodulph. } 7 6 7 6 D . . .	{ Melchior Teschner.
All hail the power . . .	300	{ 2. Plain-song. } . . . . .	{ Har. by W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.
All people that . . .	166	Trinity. L.M. . . . .	Ancient Plain-song.
All things bright . . .	573	{ 1. Miles' Lane. } C.M. . . . .	{ 1. W. Shrubsole.
All ye who seek. . . .	112	{ 2. St. Leonard. } . . . . .	{ 2. Henry Smart.
Alleluia! Alleluia! . .	137	Old Hundredth. L.M. . . . .	Genevan-Psalter, 1543 (?).
Alleluia! sing to Jesus .	316	*All things bright and beautiful. 7 6 7 6	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
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Almighty Father . . .	371	Lux Eoi. 8 7 8 7 D . . . . .	Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.
Almighty God . . .	363	Alleluia. 8 7 8 7 D . . . . .	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.
An exile for the faith .	458	Alleluia dulce carmen. 8 7 8 7 8 7	Webbe's Church Music, 1791.
And now, beloved Lord .	121	Rockingham. L.M. . . . .	Edward Miller, Mus. Doc.
And now, O Father . . .	322	{ 1. Intercession. } L.M. . . . .	{ 1. ?
And now the wants. . .	32	{ 2. Melcombe. } . . . . .	{ 2. Samuel Webbe.
And now this holy day .	564	*Utrecht. S.M. . . . .	Berthold Tours.
Angels, from the . . .	482	*Commendatio. 11 10 11 10	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Angel-voices, ever . . .	550	*Unde et memores. 10 10 10 10 10 10	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Approach, my soul . . .	626	*Weybridge. C.M. . . . .	W. H. Sangster, Mus. Bac.
Around the Throne . .	335	Moseley. 6 6 6 6 . . . . .	Henry Smart.
Art thou weary . . .	254	St. Osmund. 8 7 8 7 4 7 . . . . .	H. S. Irons.
As near the wish'd-for .	597	Angel-voices. 8 5 8 5 8 4 3 . . . . .	E. G. Monk, Mus. Doc.
As now the sun's . . .	13	St. Peter. C.M. . . . .	A. R. Reinagle.
As pants the hart . . .	238	*Guardian Angels. L.M. . . . .	E. H. Thorne.
As with gladness . . .	79	{ 1.*Christus Consolator. } 8 5 8 3	{ 1. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
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At the Lamb's . . . . .	127	St. Peter. C.M. . . . .	A. R. Reinagle.
At the Name of Jesus . .	306	Martyrdom. C.M. . . . .	Hugh Wilson, 1764-1824.
At Thy feet, O Christ . .	6	Dix. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Conrad Kocher, 1838.
Author of life Divine . .	319	Angelus. L.M. . . . .	{ Scheffler's "Geistliche Hirtenlieder," 1657. Georg
Awa'ke, my soul . . .	3	{ Stabat Mater. No. 1. } . . . . .	{ Josephi (?)
Awaked from sleep . . .	474	{ ————— No. 2. } 8 8 7 8 8 7 . . . . .	{ 1. Ancient Plain-song.
Be near us . . . . .	509	{ ————— No. 3. } . . . . .	{ 2. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
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Before Jehovah's . . .	516	*Evelyns. 6 5 6 5 D . . . . .	From J. Sebastian Bach.
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Behold the Lamb . . .	187	*Author of life. 6 6 6 6 8 8 . . . . .	Walter Macfarren.
Behold, the Master . . .	614	Commandments. L.M. . . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Behold the messengers . .	433	Gerrans. 6 6 8 6 11 11 . . . . .	Genevan Psalter, 1561.
Behold the sun . . . .	476	{ 1. Plain-song. } L.M. . . . .	A. H. Brown.
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Behold us, Lord . . . .	348	Abridge. C.M. . . . .	{ 2. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.
Bishop of the souls . . .	408	Old Hundredth. L.M. . . . .	Isaac Smith, Mus. Doc.
Bless'd are the pure. . .	261	Te lucis. L.M. . . . .	Genevan Psalter, 1551.
		{ 1.*Ecce Agnus. } 6 6 6 4 8 8 4 . . . . .	Ancient Plain-song.
		{ 2.*St. John. } . . . . .	{ 1. From Old Melody.
		Erfurt. L.M. . . . .	{ 2. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
		*Clifton. C.M. . . . .	"Geistliche Lieder," Magdeburg, 1540.
		*Brightness. D.C.M. . . . .	E. H. Turpin.
		*Elm. C.M. . . . .	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.
		*St. Matthias. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	J. V. Roberts, Mus. Doc.
		*Sherborne. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
		Franconia. S.M. . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
			Müller's Choralbuch, 1754.



First line of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.
Blessed city, heavenly Salem . . . . .	396	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
Blessed feasts of blessed Martyrs . . . . .	440	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
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Bride of Christ, whose glorious warfare . . . . .	618	Rev. John Ellerton.
Brief life is here our portion . . . . .	225	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.: from the Latin.
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Brightly did the light Divine . . . . .	412	The Very Rev. Henry Alford.
Brightly gleams our banner . . . . .	390	Rev. T. J. Potter (altered by ??).
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By precepts taught of ages past . . . . .	85	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
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Christ is gone up; yet ere He pass'd . . . . .	352	Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.
Christ is made the sure Foundation . . . . .	396	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
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Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire . . . . .	157	The Right Rev. Bishop John Cosin: from the Latin.
Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One . . . . .	9	Rev. J. H. Newman, D.D.: from the Latin.
Come, let us join our cheerful songs . . . . .	299	Dr. Watts.
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare . . . . .	527	Rev. J. Newton.
Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures . . . . .	434	Robert Campbell and Compilers.
Come see the place where Jesus lay . . . . .	139	Thomas Kelly and Compilers.
Come, sing with holy gladness . . . . .	341	Rev. J. J. Daniell.
Come sing, ye choirs exultant . . . . .	621	Rev. Jackson Mason: from the Latin.
Come, Thou Holy Spirit, come . . . . .	156	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers: from the Latin.
Come to our poor nature's night . . . . .	524	George Rawson.
Come unto Me, ye weary . . . . .	256	William Chatterton Dix.
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem . . . . .	302	Job Hupton, and Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain . . . . .	133	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.: from the Greek.
Come, ye thankful people, come . . . . .	382	The Very Rev. Henry Alford.
Conquering kings their titles take . . . . .	175	Rev. J. Chandler and Compilers: from the Latin.
Creator of the starry height . . . . .	45	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
Creator of the world, to Thee . . . . .	83	Compilers: based on older translations from the Latin.
Crown Him with many crowns . . . . .	304	Matthew Bridges.
Day of Wrath! O day of mourning . . . . .	398	Rev. W. J. Irons, D.D.: from the Latin (altered).
Days and moments quickly flying . . . . .	289	Rev. E. Caswall. (Last verse by Compilers.)
Dear Lord, on this Thy servant's day . . . . .	420	Cecil Frances Alexander.
Disposer Supreme . . . . .	431	Rev. Isaac Williams: from the Latin.
Do no sinful action . . . . .	569	Mrs. Alexander.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer of Tune.
Blessed city, heavenly . . .	396	{1. Urbs beata. } 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . . {2. Oriel. } . . .	{1. Ancient Plain-song. {2. German (har. by W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.).
Blessed feasts . . .	440	{1. Redhead. No. 143. } 8 7 8 7 . . . {2. Alla Trinità. } . . .	{1. Richard Redhead. {2. "Laudi spirituali."
Blest Creator . . .	38	Vienna. 7 7 7 7 . . .	J. H. Knecht.
Bounteous Spirit . . .	507	*Barmouth. 8 5 8 8 5 7 7 7 . . .	C. J. Frost, Mus. Doc.
Bread of Heav'n . . .	318	*Bread of heaven. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . .	The Right Rev. Bishop W. D. MacLagan.
Bride of Christ . . .	618	{1. Bride of Christ. } 8 7 8 7 D. . . {2. *Sponsa Christi. } . . .	{1. S. Nottingham (har. by W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.). {2. Sir Herbert Oakeley, LL.D., Mus. Doc.
Brief life is here . . .	225	St. Alphege. 7 6 7 6 . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Bright the vision . . .	161	Redhead, No. 46. 8 7 8 7 . . .	Richard Redhead.
Brightly did the light . . .	412	Vienna. 7 7 7 7 . . .	J. H. Knecht.
Brightly gleams . . .	390	*Vexillum. 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 . . .	Henry Smart.
By Jesus' grave . . .	123	Holy Sepulchre. 8 8 8 . . .	E. H. Thorne.
By precepts taught . . .	85	Saxony. L.M. . . . .	Old German (Lutheran).
Captains of the saintly . . .	432	University College. 7 7 7 7 . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Children of the . . .	547	*Bewdley. 7 7 7 7 . . .	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.
Christ, in highest . . .	422	*Lamborne. 8 7 8 7 7 7 . . .	George C. Martin, Mus. Doc.
Christ is gone up . . .	352	St. David. C.M. . . . .	Ravenscroft.
Christ is made the . . .	396	{1. Urbs beata. } 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . . {2. Oriel. } . . .	{1. Ancient Plain-song. {2. ?
Christ is our corner . . .	239	Harewood. 6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4 . . .	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.
Christ is risen! . . .	138	Resurrexit. 8 7 8 7 7 5 7 5 8 7 8 7 . . .	Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.
Christ the Lord is . . .	136	Wurtemberg. 7 7 7 7 4 . . .	Rosenmuller (?), 1610-1686.
Christ the Lord is . . .	131	St. George. 7 7 7 7 D. . .	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
Christ, Who once . . .	333	*Pastor Bonus. 6 5 6 5 D. . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Christ, Whose glory . . .	7	Ratisbon. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . .	German.
Christ will gather . . .	400	Heinlein. 7 7 7 7 . . .	Nürnberg Gebetbuch, 1677.
Christian, dost thou . . .	91	*St. Andrew of Crete. 6 5 6 5 D. . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Christian! seek not . . .	269	*Vigilate. 7 7 7 3 . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Christians, awake . . .	61	Yorkshire. 10 10 10 10 10 10 . . .	R. Wainwright, Mus. Doc.
Christians, sing out . . .	484	{1. French Melody. } 9 8 9 8 D. . . {2. *St. Martin Orgar. } . . .	{1. Har. by S. S. Greathead, M.A. {2. C. W. Pearce, Mus. Doc.
Church of the Living . . .	532	*Dominica. S.M. . . . .	Sir Herbert Oakeley, LL.D., Mus. Doc.
Come, gracious Spirit . . .	209	*Hawkhurst. L.M. . . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Come, Holy Ghost . . .	347	Melcombe. L.M. . . . .	Samuel Webbe.
Come, Holy Ghost . . .	508	{1. Tallis. } C.M. . . . . {2. St. Flavian. } . . . .	{1. T. Tallis. {2. Barber's Psalm Tunes, 1637.
Come, Holy Ghost . . .	599	Prince of Peace. C.M. . . . .	The Right Rev. Bishop W. D. MacLagan.
Come, Holy Ghost, our . . .	157	{Veni Creator. No. 1. } L.M. . . . . { * ——— No. 2. } . . . .	{1. Ancient Plain-song (Harmony from Duval). {2. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Come, Holy Ghost, Who . . .	9	{1. Ferial. } L.M. . . . . {2. Festal. } . . . .	{1. Ancient Plain-song. {2. Ancient Plain-song.
Come, let us join our . . .	299	{3. Ludborough } . . . . . Nativity. C.M. . . . .	{3. Rev. T. R. Matthews. Henry Lahee.
Come, my soul . . .	527	*Richmond. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Charles E. Stephens.
Come, pure hearts, in . . .	434	Evangelists. 8 8 7 D. . . . .	German.
Come see the place . . .	139	Magdalen College. 8 8 6 D. . . . .	William Hayes, Mus. Doc.
Come, sing with holy . . .	341	Ellacombe. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	Kocher's Zionharfe, 1855.
Come sing, ye choirs . . .	621	Come sing. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	T. L. Forbes.
Come, Thou Holy . . .	156	Veni Sancte Spiritus. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . .	Samuel Webbe.
Come to our poor . . .	524	*Abba. 7 7 7 5 . . . . .	Joseph Barnby.
Come unto Me . . .	256	Come unto Me. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Come, ye faithful . . .	302	Unser Herscher. 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . .	Joachim Neander, 1610-1680.
Come, ye faithful . . .	133	*St. John Damascene. 7 6 7 6 D. . .	Arthur Henry Brown.
Come, ye thankful . . .	382	St. George. 7 7 7 7 D. . . . .	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
Conquering kings . . .	175	Innocents. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	?
Creator of the starry . . .	45	Conditor Alme. L.M. . . . .	Ancient Plain-song.
Creator of the world . . .	83	St. Gregory. L.M. . . . .	Darmstadt Gesan Gesangbuch, 1693.
Crown Him . . .	304	*Diademata. D.S.M. . . . .	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
Day of Wrath . . .	398	{1. *Dies Iræ. } 8 8 8 . . . . . {2. Plain-song. } . . . .	{Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. {Har. by Ch. Ch. Spencer.
Days and moments . . .	289	St. Sylvester. 8 7 8 7 8 and 8 8 8 8 . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Dear Lord, on this . . .	420	St. Bernard. L.M. . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Disposer Supreme . . .	431	Hanover. 5 5 5 5 6 5 6 5 . . . . .	Playford's "Supplement," 1708.
Do no sinful action . . .	569	{1. German. } 6 5 6 5 . . . . . {2. Newland. } . . . .	{1. German. {2. T. Armstrong.



First line of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.
Draw nigh and take the Body of the Lord . . .	313	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.: from the Latin.
Earth has many a noble city . . . . .	76	Compilers. (Based on Tr. fr. Latin, by Rev. E. Caswall.)
Eternal Father, strong to save. . . . .	370	William Whiting.
Every morning the red sun . . . . .	570	Mrs. Alexander.
Fain would I, Lord of grace . . . . .	491	Rev. Jackson Mason: from the Greek.
Fair waved the golden corn. . . . .	339	Rev. John Hampden Gurney.
Far be sorrow, tears, and sighing . . . . .	501	Rev. T. B. Pollock: from the Latin.
Far down the ages now . . . . .	534	Horatius Bonar, D.D.
Far from my heavenly home . . . . .	284	Rev. H. F. Lyte.
Father, before Thy throne of light. . . . .	617	The Venerable Archdeacon Frederic William Farrar.
Father, let me dedicate . . . . .	74	Rev. Laurence Tuitiett.
Father, Most High, be with us. . . . .	493	Compilers: from the Latin.
Father of all, from land and sea . . . . .	275	The Right Rev. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.
Father of all, to Thee . . . . .	514	Rev. J. Julian.
Father of Heav'n, Whose love profound . . . . .	164	Rev. Edward Cooper.
Father of mercies, God of love . . . . .	388	Alice Flowerdew.
Father of mercies, in Thy Word . . . . .	531	Anne Steele.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost . . . . .	563	Rev. Charles Wesley.
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost . . . . .	636	Rev. Charles Wesley.
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss . . . . .	515	Anne Steele.
Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep . . . . .	285	Rev. Godfrey Thring.
Fight the good fight with all thy might . . . . .	540	Rev. J. S. B. Monsell, LL.D.
First of Martyrs, thou whose name . . . . .	65	Compilers. (Based on Tr. fr. Lat. by Rev. I. Williams.)
For all the Saints who from their labours rest . . . . .	437	The Right Rev. Bishop W. Walsham How.
For all Thy Saints, a noble throng . . . . .	418	Cecil Frances Alexander.
For ever we would gaze on Thee . . . . .	461	Rev. A. W. Chatfield.
For ever with the Lord . . . . .	231	James Montgomery.
Forgive them, O My Father . . . . .	115	Cecil Frances Alexander.
For man the Saviour shed . . . . .	443	Compilers. (Based on Tr. fr. Lat. by Rev. I. Williams.)
Forsaken once, and thrice denied . . . . .	416	Cecil Frances Alexander.
For thee, O dear, dear country . . . . .	227	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.: from the Latin.
For Thy dear Saint, O Lord . . . . .	448	The Right Rev. Bishop Richard Mant.
For Thy mercy and Thy grace . . . . .	73	Rev. Henry Downton.
Forth in Thy Name, O Lord, I go. . . . .	8	Rev. Charles Wesley.
Forty days and forty nights . . . . .	92	Rev. G. H. Smytton, and Rev. F. Pott.
Forty days Thy seer of old . . . . .	503	Rev. Jackson Mason.
Forward! be our watchword . . . . .	392	The Very Rev. Henry Alford.
From east to west, from shore to shore . . . . .	483	Rev. John Ellerton: from the Latin.
From glory unto glory! Be this our joyous song . . . . .	485	Francis Ridley Havergal.
From Greenland's icy mountains . . . . .	358	The Right Rev. Bishop Reginald Heber.
From highest Heav'n the Eternal Son . . . . .	171	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
From out the cloud of amber light . . . . .	410	Cecil Frances Alexander.
Give us the wings of faith to rise . . . . .	623	Isaac Watts, D.D.
Glorious is Thy Name, O Lord. . . . .	511	Rev. Canon Henry Twells.
Glorious things of thee are spoken. . . . .	545	Rev. J. Newton.
Glory be to Jesus. . . . .	107	Rev. Edward Caswall: from the Latin.
Glory to Thee, my God, this night . . . . .	23	The Right Rev. Bishop Thomas Ken.
Glory to Thee, O Lord . . . . .	69	Emma Toke.
Glory to Thee Who safe hast kept . . . . .	3	The Right Rev. Bishop Thomas Ken.
Go to dark Gethsemane . . . . .	110	James Montgomery.
God Eternal, Mighty King . . . . .	343	Rev. J. E. Millard, D.D.
God from on high hath heard . . . . .	58	The Right Rev. Bishop J. R. Woodford and Compilers: from the Latin.
God made me for Himself, to serve Him here . . . . .	627	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
God moves in a mysterious way . . . . .	373	William Cowper.
God of grace, O let Thy light . . . . .	364	The Venerable Archdeacon Edward Churton.
God of mercy, God of grace. . . . .	218	Rev. Henry Francis Lyte.
God of our life, to Thee we call . . . . .	374	William Cowper.
God of the living, in Whose eyes . . . . .	608	Rev. J. Ellerton.
God the Father's only Son . . . . .	519	Rev. S. J. Stone.
God the Father! Whose Creation . . . . .	389	Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer of Tune.
Draw nigh and take	313	{ 1.*Lammas. 2. Cœna Domini. } 10 10 . . . . 3.*Sancti venite. }	{ 1. Arthur Henry Brown. 2. Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc. 3. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
EARTH has many . . .	76	Stuttgart. 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	Gothäer Cantional, 1715.
Eternal Father . . .	370	*Melita. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Every morning the . .	570	*St. Faith. 7 5 7 5 7 7 . . . . .	George C. Martin, Mus. Doc.
Fain would I, Lord . .	491	*St. Omer. s.m. . . . .	C. S. Jekyll.
Fair waved the golden .	339	Holyrood. s.m. . . . .	James Watson.
Far be sorrow, tears . .	501	Victory. 8 8 7 7 8 8 7 . . . . .	Rev. S. J. Rowton.
Far down the ages now .	534	*Hammersmith, s.m. . . . .	W. C. Filby.
Far from my heavenly .	284	*Lyte. s.m. . . . .	John Wilkes.
Father, before Thy . .	617	*Worship. D.C.M. . . . .	Sir Robert Stewart, Mus. Doc.
Father, let me dedicate .	74	*Father, let me dedicate. 7 5 7 5 D.	Sir G. A. Macfarren, Mus. Doc.
Father, Most High . .	493	*Minster. 7 7 7 7 D. . . . .	Sir Robert Stewart, Mus. Doc.
Father of all . . . .	275	Riseholme. 8 8 8 4 . . . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Father of all, to Thee .	514	*Via pacis. 6 6 6 6 8 8 . . . . .	Joseph Barnby.
Father of Heav'n . . .	164	*Rivaulx. L.M. . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Father of mercies . . .	388	St. James. C.M. . . . .	Raphael Courteville.
Father of mercies . . .	531	Southwell. C.M. . . . .	H. S. Irons.
Father, Son, and . . .	563	*Howley Place. 7 6 7 6 7 7 6 . . . . .	Charles E. Stephens.
Father, Son, and . . .	636	*Dulwich. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	C. J. Frost, Mus. Doc.
Father, whate'er of . .	515	St. Columba. C.M. . . . .	J. A. Macmellan, M.A.
Fierce rag'd the . . .	285	St. Alfred. 8 8 8 3 . . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Fight the good fight . .	540	Pentecost. L.M. . . . .	William Boyd.
First of Martyrs . . .	65	Lübeck. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Freylinghausen's Choralbuch, 1704.
For all the Saints . . .	437	{ 1. Troyte's Chant. No. 2. 2.*For all the Saints. 3. For all the Saints. } 10 10 10 4	{ Arthur H. Dyke Troyte. Everard Hulton, Mus. Bac. Joseph Barnby.
For all Thy Saints . . .	418	St. James. C.M. . . . .	Raphael Courteville.
For ever we would . . .	461	Semper aspectum s.m. C.M. . . . .	J. Hornsey Casson.
For ever with the Lord .	231	Nearer Home. D.S.M. . . . .	J. Hornbury (arr. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.).
Forgive them, O My . .	115	*St. Margaret. 7 6 7 6 . . . . .	Rev. W. Statham.
For man the Saviour . .	443	*Aberystwith. s.m. . . . .	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.
Forsaken once . . . .	416	*Derry. 8 8 8 6 . . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
For thee, O dear, dear .	22/	Jenner. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	The Right Rev. Bishop Henry Lascelles Jenner.
For Thy dear Saint . .	448	St. Helena. s.m. . . . .	?
For Thy mercy . . . .	73	Culbach. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Sheffler's "Geistliche Hirtenlieder," 1668.
Forth in Thy Name . . .	8	Angels. L.M. . . . .	O. Gibbons (arranged by Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Dt.).
Forty days . . . . .	92	Heimlein. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Nürnberg Gebetbuch, 1677.
Forty days Thy seer . .	503	*Confidence. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.
Forward! . . . . .	392	*St. Boniface. 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 . . . . .	Henry Gadsby.
From east to west . . .	483	{ 1. Plain-song. 2. Trinity College. } L.M.	{ 1. Har. by William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc. 2. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
From glory unto glory .	485	*St. Columb. 7 6 7 6 7 6 8 6 . . . . .	W. Stevenson Hoyte.
From Greenland's icy . .	358	Aurelia. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.
From highest Heav'n . .	171	Old 113th. 8 8 8 8 8 8 D. . . . .	?
From out the cloud . .	410	St. Petrox. L.M. . . . .	Rev. R. F. Dale, M.A., Mus. Bac.
Give us the wings . . .	623	*Crucis Victoria. C.M. . . . .	Myles B. Foster.
Glorious is Thy Name . .	511	*Gloria. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Cedric Bucknall, Mus. Bac.
Glorious things of thee .	545	Austria. 8 7 8 7 D. . . . .	German.
Glory be to Jesus . . .	107	Caswall. 6 5 6 5 . . . . .	Friedrich Filitz, 1847.
Glory to Thee, my God . .	23	Canon. L.M. . . . .	Thomas Tallis.
Glory to Thee, O Lord . .	69	St. Helena. s.m. . . . .	?
Glory to Thee Who . . .	3	Canon. L.M. . . . .	Thomas Tallis.
Go to dark Gethsemane .	110	*Gethsemane. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc. (Founded on C. Tye.)
God Eternal . . . . .	343	Innocents. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	?
God from on high . . .	58	St. George. s.m. . . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
God made me for . . .	627	*God made me. 10 10 10 10 . . . . .	J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc.
God moves in a . . . .	373	London New. C.M. . . . .	Scotch Psalter.
God of grace . . . . .	364	*Haarlem. 7 7 7 5 . . . . .	Berthold Tours.
God of mercy . . . . .	218	Heathlands. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Henry Smart.
God of our life, to Thee .	374	St. Bartholomew. L.M. . . . .	E. H. Thorne.
God of the living . . .	608	*God of the living. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	Everard Hulton, Mus. Bac.
God the Father's . . . .	519	Nutbourne. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	T. E. Aylward.
God the Father . . . .	385	{ 1.*Neale. 2.*First Fruits. } 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	{ 1. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc. 2. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.



First line of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.
God, that madest earth and heaven . . . . .	26	The Right Rev. Bishop Reginald Heber and The Most Rev. Arch- bishop Richard Whately.
Good it is to keep the fast . . . . .	89	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.: from the Latin.
Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd . . . . .	342	Jane E. Lesson and J. Whittemore.
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost . . . . .	210	The Right Rev. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.
Great God, what do I see and hear . . . . .	52	B. Ringwaldt, W. B. Collyer, and others.
Great God, Who, hid from mortal sight . . . . .	479	Rev. J. Chandler and Compilers: from the Latin.
Great King of nations, hear our prayer . . . . .	375	Rev. John Hampden Gurney.
Great Mover of all hearts . . . . .	262	Rev. Isaac Williams: from the Latin.
Guide me, O Thou Great Redeemer . . . . .	196	William Williams.
Hail, Body true, of Mary born, and in the manger laid . . . . .	557	Rev. Canon A. J. Mason.
Hail, Father, Whose creating call . . . . .	510	Rev. C. Wesley (altered).
Hail, gladdening Light . . . . .	18	Rev. John Keble: from the Greek.
Hail the day that sees Him rise . . . . .	147	Rev. Charles Wesley (altered by . . ?).
Hail to the Lord's Anointed . . . . .	219	James Montgomery.
Hail to the Lord Who comes . . . . .	611	Rev. J. Ellerton.
Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding . . . . .	47	Rev. Edward Caswall and Compilers: from the Latin.
Hark! hark, my soul; Angelic songs are swelling . . . . .	223	Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D. (altered).
Hark, my soul! it is the Lord . . . . .	260	William Cowper.
Hark, the glad sound! the Saviour comes . . . . .	53	Dr. Doddridge.
Hark! the herald-angels sing . . . . .	60	Rev. Charles Wesley.
Hark! the sound of holy voices . . . . .	436	The Right Rev. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.
Have mercy, Lord, on me . . . . .	249	Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady.
Have mercy on us, God most High . . . . .	162	Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D.
Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing . . . . .	338	The Right Rev. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.
Herald, in the wilderness . . . . .	462	The Very Rev. Henry Alford.
He sat to watch o'er customs paid . . . . .	615	Rev. Canon Bright, D.D.
He, Who once in righteous vengeance . . . . .	102	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers: from the Latin.
Here, Lord, we offer Thee all that is fairest . . . . .	598	Rev. A. G. W. Blunt.
His are the thousand sparkling rills . . . . .	119	Cecil Frances Alexander.
Holy Father, cheer our way . . . . .	22	Rev. R. Hayes Robinson.
Holy Father, in Thy mercy . . . . .	595	Isabel S. Stephenson.
Holy Ghost, Illuminator . . . . . Part II.	148	The Right Rev. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.
Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty . . . . .	160	The Right Rev. Bishop Reginald Heber.
Hosanna to the living Lord . . . . .	241	The Right Rev. Bishop Reginald Heber.
Hosanna we sing, like the children dear . . . . .	340	Rev. George Samuel Hodges.
How blessed, from the bonds of sin . . . . .	357	H. L. L. in "Hymns from the land of Luther."
How blest the matron, who, endured . . . . .	457	Compilers: from the Latin.
How bright these glorious spirits shine . . . . .	438	Dr. Watts and W. Cameron.
How oft, O Lord, Thy Face hath shone . . . . .	404	Rev. William Bright, D.D.
How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds . . . . .	176	Rev. John Newton.
How vain the cruel Herod's fear . . . . .	75	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
How welcome was the call . . . . .	351	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
Hush'd was the evening hymn . . . . .	574	Rev. J. D. Burns.
I am not worthy, Holy Lord . . . . .	323	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
I could not do without Thee . . . . .	186	Frances Ridley Havergal.
I heard the voice of Jesus say . . . . .	257	Dr. Horatius Bonar.
I love to hear the story . . . . .	330	Emily H. Miller.
I was a wandering sheep . . . . .	258	Dr. Horatius Bonar.
In days of old on Sinai . . . . .	460	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.: from the Greek.
In grief and fear to Thee, O Lord . . . . .	377	Rev. W. Bullock, D.D.
In royal robes of splendour . . . . .	620	Rev. Jackson Mason, and Compilers: from the Latin.
In the Lord's atoning grief . . . . .	105	Rev. Frederick Oakley: from the Latin.
In token that thou shalt not fear . . . . .	328	The Very Rev. Henry Alford.
It is finish'd! Blessed Jesus . . . . .	122	The Right Rev. Bishop W. D. MacLagan.
Jerusalem, my happy home . . . . .	236	?
Jerusalem on high . . . . .	233	Rev. Samuel Crossman.
Jerusalem the golden . . . . .	228	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.: from the Latin.
Jesu, for the beacon-light . . . . .	454	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
Jesu, gentlest Saviour . . . . .	324	Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D.
Jesu, grant me this, I pray . . . . .	182	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.: from the Latin.
Jesu, Lover of my soul . . . . .	193	Rev. Charles Wesley.
Jesu, meek and gentle . . . . .	194	Rev. G. R. Prynne.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer of Tune.
God, that madest . . .	26	*Nutfield. 8 4 8 4 8 8 8 4 . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Good it is to keep the . . .	89	*Jehunia. 7 7 7 7 . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Gracious Saviour . . .	342	*St. Bede. 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . .	Philip Armes, Mus. D.C.
Gracious Spirit . . .	210	*Charity. 7 7 7 5 . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Great God, what do I . . .	52	Luther. 8 7 8 7 8 8 7 . . .	Joseph Klug's Gesangbuch, 1535.
Great God, Who, hid . . .	479	Eisenach. L.M. . . .	Gernan.
Great King of nations . . .	375	Old 137th. D.C.M. . . .	Har. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.
Great Mover of all . . .	262	Chapel Royal. 8 8 6 8 8 6 . . .	William Boyce, Mus. Doc.
Guide me, O Thou . . .	196	*Pilgrimage. 8 7 8 7 4 7 . . .	Sir George J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.
Hail, Body true, of . . .	557	*Ave Verum Corpus. D.C.M. . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Hail, Father, Whose . . .	510	Semper aspectemus. C.M. . . .	J. Hornsey Casson.
Hail, gladdening Light . . .	18	*Sebaste. Irregular . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Hail the day . . .	147	*Ascension. 7 7 7 7 with Alleluias . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Hail to the Lord's . . .	219	Crüger. 7 6 7 6 D. . . .	Johann Crüger, 1598-1662.
Hail to the Lord Who . . .	611	St. Veronica. 6 6 6 6 6 6 . . .	Frank Champneys, M.D.
Hark! a thrilling voice . . .	47	*Merton. 8 7 8 7 . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Hark! hark, my soul . . .	223	{1.*Vox Angelica.} 11 10 11 10 9 11 . . .	{1. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Hark, my soul! it is . . .	260	{2.*Pilgrims.} . . .	{2. Henry Smart.
Hark the glad sound . . .	53	St. Bees. 7 7 7 7 . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Hark! the herald . . .	60	Bristol. C.M. . . .	From Ravenscroft.
		Mendelssohn. 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . .	F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy.
Hark! the sound . . .	436	{1.*Gloria.} . . .	Henry Smart.
		{2. Deerhurst.} 8 7 8 7 D. . . .	James Langran.
		{3. Sanctuary.} . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Have mercy, Lord . . .	249	St. Bride. S.M. . . .	Samuel Howard, Mus. Doc.
Have mercy on us . . .	162	St. Flavian. C.M. . . .	Day's Psalter, 1563.
Heavenly Father . . .	338	*Iona. 8 7 8 7 D. . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Herald, in the . . .	462	*St. Nicolas. 7 5 7 5 . . .	W. Stevenson Hoyte.
He sat to watch o'er . . .	615	Gloucester. L.M. . . .	E. Hodges, Mus. Doc.
He, Who once . . .	102	*Ira justa. 8 7 8 7 7 7 . . .	E. H. Thorne.
Here, Lord, we offer . . .	598	Springfield. 11 10 11 10 . . .	Rev. P. Maurice, D.D.
His are the thousand . . .	119	*Assisi. 8 8 8 6 . . .	Frank Champneys, M.D.
Holy Father . . .	22	*Vesper. 7 7 7 5 . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Holy Father, in Thy . . .	595	Cairnbrook. 8 5 8 3 . . .	Ebenezer Prout, B.A.
Holy Ghost . . .	148	*Illuminator. 8 7 8 7 D. . . .	C. Steggall, Mus. Doc.
Holy, Holy, Holy! . . .	160	*Nicaea. 11 12 12 10 . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Hosanna to the living . . .	241	Hosanna. 8 8 8 8 7 . . .	J. W. Elliott.
Hosanna we sing . . .	340	*Hosanna we sing. Irregular . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
How blessed, from the . . .	357	St. Matthew. D.C.M. . . .	W. Croft, Mus. Doc.
How blest the matron . . .	457	St. Patrick. L.M. . . .	Rev. F. W. Hogan.
How bright these . . .	438	*Beatitudo. C.M. . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
How oft, O Lord, . . .	404	*Holland. L.M. . . .	Berthold Tours.
How sweet the Name . . .	176	St. Peter. C.M. . . .	A. R. Reinagle.
How vain the cruel . . .	75	Kly. L.M. . . .	The Right Rev. Bishop Thomas Turton.
How welcome was the . . .	351	St. George. S.M. . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Hush'd was the . . .	574	*Samuel. 6 6 6 6 8 8 . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
I am not worthy. . . .	323	*Leicester. C.M. . . .	William Hurst.
I could not do without . . .	186	*Magdalena. 7 6 7 6 D. . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
I heard the voice . . .	257	*Vox Dilecti. D.C.M. . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
I love to hear the story . . .	330	*I love to hear the story. 7 6 7 6 D. . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
I was a wandering . . .	258	*In viam rectam. D.S.M. . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
In days of old . . .	460	Aurelia. 7 6 7 6 D. . . .	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.
In grief and fear . . .	377	Salisbury. C.M. . . .	From Ravenscroft.
In royal robes of . . .	620	Stola regni. 7 6 7 6 D. . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
In the Lord's atoning . . .	105	Redhead. No. 47. 7 7 7 7 . . .	Richard Redhead.
In token that thou . . .	328	St. Stephen. C.M. . . .	Rev. W. Jones.
It is finish'd! . . .	122	*Ad inferos. 8 7 8 7 . . .	W. H. Sangster, Mus. Bac.
Jerusalem, my happy . . .	236	*Southwell. C.M. . . .	H. S. Irons.
Jerusalem on high . . .	323	Christchurch. 6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4 . . .	C. Steggall, Mus. Doc.
Jerusalem the golden . . .	228	Ewing. 7 6 7 6 D. . . .	Alexander Ewing.
Jesu, for the beacon . . .	454	Culford. 7 7 7 7 D. . . .	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.
Jesu, gentlest Saviour . . .	324	*Eucharisticus. 6 5 6 5 . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Jesu, grant me this. . . .	182	Canterbury. 7 7 7 7 . . .	Orlando Gibbons (re-harmonised).
Jesu, Lover of my soul . . .	193	*Hollingside. 7 7 7 7 D. . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Jesu, meek and gentle . . .	194	*St. Constantine. 6 5 6 5 . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.



First line of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.
Jesu, meek and lowly . . . . .	188	Rev. Henry Collins.
Jesu, my Lord, my God, my All . . . . .	191	Rev. Henry Collins.
Jesu, our Hope, our heart's Desire . . . . .	150	Rev. John Chandler and Compilers: from the Latin.
Jesu, our Leuten fast of Thee . . . . .	90	Compilers. (Based on Tr. from Latin, by Rev. J. W. Hewett.)
Jesu, the very thought is sweet . . . . .	177	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
Jesu, the very thought of Thee . . . . .	178	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers: from the Latin.
Jesu, the Virgins' Crown, do Thou . . . . .	455	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
Jesu, the world's redeeming Lord . . . . .	141	Rev. J. W. Copeland and Compilers: from the Latin.
Jesu, Thou Joy of loving hearts . . . . .	190	Dr. Ray Palmer: from the Latin.
Jesu, Thy mercies are untold . . . . .	189	Rev. Edward Caswall: from the Latin.
Jesus calls us: o'er the tumult . . . . .	403	Cecil Frances Alexander.
Jesus Christ is risen to-day . . . . .	134	?
Jesus is God: the solid earth . . . . .	170	Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D.
Jesus lives! no longer now . . . . .	140	Frances E. Cox: from the German.
Jesus, Lord of life and glory . . . . .	287	J. Cummins.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun . . . . .	220	Dr. Watts.
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet . . . . .	529	William Cowper.
Joy! because the circling year . . . . .	153	Rev. John Ellerton: from the Latin.
Just as I am, without one plea . . . . .	255	Charlotte Elliott (one verse omitted by permission).
King of Saints, to Whom the number Know ye the Lord hath borne away . . . . .	419 506	Rev. John Ellerton. Rev. Canon H. Twells.
Lamb of God, I look to Thee . . . . .	568	Rev. Charles Wesley.
Lead, kindly Light . . . . .	266	Rev. John Henry Newman, D.D.
Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us . . . . .	281	James Edmeston.
Let all the world in every corner sing Let our Choir new anthems raise . . . . .	548 441	George Herbert. Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.: from the Greek.
Let saints on earth in concert sing . . . . .	221	Rev. C. Wesley (altered).
Life and strength of all Thy servants . . . . .	616	Compilers: from the Latin.
Lift the strain of high thanksgiving . . . . .	397	Rev. John Ellerton.
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass . . . . .	586	James Montgomery.
Light's glittering morn bedecks the sky . . . . .	126	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
Light's abode, celestial Salem . . . . .	232	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
Lo! from the desert homes . . . . .	414	Rev. Isaac Williams.
Lo! God is here! let us adore . . . . .	526	Gerhard Tersteegen, translated by Rev. C. Wesley (altered).
Lo! He comes with clouds descending . . . . .	51	Rev. Charles Wesley (end of first and last verses altered).
Lo! now is our accepted day . . . . .	88	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers.
Lo! now the time accepted peals . . . . .	492	Rev. R. M. Morsom, and Compilers: from the Latin.
Lo! round the Throne, a glorious band . . . . .	435	R. Hill and others?
Lo! the Angels' Food is given . . . . .	310	Compilers: from the Latin.
Look down upon us, God of grace . . . . .	552	Rev. Canon A. J. Mason.
Lord, as to Thy dear Cross we flee . . . . .	267	Rev. John Hampden Gurney.
Lord, behold us with Thy blessing . . . . .	576	Rev. H. J. Buckoll.
Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing . . . . .	577	Rev. H. J. Buckoll.
Lord, enthroned in heavenly splendour . . . . .	555	Rev. G. H. Bourne, D.C.L.
Lord God the Holy Ghost . . . . .	525	James Montgomery.
Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping . . . . .	362	Rev. Henry Downton.
Lord, I hear of showers of blessing . . . . .	629	Elizabeth Codner.
Lord, I would own Thy tender care . . . . .	572	Anne Taylor.
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day . . . . .	94	Rev. Isaac Williams.
Lord, in Thy Name Thy servants plead . . . . .	143	Rev. John Keble.
Lord, it belongs not to my care . . . . .	535	Richard Baxter.
Lord Jesus, God and Man . . . . .	344	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
Lord Jesus, think on me . . . . .	185	Rev. A. W. Chatfield.
Lord of glory, Who hast bought us . . . . .	367	Eliza Sibbald Alderson.
Lord of life, Propietic Spirit . . . . .	581	Rev. John Keble.
Lord of our life, and God of our salvation . . . . .	214	From the Salisbury Hymn Book.
Lord of the harvest! it is right and meet . . . . .	587	Rev. S. J. Stone.
Lord of the harvest, once again . . . . .	387	Professor Joseph Anstiee.
Lord, pour Thy Spirit from on high . . . . .	355	James Montgomery (altered).
Lord, speak to me, that I may speak . . . . .	356	Frances Ridley Havergal.
Lord, teach us how to pray aright . . . . .	247	James Montgomery.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer of Tune.
Jesu, meek and lowly . . .	188	St. Martin. 6 6 6 6 . . . . .	German.
Jesu, my Lord . . . . .	191	*St. Matthias. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Jesu, our Hope . . . . .	150	Metzler's Redhead. No. 66. C.M.	Richard Redhead.
Jesu, our Lenten fast . . .	90	Windsor. C.M.	George Kirby.
Jesu, the very thought	177	{ 1. Jesu dulcis memoria. } L.M.	Ancient Plain-song.
		{ 2.*St. Bernard. } . . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Jesu, the very thought	178	{ 1. St. Agnes. } . . . . .	{ 1. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
		{ 2. Metzler's Redhead. No. 66. } C.M.	{ 2. Richard Redhead.
Jesu, the Virgins' . . . . .	455	{ 1. Jesu dulcis memoria. } L.M.	{ 1. Ancient Plain-song.
		{ 2.*St. Bernard. } . . . . .	{ 2. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Jesu, the world's . . . . .	141	Shropshire. L.M.	Edward J. Hopkins.
Jesu, Thou Joy . . . . .	190	*Ealing. L.M. . . . .	Sir Herbert Oakeley, LL.D., Mus. Doc.
Jesu, Thy mercies . . . . .	189	St. Fulbert. C.M. . . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Jesus calls us . . . . .	403	*St. Andrew. 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	E. H. Thorne.
Jesus Christ is risen . . .	134	{ Easter Hymn. No. 1. } 7 7 7	{ No. 1. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
		{ — No. 2. } with Alleluia	{ No. 2. Lyra Davidica, 1708.
Jesus is God . . . . .	170	*Knighton. D.C.M. . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Jesus lives . . . . .	140	{ 1. St. Albanus. } 7 8 7 8 4 . . . . .	{ 1. H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
		{ 2. Lindisfarne. } . . . . .	{ 2. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Jesus, Lord of life . . . . .	287	*St. Raphael. 8 7 8 7 4 7 . . . . .	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.
Jesus shall reign . . . . .	220	*Gallie. L.M. . . . .	Philip Armes, Mus. Doc.
Jesus, where'er Thy . . . . .	529	*Styall. L.M. . . . .	Rev. William Statham, Mus. Doc.
Joy! because the . . . . .	153	*Glebe Field. 7 7 7 . . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Just as I am . . . . .	255	*Misericordia. 8 8 8 6 . . . . .	Henry Smart.
King of Saints . . . . .	419	Everton. 8 7 8 7 D. . . . .	Henry Smart.
Know ye the Lord . . . . .	506	*Triumph. 8 8 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Lamb of God, I look . . . .	568	Vienna. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	J. H. Knecht.
Lead, kindly Light . . . . .	266	Lux benigna. 10 4 10 4 10 10 . . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Lead us, Heavenly . . . . .	281	Mannheim. 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	F. Filitz, 1847.
Let all the world . . . . .	548	*Herbert. 10 4 6 6 6 6 10 4 . . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Let our Choir . . . . .	441	*St. Joseph of the Studium. 7 6 7 6 D.	Joseph Barnby.
Let saints on earth . . . . .	221	Dundee. C.M. . . . .	Estes's Psalter, 1592.
Life and strength of all. . . .	616	*Harting. 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.
Lift the strain . . . . .	397	*Rex glorie. 8 7 8 7 D. . . . .	Henry Smart.
Lift up your heads . . . . .	586	*Cruce Victoria. C.M. . . . .	Myles B. Foster.
Light's glittering morn. . . .	126	{ 1.*Tristes erant. } L.M.	{ 1. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
		{ 2.*Easter Chant. } . . . . .	{ 2. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Light's abode . . . . .	232	{ 1. Urbs beata. } 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	{ 1. Ancient Plain-song.
		{ 2. Regent Square. } . . . . .	{ 2. Henry Smart.
Lo! from the desert . . . . .	414	Croft's 148th. 6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4 . . . . .	W. Croft, Mus. Doc.
Lo! God is here! . . . . .	526	St. Jerome. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	Frank Champneys, M.D.
Lo! He comes . . . . .	51	St. Thomas. 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	S. Webbe (?).
Lo! now is our . . . . .	88	Weimar. L.M. . . . .	German.
Lo! now the time . . . . .	492	Engedi. 8 6 8 8 6 . . . . .	S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc.
Lo! round the Throne . . . .	435	Old Hundredth. L.M. . . . .	Genevan Psalter, 1543.
Lo! the Angels' Food . . . . .	310	*Ecce Panis. Irregular . . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Look down upon us . . . . .	552	Gloucester. L.M. . . . .	E. Hodges, Mus. Doc.
Lord, as to Thy dear . . . . .	267	Windsor. C.M. . . . .	George Kirby.
Lord, behold us with . . . . .	576	*Clifton College. 8 7 8 7 4 7 . . . . .	Sir Herbert Oakeley, LL.D., Mus. Doc.
Lord, dismiss us. . . . .	577	*Eton College. 8 7 8 7 4 7 . . . . .	Joseph Barnby.
Lord, enthroned in . . . . .	555	*St. Helen. 8 7 8 7 4 7 . . . . .	George C. Martin, Mus. Doc.
Lord God the Holy . . . . .	525	*Annunciation. S.M. . . . .	C. A. Barry.
Lord, her watch . . . . .	362	Everton. 8 7 8 7 D. . . . .	Henry Smart.
Lord, I hear of showers . . . .	629	Showers of Blessing. 8 7 8 7 3 . . . . .	The Right Rev. Bishop W. D. Maclagan.
Lord, I would own . . . . .	572	St. Leonard. C.M. . . . .	Henry Smart.
Lord, in this Thy . . . . .	94	*St. Philip. 7 7 7 . . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Lord, in Thy Name . . . . .	143	Lincoln. C.M. . . . .	From Ravenscroft.
Lord, it belongs not to . . . .	535	St. Hugh. C.M. . . . .	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.
Lord Jesus, God . . . . .	344	St. Helena. S.M. . . . .	?
Lord Jesus, think on me . . . .	185	*St. Paul's. S.M. . . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Lord of glory . . . . .	367	*Charitas. 8 7 8 7 D. . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Lord of life, Prophetic . . . .	581	Oriel. 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	German (har. by W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.).
Lord of our life . . . . .	214	*Cloisters. 11 11 11 5 . . . . .	Joseph Barnby.
Lord of the harvest! . . . . .	587	*Harvest. 10 10 7 . . . . .	C. J. Frost, Mus. Doc.
Lord of the harvest . . . . .	387	*Preston. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	The Right Rev. Bishop Henry Lascelles Jenner.
Lord, pour thy Spirit . . . . .	355	Ludborough. L.M. . . . .	Rev. T. R. Matthews.
Lord, speak to me . . . . .	356	Melcombe. L.M. . . . .	Samuel Webbe.
Lord, teach us how . . . . .	247	St. Hugh. C.M. . . . .	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.



First line of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.
Lord, Thy Word abideth . . . . .	243	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
Lord, when Thy Kingdom comes . . . . .	116	The Right Rev. Bishop W. D. Maclagan.
Lord, when we bend before Thy Throne. . . . .	244	Rev. J. D. Carlyle.
Love Divine, all loves excelling . . . . .	520	Rev. C. Wesley.
Loving Shepherd of Thy sheep . . . . .	334	Jane E. Leeson.
May the grace of Christ our Saviour . . . . .	551	Rev. John Newton.
Members of Christ are we . . . . .	566	Rev. Isaac Williams.
Morn of morns, and day of days . . . . .	33	Rev. Isaac Williams and Compilers: from the Latin.
My Father, for another night . . . . .	5	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
My God, accept my heart this day . . . . .	349	Matthew Bridges.
My God, and is Thy Table spread . . . . .	317	Dr. Doddridge.
My God, how wonderful Thou art. . . . .	169	Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D.
My God, I love Thee; not because . . . . .	106	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers: from the Latin.
My God, my Father, while I stray . . . . .	264	Charlotte Elliott.
My Lord, my Master, at Thy Feet adoring . . . . .	494	Rev. T. B. Pollock: from the French.
Nearer, my God, to Thee . . . . .	277	Sarah F. Adams.
New every morning is the love . . . . .	4	Rev. John Keble.
New wonders of Thy mighty hand . . . . .	41	Compilers. (Based on Tr. fr. Latin, by Rev. J. Chandler.)
Not by the Martyr's death alone . . . . .	451	Rev. I. Williams and Compilers: from the Latin.
Not for our sins alone . . . . .	528	Rev. Canon H. Twells.
Now, my soul, thy voice upraising . . . . .	103	Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bt. (Based on Tr. fr. Lat. by Rev. J. Chandler.)
Now, my tongue, the mystery telling . . . . .	309	Compilers. (Based on Tr. fr. Latin, by Rev. E. Caswall.)
Now thank we all our God . . . . .	379	Catherine Winkworth: from the German.
Now that the daylight dies away . . . . .	16	Rev. J. H. Newman, D.D.: from the Latin.
Now that the daylight fills the sky . . . . .	1	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
Now the busy week is done . . . . .	481	Rev. S. J. Jones.
Now the day is over . . . . .	346	Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.
Now the labourer's task is o'er . . . . .	401	Rev. John Ellerton.
Now the thirty years accomplish'd . . . . . Part II.	97	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
O blessed day, when first was pour'd . . . . .	71	Rev. John Chandler and Compilers: from the Latin.
O Christ our God, Who with Thine own hast been . . . . .	559	Rev. G. H. Bourne, D.C.L.
O Christ, our Joy, gone up on high . . . . .	145	D. T. Morgan: from the Latin.
O Christ, Redeemer of our race . . . . .	57	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.: from the Latin.
O Christ, the heavens' Eternal King . . . . .	129	Compilers. (Based on former Tr. from the Latin.)
O Christ, Who art the Light and Day . . . . .	95	Rev. J. W. Copeland and Compilers: from the Latin.
O come, all ye faithful . . . . .	59	Rev. F. Oakeley and Compilers: from the Latin.
O come and mourn with me awhile . . . . .	114	Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. (altered).
O come, O come, Emmanuel . . . . .	49	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
O come, Redeemer of mankind, appear . . . . .	55	D. T. Morgan: from the Latin.
O day of rest and gladness . . . . .	36	The Right Rev. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.
O Father all creating . . . . .	579	Rev. J. Ellerton.
O Father, bless the children . . . . .	562	Rev. J. Ellerton.
O Father, in Whose great design . . . . .	606	Rev. S. J. Stone.
O Father, Thou Who hast created all. . . . .	325	Catherine Winkworth: from the German.
O Father, Who didst all things make. . . . .	29	Rev. H. B. Heathcote.
O Food that weary pilgrims love . . . . .	314	Compilers: from the Latin.
O for a closer walk with God . . . . .	630	William Cowper.
O for a faith that will not shrink . . . . .	278	Rev. W. H. Bathurst.
O for a heart to praise my God . . . . .	549	Rev. Charles Wesley.
O for a thousand tongues to sing . . . . .	522	Rev. Charles Wesley.
O God, of all the Strength and Power. . . . .	11	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
O God of hosts, the mighty Lord . . . . .	237	Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady.
O God of Jacob, by Whose hand . . . . .	512	Philip Doddridge, D.D.
O God of love, O King of peace. . . . .	376	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
O God of truth, O Lord of might . . . . .	10	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
O God of Truth, Whose living word . . . . .	513	Thomas Hughes.
O God, our help in ages past . . . . .	165	Dr. Watts.
O God, the joy of Heav'n above . . . . .	489	Compilers: from the Latin.
O God, Thy soldiers' great Reward . . . . .	442	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer of Tune.
ord, Thy Word . . .	243	Ravenshaw. 6 6 6 6	German.
ord, when Thy . . .	116	*Cry of Faith. 10 10 10 10	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
ord, when we bend . . .	244	*St. Edmund. C.M.	William Stevenson Hoyte.
ove Divine, all loves . . .	520	Love Divine. 8 7 8 7	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
oving Shepherd . . .	334	Buckland. 7 7 7 7	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.
ay the grace of Christ . . .	551	German. 8 7 8 7	From J. S. Bach (arr. by C. Steggall, Mus. Doc.).
embers of Christ . . .	566	Bonar. D.S.M.	Charles Steggall, Mus. Doc.
orn of morns, and . . .	33	Innocents. 7 7 7 7	
y Father, for . . .	5	*St. Timothy. C.M.	Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bt. (arr. by W. H. Monk).
y God, accept my . . .	349	St. Peter. C.M.	A. R. Reinagle.
y God, and is Thy . . .	317	Rockingham. L.M.	E. Miller, Mus. Doc.
y God, how . . .	169	Westminster. C.M.	James Turle.
y God, I love Thee . . .	106	St. Francis Xavier. C.M.	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
y God, my Father . . .	264	Troyte. No. 1. 8 8 8 4.	Arthur H. Dyke Troyte.
y Lord, my Master . . .	494	{ 1. Woodlynn. } 11 10 11 10 . { 2. Chant. }	{ 1. Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc. 2. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
earer, my God . . .	277	*Horbury. 6 4 6 4 6 6 4 .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
ew every morning . . .	4	Melcombe. L.M.	Samuel Webbe.
ew wonders of Thy . . .	41	Dundee. C.M.	Estes's Psalter, 1592.
ot by the Martyr's . . .	451	*Wells. L.M.	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
ot for our sins alone . . .	528	*Waltham. 6 6 6 6 6 6 6	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
ow, my soul, thy . . .	103	*St. Denys. 8 7 8 8 7 . { 1. Pange Lingua. } { 2. *Milano. } 8 7 8 7 8 7 { 3. St. Thomas. }	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc. { 1. Ancient Plain-song. 2. Ferdinando Bonaggi. 3. Samuel Webbe (?). Johann Crüger, 1649. Day's Psalter, 1563. Ancient Plain-song. Charles Steggall, Mus. Doc. Rev. S. Baring-Gould. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. Ancient Plain-song.
ow, my tongue . . .	309	Nun danket. 6 7 6 7 6 6 6 6 .	
ow thank we all . . .	379	St. Flavian. C.M.	
ow that the daylight . . .	16	Jam lucis. L.M.	
ow that the daylight . . .	1	St. Clement. 7 7 7 7 7 7	
ow the busy week . . .	481	*Eudoxia. 6 6 6 5	
ow the day is over . . .	346	*Requiescat. 7 7 7 7 8 8	
ow the labourer's . . .	401	Pange Lingua. 8 7 8 7 8 7	
ow the thirty years . . .	97		
blest day . . .	71	Alfreton. L.M.	Supplement to the New Version, 1708.
Christ, our God . . .	559	*Communio. 10 10	Cedric Bucknall, Mus. Bac.
Christ our Joy . . .	145	*Ascendit. 8 8 6 8 8 6	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Christ, Redeemer . . .	57	Erfurt. L.M.	"Geistliche Lieder," Magdeburg, 1540.
Christ, the heav'ns' . . .	129	Church Triumphant. L.M.	J. W. Elliott.
Christ, Who art . . .	95	St. Gregory. L.M.	Darmstadt Gesangbuch, 1698.
come, all ye . . .	59	Adeste Fideles. Irregular.	Webbe's "Antiphons," 1792.
come and mourn . . .	114	*St. Cross. L.M.	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
come, O come . . .	49	Veni Emmanuel. 8 8 8 8 8 8	Ancient Plain-song.
come, Redeemer . . .	55	*Redemptor mundi. 10 10 10 10	Arthur Henry Brown.
day of rest . . .	36	Wordsworth. 7 6 7 6 D.	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Father all creating . . .	579	Genesis. 7 6 7 6 D.	George Garrett, Mus. Doc.
Father, bless the . . .	562	St. Kenelm. 7 6 7 6 D.	Charles Steggall, Mus. Doc.
Father, in Whose . . .	606	*Bickley. 8 8 8 8 8 8	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Father, Thou Who . . .	325	St. Francis. 10 6 10 6 8 8 4	Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.
Father, Who didst . . .	29	St. Gall. L.M.	Cantarium S. Galli.
Food that weary . . .	314	*Esca viatorum. 8 8 6 8 8 6	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
for a closer walk . . .	630	Martyrdom. C.M.	H. Wilson.
for a faith . . .	278	St. Leonard. C.M.	Henry Smart.
for a heart to praise . . .	549	Stockton. C.M.	T. Wright.
for a thousand . . .	522	*Selby. C.M.	Alfred J. Eyre.
God, of all the . . .	11	{ 1. Ferial. } { 2. Festal. } L.M. { 3. Ludborough. }	{ 1. Ancient Plain-song. 2. Ancient Plain-song. 3. Rev. T. R. Matthews.
God of hosts . . .	237	York. C.M.	From Andro Hart's Psalter.
God of Jacob . . .	512	Martyrdom. C.M.	H. Wilson.
God of love, O King . . .	376	Rockingham. L.M.	E. Miller, Mus. Doc.
God of truth, O Lord . . .	10	{ 1. Ferial. } { 2. Festal. } L.M. { 3. Ludborough. }	{ 1. Ancient Plain-song. 2. Ancient Plain-song. 3. Rev. T. R. Matthews.
God of Truth . . .	513	*St. Luke. C.M.	John Heywood.
God, our help . . .	165	St. Anne. C.M.	"Mr. Denby" in Barber's Psalm Tunes, 1637.
God, the joy . . .	489	*Styall. L.M.	Rev. William Statham, Mus. Doc.
God, Thy soldiers' . . .	442	Bavaria. L.M.	German.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.
O God, to know that Thou art just . . . . .	638	Rev. Canon A. J. Mason.
O God, uns-een yet ever near . . . . .	320	Edward Osler.
O God, Who metest in Thine hand . . . . .	593	Rev. R. F. Littledale, LL.D., D.C.L.
O happy band of pilgrims . . . . .	224	Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D. : from the Greek.
O heavenly Jerusalem . . . . .	429	Rev. Isaac Williams : from the Latin.
O heavenly Word, Eternal Light . . . . .	46	Compilers : from the Latin.
O help us, Lord : each hour of need . . . . .	279	The Very Rev. Henry Hart Milman.
O Holy Ghost, Thy people bless . . . . .	211	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
O Holy Spirit, Lord of grace . . . . .	208	Rev. John Chandler and Compilers : from the Latin.
O Jerusalem the blissful, Home of gladness } yet untold . . . . . }	602	Rev. J. Ellerton : from the Latin.
O Jesu, Blessed Lord, to Thee . . . . .	558	Rev. Canon A. J. Mason : from the Danish.
O Jesu Christ, if aught there be . . . . .	253	Rev. Edward Caswall.
O Jesu, crucified for man . . . . .	480	The Right Rev. Bishop W. Walsham How.
O Jesu, King most wonderful . . . . . Part ii.	178	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers : from the Latin.
O Jesu, Lord of light and grace . . . . .	2	Rev. J. Chandler and Compilers : from the Latin.
O Jesu, Thou art standing . . . . .	198	The Right Rev. Bishop W. Walsham How.
O Jesu, Thou the Beauty art . . . . . Part iii.	178	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers : from the Latin.
O Jesus, I have promised . . . . .	271	Rev. J. E. Bode.
O Lamb of God, Whose love Divine . . . . .	456	Rev. V. S. S. Coles.
O let him, whose sorrow . . . . .	286	Frances E. Cox : from the German (altered).
O Light, Whose beams illumine all . . . . .	345	Rev. E. H. Plumpton.
O Lord, be with us when we sail . . . . .	592	Rev. E. A. Dayman.
O Lord, how happy should we be . . . . .	276	Joseph Anstice.
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see . . . . .	273	Rev. John Chandler : from the Latin.
O Lord most High, Eternal King . . . . .	144	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers : from the Latin.
O Lord of Heav'n, and earth, and sea . . . . .	365	The Right Rev. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.
O Lord of hosts, Whose glory fills . . . . .	394	Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.
O Lord, our strength in weakness . . . . .	605	The Right Rev. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.
O Lord, turn not Thy Face from me . . . . .	93	John Marchant.
O love Divine, how sweet thou art . . . . .	195	Rev. Charles Wesley.
O love, how deep ! how broad ! how high . . . . .	173	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers : from the Latin.
O Love, Who formedst me to wear . . . . .	192	Catherine Winkworth : from the German.
O merciful Creator, hear . . . . .	87	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers : from the Latin.
O my God, I fear Thee . . . . .	567	Mrs. Dobree.
O Paradise ! O Paradise . . . . .	234	Rev. F. W. Faber, D.D. (last verse by Compilers).
O perfect life of love . . . . .	120	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
O perfect Love, all human thought transcending . . . . .	578	Dorothy Blomfield.
O praise our God to-day . . . . .	380	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
O praise our Great and Gracious Lord . . . . .	294	Harriet Auber.
O praise ye the Lord . . . . .	308	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
O quickly come, dread Judge of all . . . . .	204	Rev. L. Tuttle.
O sacred Head, surrounded . . . . .	111	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. : from the Latin.
O Saving Victim, opening wide . . . . . Part ii.	311	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers : from the Latin.
O Saviour, Lord, to Thee we pray . . . . .	63	Compilers. (Based on Tr. fr. Lat. by Rev. J. W. Copeland.)
O Saviour, may we never rest . . . . .	272	Rev. W. H. Bathurst.
O Saviour, precious Saviour . . . . .	307	Frances Ridley Havergal.
O Saviour ! when Thy loving Hand . . . . .	596	Ellen Mary Sewell.
O Saviour, Who for man hast trod . . . . .	146	Compilers. (Based on Tr. fr. Latin, by Rev. J. Chandler.)
O scorn'd and outcast Lord, beneath . . . . .	496	Rev. J. Chandler, and Compilers : from the Latin.
O Shepherd of the sheep . . . . .	453	Rev. V. S. S. Coles.
O sinner, lift the eye of faith . . . . .	104	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers : from the Latin.
O Sion, open wide thy gates . . . . .	407	Rev. E. Caswall : from the Latin.
O Son of God, our Captain of Salvation . . . . .	413	Rev. John Ellerton.
O sons and daughters, let us sing . . . . .	130	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers : from the Latin.
O Spirit of the Living God . . . . .	585	James Montgomery.
O Strength and Stay upholding all creation . . . . .	12	Rev. John Ellerton : from the Latin.
O Thou, before the world began . . . . .	554	Rev. C. Wesley.
O Thou, before Whose Presence . . . . .	607	Rev. S. J. Stone.
O Thou, from Whom all goodness flows . . . . .	283	Rev. Thomas Haweis, M.D.
O Thou Who dost to man accord . . . . .	86	Rev. J. W. Hewett and Compilers : from the Latin.
O Thou Who makest souls to shine . . . . .	353	The Right Rev. Bishop John Armstrong.
O Thou Whose all-redeeming might . . . . .	452	Rev. R. M. Benson : from the Latin.
O throned, O crown'd with all renown . . . . .	505	Most Rev. and Right Hon. E. W. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury.



First words of Hymn.	No.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer of Tune.
O God, to know that . . .	638	St. Francis Xavier. C.M. . . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
O God, unseen . . .	320	St. Flavian. C.M. . . . .	Day's Psalter, 1563.
O God, Who metest. . .	593	Eisenach. L.M. . . . .	Johann Hermann Schein, 1628.
O happy band . . .	224	Kocher. 7 6 7 6 . . . . .	J. H. Knecht, 1752-1817.
O heavenly Jerusalem. .	429	St. Alphege. 7 6 7 6 . . . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
O heavenly Word . . .	46	Breslau. L.M. . . . .	Joseph Clauder's Psalmodia Nova, 1630.
O help us, Lord. . .	279	Bedford. C.M. . . . .	W. Wheale.
O Holy Ghost, Thy . . .	211	*St. Timothy. C.M. . . . .	Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart. (arr. by W. H. Monk).
O Holy Spirit, Lord of .	208	Tallis. C.M. . . . .	Thomas Tallis.
O Jerusalem the. . .	602	*Blagdon. 15 15 15 . . . . .	Charles E. Stephens.
O Jesu, Blessed Lord . .	558	*Wells. L.M. . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
O Jesu Christ, if aught .	283	Burford. C.M. . . . .	Wilkins' Psalmody, 1699.
O Jesu, crucified for . .	480	Intercession. L.M. . . . .	?
O Jesu, King. Part ii. .	178	{ 1. St. Agnes. } C.M.	{ 1. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
		{ 2. Metzler's Redhead. No. 66. }	{ 2. Richard Redhead.
		{ 1. Lauds. } L.M.	{ 1. Ancient Plain-song.
		{ 2.*St. Bernard. } L.M.	{ 2. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
		St. Catherine. 7 6 7 6 D.	Rev. Reginald F. Dale, Mus. Bac.
O Jesu, Thou. Part iii. .	178	{ 1. St. Agnes. } C.M.	{ 1. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
		{ 2. Metzler's Redhead. No. 66. }	{ 2. Richard Redhead.
		Day of rest. 7 6 7 6 D.	J. W. Elliott.
		Intercession. L.M. . . . .	?
O Jesus, I have . . .	271	Clewer. 6 5 6 5 . . . . .	German.
O Lamb of God . . .	456	*Bickley. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
O let him, whose . . .	286	Dundee. C.M. . . . .	Scotch Psalter.
O Light, Whose . . .	345	{ 1. Innsbruck. } 8 8 6 D.	{ 1. Old Volkslied, Heinrich Isaak, 1440.
O Lord, be with us . .	592	{ 2. Bridehead. }	{ 2. Arthur H. Dyke Troyte.
O Lord, how happy . .	276	Melcombe. L.M. . . . .	Samuel Webbe.
O Lord, how joyful . .	273	St. Ambrose. L.M. . . . .	Ancient Plain-song.
O Lord most High . .	144	*Almsgiving. 8 8 8 4 . . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
O Lord of Heav'n . .	365	Melcombe. L.M. . . . .	Samuel Webbe.
O Lord of hosts . . .	394	toke. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	Mrs. G. E. Cole.
O Lord, our strength . .	605	St. Mary. C.M. . . . .	Playford's Psalter, 1677: from Arch. Prys' Psalter, 1621.
O Lord, turn not . . .	93	*Purleigh. 8 8 6 D. . . . .	Arthur Henry Brown.
O love Divine . . .	195	Leipsic or Eisenach. L.M. . . . .	Johann Hermann Schein, 1628.
O love, how deep . . .	173	Bremen. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	Georg Neumark, 1657.
O Love, Who formedst .	192	Ford. L.M. . . . .	Thomas Ford.
O merciful Creator . . .	87	Europa. 6 5 6 5 7 7 . . . . .	M. A. S.
O my God, I fear Thee .	567	{ *Paradise. No. 1. } 8 6 8 6 6 6 6 6 .	{ 1. Henry Smart.
O Paradise! . . .	234	{ *Paradise. No. 2. }	{ 2. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
O perfect life of love . .	120	*Aber. S.M. . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
O perfect Love, all . .	578	*Life and Love. 11 10 11 10 . . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
O praise our God to-day .	380	St. Michael. S.M. . . . .	Day's Psalter.
O praise our Great . . .	294	St. Ursula. D.C.M. . . . .	Frederick Westlake.
O praise ye the Lord . .	308	*Laudate Dominum. 5 5 5 5 6 5 6 5 .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
O quickly come . . .	204	*Veni cito. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
O sacred Head . . .	111	Passion Chorale. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	Hans Leo Hassler, 1601.
O Saving Victim . . .	311	{ 1. O. Salutaris. } L.M.	{ 1. Ancient Plain-song.
		{ 2. St. Vincent. }	{ 2. J. Uglov.
O Saviour, Lord . . .	63	Wareham. L.M. . . . .	William Knapp.
O Saviour, may we . . .	272	Cheshire. C.M. . . . .	Este's Psalter, 1592.
O Saviour, precious . .	307	Zoan. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	Rev. W. H. Havergal.
O Saviour! when Thy . .	596	St. Peter. C.M. . . . .	A. R. Reinagle.
O Saviour, Who for . . .	146	Bishop. L.M. . . . .	John Bishop.
O scorn'd and outcast .	496	*St. Alban. 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	Charles Stegall, Mus. Doc.
O Shepherd of the . . .	453	Swabia. S.M. . . . .	Johann Crüger's Choralbuch.
O sinner, lift the eye . .	104	Attolle paulum. 8 7 8 7 8 8 7 . . . . .	German: Harmony from Mendelssohn.
O Sion, open wide . . .	407	Bristol. C.M. . . . .	Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.
O Son of God, our . . .	413	*St. Barnabas. 11 10 11 10 . . . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
O sons and daughters . .	130	O filii et filiae. 8 8 8 and Alleluias . . . . .	Provincial French Melody.
O Spirit of the Living .	585	*Styall. L.M. . . . .	Rev. W. Statham, Mus. Doc.
O Strength and Stay . .	12	*Strength and Stay. 11 10 11 10 . . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
O Thou, before the . . .	554	Troas. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	The Right Rev. Bishop W. D. Maclagan.
O Thou, before Whose .	607	Day of Rest. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	J. W. Elliott.
O Thou, from Whom . .	283	*Putney Hill. C.M. . . . .	Rev. F. A. J. Hervey!
O Thou Who dost to . .	86	Innsbruck. 8 8 6 D. . . . .	Old Volkslied, Heinrich Isaak, 1440.
O Thou Who makest . .	353	St. Lawrence. L.M. . . . .	Rev. L. G. Hayne, Mus. Doc.
O Thou Whose . . .	452	Leipsic, or Eisenach. L.M. . . . .	Johann Hermann Schein, 1628.
O throned, O crown'd .	505	*Sunninghill. D.C.M. . . . .	Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.
O Trinity, most Blessed Light . . . . .	14	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
O Voice of the Beloved . . . . .	500	Rev. Jackson Mason.
O Word of God above . . . . .	395	Rev. Isaac Williams and Compilers: from the Latin.
O worship the King . . . . .	167	Sir Robert Grant.
O'erwhelm'd in depths of woe . . . . .	101	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers: from the Latin.
Of the Father's Love begotten . . . . .	56	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bt., from the Lat.
Of in danger, oft in woe . . . . .	291	Henry Kirke White and others.
Oh! come to the merciful Saviour Who calls you . . . . .	637	Rev. F. Faber, D.D.
Oh how fair that morning broke . . . . .	533	Rev. J. Ellerton.
Oh, the bitter shame and sorrow . . . . .	631	A. Monod.
Oh! what, if we are Christ's . . . . .	446	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
Oh, what the joy and the glory must be . . . . .	235	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry . . . . .	50	Rev. John Chandler and Compilers.
On the Resurrection morning . . . . .	499	Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.
On the waters dark and drear . . . . .	372	William Chatterton Dix.
On this day, the first of days . . . . .	34	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.: from the Latin.
Once in royal David's city . . . . .	329	Cecil Frances Alexander.
Once more the solemn season calls . . . . .	84	Rev. John Chandler and Compilers: from the Latin.
Once, only once, and once for all . . . . .	315	Rev. William Bright, D.D.
Onward, Christian soldiers . . . . .	391	Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.
Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed . . . . .	207	Harriet Auber.
Our day of praise is done . . . . .	30	Rev. John Ellerton.
Out of the deep I call . . . . .	250	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
Palms of glory, raiment bright . . . . .	445	James Montgomery.
Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin . . . . .	537	The Right Rev. Bishop Edward Henry Bickerseth.
Pleasant are Thy courts above . . . . .	240	Rev. Francis Henry Lyte.
Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven . . . . .	298	Rev. Francis Henry Lyte (altered).
Praise, O praise our God and King . . . . .	381	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
Praise the Lord, His glories show . . . . .	544	Rev. Francis Henry Lyte.
Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him . . . . .	292	Rev. J. Kemphorne.
Praise to God Who reigns above . . . . .	421	Rev. R. M. Benson.
Praise to the Heavenly Wisdom . . . . .	613	Rev. J. Ellerton.
Praise to the Holiest in the height . . . . .	172	Rev. J. H. Newman, D.D.
Praise we the Lord this day . . . . .	409	From "Fallow's Selection of Hymns," A.D. 1847.
Redeem'd, restored, forgiven . . . . .	632	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
Rejoice, the Lord is King . . . . .	202	Rev. Charles Wesley.
Rejoice to-day with one accord . . . . .	378	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
Rejoice, ye pure in heart . . . . .	393	Rev. E. H. Plumptre.
Resting from His work to-day . . . . .	124	Rev. Thomas Whytehead (altered).
Return, O wanderer, to thy home . . . . .	628	Rev. Arthur G. Purchas and Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc.
Ride on! ride on in majesty . . . . .	99	The Very Rev. Henry Hart Milman.
Rock of ages, cleft for me . . . . .	184	Rev. A. M. Toplady.
Round the Sacred City gather . . . . .	603	Rev. S. J. Stone.
Ruler of the hosts of light . . . . .	151	Rev. John Chandler and Compilers: from the Latin.
Safe home, safe home in port . . . . .	609	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
Safely, safely gather'd in . . . . .	610	Mrs. Dobree.
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise . . . . .	31	Rev. John Ellerton.
Saviour, Blessed Saviour . . . . .	305	Rev. Godfrey Thring.
Saviour, sprinkle many nations . . . . .	359	The Right Rev. Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe.
Saviour, when in dust to Thee . . . . .	251	Sir Robert Grant.
See the Conqueror mounts in triumph . . . . .	148	The Right Rev. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.
See the destined day arise . . . . .	113	The Right Rev. Bishop Richard Mant.
Shall we not love thee, Mother dear . . . . .	450	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve . . . . .	248	Rev. Charles Wesley.
Shine Thou upon us, Lord . . . . .	580	Rev. J. Ellerton.
Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise . . . . .	296	Rev. John Ellerton: from the Latin.
Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle . . . . .	97	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.
Sing praise to God Who reigns above . . . . .	293	Frances E. Cox: from the German.
Sing to the Lord the children's hymn . . . . .	571	Rev. R. S. Hawker.
Sing we the glory of our God . . . . .	39	Compilers. (Based on Tr. fr. Latin, by Rev. J. Chandler.)
Sion's Daughter, weep no more . . . . .	100	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.: from the Latin.
Six days of labour now are past . . . . .	44	Compilers. (Based on Tr. fr. Latin, by Rev. J. Chandler.)

First words of Hymn.	No.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer of Tune.
O Trinity . . . . .	14	O Lux Beata. L.M. . . . .	Ancient Plain-song.
O Voice of the Beloved .	500	*O Voice. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	Joseph Barnby.
O Word of God . . . . .	395	{1. St. Helena. } S.M. . . . .	?
O worship the King . . .	167	{2. Dedication. } S.M. . . . .	?
O'erwhelm'd in depths .	101	Old 104th. 5 5 5 5 6 5 6 5 . . .	From Ravenscroft.
Of the Father's Love . . .	56	St. Bride. S.M. . . . .	Samuel Howard, Mus. Doc.
Of in danger . . . . .	291	Corde natus. 8 7 8 7 8 7 7 . . .	Ancient Plain-song.
Oh! come to the . . . . .	637	University College. 7 7 7 7 . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Oh what fair that . . . . .	533	*Compassio. 12 11 12 11 . . .	Cedric Bucknall, Mus. Bac.
Oh, the bitter shame . . .	431	*Morning. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Oh! what, if we are . . .	446	*Oh, the bitter. 8 6 8 8 7 . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Oh, what the joy . . . . .	235	St. Michael. S.M. . . . .	Day's Psalter.
On Jordan's bank . . . . .	50	O quanta qualia. 10 10 10 10 . .	Ancient Plain-song.
On the Resurrection . . .	499	Winchester New. L.M. . . . .	Hambürger Musicalisches Handbuch, 1690.
On the waters . . . . .	372	*Mansfield. 8 7 8 3 . . . . .	E. H. Turpin.
On this day, the first . . .	34	German Hymn. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	From Pleyel.
Once in royal David's . .	329	Lübeck. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Freylinghausen's Choralbuch, 1704.
Once more the solemn . .	84	Irby. 8 7 8 7 7 7 . . . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Once, only once . . . . .	315	*Hereford. C.M. . . . .	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.
Onward, Christian . . . . .	391	Albano. C.M. . . . .	Vincent Novello.
Our Best Redeemer . . . .	207	*Onward, Christian soldiers. 6 5 6 5 T.	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Our day of praise is . . .	30	*St. Cuthbert. 8 6 8 4 . . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Out of the deep I call . .	250	*Allington. S.M. . . . .	John Hopkins.
		*Aston. S.M. . . . .	John Heywood.
Palms of glory . . . . .	445	Palms of glory. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	The Right Rev. Bishop W. D. Maclagan.
Peace, perfect peace . . .	537	Pax Tecum. 10 10 . . . . .	G. T. Coldbeck.
Pleasant are Thy courts .	240	Maidstone. 7 7 7 7 D . . . . .	W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.
Praise, my soul . . . . .	298	Alleluia dulce carmen. 8 7 8 7 8 7 .	Webbe's Church Music, 1791.
Praise, O praise . . . . .	381	*Monkland. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Arranged by J. Wilkes.
Praise the Lord . . . . .	544	*Ethelbert. 7 7 7 7 D. . . . .	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.
Praise the Lord! ye . . . .	292	{1. Austria. 8 7 8 7 D. . . . .	{1. Francis Joseph Haydn.
Praise to God Who . . . . .	421	{2. Redhead. No. 143. 8 7 8 7 . . .	{2. Richard Redhead.
Praise to the Heavenly . .	613	*Xavier. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Frank Champneys, M.D.
Praise to the Holiest . . .	172	*Lochbie. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Praise we the Lord . . . .	409	*Gerontius. C.M. . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
		*Annunciation. S.M. . . . .	C. A. Barry.
Redeem'd, restored . . . .	632	Redeemed. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Rejoice, the Lord . . . . .	202	+Gopsal. 6 6 6 6 8 8 . . . . .	G. F. Handel.
Rejoice to-day . . . . .	378	Ein' feste Burg. 8 7 8 7 6 6 6 6 7 .	Martin Luther (in Klug).
Rejoice, ye pure . . . . .	393	*Peterborough. S.M. . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Resting from His work . .	124	Redhead. No. 76. 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 . .	Richard Redhead.
Return, O wanderer . . . .	628	*Return. 8 6 8 6 4 . . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Ride on! ride on . . . . .	99	St. Drostane. L.M. . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Rock of ages . . . . .	184	Redhead. No. 76. 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 . .	Richard Redhead.
Round the Sacred City . .	603	St. Frideswide. 8 7 8 7 D. . . . .	Charles Harford Lloyd, Mus. Bac.
Ruler of the hosts . . . .	151	Canterbury. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Orlando Gibbons (re-harmonised).
Safe home, safe home . . .	609	*Axbridge. 6 6 6 6 8 8 . . . . .	A. H. D. Prendergast.
Safely, safely gather'd . .	610	*Safely, safely. 7 7 7 7 D. . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Saviour, again to Thy . . .	31	*Pax Dei. 10 10 10 10 . . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Saviour, Blessed . . . . .	305	Edina. 6 5 6 5 D. . . . .	Sir Herbert Oakeley, LL.D., Mus. Doc.
Saviour, sprinkle . . . . .	359	*Iona. 8 7 8 7 D. . . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Saviour, when in dust . . .	251	*Miserere. 7 7 7 7 D. . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
See the Conqueror . . . . .	148	*Rex Gloriæ. 8 7 8 7 D. . . . .	Henry Smart.
See the destined day . . .	113	*Calvary. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Shall we not love thee . .	450	St. Agnes. C.M. . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Shepherd Divine . . . . .	248	St. Etheldreda. C.M. . . . .	The Right Rev. Bishop Thomas Turton.
Shine Thou upon us . . . .	580	Lausanne. 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 . . . .	Lausanne Chorale Book (arr. by Rimbault).
Sing Alleluia forth . . . .	296	{1. Endless Alleluia. } 10 10 7 . . .	{1. Joseph Barnby.
Sing, my tongue . . . . .	97	{2.* Alleluia perenne. } 10 10 7 . . .	{2. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Sing praise to God . . . .	293	Pange Lingua. 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	Ancient Plain-song.
Sing to the Lord . . . . .	571	Erik. 8 7 8 7, 8 8 7 . . . . .	German. Harm. from J. S. Bach.
Sing we the glory . . . . .	39	Hill Cliff. C.M. . . . .	Rev. William Statham, Mus. Doc.
Sion's Daughter . . . . .	100	St. Hugh. C.M. . . . .	Edward J. Hopkins, Mus. Doc.
Six days of labour . . . .	44	Cassel. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Gnadener Choralbuch, 1784.
		*Malmesbury Abbey. C.M. . . . .	James Comley.

† This tune has been collated with the Original Manuscript, in the Fitzwilliam Museum; the small notes for the Organ are Handel's.



First line of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.
Soldiers of Christ, arise . . . . .	270	Rev. Charles Wesley.
Soldiers of the Cross, arise . . . . .	588	The Right Rev. Bishop W. Walsbam How.
Soldiers, who are Christ's below . . . . .	447	Rev. J. H. Clark : from the Latin.
Son of the Highest, deign to cast . . . . .	459	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers : from the Latin.
Sons of Labour, dear to Jesus . . . . .	584	The Very Rev. Samuel Reynolds Hole.
Songs of praise the Angels sang . . . . .	297	James Montgomery.
Songs of thankfulness and praise . . . . .	81	The Right Rev. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.
Souls of men ! why will ye scatter . . . . .	634	Rev. F. Faber, D.D.
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love . . . . .	155	From Foundling Hospital Collection, A.D. 1774.
Stand up !—stand up for Jesus . . . . .	542	George Duffield.
Stars of the morning, so gloriously bright . . . . .	423	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. ; from the Greek.
Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear . . . . .	24	Rev. John Keble.
Sweet flow'rets of the martyr band . . . . .	68	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. : from the Latin.
Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go . . . . .	28	Rev. Frederick William Faber, D.D.
Sweet Saviour ! in Thy pitying grace . . . . .	490	Rev. R. M. Moorsom : from the Greek.
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing . . . . .	109	James Allen, and Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley.
Take not thought for food or raiment . . . . .	539	Compilers : from the Latin.
Take up thy cross, the Saviour said . . . . .	263	C. W. Everest (altered by ?).
Ten thousand times ten thousand . . . . .	222	The Very Rev. Henry Alford.
Tender Shepherd, Thou hast still'd . . . . .	402	Catherine Winkworth : from the German.
That day of wrath, that dreadful day . . . . .	206	Sir Walter Scott, Bart.
That Easter-tide with joy was bright. Part iii.	126	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers : from the Latin.
The Advent of our King . . . . .	48	Rev. J. Chandler and Compilers : from the Latin.
The ancient law departs. . . . .	70	Compilers : from the Latin.
The Apostles' hearts were full of pain Part ii.	126	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers : from the Latin.
The call to arms is sounding . . . . .	583	Claudia Hernaman.
The Church's one foundation . . . . .	215	Rev. S. J. Stone.
The day is past and over . . . . .	21	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. : from the Greek.
The Day of Resurrection . . . . .	132	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. : from the Greek.
The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended . . . . .	477	Rev. J. Ellerton.
The earth, O Lord, is one wide field . . . . .	354	Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D.
Th' eternal gifts of Christ the King . . . . .	430	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers : from the Latin.
The Father's sole-begotten Son . . . . .	486	Rev. T. B. Pollock : from the Latin.
The fish in wave, the bird on wing . . . . .	42	Compilers. (Based on Tr. fr. Lat. by Rev. J. Chandler.)
The foe behind, the deep before . . . . .	498	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
The God of Abraham praise . . . . .	601	Thomas Olivers.
The God, Whom earth, and sea, and sky . . . . .	449	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers : from the Latin.
The great forerunner of the morn . . . . .	415	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. : from the Latin.
The Head that once was crown'd with thorns . . . . .	301	Thomas Kelly.
The Heav'nly Child in stature grows . . . . .	78	Rev. J. Chandler and Compilers : from the Latin.
The Heav'nly Word proceeding forth . . . . .	311	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers : from the Latin.
The King of love my Shepherd is . . . . .	197	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.
The Lamb's high banquet call'd to share . . . . .	128	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers : from the Latin.
The life, which God's Incarnate Word . . . . .	66	Rev. E. Caswall and Compilers : from the Latin.
The Lord is risen indeed. . . . .	504	Rev. T. Kelly.
The people that in darkness sat . . . . .	80	Dr. John Morrison (altered by Compilers).
The radiant morn hath pass'd away . . . . .	19	Rev. Godfrey Thring.
The roseate hues of early dawn . . . . .	229	Cecil Frances Alexander.
The Royal Banners forward go . . . . .	96	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers : from the Latin.
The Saints of God ! their conflict past . . . . .	428	The Right Rev. Bishop W. D. MacLagan.
The Shepherd now was smitten . . . . .	405	Rev. Francis Pott and Compilers : from the Latin.
The Son of God goes forth to war . . . . .	439	The Right Rev. Bishop Reginald Heber.
The Son of Man from Jordan rose . . . . .	487	Rev. Jackson Mason and Compilers : from the Latin.
The sower went forth sowing . . . . .	386	Rev. W. St. Hill Bourne.
The strain upraise of joy and praise . . . . .	295	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., from the Latin.
The strife is o'er, the battle done . . . . .	135	Rev. Francis Pott and Compilers : from the Latin.

First words of Hymn.	No.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer of Tune.
Soldiers of Christ . . .	270	*St. Ethelwald. s.m. . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Soldiers of the Cross . . .	588	*Crucis Militis. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Myles B. Foster.
Soldiers, who are . . .	447	Redhead. No. 45. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	R. Redhead.
Son of the Highest . . .	459	St. Mary Magdalene. c.m. . . . .	German.
Sons of Labour, dear to . . .	584	Sons of Labour. 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Songs of praise . . .	297	Culbach. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Scheffler's "Geistliche Hirtenlieder," 1669.
Songs of thankfulness . . .	81	St. Edmund. 7 7 7 7 d. . . . .	C. Stegall, Mus. Doc.
Souls of men!—why . . .	634	Clarion. 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	Rev. W. Sloane Sloane-Evans.
Spirit of mercy . . .	153	Melcombe. L.M. . . . .	Samuel Webbe.
Stand up!—stand up . . .	542	*Stand up. 7 6 7 6 d. . . . .	Joseph Barnby.
Stars of the morning . . .	423	*Trisagion. 10 10 10 10 . . . . .	Henry Smart.
Sun of my soul . . .	24	{ 1. Abends. } { 2.*Keble. } L.M. . . . .	{ 1. Sir Herbert Oakeley, LL.D., Mus. Doc. { 2. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Sweet flow'rets . . .	68	{ 3. Hursley. } *Salvete Flores. L.M. . . . .	{ 3. Ascribed to Peter Ritter, 1792. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Sweet Saviour, bless . . .	28	{ 1.*Christchurch. } { 2.*St. Matthias. } 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	{ 1. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Onseley, Bart. { 2. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Sweet Saviour! in Thy . . .	490	{ 3.*In tenebris lumen. } *Shottery. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	{ 3. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. Everard Hulton, Mus. Bac.
Sweet the moments . . .	109	Batty. 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	Gnadauer Choralbuch, 1735.
Take not thought for . . .	539	*St. Clare. 8 7 8 5 . . . . .	Alfred J. Eyre.
Take up thy cross . . .	263	Breslau. L.M. . . . .	Joseph Clauder's Psalmodia Nova, 1630.
Ten thousand times . . .	222	*Alford. 7 6 8 6 d. . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Tender Shepherd . . .	402	Meinhold. 7 8 7 8 7 7 . . . . .	From J. S. Bach.
That day of wrath . . .	206	Abbotsford. L.M. . . . .	German.
That Easter-tide . . .	126	{ 1.*Tristes erant. } L.M. . . . .	{ 1. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc. { 2. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
The Advent of our . . .	48	{ 2.*Easter Chant. } Franconia. s.m. . . . .	{ Müller's Choralbuch, 1754. From Day's Psalter.
The ancient law . . .	70	St. Michael. s.m. . . . .	{ 1. William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc. { 2. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
The Apostles' hearts . . .	126	{ 1.*Tristes erant. } L.M. . . . .	{ Müller's Choralbuch, 1754. George Garrett, Mus. Doc.
The call to arms . . .	583	{ 2.*Easter Chant. } St. Croix. 7 6 7 6 d. . . . .	{ S. S. Wesley, Mus. Doc. { 1. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
The Church's one . . .	215	Aurelia. 7 6 7 6 d. . . . .	{ 2. Arthur H. Brown. Berthold Tours.
The day is past . . .	21	{ 1. S. Anatolius. } 7 6 7 6 8 8 . . . . .	{ Rev. C. C. Scholefield, M.A. R. Wainwright, Mus. Doc.
The Day of Resurrection . . .	132	{ 2. St. Anatolius. } *Rotterdam. 7 6 7 6 d. . . . .	{ Ancient Plain-song. { 1. Harmonised by C. W. Pearce, Mus. Doc.
The Day Thou gavest . . .	477	St. Clement. 9 8 9 8 . . . . .	{ 2. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. Day's Psalter, 1563.
The earth, O Lord . . .	354	Manchester New. c.m. . . . .	Joseph Barnby.
Th' eternal gifts . . .	430	*Æterna Christi munera. L.M. . . . .	{ 1. "Hebrew." { 2. Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
The Father's . . .	486	{ 1. Plain-song. } L.M. . . . .	{ Ancient Plain-song. German.
The fish in wave . . .	42	{ 2. Trinity College. } St. Flavian. c.m. . . . .	{ Jeremiah Clark. Thomas Tallis.
The foe behind . . .	498	*The Foe. Irregular. . . . .	{ 1. Ancient Plain-song. { 2. J. Uglov.
The God of Abraham . . .	601	{ 1. Leoni. } 6 6 8 4 d. . . . .	{ Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc. Ancient Plain-song.
The God, Whom . . .	449	{ 2. Covenant. } St. Ambrose. L.M. . . . .	{ John Hopkins. Old German, Kölner Gesangbuch.
The great forerunner . . .	415	Beccles. L.M. . . . .	{ Este's Psalter, 1592. Rev. Sir F. A. G. Onseley, Bart.
The Head that once . . .	301	St. Magnus. c.m. . . . .	{ Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc. { 1. Ancient Plain-song.
The Heav'nly Child . . .	78	Tallis. c.m. . . . .	{ 2. Rev. John Hampton. Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
The Heav'nly Word . . .	311	{ 1. O Salutaris. } L.M. . . . .	{ Melchior Vulpus. { 2. From Day's Psalter.
The King of love . . .	197	{ 2. St. Vincent. } *Dominus regit me. 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	{ 2. "Mr. Denby" in Barber's Psalm Tunes, 1637. Harmonised by T. A. Walmisley.
The Lamb's high . . .	128	Ad cœnam Agni. L.M. . . . .	{ J. F. Bridge, Mus. Doc. { Arthur H. Dyke Troyte.
The life, which God's . . .	66	*Whitwell. c.m. . . . .	{ Harmonised by William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc. From Palestrina.
The Lord is risen . . .	504	Narenza. s.m. . . . .	
The people that . . .	80	Dundee. c.m. . . . .	
The radiant morn hath . . .	19	*St. Gabriel. 8 8 8 4 . . . . .	
The roseate hues . . .	229	*The roseate hues. d.c.m. . . . .	
The Royal Banners . . .	96	{ 1. Vexilla Regis. } L.M. . . . .	
The Saints of God! . . .	428	{ 2.*St. Cecilia. } *Rest. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	
The Shepherd now was . . .	405	Vulpus. 7 6 7 6 . . . . .	
The Son of God goes . . .	439	{ 1. Old 81st. } d.c.m. . . . .	
The Son of Man from . . .	487	{ 2. St. Anne. } c.m. . . . .	
The sower went forth . . .	386	Irish. c.m. . . . .	
The strain upraise . . .	295	*St. Beatrice. 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 . . . . .	
The strife is o'er . . .	135	{ 1. Troyte. No. 2. } Irregular. . . . .	
		{ 2. Plain-song. } Victory. 8 8 8 and Alleluia . . . . .	

First line of Hymn.	No.	Author of Hymn.
We give Thee but Thine own . . . . .	366	The Right Rev. Bishop W. Walsham How.
We have not known Thee as we ought . . . . .	518	Rev. T. B. Pollock.
We have not seen, we cannot see . . . . .	612	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
We know Thee Who Thou art . . . . .	181	Rev. William Bright, D.D.
We love the place, O God . . . . .	242	Rev. W. Bullock, D.D., and Rev. Sir Henry Baker, Bart.
We plough the fields, and scatter . . . . .	383	From the German.
We pray Thee, heavenly Father . . . . .	321	Rev. V. S. S. Coles.
We saw Thee not when Thou didst come . . . . .	174	Rev. John Hampden Gurney.
We sing the glorious conquest . . . . .	406	Rev. John Ellerton.
We sing the praise of Him Who died . . . . .	200	Thomas Kelly: last verse added by Compilers.
Weary of earth and laden with my sin . . . . .	252	Rev. S. J. Stone.
Weary of wandering from my God . . . . .	635	Rev. Charles Wesley.
Weep not for Him Who onward bears . . . . .	495	Rev. T. B. Pollock.
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall } say . . . . .	497	Rev. J. Ellerton: from the Latin.
What our Father does is well . . . . .	389	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.: from the German.
What star is this, with beams so bright . . . . .	77	Rev. J. Chandler and Compilers: from the Latin.
What thanks and praise to Thee we owe . . . . .	425	The Right Rev. Bishop W. D. Maclagan.
What time the evening shadows fall . . . . .	213	Rev. J. W. Hewitt.
What various hindrances we meet . . . . .	246	William Cowper: last verse added by Compilers.
When all Thy mercies, O my God . . . . .	517	Joseph Addison.
When at Thy footstool, Lord, I bend . . . . .	245	Rev. H. F. Lyte.
When God of old came down from Heav'n . . . . .	154	Rev. John Keble.
When I survey the wondrous Cross . . . . .	108	Dr. Watts: last verse added by Compilers.
When morning gilds the skies . . . . .	303	Rev. Edward Caswall: from the Latin.
When our heads are bow'd with woe . . . . .	399	The Very Rev. Henry Hart Milman.
When shades of night around us close . . . . .	54	Compilers: from the Latin.
When through the torn sail the wild tempest } is streaming . . . . .	594	The Right Rev. Bishop Reginald Heber.
When wounded sore the stricken heart . . . . .	183	Cecil Frances Alexander.
Where high the heavenly temple stands . . . . .	201	Michael Bruce.
While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night . . . . .	62	Nahum Tate.
Who are these like stars appearing . . . . .	427	Frances E. Cox: from the German.
Who is this so weak and helpless . . . . .	523	The Right Rev. Bishop W. Walsham How.
Who the multitudes can number . . . . .	619	Rev. T. B. Pollock: from the Latin.
With Christ we share a mystic grave . . . . .	561	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D.
With hearts renew'd, and cleansed . . . . .	159	D. T. Morgan: from the Latin.
With the sweet word of Peace . . . . .	589	George Watson.
With weary feet and sadden'd heart . . . . .	560	The Right Rev. Bishop W. Walsham How.
Within the Church's sacred fold . . . . .	326	Katherine D. Cornish.
Within the churchyard, side by side . . . . .	575	Mrs. Alexander.
Within the Father's house . . . . .	488	The Right Rev. Bishop James Russell Woodford.
Word Supreme, before creation . . . . .	67	Rev. John Keble.
Ye choirs of new Jerusalem . . . . .	125	Compilers. (Based on Tr. from Latin, by R. Campbell.)
Ye holy Angels bright . . . . .	546	Richard Baxter.
Ye servants of our glorious King . . . . .	444	R. Campbell and Compilers.
Ye servants of the Lord . . . . .	268	Dr. Doddridge.
Yesterday, with exultation . . . . .	64	Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and Compilers: from the Latin.



First words of Hymn.	No.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer of Tune.
We give Thee but . . .	366	*We give Thee but Thine own. S.M.	E. H. Thorne.
We have not known . . .	518	*Westbourne. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	Charles E. Stephens.
We have not seen . . .	612	Beulah. C.M. . . . .	George Garrett, Mus. Doc.
We know Thee Who . . .	181	Sellinge. S.M. . . . .	John Hullah.
We love the place . . .	242	*Quam dilecta. 6 6 6 6 . . . . .	The Right Rev. Bishop Henry Lascelles Jenner.
We plough the fields . . .	383	Wir pfügen. 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 6 6 8 4 .	J. A. P. Schulz, 1747-1800.
We pray Thee . . .	321	Dies Dominica. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
We saw Thee not . . .	174	*Credo. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
We sing the glorious . . .	406	*Jerusalem. 7 6 7 6 D. . . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
We sing the praise . . .	200	Breslau. L.M. . . . .	Joseph Clauder's Psalmodia Nova, 1630.
Weary of earth and . . .	252	{ 1. Dalkeith. { 10 10 10 10 . . . . .	{ 1. T. Hewlett.
Weary of wandering . . .	635	*Milton. 8 8 8 8 8 8 . . . . .	{ 2. Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Weep not for Him . . .	495	Old Martyrs. C.M. . . . .	W. H. Longhurst, Mus. Doc.
Welcome, happy . . .	497	*Salve festa dies. 11 11 11 11 11 . . . . .	Scotch Psalter.
What our Father does . . .	389	Cassel. 7 7 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Scotch Psalter.
What star is this, with . . .	77	*Sydney. L.M. . . . .	German.
What thanks and . . .	425	Ely. L.M. . . . .	John Hopkins.
What time the . . .	216	Old 44th. D.C.M. . . . .	The Right Rev. Bishop Thomas Turton.
What various . . .	246	Breslau. L.M. . . . .	From Day's Psalter.
When all Thy mercies . . .	517	*Contemplation. C.M. . . . .	Joseph Clauder's Psalmodia Nova, 1630.
When at Thy footstool . . .	245	St. Sepulchre. L.M. . . . .	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Bart.
When God of old . . .	154	Winchester Old. C.M. . . . .	George Cooper.
When I survey . . .	108	Rockingham. L.M. . . . .	From Este's Psalter.
When morning gilds . . .	303	*Laudes Domini. 6 6 6 6 6 6 . . . . .	Edward Miller, Mus. Doc.
When our heads are . . .	399	Redhead. No. 47. 7 7 7 7 . . . . .	Joseph Barnby.
When shades of night . . .	54	St. Gall. L.M. . . . .	Richard Redhead.
When through the torn . . .	594	*In Storm. 12 12 12 12 . . . . .	From Cantarium S. Galli.
When wounded sore . . .	183	St. Bernard. C.M. . . . .	Charles E. Stephens.
Where high the . . .	201	Commandments. L.M. . . . .	John Richardson, 1816-1871.
While shepherds . . .	62	Winchester Old. C.M. . . . .	Genevan Psalter, 1561.
Who are these like . . .	427	All Saints. 8 7 8 7 7 7 . . . . .	Este's Psalter.
Who is this so weak . . .	523	Cross and Crown. 8 7 8 7 D . . . . .	*Störl's Würtembergischer Gesangbuch, 1711.
Who the multitudes . . .	619	*Modena. 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	J. W. Elliott.
With Christ we share . . .	561	*Hemsford. C.M. . . . .	J. V. Roberts, Mus. Doc.
With hearts renew'd . . .	159	*Faith. 10 10 10 10 10 12 . . . . .	Gerard F. Cobb, M.A.
With the sweet word . . .	589	*Verbum pacis. 6 6 8 4 . . . . .	Henry Smart.
With weary feet . . .	560	St. Flavian. C.M. . . . .	William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Within the Church's . . .	326	*Kenilworth. 8 8 6 8 8 6 . . . . .	Barber's Psalm Tunes, 1687.
Within the churchyard . . .	575	St. Etheldreda. C.M. . . . .	Everard Hulton, Mus. Bac.
Within the Father's . . .	488	Franconia. S.M. . . . .	The Right Rev. Bishop Thomas Turton.
Word Supreme . . .	67	Alleluia dulce carmen. 8 7 8 7 8 7 . . . . .	Müller's Choralbuch, 1754.
Ye choirs . . .	125	St. Fulbert. C.M. . . . .	Webbe's Church Music, 1791.
Ye holy Angels bright . . .	546	Darwell's. 6 6 6 6 4 4 4 . . . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Ye servants of our . . .	444	*Constance. L.M. . . . .	Arranged by William Henry Monk, Mus. Doc.
Ye servants of the Lord . . .	268	Narenza. S.M. . . . .	H. J. Gauntlett, Mus. Doc.
Yesterday, with . . .	64	*Heri mundus exultavit. 8 8 7 8 8 7 . . . . .	Old German: Kölner Gesangbuch.
			Walter Macfarren.

Name of Litany.	No.	Author of Hymn.	Composer of Tune.
LITANIES.			
Of the Four Last Things . . . . .	463	Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock.	*1. W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.
Of the Incarnate Word . . . . .	464	Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock.	{*1. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Of Penitence (No. 1). . . . .	465	Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock.	{*2. Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.
Of Penitence (No. 2). . . . .	466	Rev. R. F. Littledale, LL.D.	{*1. Sir J. Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.
Of the Passion . . . . .	467	Committee of Clergy.	{*2. E. H. Turpin.
*For the Rogation Days . . . . .	468	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.	{*1. — Har. by C. Bucknall.
Of Jesus Glorified . . . . .	469	Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock.	{2. — Har. by Sir A. Sullivan.
Of the Holy Ghost . . . . .	470	Compiled from Rev. T. B. Pollock, and Rev. R. F. Littledale, LL.D.	{1. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
Of the Church . . . . .	471	Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock.	{2. — Har. by W. H. Monk.
*Of the Blessed Sacrament . . . . .	472	Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart.	{German.
For Children . . . . .	473	Committee of Clergy (chiefly).	{*1. E. H. Turpin.
For those at Sea . . . . .	624	Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock.	{*2. Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.
Of the Seven Last Words from the Cross . . . . .	625	Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock.	{1. J. W. Elliott.
			{*2. E. H. Turpin.
			{*1. E. H. Turpin.
			{2. ?
			{*1. W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.
			{*2. Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, Bart.
			{(Har. by W. H. Monk).
			{*1. Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.
			{*2. Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.
			{*Charles E. Stephens.
			{*W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.

## ALTERNATIVE TUNES FOR CERTAIN HYMNS.

First line of Hymn.	No.	Name of Tune and Measure.	Composer of Tune.
All glory, laud and honour . . . . .	98 on page 918.	{ 2. The Plain-song Melody . . .	Har. by W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.
Day of Wrath! O day of mourning . . . . .	398 on page 923.	{ 2. The Plain-song Melody . . .	Har. by Ch. Ch. Spencer.
For all the Saints who from their labours rest . . . . .	437 on pages 936, 938.	{ 2.*For all the Saints. } 10 10 10 4 { 3. For all the Saints. }	{ 2. Everard Hulton, Mus. Bac. { 3. Joseph Barnby.
The strain upraise of joy and praise . . . . .	295 on page 920.	{ 2. The Plain-song Melody . . .	Har. by W. H. Monk, Mus. Doc.
The voice that breathed o'er Eden . . . . .	350 on page 917.	{ 2. Matrimony. 7 6 7 6 . . . .	Sir John Stainer, M.A., Mus. Doc.

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### MARKS OF EXPRESSION.

The marks of expression (*p*, *mf*, *f*, *dim*, *cres*, &c.) given in this Edition, are intended chiefly for the guidance of Choir and Congregation. Such marks vary in power according to the character of the words to which they are affixed; and an Organist will of course exercise his good taste as to which of the many combinations of stops at his command he will use in accompanying.

It should be particularly noticed that each mark is intended to continue in force till another occurs.

### METRONOME MARKS.

The beats of the Metronome, set to the number indicated in the margin, should be mentally compared with the movement of a group (of minims or crotchets, as may be) in a phrase of the Tune familiar to the Director of the Choir, and the Metronome then stopped; its beat being too rigid to allow of its use while the Choir sing. In most Tunes of four lines (C.M., L.M., &c.) it is best to sing lines 1 and 2 (or 3 and 4) as one phrase, not allowing a definite "pause" at the end of the first, except such as is inevitable for breath, which should be taken out of the last note of that line; not out of a pause for the purpose. At the end of the "even" lines a pause of greater length is not only necessary, but will assist the sense. In most cases a slight *rallentando* in the final cadence is in good taste, but it must not be noticeable.

### THE PLAIN-SONG MELODIES.

"Much Plain-song music corresponds, to all intents and purposes, with simple music of a strictly mensurate kind,"\* and in this Book will be found in the more modern and intelligible form, barred like any other, in Hymns 2, 9, 45, 49, 56, 96, 157, 177, 430, &c. In other cases it may not be possible to arrange the notes of a Plain-song melody in so modern a way, but the rate of movement may be approximately fixed by a reference to the Metronome, and so the rhythm brought out; remembering always that a certain freedom of movement (as contrary to strict time) is a characteristic of this music, and that the minims shown by slur or otherwise to belong to the same syllable, are not quicker than single notes. It is the neglect of this rule, more than anything else, which has sometimes made the performance of the Plain-song so uninteresting.

*Applications for grants of books to poor parishes (giving particulars of population, congregation, &c.) and for permission to print copyright HYMNS and TUNES for Choral Festivals, should be addressed to the CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF HYMNS A. & M., care of WM. CLOWE & SONS, Limited, 13, Charing Cross, London, S.W.*

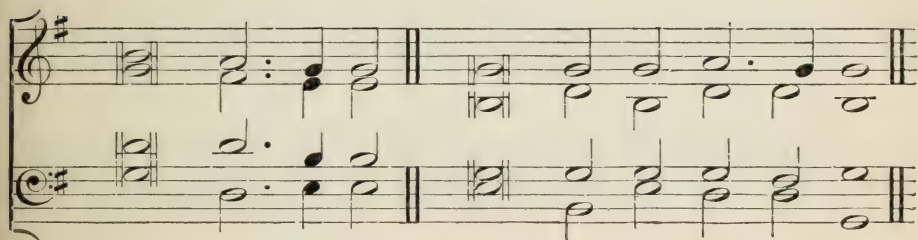
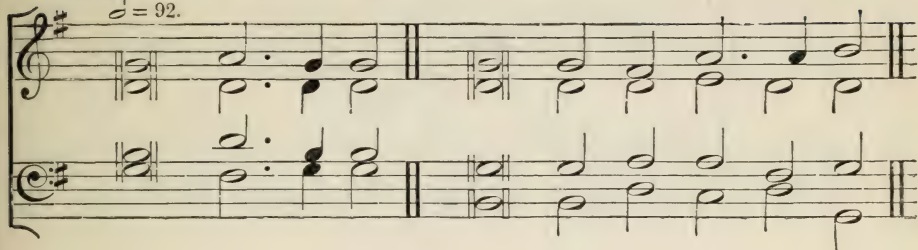
\* Rev. T. Helmore, in "Primer of Plain-song."



# Morning.

Hymn 1. JAM LUCIS.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee."*

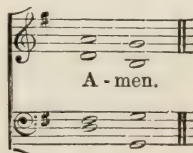
*f* NOW that the daylight fills the sky,  
We lift our héarts to God on high,  
That He, in all we dó or say,  
Would keep us frée from harm to-day.

So we, when this day's wórk is o'er,  
And shades of night return once more,  
Our path of trial sáfely trod,  
Shall give the glóry to our God.

May He restrain our tóngues from strife,  
And shield from ánger's din our life,  
And guard with watchful cáre our eyes  
From earth's absórbing vanities.

*f* All praise to God the FÁTHER be,  
All praise, Etérnal SON, to Thee,  
Whom with the SPÍRIT wé adore  
For ever ánd for evermore.

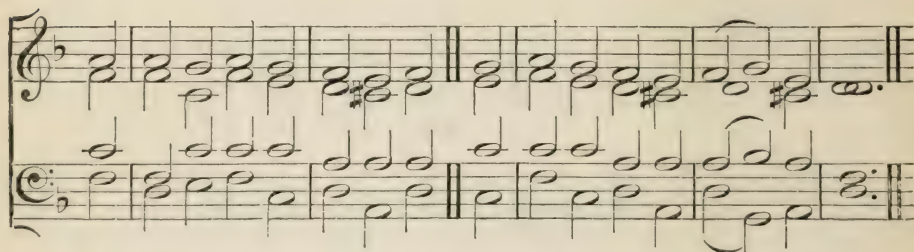
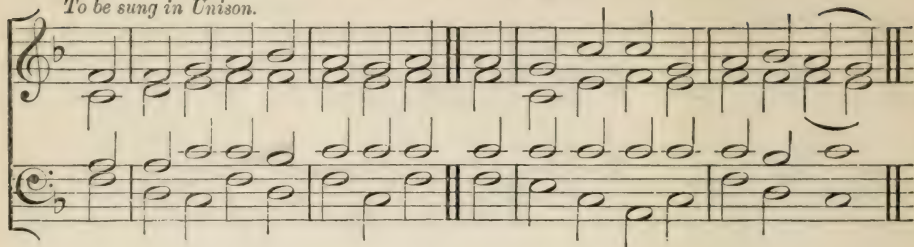
O may our inmost héarts be pure,  
From thoughts of fólly kept secure,  
And pride of sinful flesh subdued  
Through sparing úse of daily food.



# Morning.

Hymn 2. LAUDS.—L.M. (First Tune.) ♩ = 92.

To be sung in Unison.



*"He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."*

*f* **O** JESU, LORD of light and grace,  
Thou Brightness of the FATHER'S Face,  
Thou Fountain of eternal light,  
True Day dispersing shades of night ;

Come, Very Sun of heavenly love,  
Come in Thy radiance from above,  
And shed the HOLY SPIRIT'S ray  
On every thought and sense to-day.

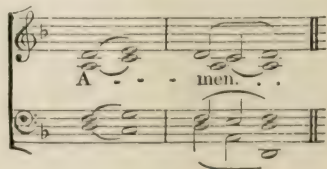
*mf* So we the FATHER'S help will claim,  
And sing the FATHER'S glorious Name,  
And His Almighty grace implore  
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,  
And quench the darts of wickedness ;  
In life's rough ways our feet defend,  
And grant us patience to the end.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be truth and peace.

So let us gladly pass the day,  
Our thoughts as pure as morning ray,  
Our faith as noontide glowing bright,  
Our minds undimm'd by shades of night

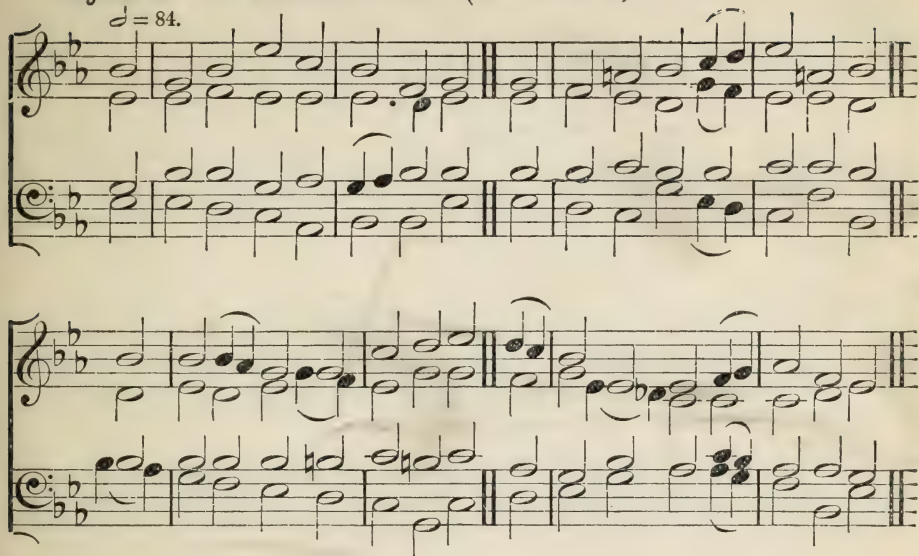
*f* All praise to God the FATHER be,  
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,  
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore  
For ever and for evermore.



# Morning.

Hymn 2. ST. BERNARD.—L.M. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."*

*f* O JESU, LORD of light and grace,  
Thou Brightness of the FATHER's Face,  
Thou Fountain of eternal light,  
True Day dispersing shades of night;

Come, Very Sun of heavenly love,  
Come in Thy radiance from above,  
And shed the HOLY SPIRIT's ray  
On every thought and sense to-day.

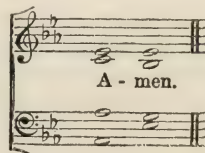
*mf* So we the FATHER's help will claim,  
And sing the FATHER's glorious Name,  
And His Almighty grace implore  
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,  
And quench the darts of wickedness;  
In life's rough ways our feet defend,  
And grant us patience to the end.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;  
May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be truth and peace.

So let us gladly pass the day,  
Our thoughts as pure as morning ray,  
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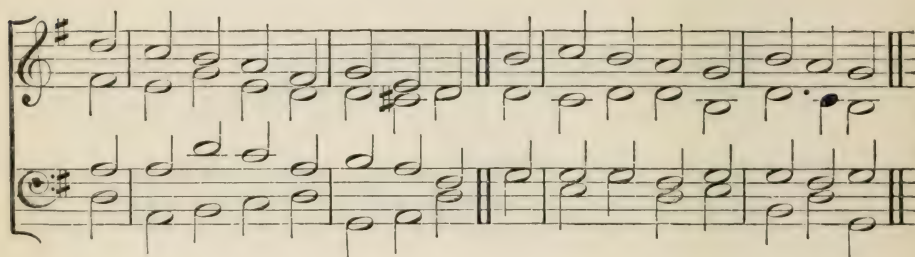
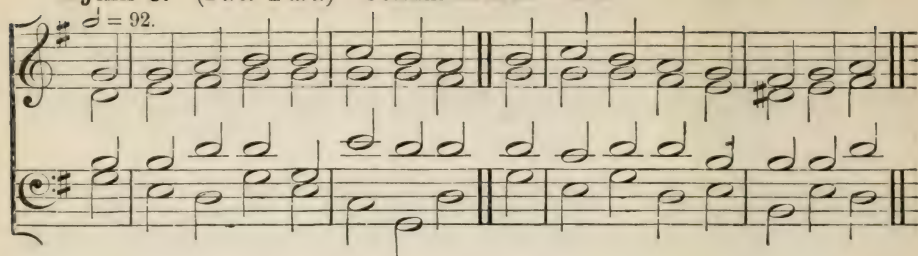
*f* All praise to GOD the FATHER be,  
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,  
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore  
For ever and for evermore.





# Morning.

## Hymn 3. (First Part.) COMMANDMENTS.—L.M.



*"I myself will awake right early."*

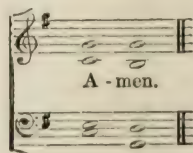
*f* **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the Angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praise to the Eternal King.

*mf* Redeem thy mis-spent time that's past,  
And live this day as if thy last;  
Improve thy talent with due care;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

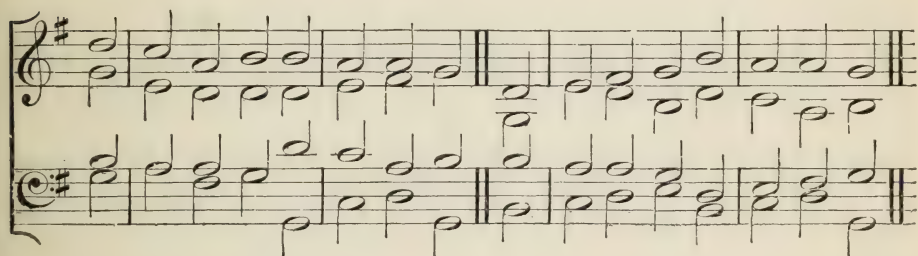
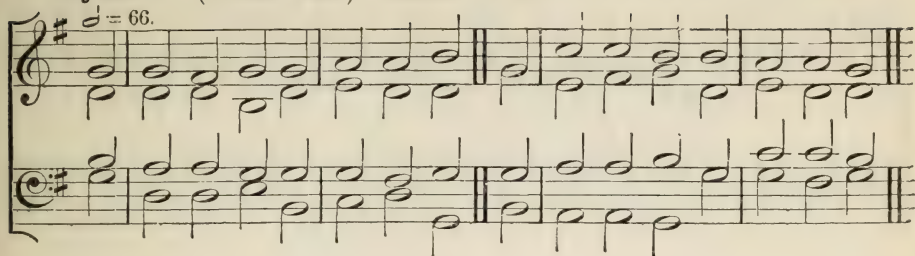
*f* Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, Angelic host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;  
Think how all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.



# Morning.

Hymn 3. (Second Part.) CANON.—L.M.



*"I myself will awake right early."*

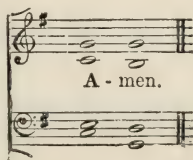
## PART 2.

*mf* Glory to Thee Who safe hast kept,  
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;  
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

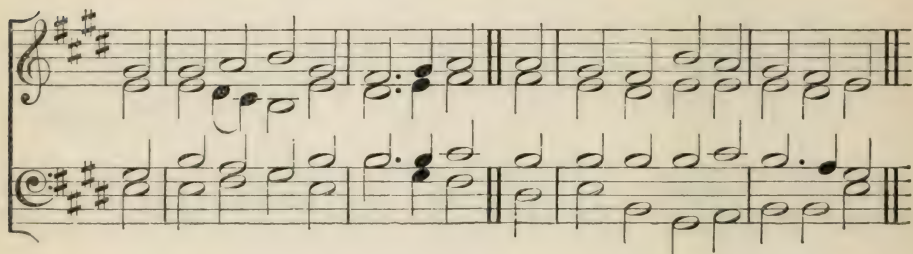
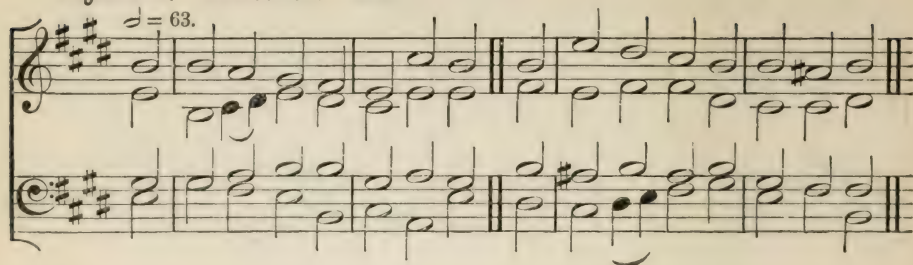
LORD, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

*f* Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, Angelic host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.



# Morning.

Hymn 4. MELCOMBE.—L.M.



*"His compassions fail not : they are new every morning."*

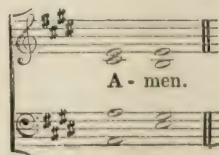
*mf* **N**EW every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove ;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we need to ask,  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray ;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heav'n.

*p* Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love  
Fit us for perfect rest above ;  
*cr* And help us, this and every day,  
*mf* To live more nearly as we pray.

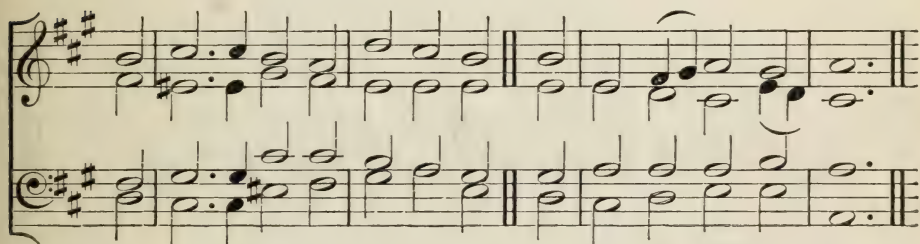
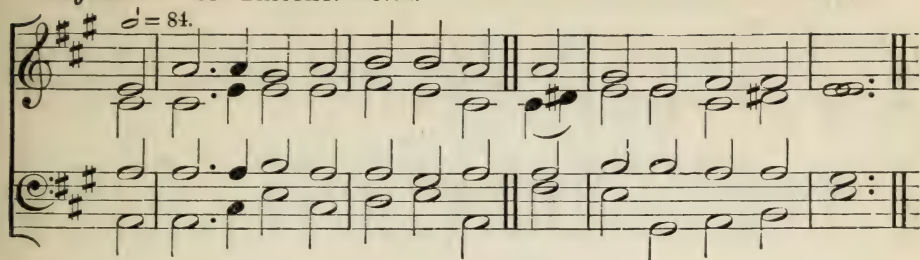
If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.





# Morning.

Hymn 5. ST. TIMOTHY.—C.M.



*"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."*

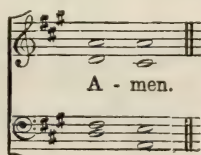
*"Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."*

*p* **M**Y FATHER, for another night  
*mf* Of quiet sleep and rest,  
*cr* For all the joy of morning light,  
Thy Holy Name be blest.

Whate'er I do, things great or small,  
Whate'er I speak or frame,  
Thy glory may I seek in all,  
*p* Do all in JESUS' Name.

*mf* Now with the new-born day I give  
Myself anew to Thee,  
That as Thou wilt I may live,  
And what Thou wilt be.

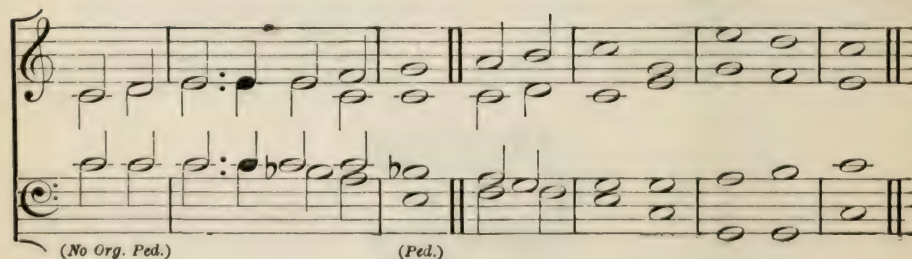
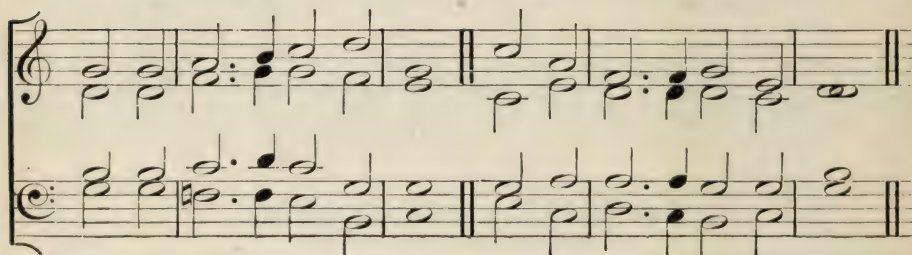
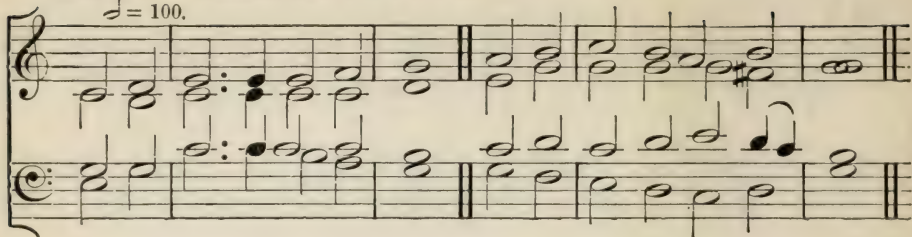
*mf* My FATHER, for His sake, I pray,  
Thy child accept and bless;  
And lead me by Thy grace to-day  
In paths of righteousness.



# Morning.

Hymn 6. BARMOUTH.—7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



# Morning.

*"Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe: yea, my delight shall be ever in Thy statutes."*

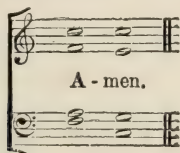
*mf* **A**T Thy feet, O CHRIST, we lay  
Thine own gift of this new day;  
Doubt of what it holds in store  
Makes us crave Thine aid the more;  
Lest it prove a time of loss,  
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

If it flow on calm and bright,  
Be Thyself our chief delight;  
*p* If it bring unknown distress,  
Good is all that Thou canst bless;  
*cr* Only, while its hours begin,  
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

*mf* We in part our weakness know,  
And in part discern our foe;  
Well for us, before Thine Eyes  
All our danger open lies;  
*p* Turn not from us, while we plead  
Thy compassions and our need.

*mf* Fain would we Thy Word embrace,  
Live each moment on Thy grace,  
All our selves to Thee consign,  
Fold up all our wills in Thine,  
Think, and speak, and do, and be  
Simply that which pleases Thee.

Hear us, LORD, and that right soon;  
Hear, and grant the choicest boon  
That Thy love can e'er impart,  
Loyal singleness of heart;  
*f* So shall this and all our days,  
CHRIST our God, show forth Thy praise.

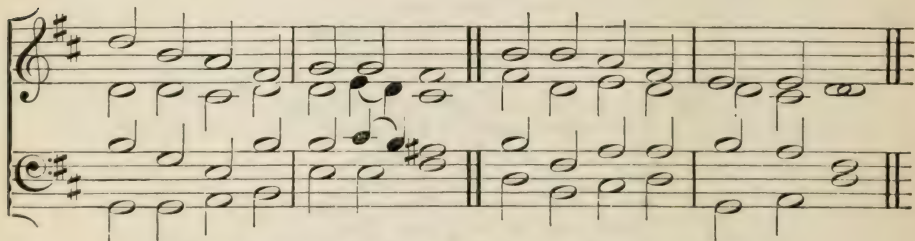
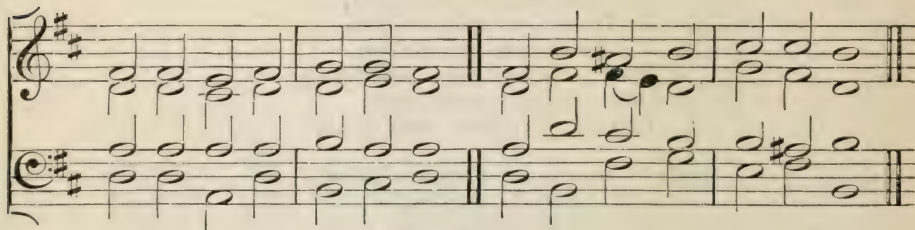
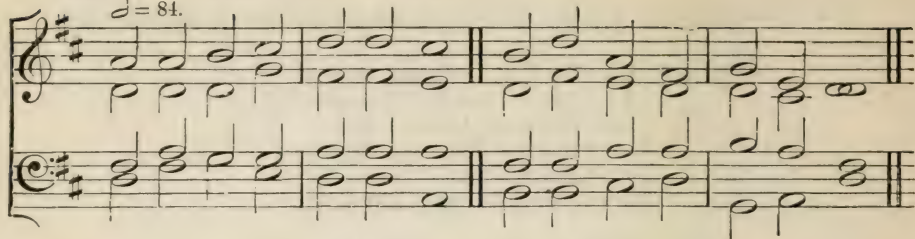




# Morning.

Hymn 7. RATISBON.—7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

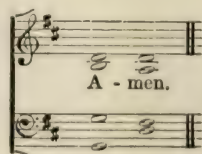


*"Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."*

*f* **C**HRI<sup>ST</sup>, Whose glory fills the skies,  
CHRIST, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Dayspring from on high, be near;  
Daystar, in my heart appear.

*mf* Visit then this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,  
Scatter all my unbelief;  
*cr* More and more Thyself display,  
*f* Shining to the perfect day.

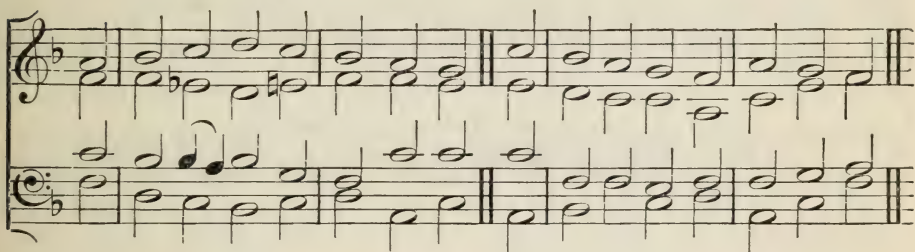
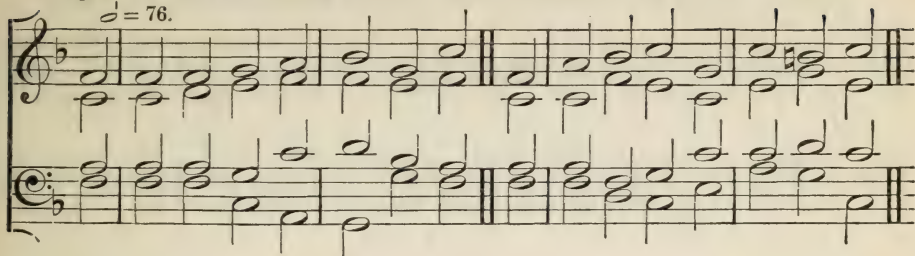
*p* Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.



# Morning.

## Hymn 8. ANGELS.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



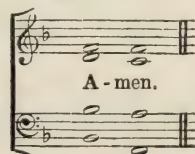
*"I have set God always before me; for He is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall."*

*mf* **F**ORTH in Thy Name, O LORD, I go, *p* Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
My daily labour to pursue; And every moment watch and pray,  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know, And still to things eternal look,  
In all I think, or speak, or do. *cr* And hasten to Thy glorious day;

The task Thy wisdom hath assign'd  
O let me cheerfully fulfil;  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thy good and perfect Will.

*mf* For Thee delightfully employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to Heav'n.

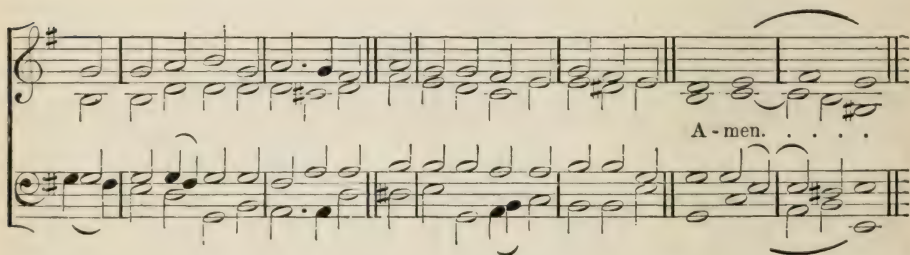
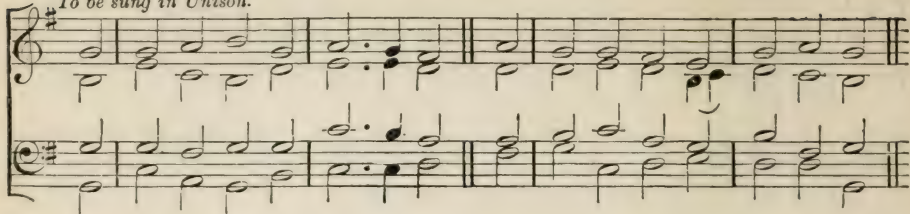
Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,  
And labour on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee.



# Morning.

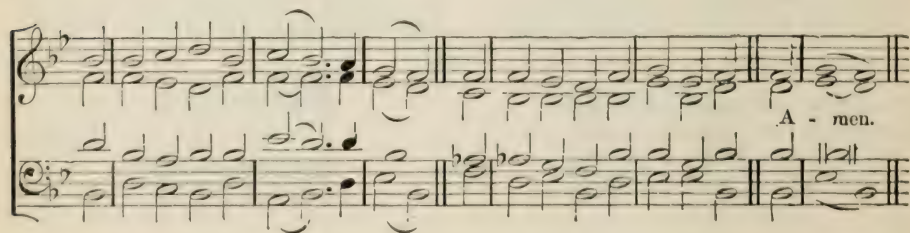
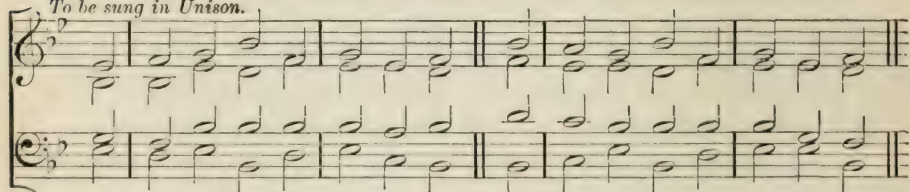
Hymns 9, 10, 11. FERAL.—L.M. (*First Tune.*) ♩ = 92.

*To be sung in Unison.*



Hymns 9, 10, 11. FESTAL.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*) ♩ = 92.

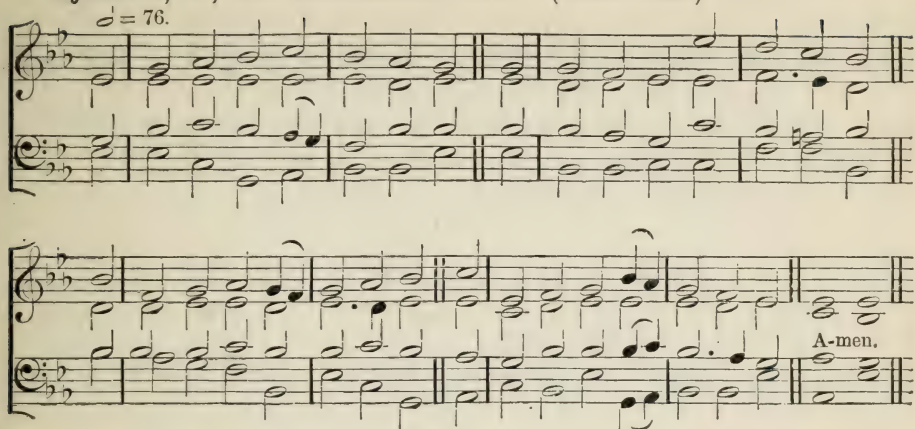
*To be sung in Unison.*





# Morning.

Hymns 9, 10, 11. LUDBOROUGH.—L.M. (Third Tune.)



## 9. The Third Hour.

*"They were all filled with the Holy Ghost."*

*mf* **C**OME, HOLY GHOST, Who ever ONE  
Art with the FATHER and the SON,  
Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls possess  
With Thy full flood of holiness.

In will and deed, by heart and tongue,  
With all our powers, Thy praise be sung  
And love light up our mortal frame,  
Till others catch the living flame.

*p* Almighty FATHER, hear our cry  
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most High,  
*cr* Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
*f* Doth live and reign eternally.

## 10. The Sixth Hour.

*"At noonday will I pray."*

*mf* **O** GOD of truth, O LORD of might,  
Who ord'rest time and change aright,  
Bright'ning the morn with golden gleams,  
Kindling the noonday's fiery beams;

Quench Thou in us the flames of strife,  
From passion's heat preserve our life,  
Our bodies keep from peñils free,  
And give our souls true peace in Thee.

*p* Almighty FATHER, hear our cry  
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most High,  
*cr* Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
*f* Doth live and reign eternally.

## 11. The Ninth Hour.

*"The hour of prayer, being the ninth hour."*

*mf* **O** GOD, of all the Strength and Power,  
Who dost, Thyself unmoved, each hour  
Through all its changes guide the day,  
From early morn to evening's ray;

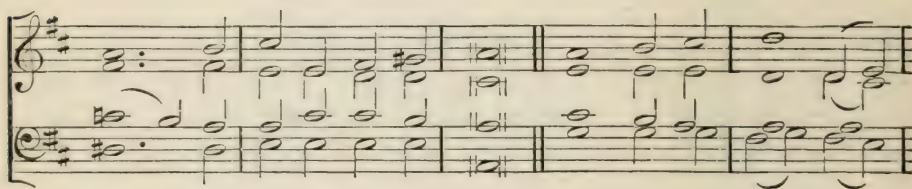
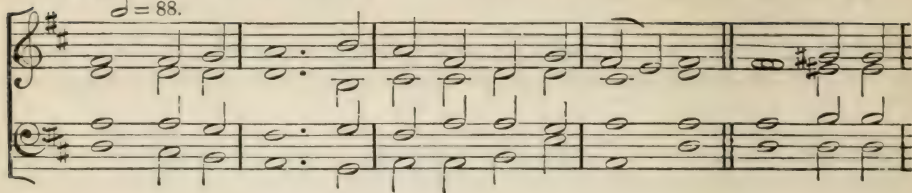
Brighten life's eventide with light  
That ne'er shall set in gloom of night,  
Till we a holy death attain,  
And everlasting glory gain.

*p* Almighty FATHER, hear our cry  
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most High,  
*cr* Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
*f* Doth live and reign eternally.

# Evening.

Hymn 12. STRENGTH AND STAY.—11 10 11 10.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

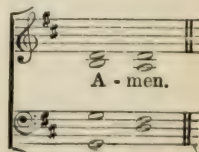


*"The Lord was my stay."*

*mf* **O** STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,  
 Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,  
 Yet day by day the light in due gradation  
 From hour to hour through all its changes guide ;

*p* Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,  
 An eve untouch'd by shadows of decay,  
 The brightness of a holy death-bed blending  
*cr* With dawning glories of the eternal day.

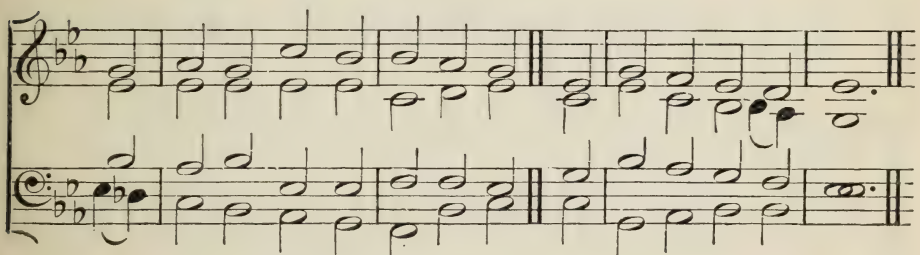
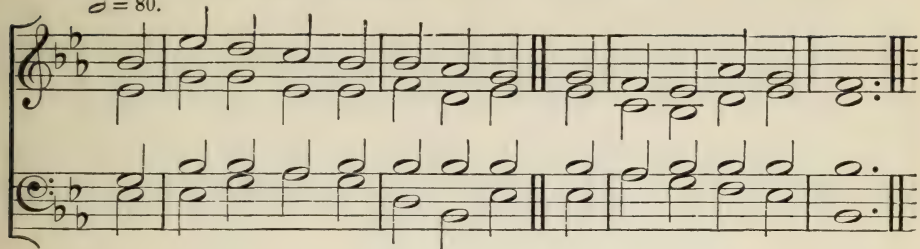
*mf* Hear us, O FATHER, gracious and forgiving,  
 Through JESUS CHRIST Thy co-eternal WORD,  
 Who, with the HOLY GHOST, by all things living  
 Now and to endless ages art adored.



# Evening.

Hymn 13. ST. PETER.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

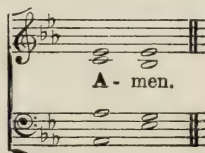


"O look Thou upon me, and be merciful unto me."

*mf* **A**S now the sun's declining rays  
At eventide descend,  
*p* So life's brief day is sinking down  
To its appointed end.

LORD, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretch'd  
To draw Thy people nigh;  
O grant us then that Cross to love,  
*pp* And in those Arms to die.

*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the SON,  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.



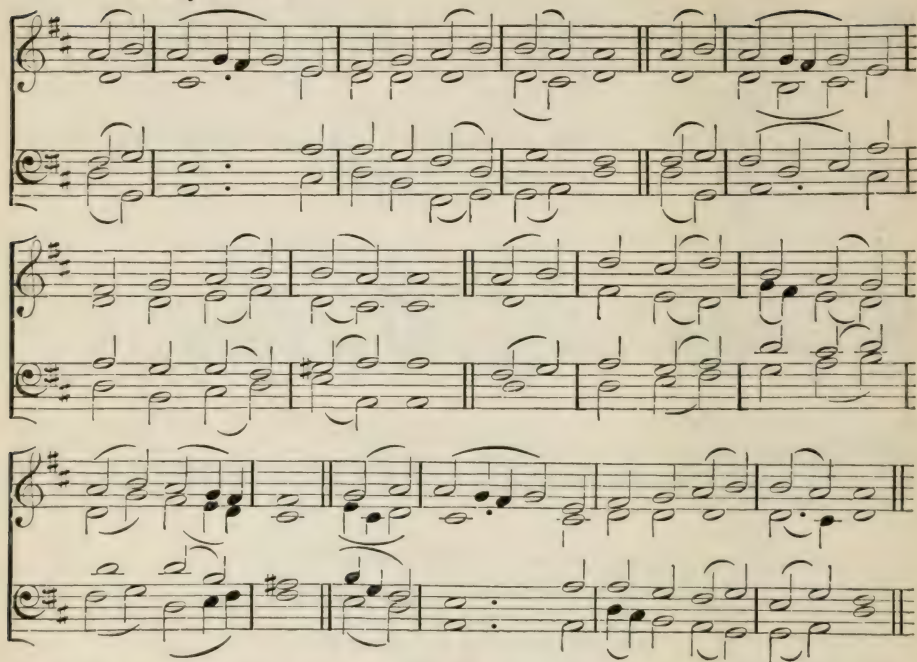
**A - men.**



# Evening.

Hymn 14. O LUX BEATA.—L.M. ♩ = 92.

To be sung in Unison.

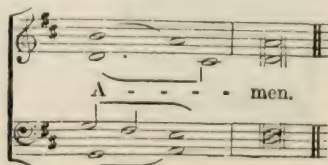


"Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever."

*mf* **O** TRINITY, most Blessèd Light,  
O UNITY of primal Might,  
As now the fiery sun departs,  
Shed Thou Thy beams within our hearts.

To Thee our morning song of praise,  
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;  
*cr* Thee may our heart and voice adore  
For ever and for evermore.

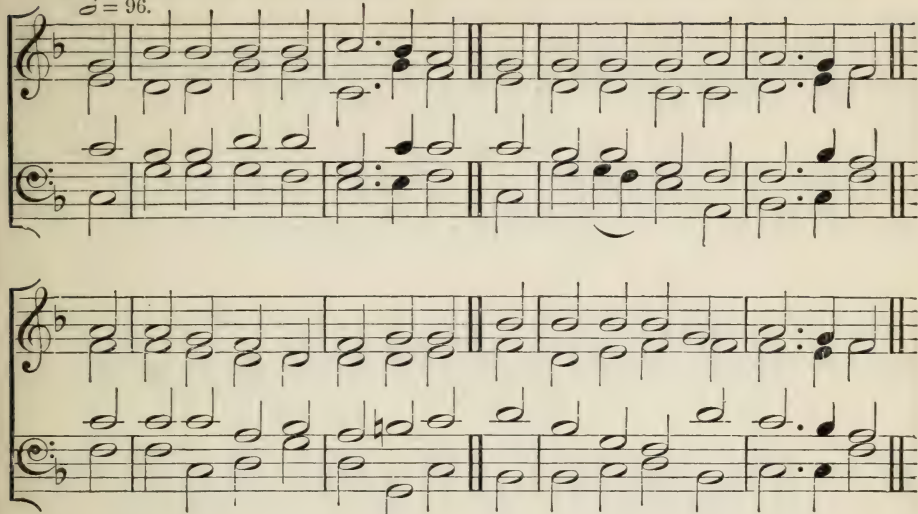
*p* Almighty FATHER, hear our cry  
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most High,  
*cr* Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
*f* Doth live and reign eternally.



# Ebening.

## Hymn 15. TE LUCIS.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 96.$

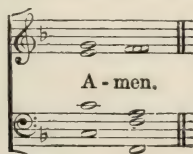


*“Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night.”*

*mf* **B**EFORE the ending of the day,  
Creator of the world, we pray  
That Thou with wonted love wouldst keep  
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

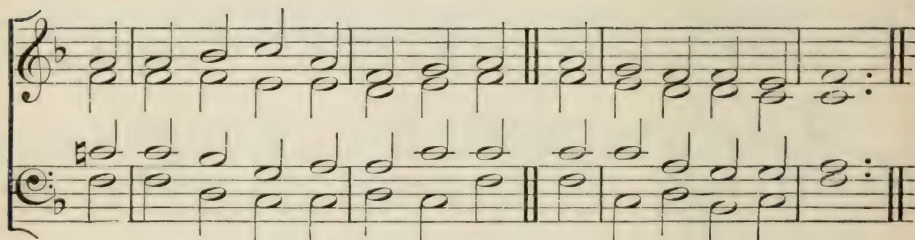
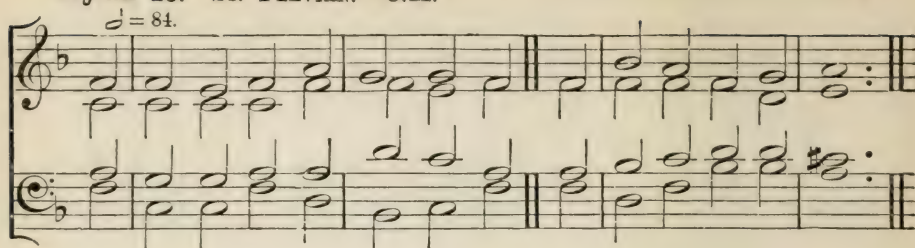
O let no evil dreams be near,  
Nor phantoms of the night appear;  
Our ghostly enemy restrain,  
Lest aught of sin our bodies stain.

*p* Almighty FATHER, hear our cry  
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most High,  
*cr* Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
*f* Doth live and reign eternally.



# Evening.

Hymn 16. ST. FLAVIAN.—C.M.

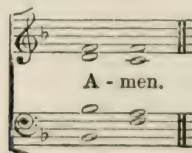


*"Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night."*

*mf* **N**OW that the daylight dies away,  
By all Thy grace and love,  
Thee, Maker of the world, we pray  
To watch our bed above.

Let dreams depart and phantoms fly,  
The offspring of the night,  
*p* Keep us, like shrines, beneath Thine eye,  
*mf* Pure in our foe's despite.

This grace on Thy redeem'd confer,  
FATHER, co-equal SON,  
And HOLY GHOST, the Comforter,  
Eternal THREE in ONE.

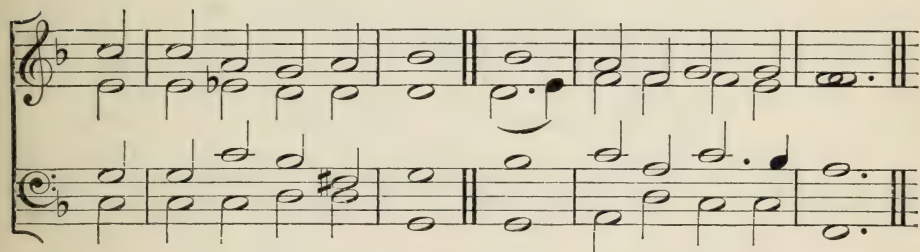
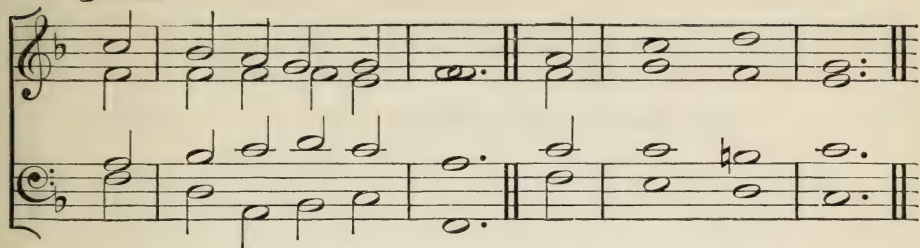




# Evening.

Hymn 17. ST. COLUMBA.—6 4 6 6.

♩ = 100.



*"Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice."*

*p* **T**HE sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies ;  
*cr* Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

Save that His Will be done,  
Whate'er betide,  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

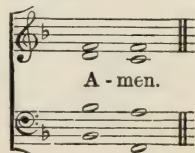
*p* As **CHRIST** upon the Cross  
His Head inclined,  
And to His **FATHER's** hands  
His parting Soul resign'd ;

*f* Thus would I live ; yet now  
Not I, but He  
In all His power and love  
Henceforth alive in me.

*mf* So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In Whom all spirits live ;

**ONE SACRED TRINITY !**  
**ONE LORD Divine !**  
May I be ever His,  
And He for ever mine.

So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast,



# Evening.

Hymn 18. SEBASTE.—Irregular.

$\text{♩} = 100.$

*f*

"The true Light."

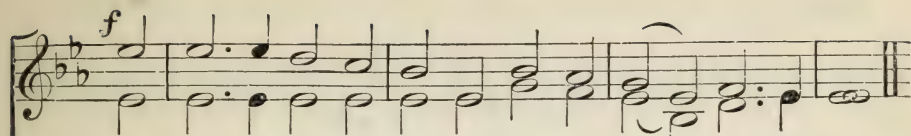
HAIL, gladdening Light, of His pure glo - ry pour'd

Who is the Immortal FA - THER, Heaven - ly, Blest,

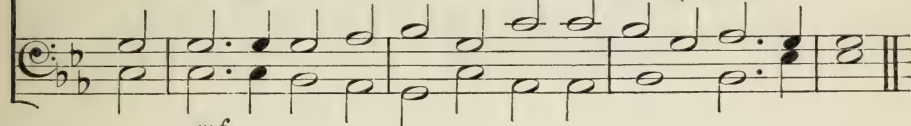
Ho - li - est of Ho - lies, JE - SUS CHRIST, our LORD.

Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest, The lights of eve-ning round us shine,

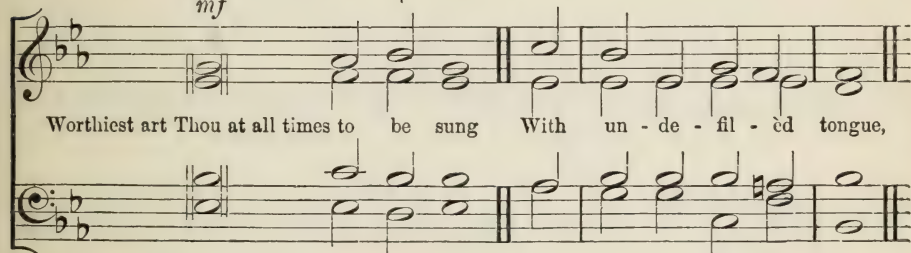
# Ebening.



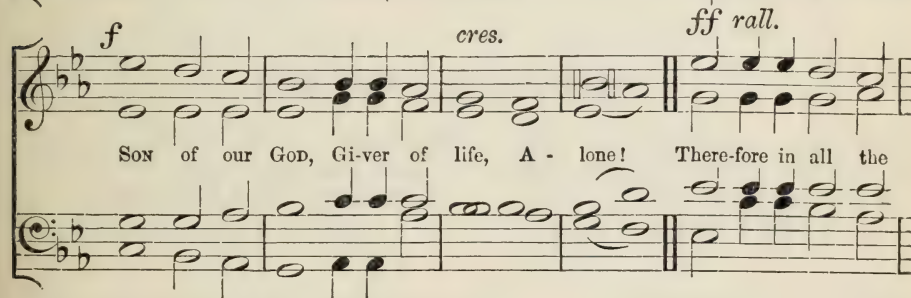
We hymn the FA-THER, SON, and HO-LY SPI-RIT Di-vine.



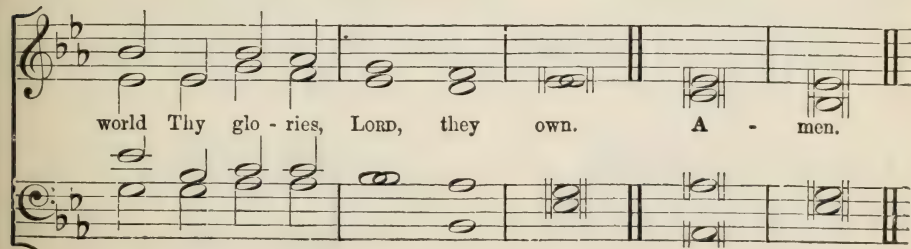
*mf*



Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung With un-de-fil-ed tongue,



SON of our God, Gi-ver of life, A-lone! There-fore in all the

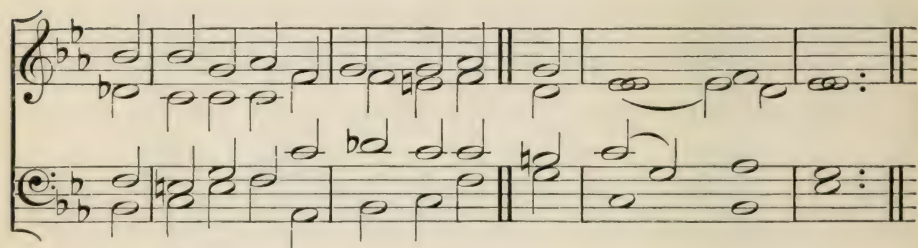
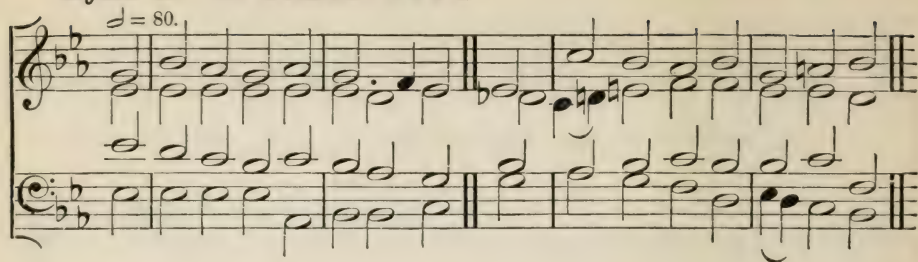


world Thy glo-ries, LORD, they own. A-men.



# Evening.

Hymn 19. ST. GABRIEL.—8 8 8 4.



*"The Lord shall be thine everlasting light"*

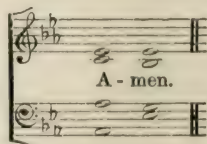
*mf* **T**HE radiant morn hath pass'd away,  
And spent too soon her golden store;  
The shadows of departing day  
*p* Creep on once more.

Where light, and life, and joy, and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging Angels never cease  
Their deathless strain;—

*cr* Our life is but a fading dawn,  
Its glorious noon how quickly past;  
Lead us, O CHRIST, when all is gone,  
Safe home at last.

*f* Where Saints are clothed in spotless white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,  
Art LORD of all.

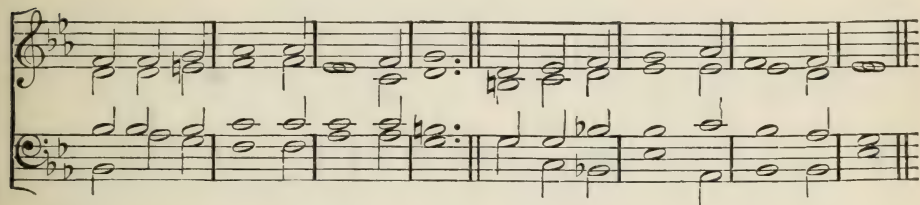
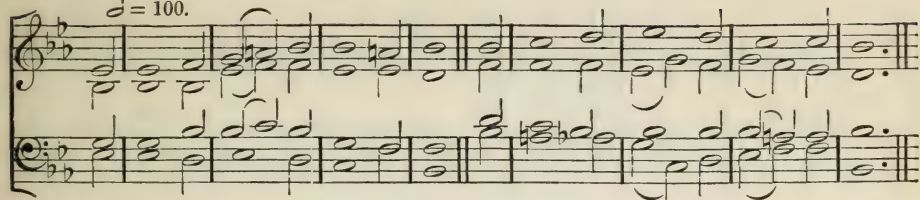
*mf* O by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky;—



# Evening.

## Hymn 20. ANGELUS.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



*"And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door."*

*mf* **A**T even ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O LORD, around Thee lay;  
*p* Oh, in what divers pains they met!  
*f* Oh, with what joy they went away!

And none, O LORD, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin;  
And they, who fain would serve Thee best,  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

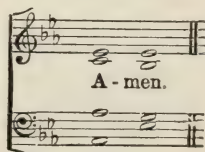
*mf* Once more 'tis eventide, and we  
Oppress'd with various ills draw near;  
*cr* What if Thy Form we cannot see?  
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour CHRIST, Thou too art Man;  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide;

*mf* O Saviour CHRIST, our woes dispel;  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had;

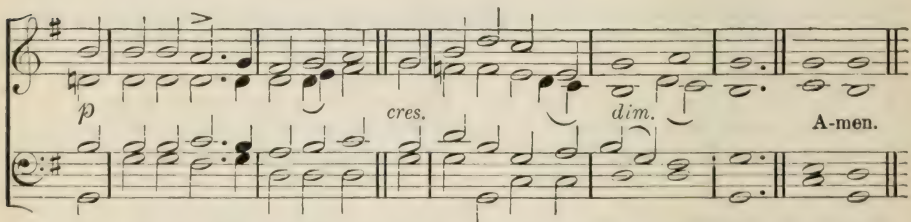
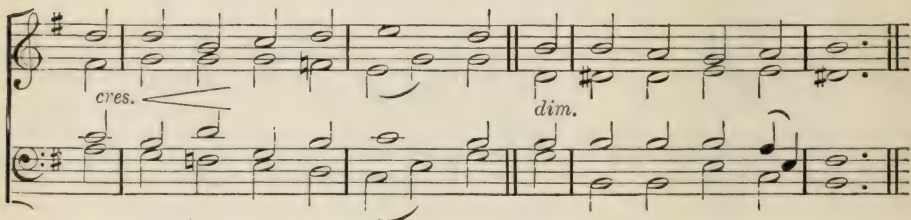
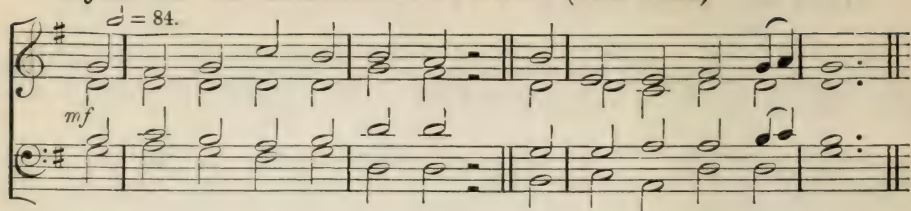
*f* Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;  
*p* Hear, in this solemn evening hour,  
*cr* And in Thy mercy heal us all.

And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not free;  
And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;



# Evening.

Hymn 21. ST. ANATOLIUS.—7 6 7 6 8 8. (First Tune.)



*"It is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety."*

THE day is past and over;  
 All thanks, O LORD, to Thee;  
 I pray Thee now that sinless  
 The hours of dark may be:  
 O JESU, keep me in Thy sight,  
 And guard me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over;  
 I lift my heart to Thee,  
 And ask Thee that offenceless  
 The hours of dark may be:  
 O JESU, keep me in Thy sight,  
 And guard me through the coming night.

The toils of day are over;  
 I raise the hymn to Thee,  
 And ask that free from peril  
 The hours of dark may be:  
 O JESU, keep me in Thy sight,  
 And guard me through the coming night.

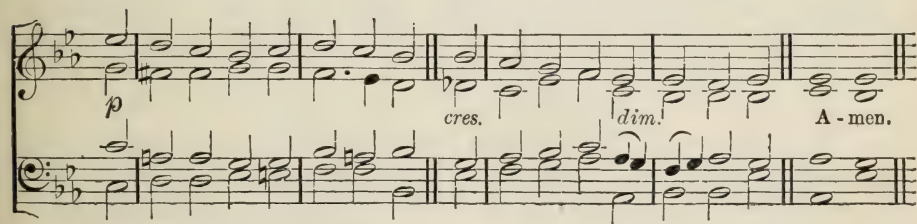
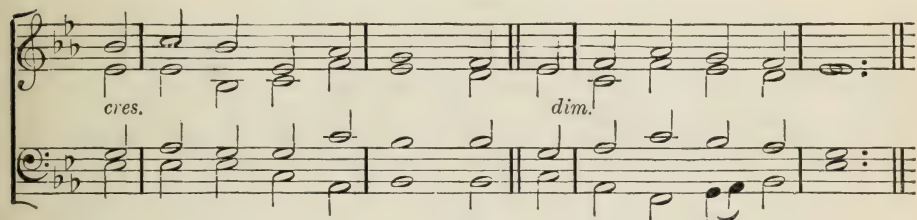
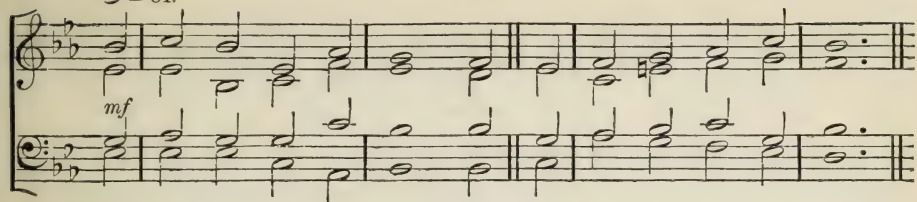
Be Thou my soul's preserver,  
 For Thou alone dost know  
 How many are the perils  
 Through which I have to go:  
 O loving JESU, hear my call,  
 And guard and save me from them all.



# Evening.

**Hymn 21. ST. ANATOLIUS.—7 6 7 6 8 8. (Second Tune.)**

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*“It is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety.”*

**T**HE day is past and over ;  
 All thanks, O Lord, to Thee ;  
 I pray Thee now that sinless  
 The hours of dark may be :  
 O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,  
 And guard me through the coming night.

The joys of day are over ;  
 I lift my heart to Thee,  
 And ask Thee that offenceless  
 The hours of dark may be :  
 O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,  
 And guard me through the coming night.

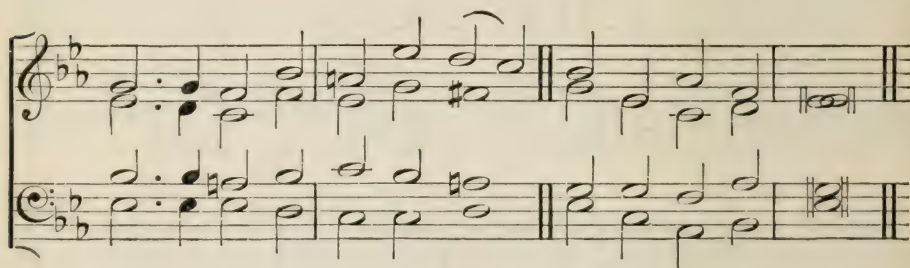
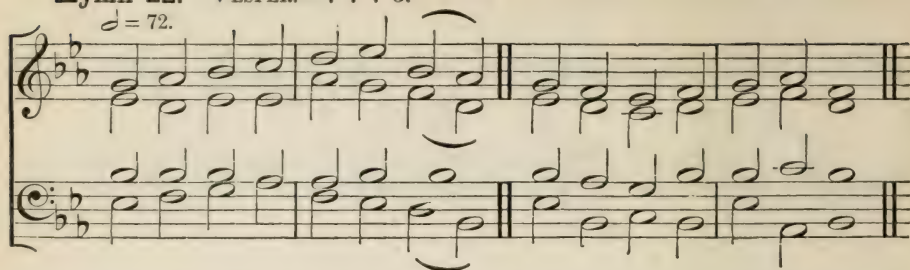
The toils of day are over ;  
 I raise the hymn to Thee,  
 And ask that free from peril  
 The hours of dark may be :  
 O Jesu, keep me in Thy sight,  
 And guard me through the coming night.

Be Thou my soul's preserver,  
 For Thou alone dost know  
 How many are the perils  
 Through which I have to go :  
 O loving Jesu, hear my call,  
 And guard and save me from them all.

# Ebening.

Hymn 22. VESPER.—7 7 7 5.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



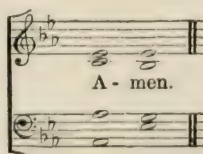
“At evening time it shall be light.”

*mf* **H**OLY FATHER, cheer our way  
With Thy love's perpetual ray :  
Grant us every closing day  
Light at evening time.

*p* HOLY SPIRIT, be Thou nigh  
When in mortal pains we lie ;  
*cr* Grant us, as we come to die,  
Light at evening time.

*p* HOLY SAVIOUR, calm our fears  
When earth's brightness disappears ;  
*cr* Grant us in our latter years  
Light at evening time.

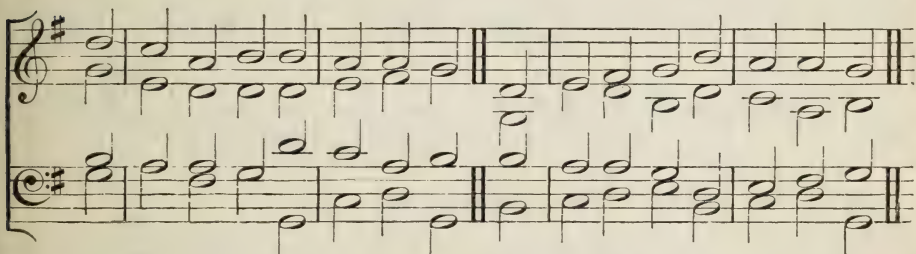
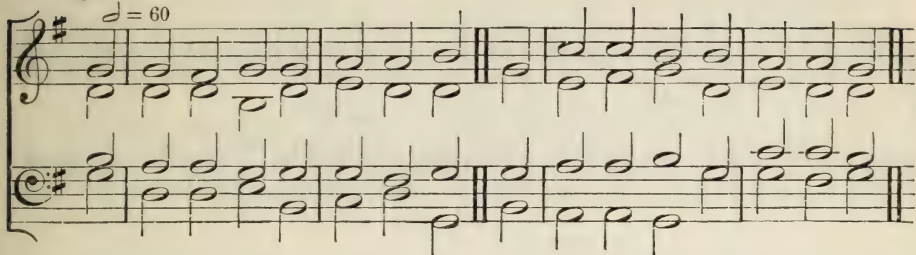
*mf* HOLY, Blessèd TRINITY !  
Darkness is not dark with Thee ;  
Those Thou keepest always see  
Light at evening time.



# Evening.

## Hymn 23. CANON.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 60$



*"He shall defend thee under His wings."*

**G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thy own Almighty wings.

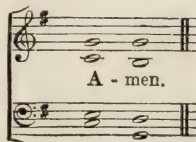
**F**orgive me, LORD, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done,  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

*p* O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,  
*cr* Sleep that shall me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

*mf* When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

*f* Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, Angelic host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.





# Evening.

## Hymn 24. ABENDS.—L.M. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 108.$

## Hymn 24. KEBLE.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*) $\text{♩} = 76.$

1st line.

3rd verse.

A - bide with me, &c.

end of 2nd line.

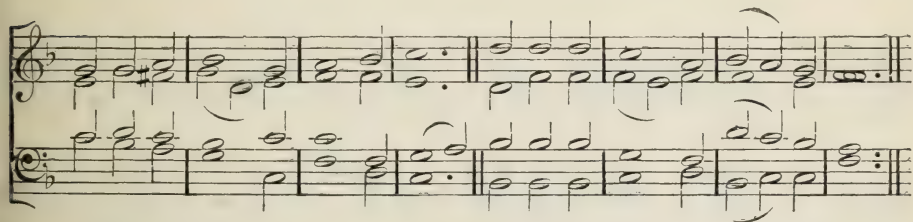
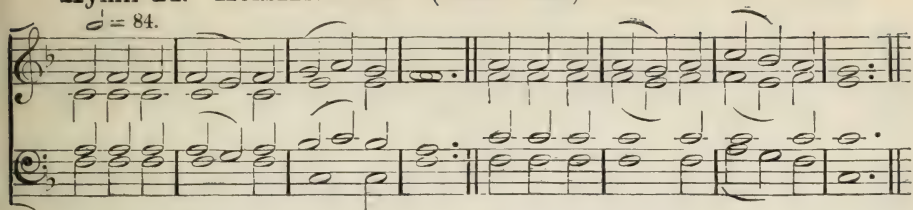
3rd line.

live; A - bide with me, &c.

# Evening.

## Hymn 24. HURSLEY.—L.M. (Third Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 84.$



" Abide with us."

**S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near :  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

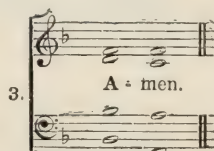
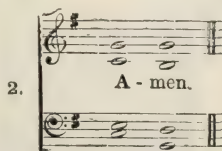
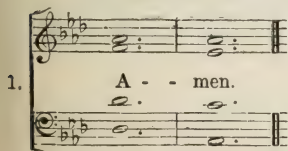
*mf* If some poor wand'ring child of Thine  
Have spurn'd to-day the voice Divine,  
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store ;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night  
*p* Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

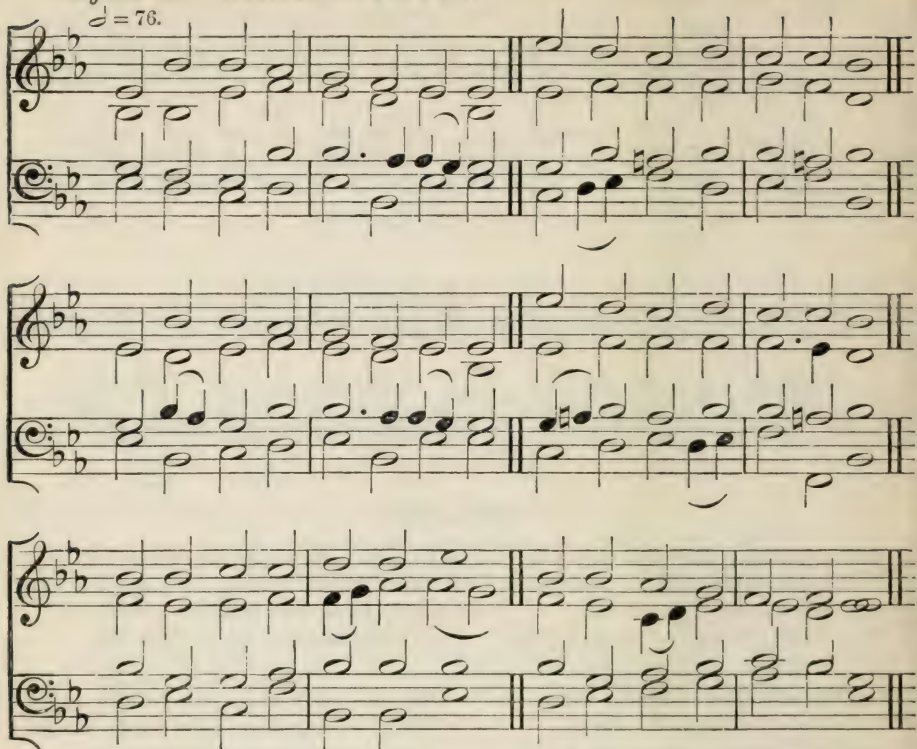
Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live ;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

*cr* Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take ;  
*f* Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in Heav'n above.



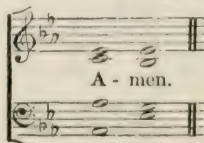
# Evening.

Hymn 25. DRETZEL.—8 7 8 7 7 7.



*“I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest.”*

<p><i>mf</i> <b>T</b>HROUGH the day Thy love has spared          Now we lay us down to rest; [us;          Through the silent watches guard us,          Let no foe our peace molest;  <i>p</i> JESUS, Thou our Guardian be;          Sweet it is to trust in Thee.</p>	<p><i>mf</i> Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,          Dwelling in the midst of foes;          Us and ours preserve from dangers;          In Thine Arms may we repose,          And, when life's sad day is past,  <i>p</i> Rest with Thee in Heav'n at last.</p>
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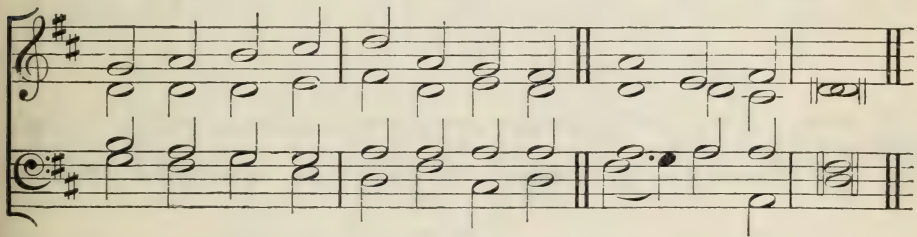
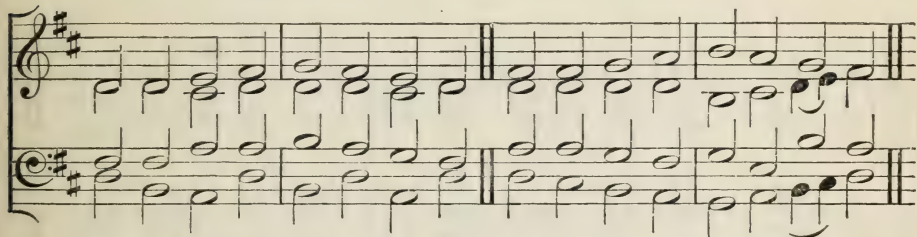
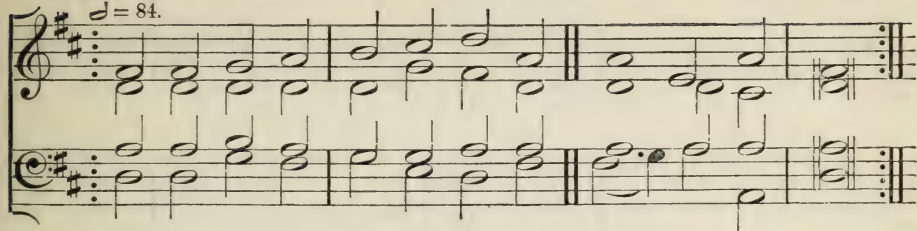




# Evening.

Hymn 26. NUTFIELD.—8 4 8 4 8 8 8 4.

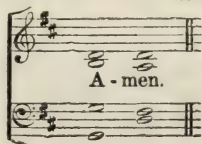
$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"He shall give His Angels charge over thee."*

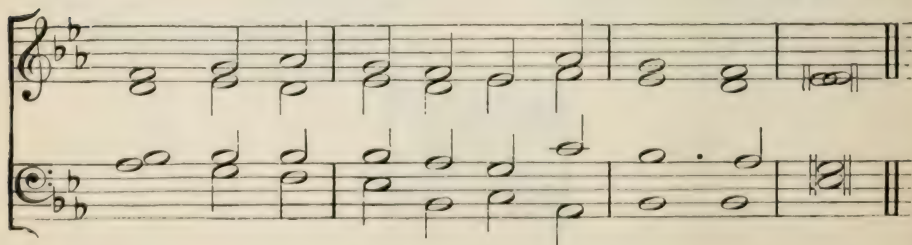
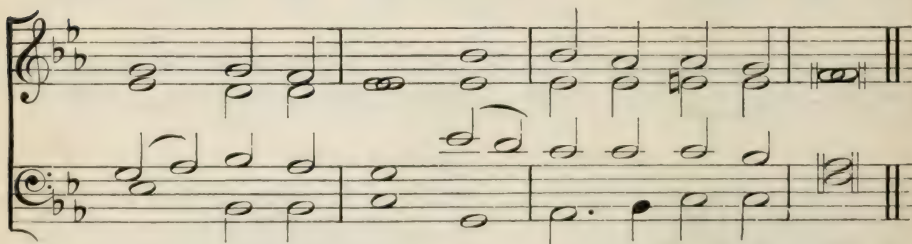
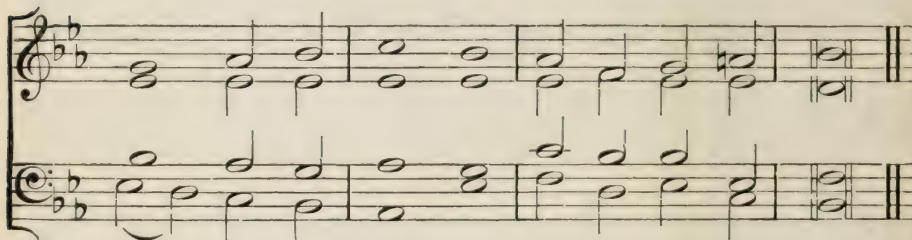
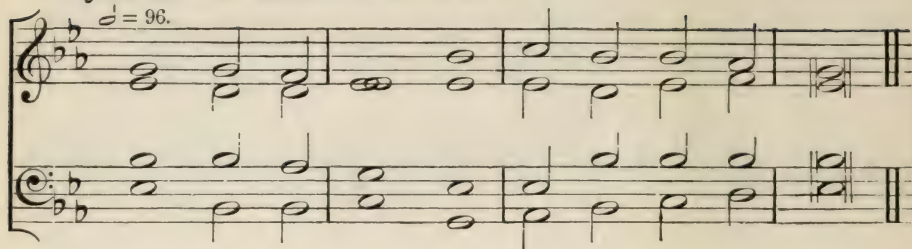
*f* GOD, that madest earth and heaven,  
 Darkness and light;  
 Who the day for toil hast given,  
 For rest the night;  
 May Thine Angel-guards defend us,  
 Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
 This livelong night.

*mf* Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
*p* And, when we die,  
*cr* May we in Thy mighty keeping  
*p* All peaceful lie:  
*mf* When the last dread call shall wake us,  
 Do not Thou our God forsake us,  
*f* But to reign in glory take us  
 With Thee on high.



# Evening.

Hymn 27. EVENTIDE.—10 10 10 10.



# Evening.

*"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."*

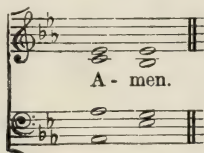
*mf* **A**BIDE with me; fast falls the éventide;  
The darkness deepens; LORD, with mé abide;  
When other helpers fail, and cômforts flee,  
*f* Help of the helpless, (*p*) O abide with me.

*p* Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories páss away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
*mf* O Thou, Who changest not, (*p*) abide with me.

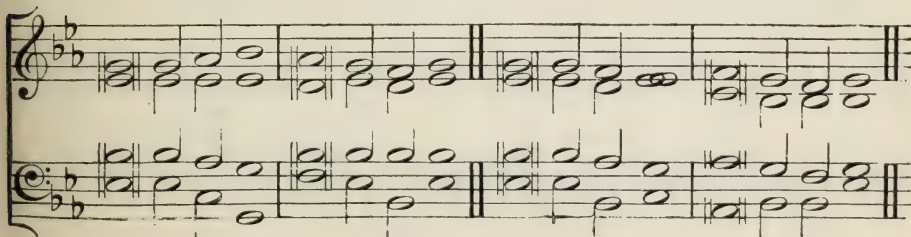
*mf* I need Thy Presence every pássing hour;  
*cr* What but Thy grace can foil the témp'ter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stáý can be?  
*f* Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, (*p*) abide with me.

*f* I fear no foe with Thee at hánd to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;  
Where is death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

*p* Hold Thou Thy Cross before my clósing eyes;  
*cr* Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
*f* Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shádwos flee;  
In life, (*p*) in death, O LORD, (*cr*) abide with me.



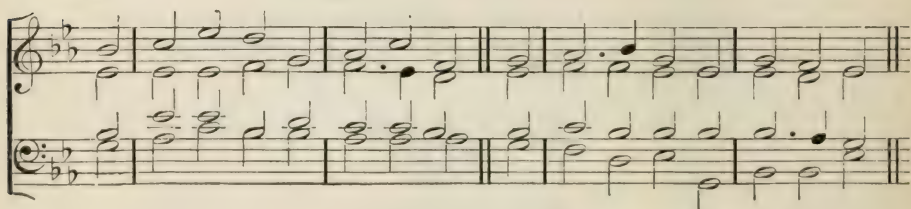
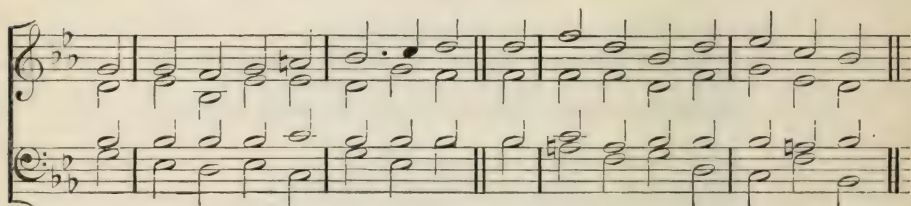
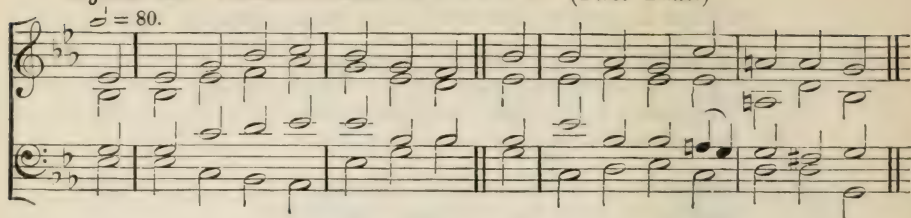
OR THIS CHANT.—10 10 10 10.



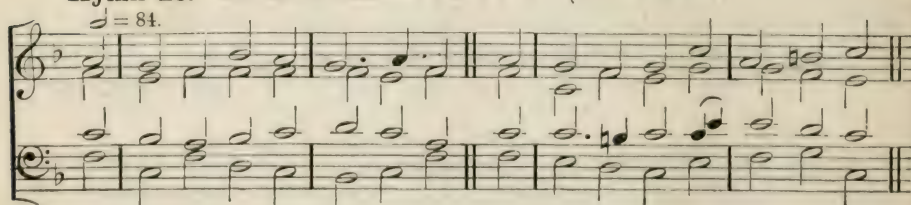


# Evening.

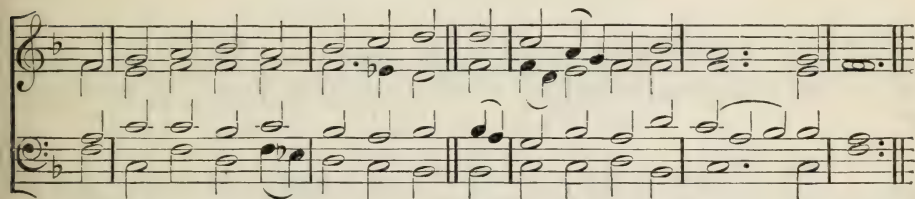
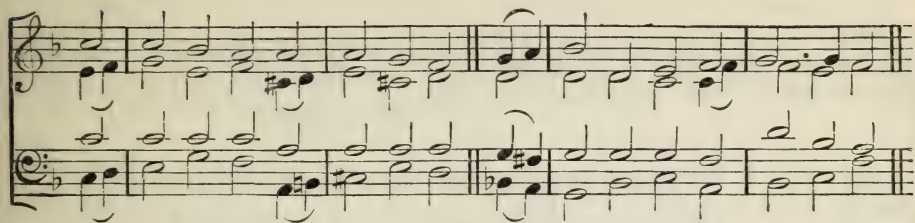
## Hymn 28. CHRISTCHURCH.—8 8 8 8 8. (*First Tune.*)



## Hymn 28. ST. MATTHIAS.—8 8 8 8 8. (*Second Tune.*)



# Evening.



“The Lord is my light.”

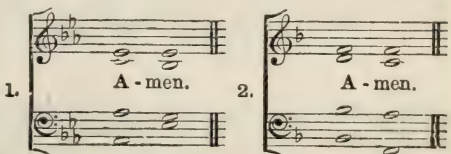
SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;  
Thy Word into our minds instil,  
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle JESUS, (*cr*) be our Light. [night,

*f* Do more than pardon; give us joy,  
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
And simple hearts without alloy  
That only long to be like Thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
*p* O gentle JESUS, (*cr*) be our Light. [night,

The day is done, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle JESUS, (*cr*) be our Light. [night,

*p* For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
*cr* O let Thy mercy make us glad:  
*f* Thou art our JESUS, and our All.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
*p* O gentle JESUS, (*cr*) be our Light. [night,

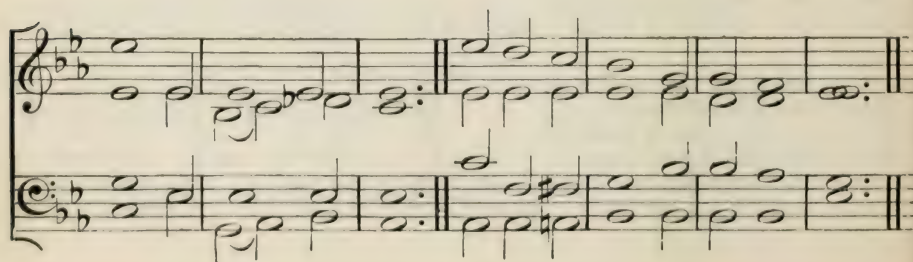
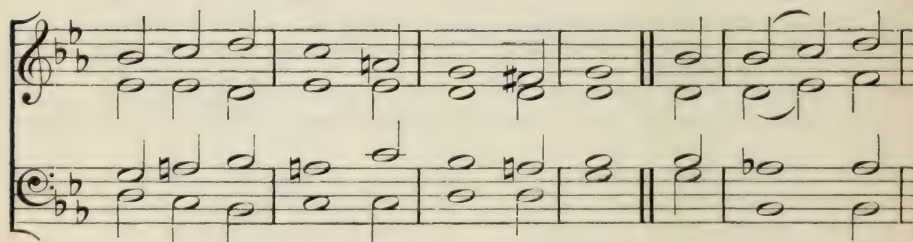
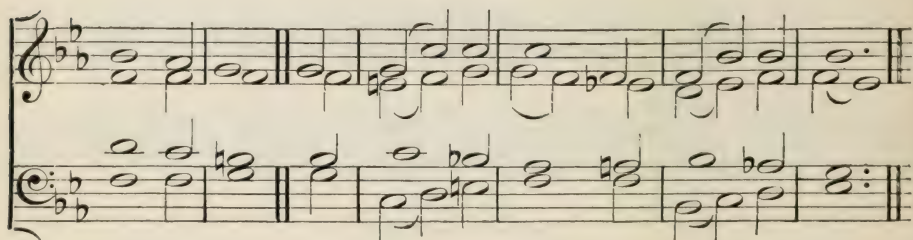
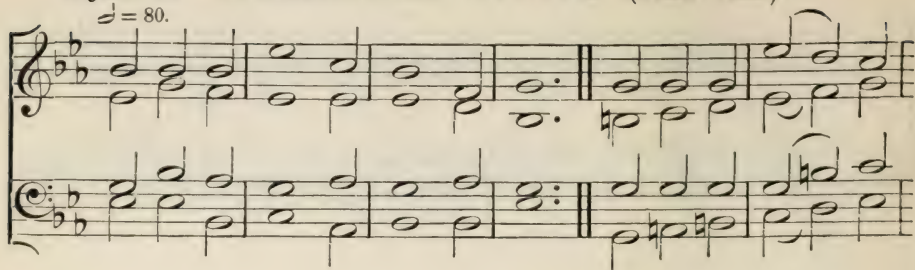
Grant us, dear LORD, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle JESUS, (*cr*) be our Light. [night,



# Evening.

Hymn 28. IN TENEBRIS LUMEN. 8 8 8 8 8 8. (*Third Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 80.$





# Ebening.

*"The Lord is my light."*

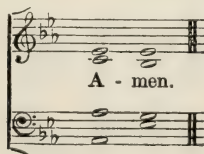
*mf* SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go;  
Thy Word into our minds instil,  
*cr* And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.  
*f* Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
*p* O gentle JESUS, (*cr*) be our Light.

*p* The day is done, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
*f* Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
*p* O gentle JESUS, (*cr*) be our Light.

*mf* Grant us, dear LORD, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
*f* Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
*p* O gentle JESUS, (*cr*) be our Light.

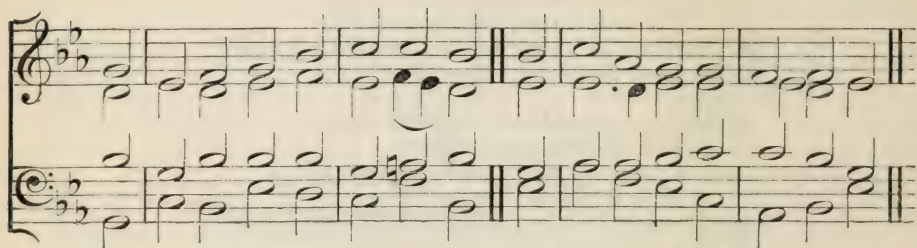
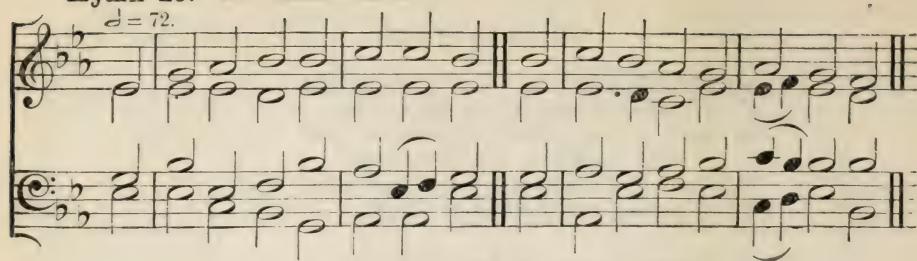
*f* Do more than pardon; give us joy,  
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
And simple hearts without alloy  
That only long to be like Thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
*p* O gentle JESUS, (*cr*) be our Light.

*p* For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
*cr* O let Thy mercy make us glad:  
*f* Thou art our JESUS, and our All.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
*p* O gentle JESUS, (*cr*) be our Light.



# Evening.

## Hymn 29. ST. GALL.—L.M.



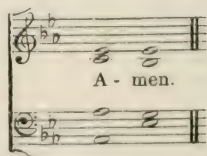
*“ God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing.”*

*mf* **O** FATHER, Who didst all things make  
That Heav'n and earth might do Thy  
Bless us this night for JESU's sake, [Will,  
And for Thy work preserve us still.

O HOLY GHOST, Who by Thy power  
The Church elect dost sanctify,  
Seal us this night, and hour by hour  
Our hearts and members purify.

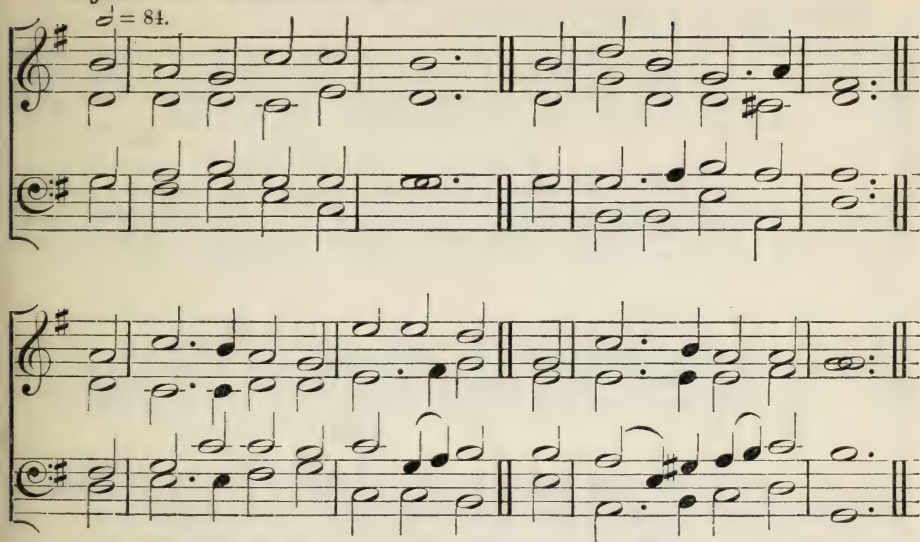
O SON, Who didst redeem mankind,  
And set the captive sinner free,  
Keep us this night with peaceful mind,  
That we may safe abide in Thee.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The God Whom Heav'n and earth adore,  
From men and from the Angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore.



# Evening.

Hymn 30. ALLINGTON.—S.M.



*"And all the Angels stood round about the throne . . . and worshipped God."*

FOR FESTIVALS.

**O**UR day of praise is done ;  
The evening shadows fall ;  
But pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightenest all.

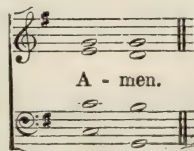
Around the Throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Too faint our anthems here ;  
Too soon of praise we tire :  
But oh, the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir !

*mf* Yet, LORD, to Thy dear Will  
If Thou attune the heart,  
We in Thine Angels' music still  
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our life a daily psalm  
Of glory to Thy Name.

*cr* A little while, and then  
Shall come the glorious end ;  
*f* And songs of Angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.

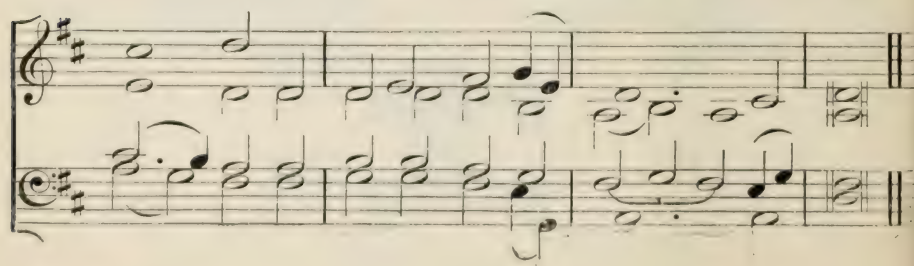
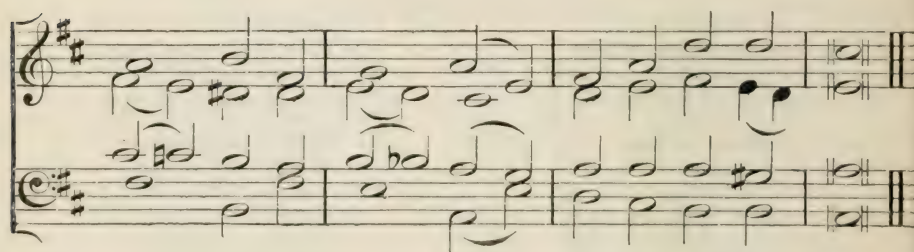
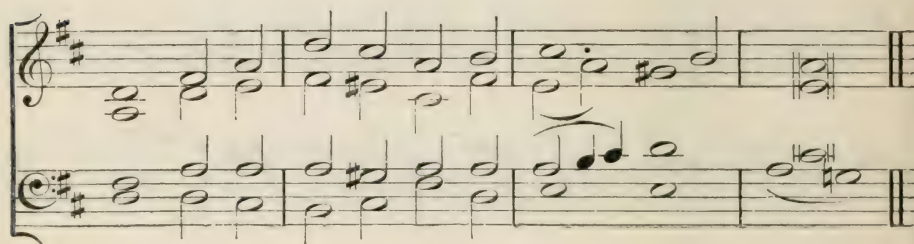
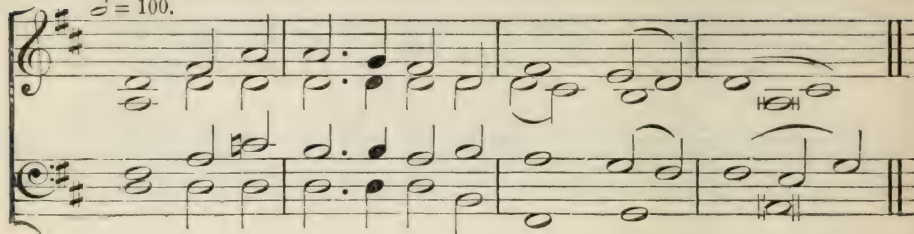




# Evening.

Hymn 31. PAX DEI.—10 10 10 10.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



# Evening.

*"The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace."*

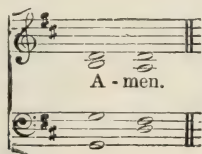
AT THE END OF DIVINE SERVICE.

*mf* SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;  
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease;  
*p* Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
*mf* With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in this house have call'd upon Thy Name.

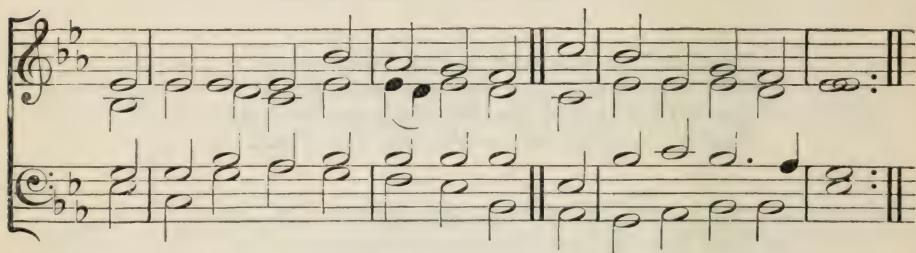
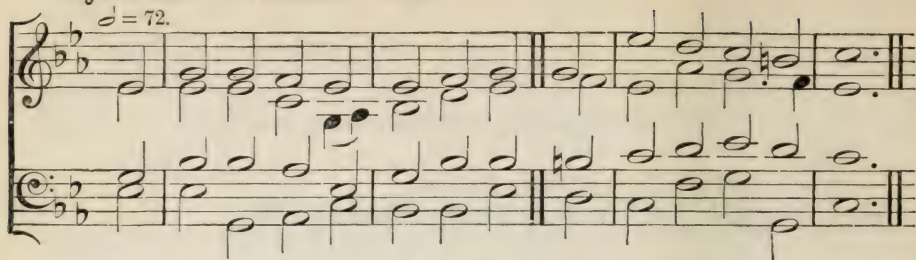
*p* Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;  
*cr* Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
*f* From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

*p* Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
*cr* Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
*mf* Then, when Thy Voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
*p* Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.



# Evening.

## Hymn 32. WEYBRIDGE.—C.M.



AT THE END OF DIVINE SERVICE. "O God, Thou art my God."

*mf* **A**ND now the wants are told, that brought *f* O Thou, above all blessing blest,  
Thy children to Thy knee;  
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,  
But simply worship Thee. *dim* Thy very greatness is a rest  
To weaklings as we are;

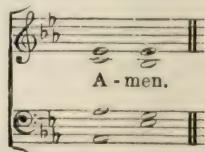
The hope of Heav'n's eternal days  
Absorbs not all the heart  
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,  
For being what Thou art.

*mf* For when we feel the praise of Thee  
A task beyond our powers,  
We say, "A perfect God is He,  
And He is fully ours."

For Thou art God, the One, the Same,  
O'er all things high and bright;  
And round us, when we speak Thy Name,  
There spreads a heav'n of light.

*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the SON,  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.

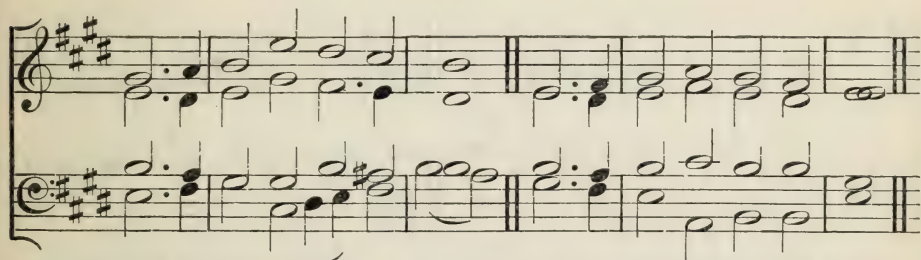
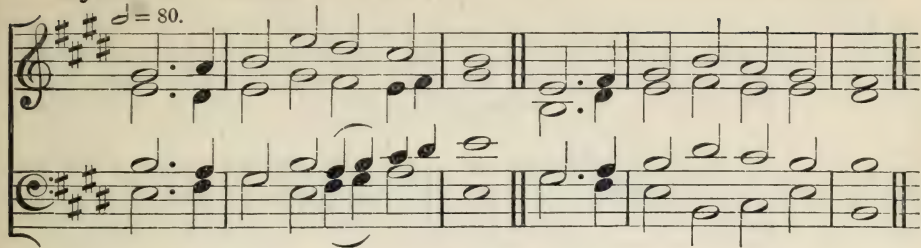
*p* O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell  
On excellence Divine;  
To know that nought in man can tell  
How fair Thy beauties shine!





# Sunday.

Hymn 33. INNOCENTS.—7 7 7 7.



MORNING.

*"In Thy light shall we see light."*

**M**ORN of morns, and day of days !  
Beauteous were thy new-born rays :  
Brighter yet from death's dark prison  
CHRIST, the Light of lights, is risen.

He commanded, and His Word  
Death and the dread chaos heard :  
*dim* Oh, shall we, more deaf than they,  
In the chains of darkness stay ?

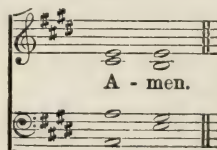
*p* \*Nature yet in shadow lies ;  
*er* Let the sons of light arise,  
*mf* And prevent the morning rays  
With sweet canticles of praise.

\*While the dead world sleeps around,  
Let the sacred temples sound  
Law, and prophet, and blest psalm  
Lit with holy light so calm.

Unto hearts in slumber weak  
Let the heavenly trumpet speak ;  
And a newer walk express  
Their new life to righteousness.

Grant us this, and with us be,  
O Thou Fount of charity,  
Thou Who dost the SPIRIT give,  
Bidding the dead letter live.

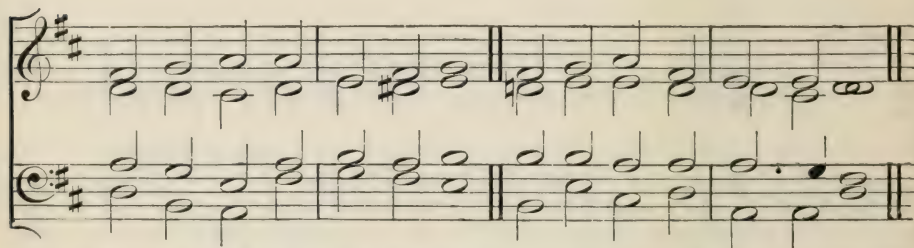
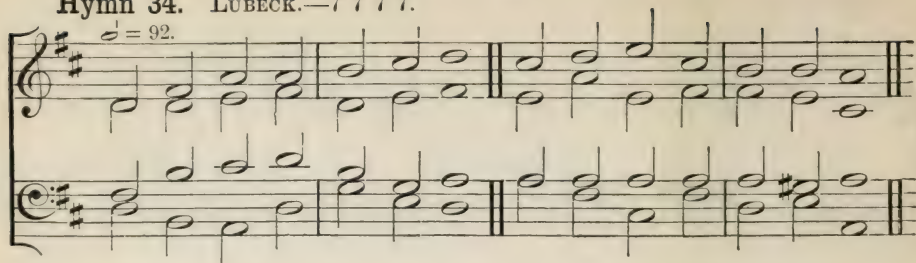
*f* Glory to the FATHER, SON,  
And to Thee, O HOLY ONE,  
By Whose quickening Breath Divine  
Our dull spirits burn and shine.



\* *These verses should be sung only at a very early Service.*

# Sunday.

Hymn 34. LÜBECK.—7 7 7 7.



"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. . . . And the evening and the morning were the first day."

MORNING.

*f* **O**N this day, the first of days,  
GOD the FATHER'S Name we praise;  
Who, creation's LORD and Spring,  
Did the world from darkness bring.

On this day the Eternal SON  
Over death His triumph won;  
On this day the SPIRIT came  
With His gifts of living flame.

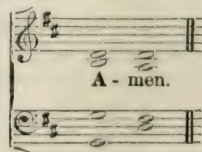
O that fervent love to-day  
May in every heart have sway,  
Teaching us to praise aright  
GOD the Source of life and light.

*p* FATHER, Who didst fashion me  
Image of Thyself to be,  
Fill me with Thy love Divine,  
Let my every thought be Thine.

HOLY JESUS, may I be  
Dead and buried here with Thee;  
*cr* And, by love inflamed, arise  
Unto Thee a sacrifice.

*mf* Thou Who dost all gifts impart,  
Shine, Sweet SPIRIT, in my heart;  
Best of gifts Thyself bestow;  
Make me burn Thy love to know.

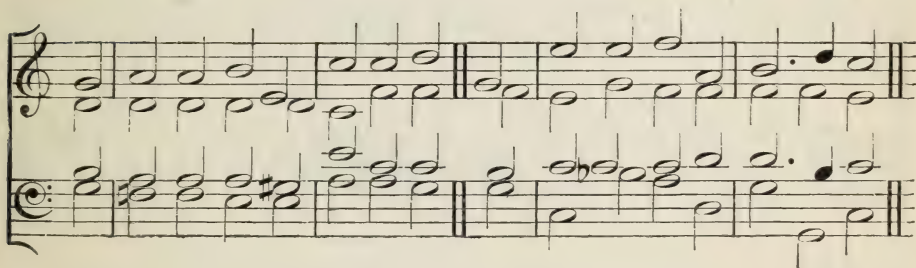
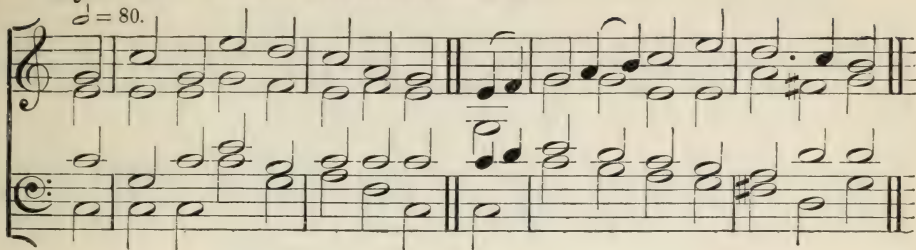
GOD, the Blessèd THREE in ONE,  
Dwell within my heart alone;  
*p* Thou dost give Thyself to me,  
May I give myself to Thee.



# Sunday.

## Hymn 35. CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"This is the day which the Lord hath made."*

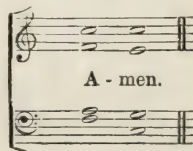
*mf* **A** GAIN the LORD's own day is here,  
The day to Christian people dear,  
*f* As, week by week, it bids them tell  
How JESUS rose from death and hell.

Eternal glory, rest on high,  
A blessed immortality,  
True peace and gladness, and a throne,  
Are all His gifts, and all our own.

*mf* For by His flock their LORD declared  
His Resurrection should be shared;  
*f* And we who trust in Him to save  
With Him are risen from the grave.

*f* And therefore unto Thee we sing,  
O LORD of peace, Eternal King;  
Thy love we praise, Thy Name adore,  
Both on this day and evermore.

*mf* We, one and all, of Him possess'd,  
Are with exceeding treasures bless'd;  
For all He did, and all He bare,  
He gives us as our own to share.

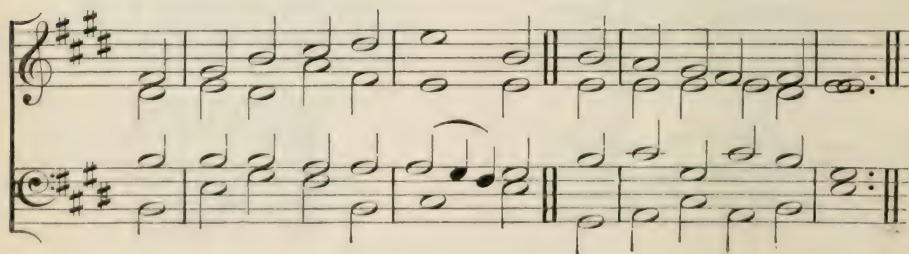
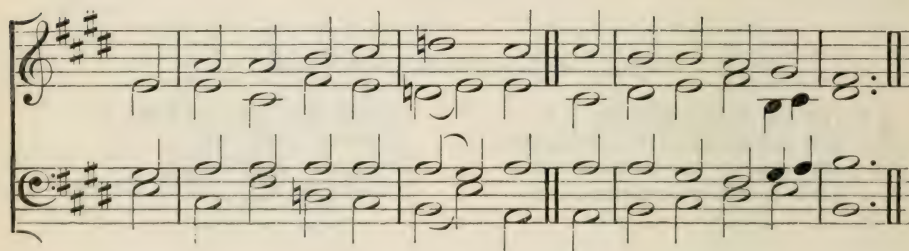
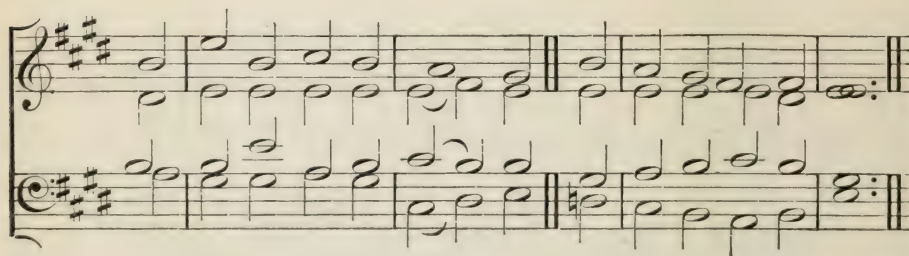
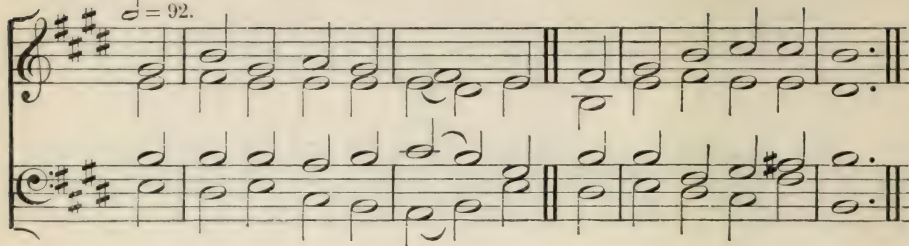




# Sunday.

Hymn 36. WORDSWORTH.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



# Sunday.

*"The first day of the week."*

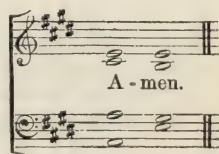
*f* **O** DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright;  
On thee the high and lowly,  
Before the Eternal Throne,  
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,  
To the great **THREE** in **ONE**.

On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee for our salvation  
CHRIST rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our LORD victorious  
The SPIRIT sent from heaven;  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.

*p* Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry dreary sand;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land;  
A day of sweet refection,  
A day of holy love,  
*cr* A day of resurrection  
From earth to things above.

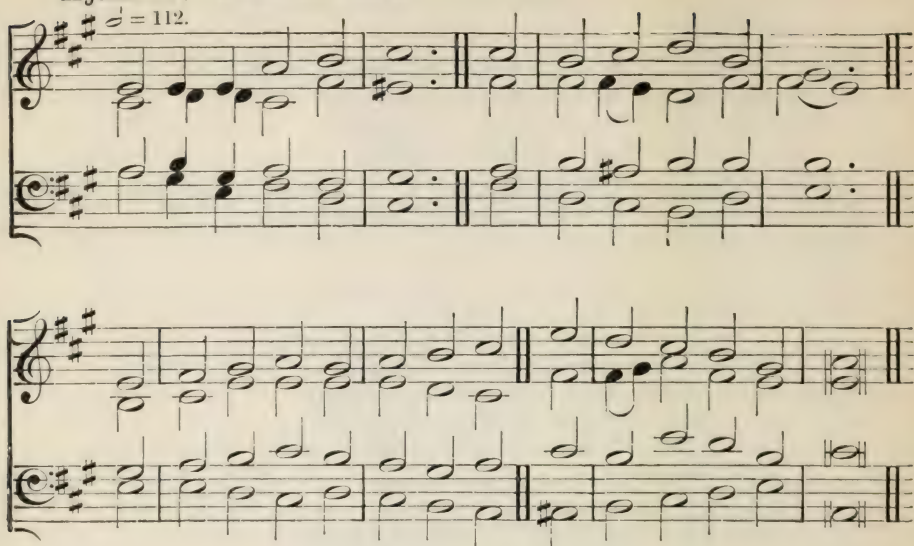
*mf* To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly Manna falls,  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where Gospel-light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the Rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest;  
*f* To HOLY GHOST be praises,  
To FATHER, and to SON;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, Blest **THREE** in **ONE**.



# Sunday.

Hymn 37, DOMINICA.—S.M.



*"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."*

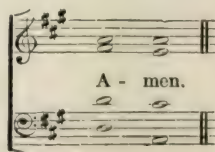
*mf* **T**HIS is the day of light :  
 Let there be light to-day ;  
*O* Day-spring, rise upon our night,  
 And chase its gloom away.

*p* This is the day of rest :  
 Our failing strength renew ;  
*On* weary brain and troubled breast  
 Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace :  
 Thy peace our spirits fill ;  
*cr* Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,  
*dim* The waves of strife be still.

*p* This is the day of prayer :  
 Let earth to Heav'n draw near ;  
*cr* Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,  
 Come down to meet us here.

*f* This is the first of days :  
 Send forth Thy quickening Breath,  
 And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
*O* Vanquisher of death.

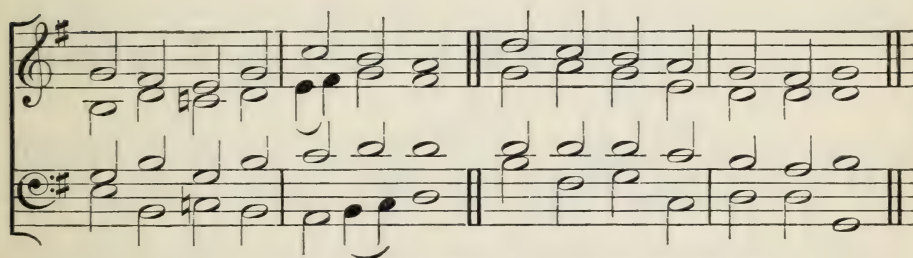
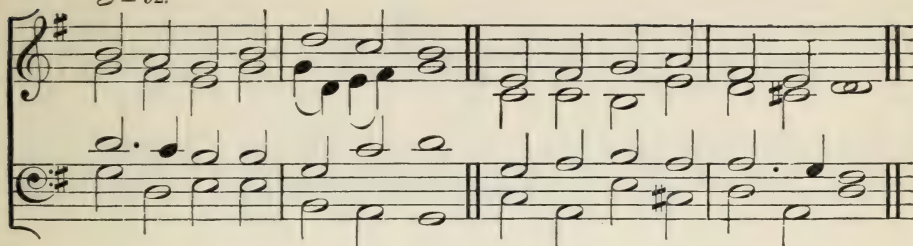




# Sunday.

Hymn 38. VIENNA.--7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"The day is Thine, and the night is Thine."*

EVENING.

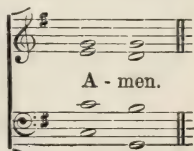
*mf* **B**LEST Creator of the light,  
Making day with radiance bright,  
Thou didst o'er the forming earth  
Give the golden light its birth.

*cr* Rather may we heavenward rise  
Where eternal treasure lies;  
Purified by grace within,  
Hating every deed of sin.

Shade of eve with morning ray  
Took from Thee the name of day;  
Darkness now is drawing nigh;  
Listen to our humble cry.

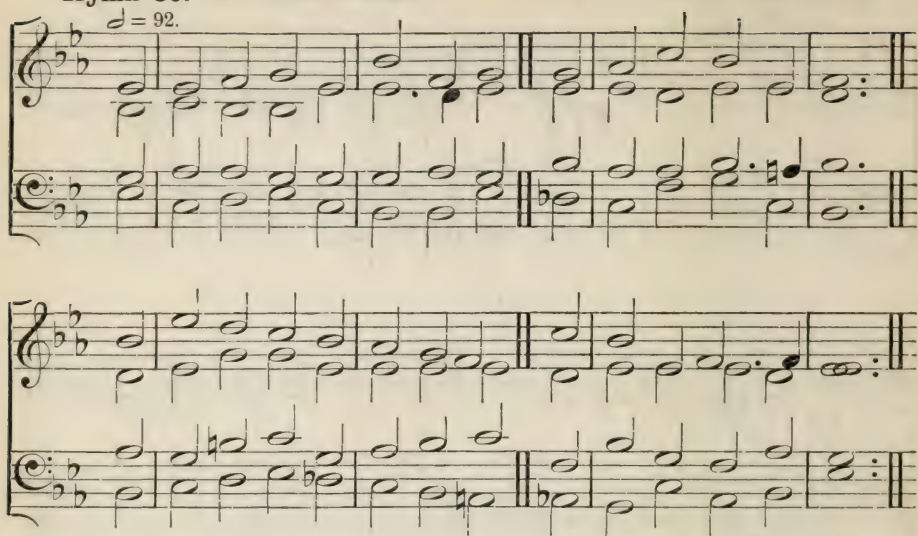
*p* **HOLY FATHER**, hear our cry  
*cr* Through Thy SON our LORD most High,  
*f* Whom our thankful hearts adore  
With the SPIRIT evermore.

*p* May we ne'er by guilt depress'd  
Lose the way to endless rest;  
Nor with idle thoughts and vain  
Bind our souls to earth again.



# Monday.

## Hymn 39. ST. HUGH.—C.M.



*"And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. . . . And the evening and the morning were the second day."*

*mf* **S**ING we the glory of our God,  
Who on the second day  
Spread out the firmament above,  
His wonders to display.

There, floating in the blue expanse,  
The watery clouds we view,  
Whence fruitful showers at His command  
The thirsty soil bedew.

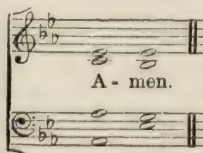
How fair an image of the grace  
Which Thou, LORD, dost impart,  
Like morning dew or gentle rain,  
To gladden every heart.

And when the faithful soul drinks in  
Those showers with blessings rife,  
*cr* A well of water springeth up  
To everlasting life.

*f* O happy saints, on whom are pour'd  
Such treasures from above!

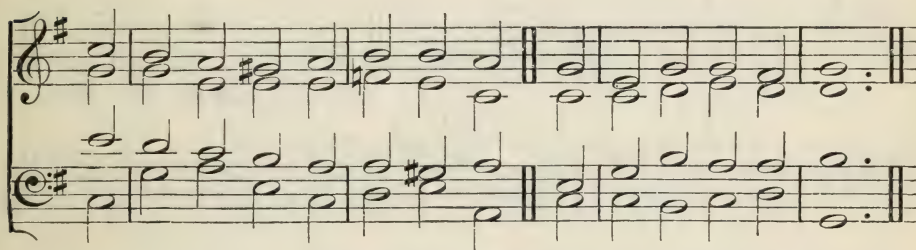
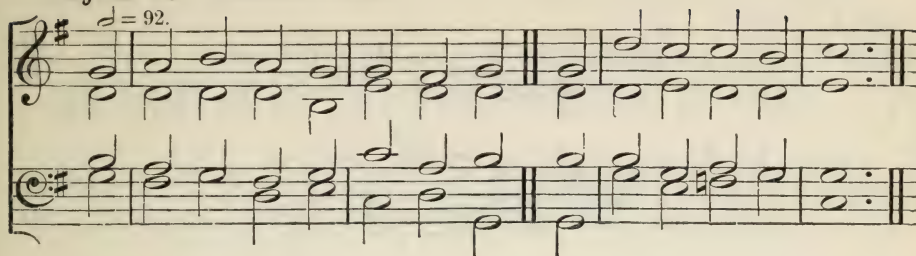
*p* LORD, may they ne'er forgetful be,  
But render love for love.

*f* To God, Who freely loved us first,  
All might, all glory be,  
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Through all eternity.



# Tuesday.

## Hymn 40. LINCOLN.—C.M.



*"And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. . . . And the evening and the morning were the third day."*

*mf* **T**HOU spakest, LORD, and into one  
The floods together flow'd;  
Freed from its watery veil, the land  
Its verdant pastures show'd.

O FATHER, Who the earth hast given  
Our place of toil to be,  
Knit all within its one wide bound  
In one true charity.

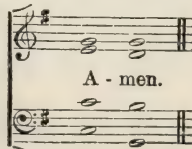
Strangers and pilgrims here below,  
We seek a home above,  
Where Thou wilt gather in Thine own  
Who live in holy love.

*p* Unloving souls, with deeds of ill  
And words of angry strife,  
Shall never, LORD, Thy glory see,  
Nor win the heavenly life.

The earth itself from day to day  
Their burden scarce sustains,  
And yearns, in travail, to be free  
From dark corruption's chains.

Yea, we too groan within ourselves,  
And that adoption wait  
For which the HOLY SPIRIT's seal  
Did us predestinate.

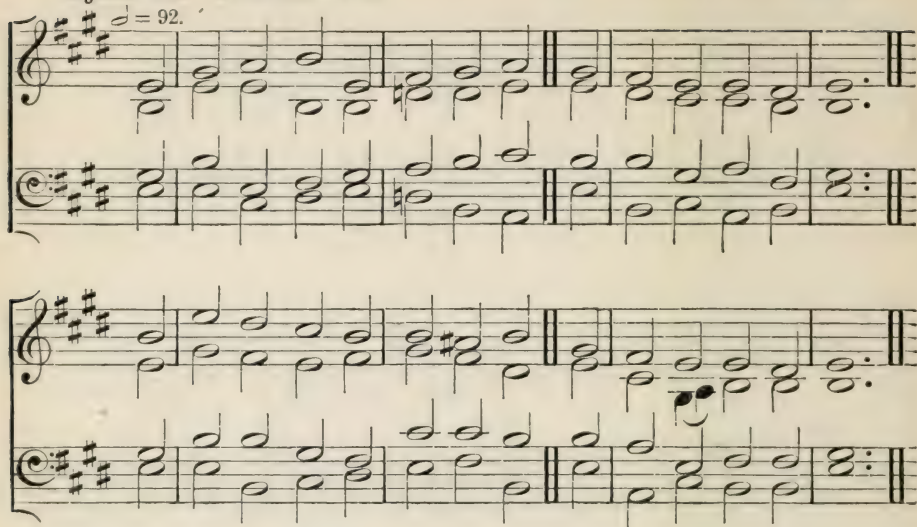
*f* Eternal glory be ascribed  
To GOD, the ONE in THREE,  
By Whom is pour'd into our hearts  
The grace of charity.





# Wednesday.

## Hymn 41. DUNDEE.—C.M.



*"And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven . . . and it was so. . . And the evening and the morning were the fourth day."*

*mf* **N**EW wonders of Thy mighty hand,  
 LORD, we to-day admire,  
 Writ on the firmament above  
 In glittering orbs of fire.

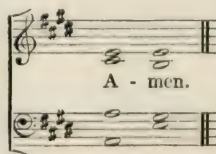
The sun is ruler of the day,  
 The silver moon of night,  
 The starry hosts adorn the sky  
 In order'd ranks of light.

But e'en that glorious sun must set,  
 And knows his going down,  
 That silver moon must wax and wane,  
 The stars their courses own.

Still in an everchanging round  
 The daylight comes and goes;  
*f* But Thou art evermore the Same,  
 No change Thy mercy knows.

*mf* Why waver then our troubled hearts?  
 Thine is a FATHER's care;  
*cr* And they, eternal life who seek,  
 Eternal life shall share.

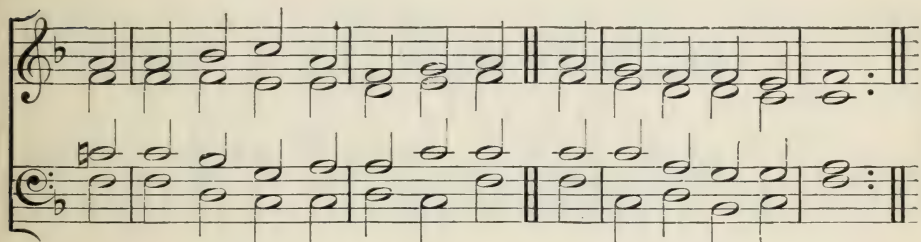
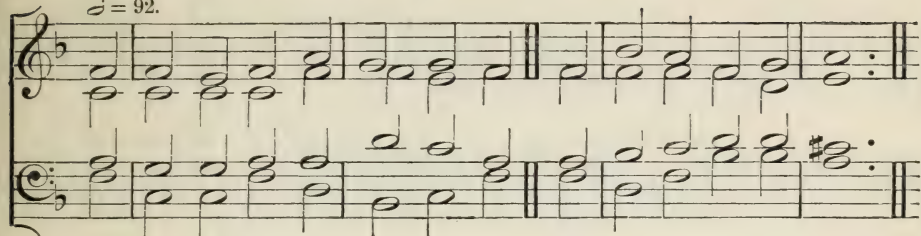
*f* All praise, all glory be ascribed  
 To GOD the ONE in THREE,  
 Who bids us cast our care on Him,  
 To Him for comfort flee.



# Thursday.

Hymn 42. ST. FLAVIAN.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth. . . . And the evening and the morning were the fifth day."*

**T**HE fish in wave, the bird on wing,  
God bade the waters bear;  
Each for our mortal body's food  
His gracious hands prepare.

But other food, of richer cost,  
The immortal spirit needs;  
By faith it lives on every word  
That from His mouth proceeds.

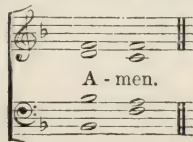
Faith springing from the Blood of CHRIST  
Has flow'd o'er every land;  
And sinners through the vanquish'd world  
Bow down to its command.

Its light the joy of Heav'n reveals  
To hearts made pure within;  
And bids them seek by worthy deeds  
Eternal crowns to win.

**f** By faith the saints of old were strong  
The lion's wrath to tame; [threats,  
By faith they spurn'd the tyrant's  
And scorn'd the raging flame.

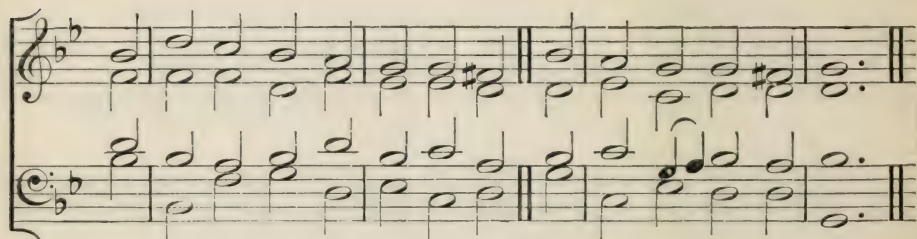
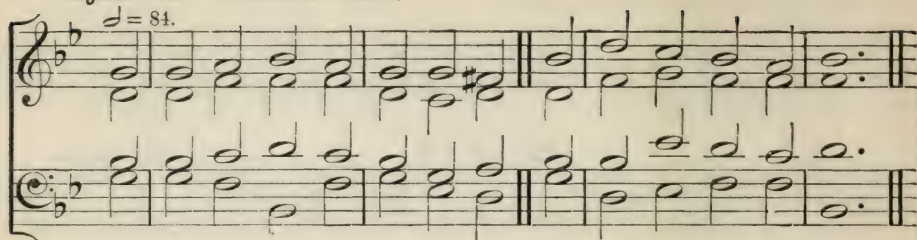
**p** LORD, grant that we the path may tread  
Whereon its light doth shine;  
*cr* And gather, as we onward go,  
The fruits of love Divine.

**f** O praise the FATHER; praise the SON,  
On Whose most precious Blood  
Rests all our faith; and praise to HIM  
Who with Them Both is God.



# Friday.

## Hymn 43. WINDSOR.—C.M.



*"And God said, Let Us make man in Our image. . . . And the evening and the morning were the sixth day."*

*mf* **T**O-DAY, O LORD, a holier work  
Thy secret counsels frame,  
A king to rule Thy new-made world,  
To praise Thy glorious Name.

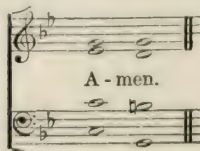
Thou formest man : Thy Spirit breathes  
Life into dust of earth :  
Man, in Thine own true Image made,  
From Thee receives his birth.

And henceforth he dominion holds  
O'er all in earth and sea ;  
Yet mindful whence his being came  
Must humbly walk with Thee.

*p* Alas! his wilful heart rebels  
Against Thy gentle sway ;  
Proud dust of earth would fain be like  
The God Whom all obey.

O griefs and sorrows numberless,  
Which hence the world o'erspread ;  
JESU, Thy mercy succour'd us,  
Or hope itself had fled.

*f* O praise the FATHER, and the SON  
Who saved us by His death,  
And HOLY GHOST Who quickens us  
With His life-giving breath.

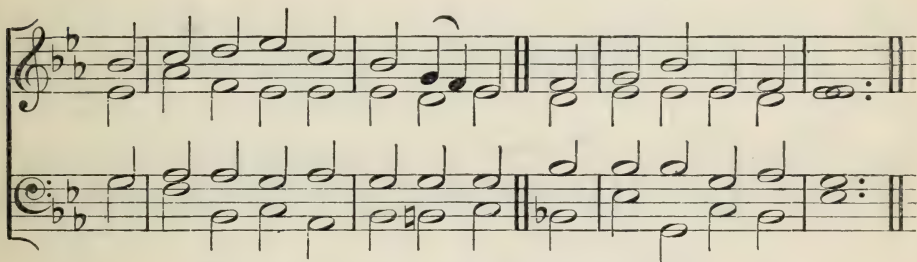
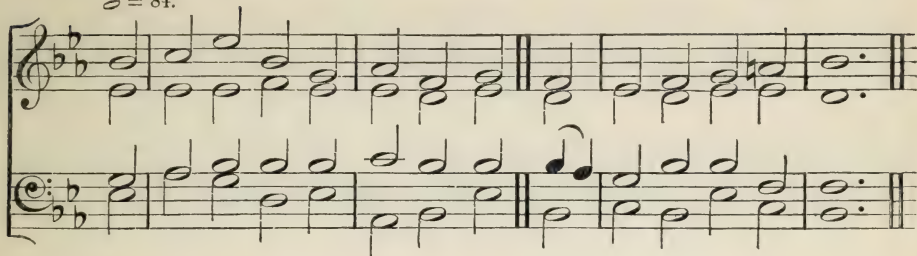




# Saturday.

Hymn 44. MALMESBURY ABBEY.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made."*

*mf* **S**IX days of labour now are past ;  
Thou retest, HOLY GOD ;  
And of Thy finish'd work hast said  
That all is very good.

Yet while the seventh day is bless'd,  
Hallow'd for rest Divine,  
Behold, a new creation needs  
That mighty power of Thine.

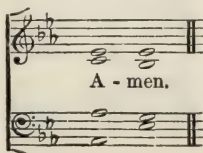
Ten thousand voices praise Thy Name  
In earth and sea and sky ;  
One sinner by his sin has marr'd  
The blissful harmony.

*p* O LORD, create man's heart anew,  
The heart of stone remove :

*cr* Then hymns of praise again shall rise,  
The fruits of holy love.

*mf* O for the songs that Thou wilt bless,  
Where heart and voice agree ;  
O for the prayers that plead aright  
With Thy dread Majesty.

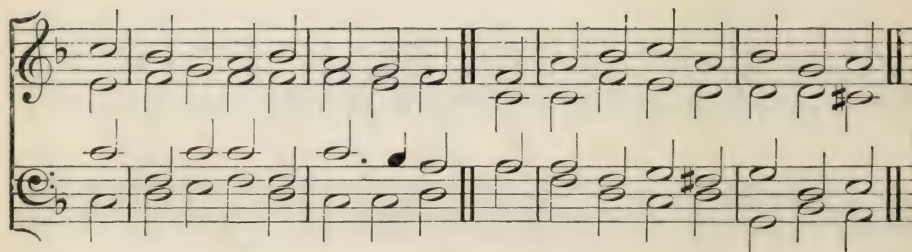
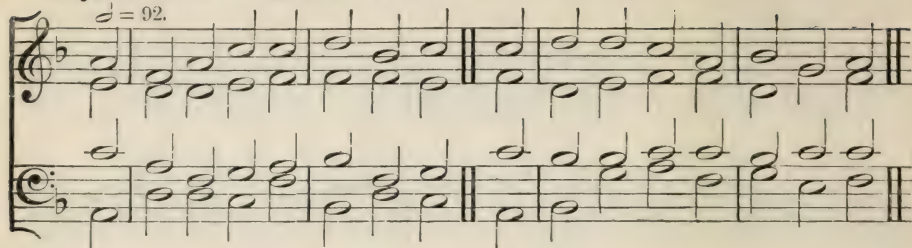
*f* All praise to GOD, the THREE in ONE,  
Who high in glory reigns ;  
Who by His Word hath all things made,  
And by His Word sustains.



# Advent.

## Hymn 45. CONDITOR ALME.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"Which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber."*

*mf* CREATOR of the starry height,  
Thy people's everlasting Light,  
JESU, Redeemer of us all,  
*p* Hear Thou Thy servants when they call.

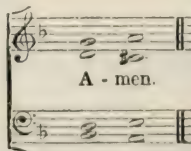
Thou, sorrowing at the helpless cry  
Of all creation doom'd to die,  
*cr* Didst save our lost and guilty race  
By healing gifts of heavenly grace.

*mf* When earth was near its evening hour,  
Thou didst, in love's redeeming power,  
Like bridegroom from his chamber, come  
Forth from a Virgin-mother's womb.

*f* At Thy great Name, exalted now,  
All knees in lowly homage bow;  
All things in Heav'n and earth adore,  
And own Thee King for evermore.

*p* To Thee, O HOLY ONE, we pray,  
Our Judge in that tremendous day,  
Ward off, while yet we dwell below,  
The weapons of our crafty foe.

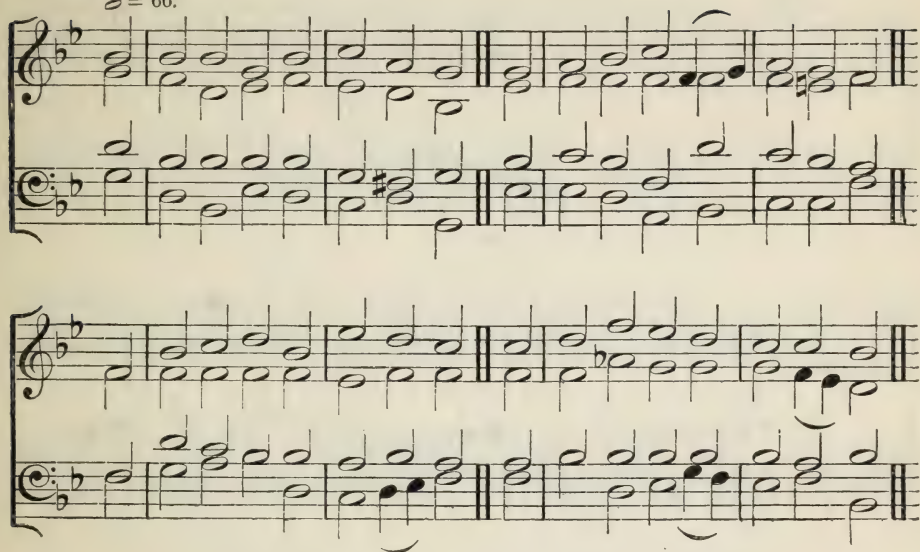
*f* To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Praise, honour, might, and glory be  
From age to age eternally.



# Advent.

Hymn 46. BRESLAU.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 66.$



*"His name is called The Word of God."*

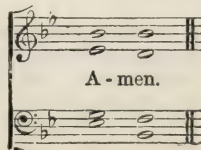
*mf* **O** HEAVENLY WORD, Eternal Light,  
Begotten of the FATHER's Might,  
Who, in these latter days, art born  
For succour to a world forlorn;

*p* O let us not, for evil past,  
Be driven from Thy Face at last;  
*cr* But with the blessed evermore  
Behold Thee, love Thee, and adore.

Our hearts enlighten from above,  
And kindle with Thine own true love;  
That we, who hear Thy call to-day,  
May cast earth's vanities away.

*f* To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Praise, honour, might, and glory be  
From age to age eternally.

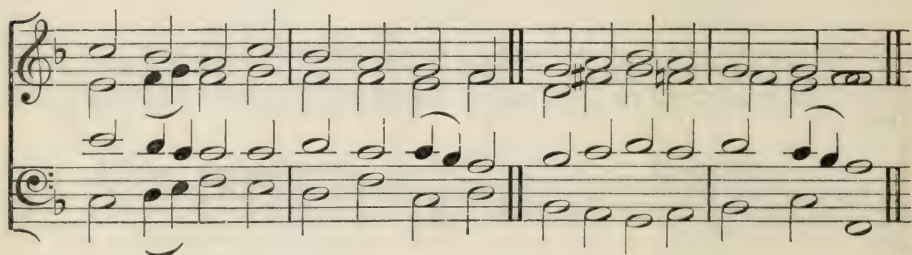
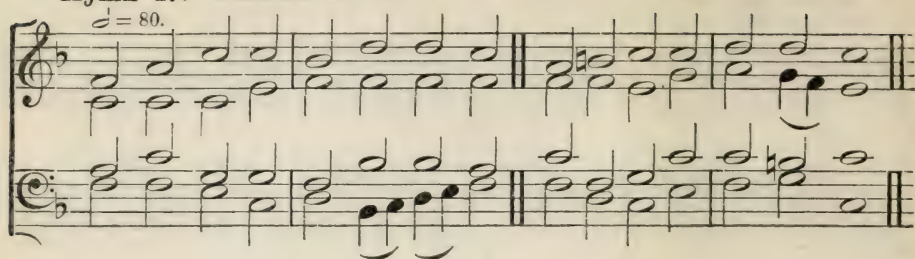
And when as Judge Thou drawest nigh,  
The secrets of all hearts to try;  
*p* When sinners meet their awful doom,  
*cr* And Saints attain their heavenly home;





# Advent.

Hymn 47. MERTON.—8 7 8 7.



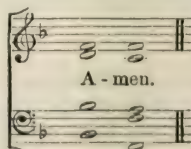
"Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."

<p><i>f</i> <b>H</b>ARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;          "CHRIST is nigh," it seems to say;          "Cast away the dreams of darkness,          O ye children of the day!"</p>	<p><i>mf</i> That when next He comes with glory,  <i>p</i> And the world is wrapp'd in fear,  <i>cr</i> With His mercy He may shield us,          And with words of love draw near.</p>
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Waken'd by the solemn warning,  
 Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
 CHRIST, her Sun, all ill dispelling,  
 Shines upon the morning skies.

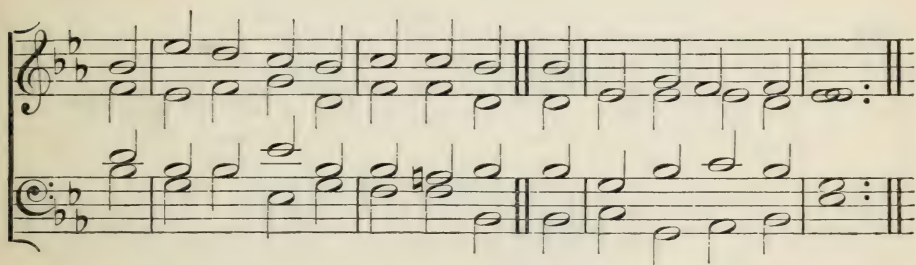
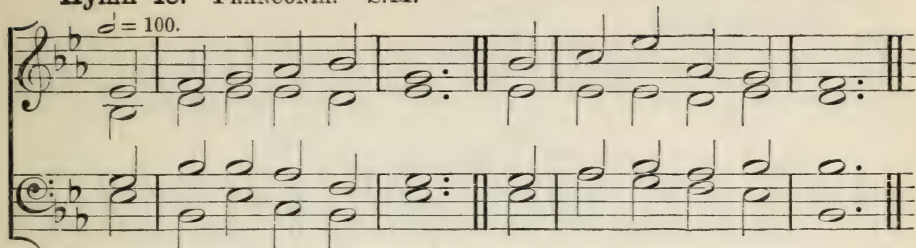
*f* Honour, glory, might, and blessing  
 To the FATHER and the SON,  
 With the Everlasting SPIRIT,  
 While eternal ages run.

*mf* Lo! the LAMB, so long expected,  
 Comes with pardon down from Heav'n;  
*dim* Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,  
 One and all to be forgiven;



# Advent.

## Hymn 48. FRANCONIA.—S. M.



*"Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee."*

*mf* **T**HE Advent of our King  
Our prayers must now employ,  
And we must hymns of welcome sing  
In strains of holy joy.

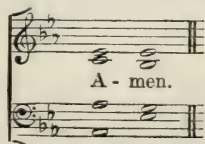
*p* The Everlasting Son  
Incarnate deigns to be;  
*cr* Himself a servant's form puts on,  
To set His servants free.

*mf* Daughter of Sion, rise  
To meet thy lowly King;  
Nor let thy faithless heart despise  
*p* The peace He comes to bring.

*mf* As Judge, on clouds of light,  
He soon will come again,  
And His true members all unite  
With Him in Heav'n to reign.

Before the dawning day  
Let sin's dark deeds be gone;  
The old man all be put away,  
The new man all put on.

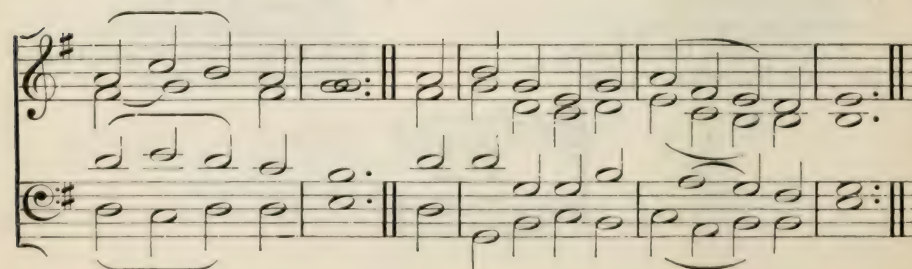
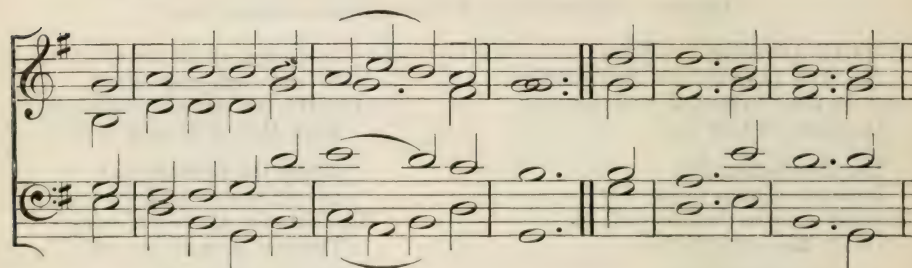
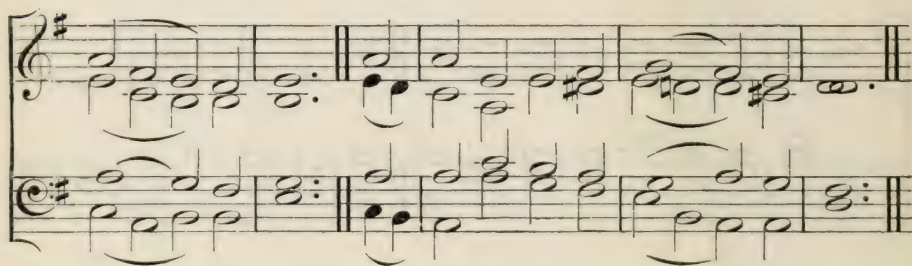
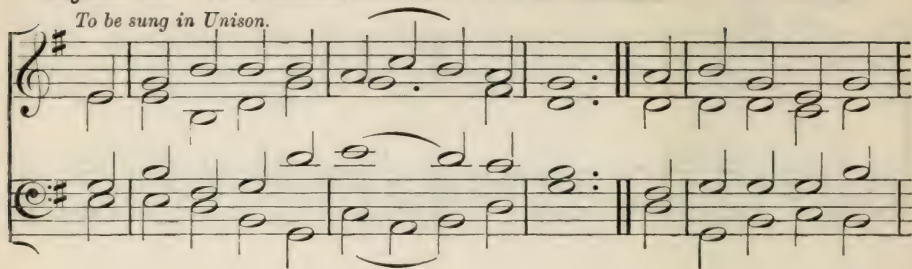
*f* All glory to the Son  
Who comes to set us free,  
With FATHER, SPIRIT, ever ONE,  
Through all eternity.



# Advent.

Hymn 49. VENI EMMANUEL.—8 8 8 8 8 8. ♩ = 92.

*To be sung in Unison.*





# Advent.

"The Redeemer shall come to Zion."

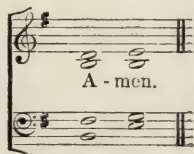
*mf* **O** COME, O come, Emmanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel,  
*p* That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the Son of God appear.  
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

*mf* O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
*cr* And give them victory o'er the grave.  
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

*mf* O come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer  
Our spirits by Thine Advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

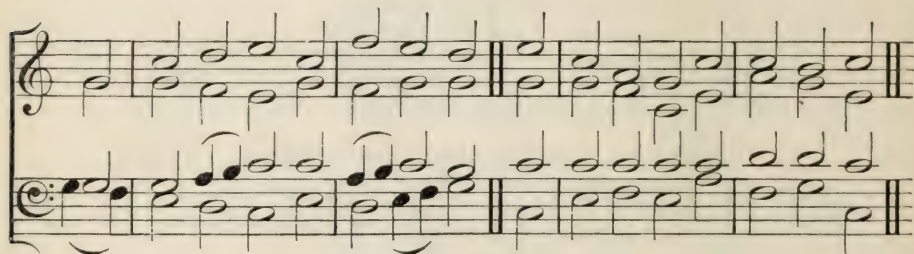
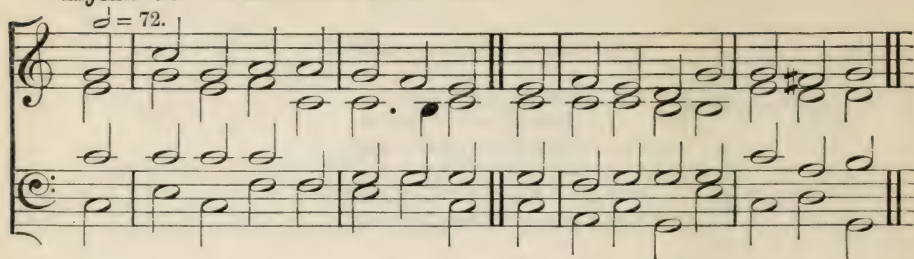
*mf* O come, Thou Key of David, come,  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.  
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

*mf* O come, O come, Thou LORD of Might,  
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,  
In ancient times didst give the law  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.  
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.



# Advent.

## Hymn 50. WINCHESTER NEW.—L.M.



"The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight."

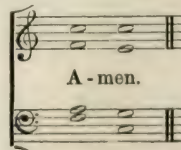
*f* ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
Announces that the LORD is nigh;  
Awake, and hearken, for he brings  
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

*p* To heal the sick stretch out Thine Hand,  
And bid the fallen sinner stand;  
*cr* Shine forth, and let Thy light restore  
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

*mf* Then cleansed be every breast from sin;  
Make straight the way for God within;  
Prepare we in our hearts a home,  
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

*f* All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee  
Whose Advent doth Thy people free,  
Whom with the FATHER we adore  
And HOLY GHOST for evermore.

*dim* For Thou art our Salvation, LORD,  
Our Refuge, and our great Reward;  
Without Thy grace we waste away,  
Like flowers that wither and decay.



# Advent.

Hymn 51. ST. THOMAS.—8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

A - men.

“Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him.”

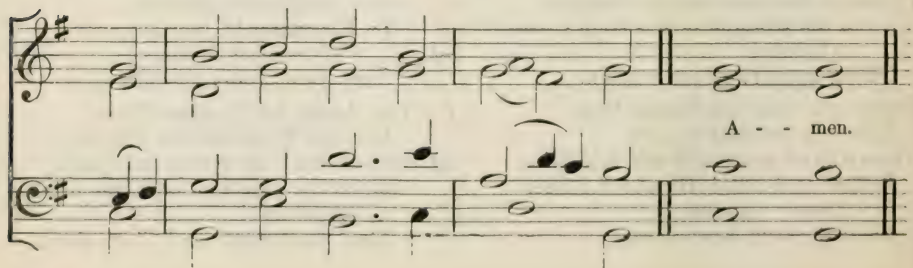
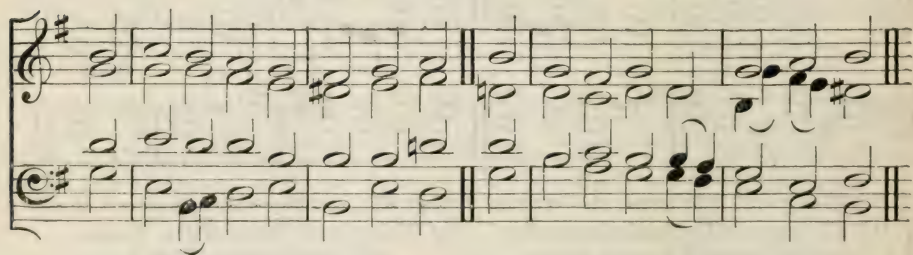
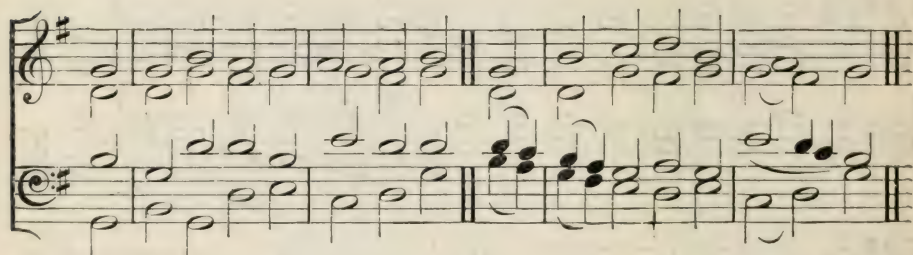
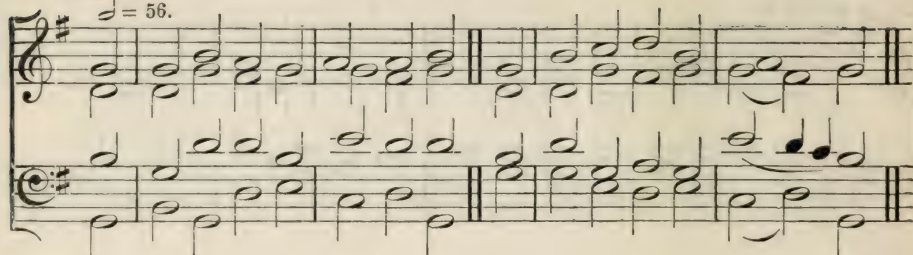
- L** O! He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for favour'd sinners slain;  
Thousand thousand Saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train:  
Alleluia!
- CHRIST** appears on earth again.  
Every eye shall now behold Him  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced and nail'd Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.
- mf* Those dear tokens of His Passion  
Still His dazzling Body bears,  
*cr* Cause of endless exultation  
To His ransom'd worshippers;  
*mf* With what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars!
- f* Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal Throne;  
*mf* Saviour, take the power and glory;  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:  
*ff* Alleluia!  
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.



# Advent.

Hymn 52. LUTHER.—8 7 8 7 8 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 56.$



# Advent.

*"The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trumpet of God."*

*mf* GREAT God, what do I see and hear?  
The end of things created :  
The Judge of all men doth appear  
On clouds of glory seated :  
*ff* The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contain'd before ;  
*p* Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

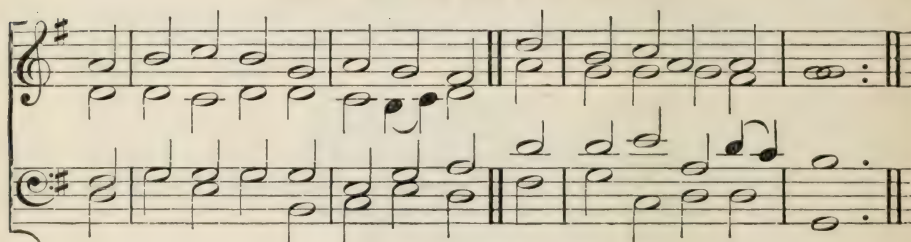
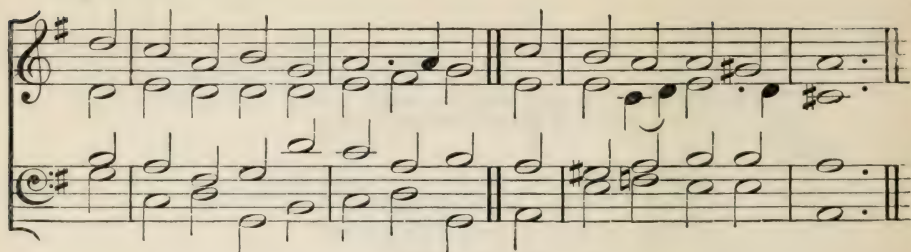
*f* The dead in CHRIST are first to rise  
At that last trumpet's sounding ;  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their LORD surrounding :  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay ;  
His Presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

*p* The ungodly, fill'd with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing ;  
In woe they rise, but all their tears  
And sighs are unavailing :  
*pp* The day of grace is past and gone ;  
Trembling they stand before His Throne.  
All unprepared to meet Him.

*mf* Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,  
In deep abasement bending ;  
O shield us through that last dread hour,  
Thy wondrous love extending :  
*cr* May we, in this our trial day,  
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,  
And thus prepare to meet Thee.

# Advent.

Hymn 53. BRISTOL.—C.M.  $\text{♩} = 72$ .

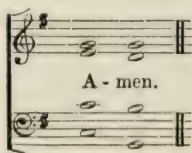


*"He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives."*

*f* **H**ARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes, *p* He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The Saviour promised long : The bleeding soul to cure,  
Let every heart prepare a throne, And with the treasures of His grace  
And every voice a song. To bless the humble poor.

He comes, the prisoners to release  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

*f* Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And Heav'n's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved Name.

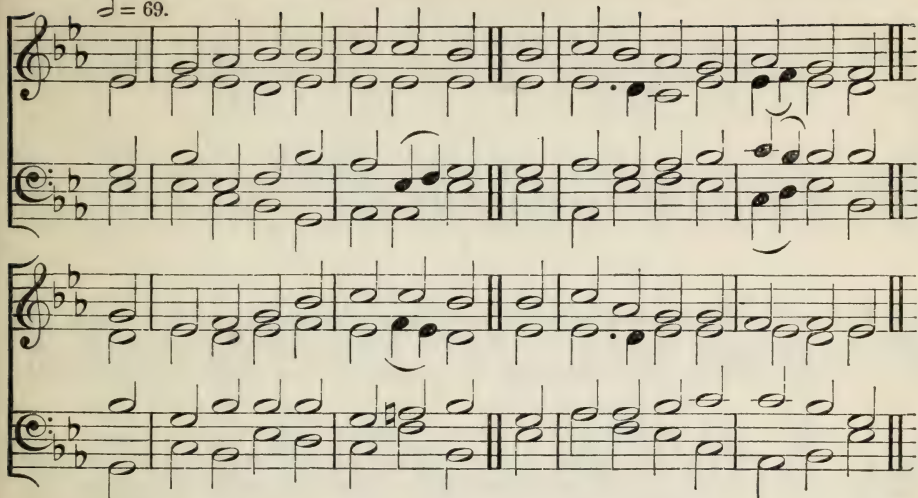




# Advent.

Hymn 54. ST. GALL.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 69.$



*"I sleep, but my heart waketh."*

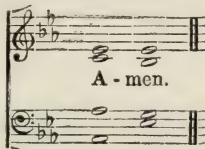
FOR A LATE EVENING SERVICE.

**W**HEN shades of night around us close,  
And weary limbs in sleep repose,  
The faithful soul awake may be,  
And longing sigh, O LORD, to Thee.

O come, Redeemer, come and free  
Thine own from guilt and misery;  
The gates of heav'n again unfold,  
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

Thou true Desire of nations, hear,  
Thou WORD of GOD, Thou Saviour dear;  
In pity heed our humble cries,  
And bid at length the fallen rise.

*f* All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,  
Whose Advent sets Thy people free,  
Whom with the FATHER we adore  
And HOLY GHOST for evermore.



*The following Hymns are suitable for this season :*

203 Thou art coming, O my Saviour.

204 O quickly come, dread Judge of all.

205 Thou Judge of quick and dead.

206 That day of wrath, that dreadful day.

217 Thy kingdom come, O God.

226 The world is very evil.

268 Ye servants of the LORD.

288 A few more years shall roll.

362 LORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping.

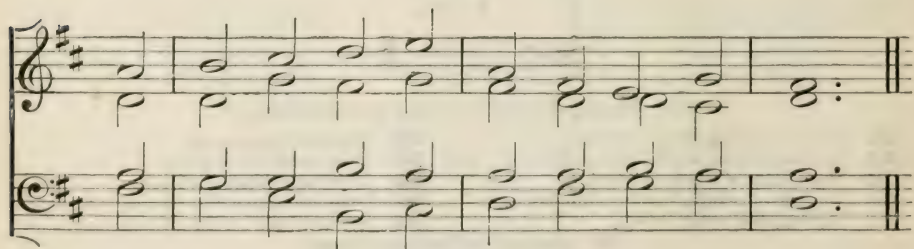
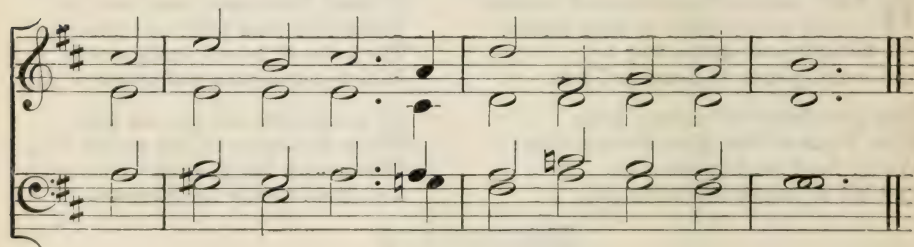
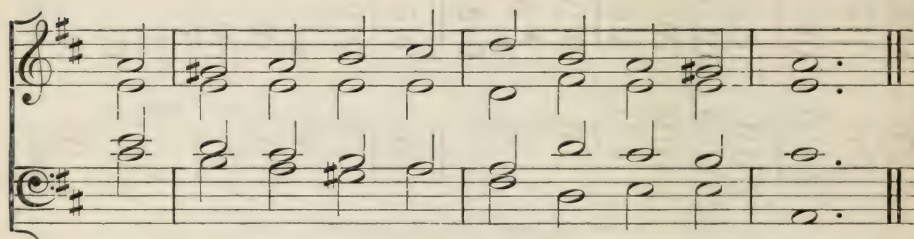
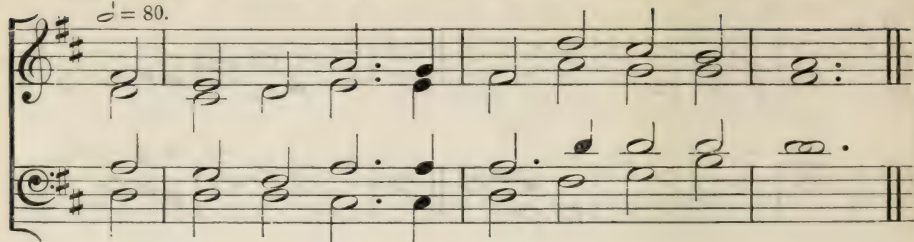
398 Day of Wrath ! O day of mourning.

463 Litany of the Four Last Things.

# Christmas.

Hymn 55. REDEMPTOR MUNDI.—10 10 10 10.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



# Christmas.

"The Word was made flesh."

*mf* **O** COME, Redeemer of mankind, appear,  
Thee with full hearts the Virgin-born we greet;  
Let every age with rapt amazement hear  
That wondrous birth which for our God is meet.

Not by the will of man, or mortal seed,  
But by the SPIRIT's breathed mysterious grace  
*p* The WORD of GOD became our flesh indeed,  
And grew a tender plant of human race.

Lo! Mary's virgin womb its burthen bears,  
Nor less abides her virgin purity;  
*cr* In the King's glory see our nature shares;  
Here in His temple GOD vouchsafes to be.

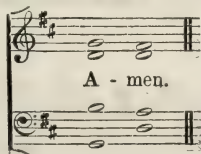
*mf* From His bright chamber, virtue's holy shrine,  
The royal Bridegroom cometh to the day;  
Of twofold substance, human and Divine,  
As giant swift, rejoicing on His way.

*p* Forth from His FATHER to the world He goes,  
*mf* Back to the FATHER's Face His way regains,  
*p* Far down to souls beneath His glory shows,  
*f* Again at God's right hand victorious reigns.

With the Eternal FATHER equal, Thou  
Girt with our flesh dost triumph evermore,  
Strengthening our feeble bodies here below  
With endless grace from Thine own living store.

*mf* How doth Thy lowly manger radiant shine!  
On the sweet breath of night new splendour grows;  
So may our spirits glow with faith Divine,  
Where no dark cloud of sin shall interpose

*f* All praise and glory to the FATHER be,  
All praise and glory to His Only SON,  
All praise and glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
Both now, and while eternal ages run.

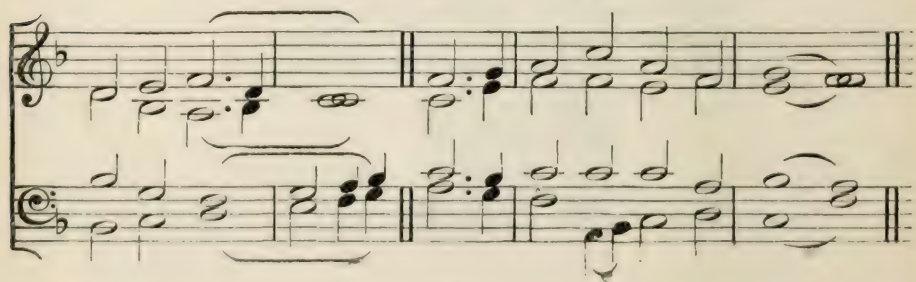
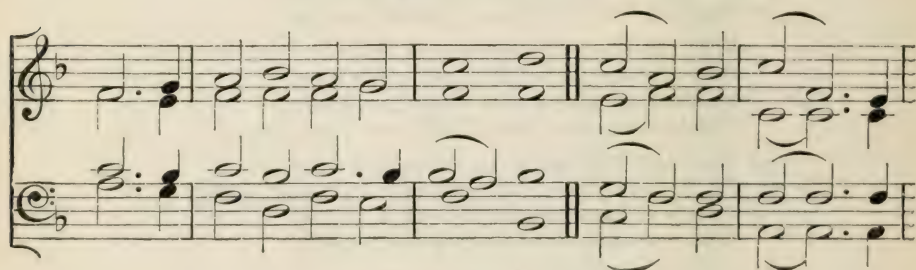
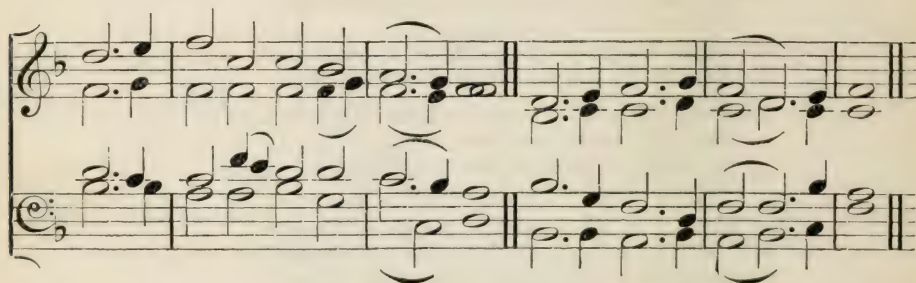
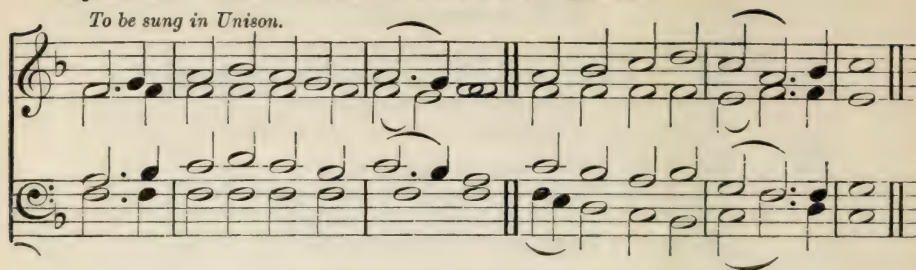




# Christmas.

Hymn 56. CORDE NATUS.—8 7 8 7 8 7 7. ♩ = 100.

*To be sung in Unison.*



# Christmas.

*"God was manifest in the flesh."*

*mf* **O**F the FATHER's Love begotten  
 Ere the worlds began to be,  
 He is Alpha and Omega,  
 He the source, the ending He,  
 Of the things that are, that have been,  
 And that future years shall see,  
 Evermore and evermore.

*\*At His Word the worlds were framèd ;*  
 He commanded ; it was done :  
 Heaven and earth and depths of ocean  
 In their threefold order one ;  
 All that grows beneath the shining  
 Of the moon and burning sun,  
 Evermore and evermore.

*p* **\*He is found in human fashion,**  
 Death and sorrow here to know,  
 That the race of Adam's children,  
 Doom'd by Law to endless woe,  
 May not henceforth die and perish  
 In the dreadful gulf below,  
 Evermore and evermore.

*f* **O that Birth for ever blessèd !**  
 When the Virgin, full of grace,  
 By the HOLY GHOST conceiving,  
 Bare the Saviour of our race,  
 And the Babe, the world's Redeemer,  
 First reveal'd His sacred Face,  
 Evermore and evermore.

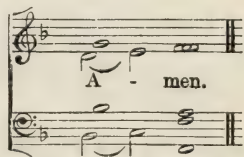
This is He Whom seers in old time  
 Chanted of with one accord ;  
 Whom the voices of the Prophets  
 Promised in their faithful word ;  
 Now He shines, the long-expected ;  
 Let creation praise its LORD,  
 Evermore and evermore.

*ff* **O ye heights of Heav'n, adore Him ;**  
 Angel-hosts, His praises sing ;  
 All dominions, bow before Him,  
 And extol our God and King ;  
 Let no tongue on earth be silent,  
 Every voice in concert ring,  
 Evermore and evermore.

*p* **\*Righteous Judge of souls departed,**  
 Righteous King of them that live,  
 On the FATHER's Throne exalted  
 None in might with Thee may strive ;  
 Who at last in vengeance coming  
 Sinners from Thy Face shalt drive,  
 Evermore and evermore.

*f* **Thee let old men, Thee let young men,**  
 Thee let boys in chorus sing ;  
 Matrons, virgins, little maidens,  
 With glad voices answering ;  
 Let their guileless songs re-echo,  
 And the heart its praises bring,  
 Evermore and evermore.

*ff* **CHRIST, to Thee, with God the FATHER,**  
 And, O HOLY GHOST, to Thee, [ing,  
 Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiv-  
 And unwearied praises be,  
 Honour, glory, and dominion,  
 And eternal victory,  
 Evermore and evermore.

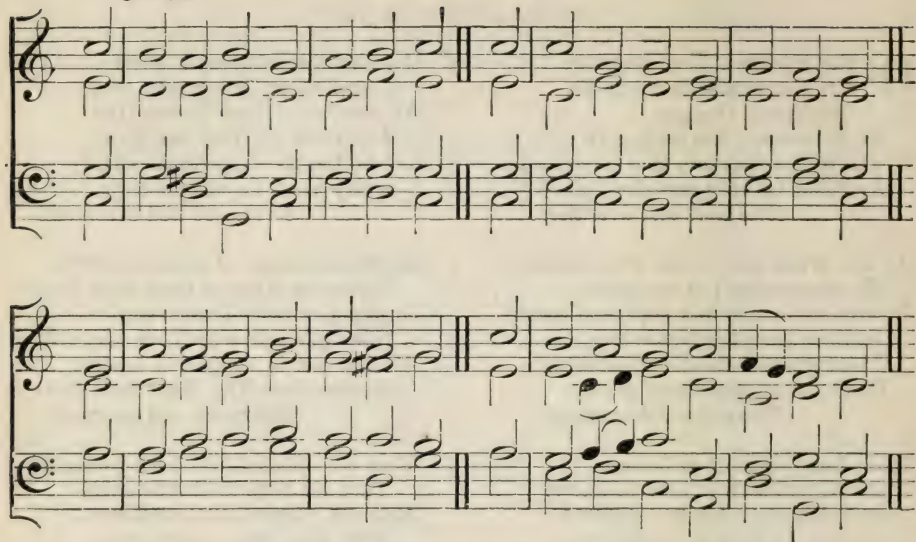


*\* These verses may be omitted, if the Hymn be thought too long.*

# Christmas.

## Hymn 57. ERFURT.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."*

*mf* **O** CHRIST, Redeemer of our race, *mf* Thou from the FATHER'S Throne didst come  
Thou Brightness of the FATHER'S Face, To call His banish'd children home ;  
Of Him, and with Him ever ONE, And Heav'n, and earth, and sea, and shore  
Ere times and seasons had begun ; His love Who sent Thee here adore.

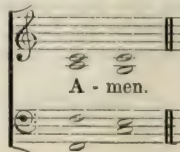
Thou that art very Light of Light,  
Unfailing Hope in sin's dark night,  
Hear Thou the prayers Thy people pray,  
The wide world o'er, this blessed day.

And gladsome too are we to-day,  
Whose guilt Thy Blood has wash'd away ;  
Redeem'd the new-made song we sing ;  
*f* It is the birthday of our King.

*p* Remember, LORD of life and grace,  
How once, to save a ruin'd race,  
Thou didst our very flesh assume  
In Mary's undefiled womb.

O LORD, the Virgin-born, to Thee  
Eternal praise and glory be,  
Whom with the FATHER we adore  
And HOLY GHOST for evermore.

*mf* To-day, as year by year its light  
Sheds o'er the world a radiance bright,  
One precious truth is echoed on,  
*f* "'Tis Thou hast saved us, Thou alone."

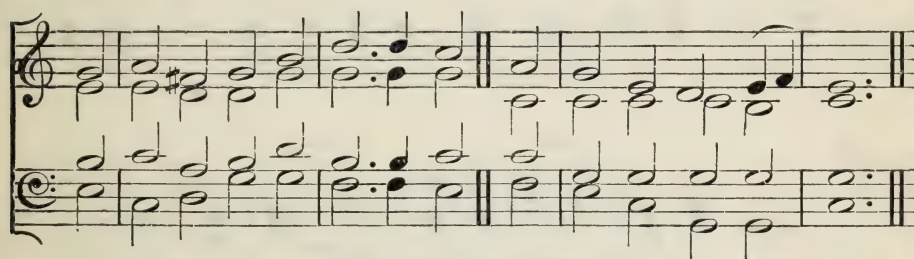
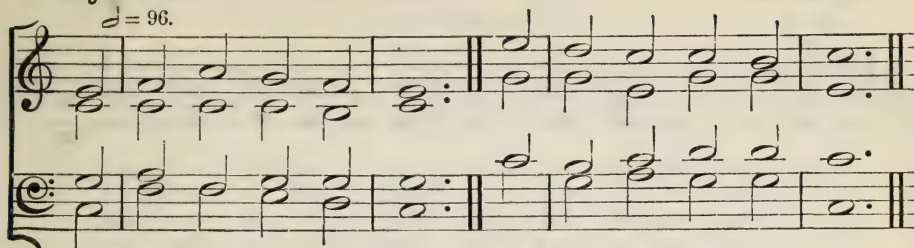




# Christmas.

Hymn 58. ST. GEORGE.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 96.$



*"He is our Peace."*

*mf* **G**OD from on high hath heard ;  
Let sighs and sorrows cease ;  
*p* Lo ! from the opening Heav'n descends  
To man the promised Peace.

Hark ! through the silent night  
Angelic voices swell ;  
Their joyful songs proclaim that " God  
Is born on earth to dwell."

See how the shepherd-band  
Speed on with eager feet ;  
Come to the hallow'd cave with them  
The Holy Babe to greet.

But, oh, what sight appears  
Within that lowly door !

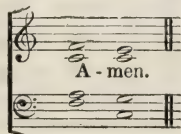
*p* A manger, stall, and swaddling clothes,  
A Child, and Mother poor !

Art Thou the CHRIST ? the SON ?  
The FATHER's Image bright ?  
And see we Him Whose Arm upholds  
Earth and the starry height ?

*cr* Yea, faith can pierce the cloud  
Which veils Thy glory now ;  
*f* We hail Thee God, before Whose Throne  
*dim* The Angels prostrate bow.

*mf* A silent Teacher, LORD,  
Thou bidd'st us not refuse  
To bear what flesh would have us shun,  
To shun what flesh would choose.

Our sinful pride to cure  
With that pure love of Thine,  
*cr* O be Thou born within our hearts,  
Most Holy Child Divine.



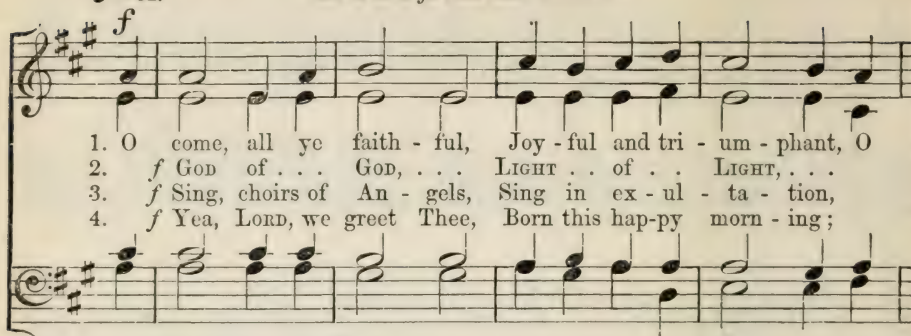
# Christmas.

## Hymn 59. ADESTE FIDELES.—Irregular.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

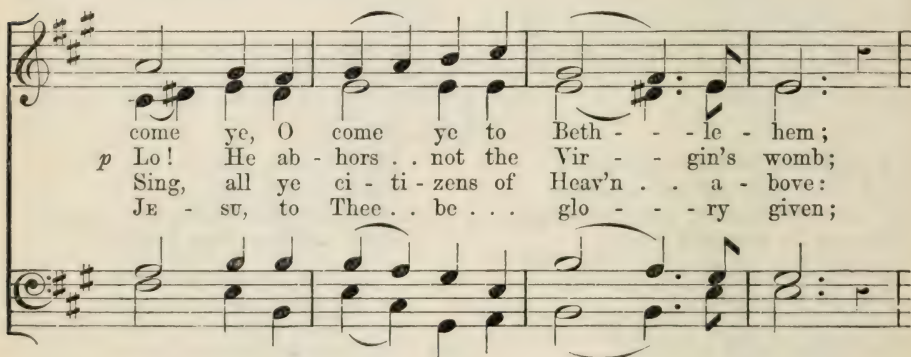
"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

*f*

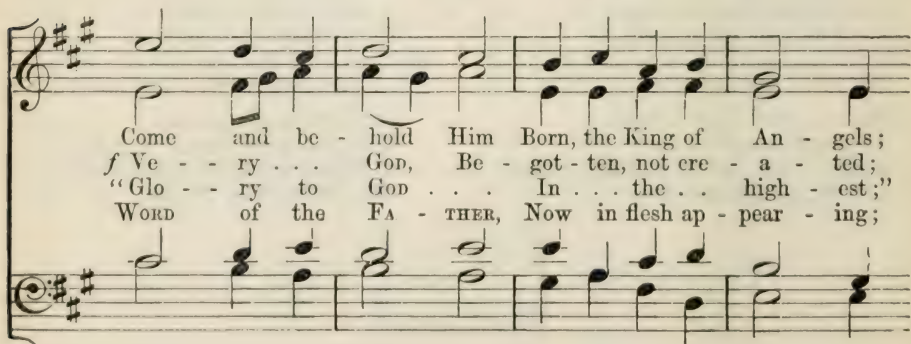


1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O  
 2. *f* God of . . . God, . . . LIGHT . . of . . . LIGHT, . . .  
 3. *f* Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion,  
 4. *f* Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap - py morn - ing;

*p*



come ye, O come ye to Beth - - - le - hem;  
 Lo! He ab - hors . . not the Vir - - gin's womb;  
 Sing, all ye ci - ti - zens of Heav'n . . a - bove:  
 Je - su, to Thee . . be . . . glo - - - ry given;



Come and be - hold Him Born, the King of An - gels;  
*f* Ve - - ry . . . God, Be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;  
 "Glo - - ry to God . . . In . . . the . . . high - est;"  
 Word of the FA - THER, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

# Christmas.

*p* *cres.* *f*

O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, O

come, let us a - dore Him, CHRIST . . the LORD.

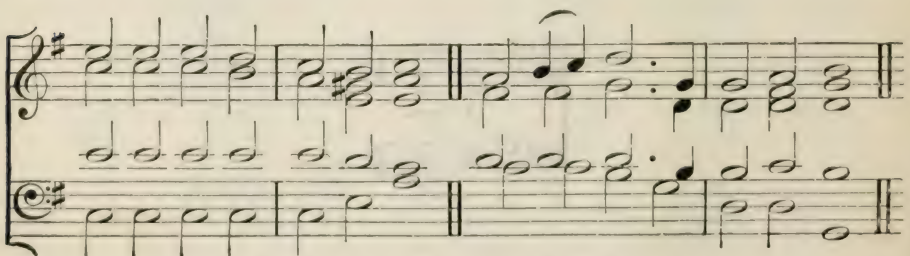
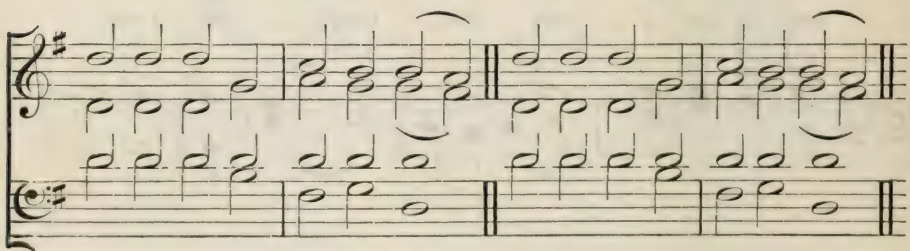
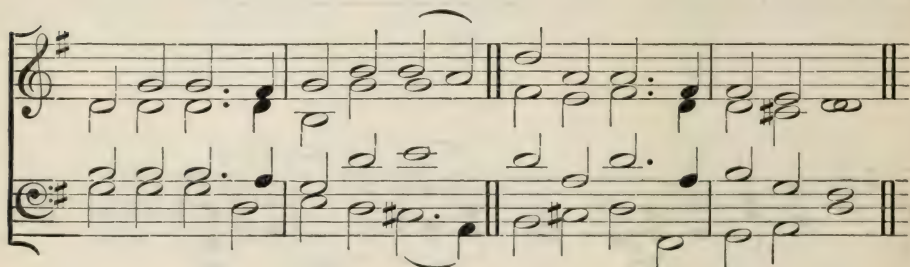
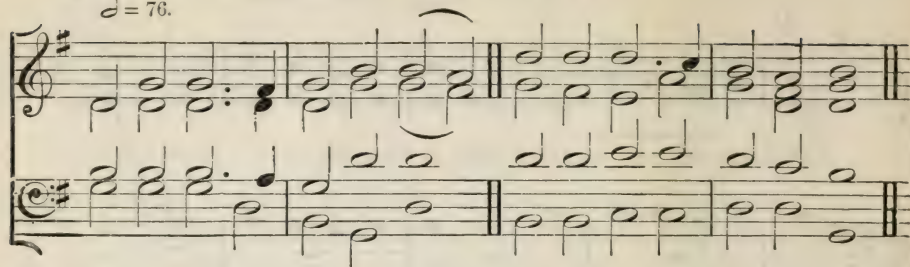
A - men.



# Christmas.

Hymn 60.\* MENDELSSOHN.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

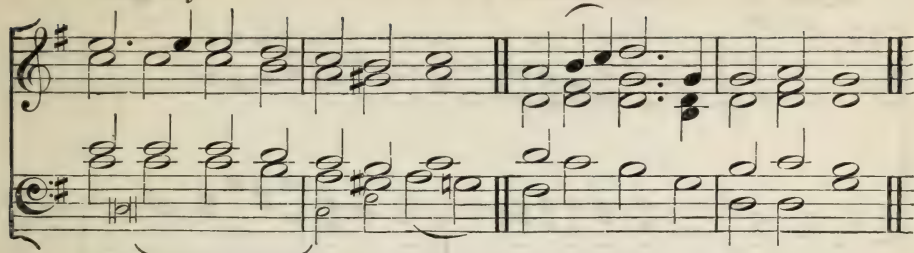


\* To be sung in Unison, except the 9th line.

# Christmas.

Harmony.

Unison.

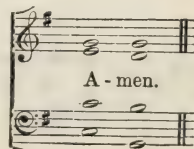


"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

*f* **H**ARK! the herald-angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King,  
*p* Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
*cr* God and sinners reconciled.  
*f* Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies;  
 With the Angelic host proclaim,  
 "CHRIST is born in Bethlehem."  
*ff* Hark! the herald-angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King.

*f* CHRIST, by highest Heav'n adored,  
 CHRIST, the Everlasting LORD,  
*dim* Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb.  
*p* Veil'd in flesh the GODHEAD see!  
 Hail, the Incarnate Deity!  
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell,  
*cr* JESUS, our Emmanuel.  
*ff* Hark! the herald-angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King.

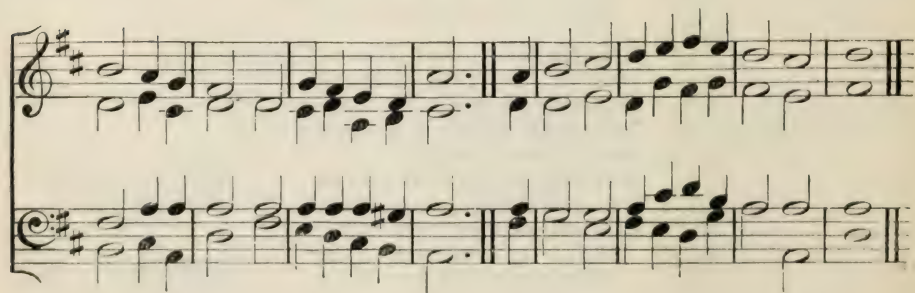
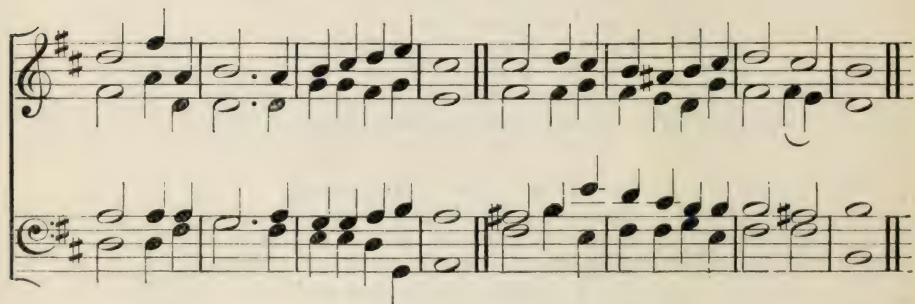
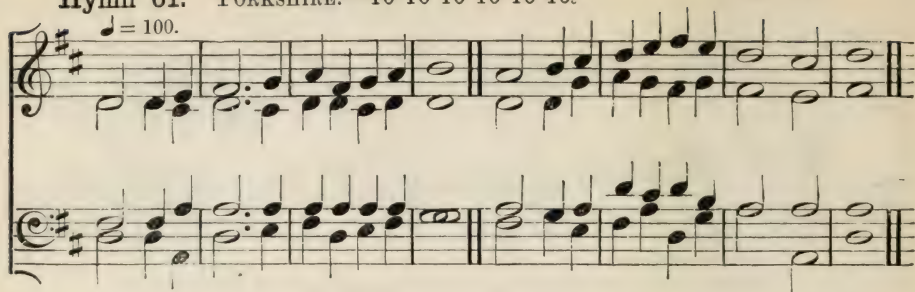
*f* Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!  
 Hail, the Sun of righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.  
*mf* Mild He lays His glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die,  
*cr* Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.  
*ff* Hark! the herald-angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born King.



# Christmas.

Hymn 61. YORKSHIRE.—10 10 10 10 10 10.

$\text{♩} = 100.$





# Christmas.

*"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy."*

*mf* CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of Angels chanted from above;  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

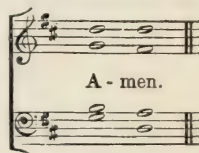
Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the Angelic herald's voice, "Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth:  
This day hath God fulfill'd His promised word,  
This day is born a Saviour, CHRIST the LORD."

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And Heav'n's whole orb with Alleluias rang:  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
*p* Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

*mf* To Bethlehem straight the enlighten'd shepherds ran,  
To see the wonder God had wrought for man,  
And found, with Joseph and the Blessèd Maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:  
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,  
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.

*p* O may we keep and ponder in our mind  
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;  
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,  
From His poor manger to His bitter Cross;  
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

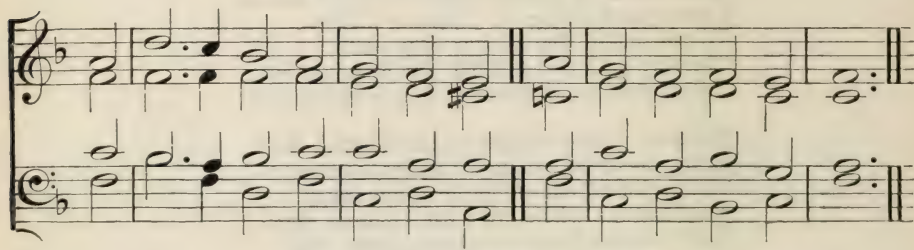
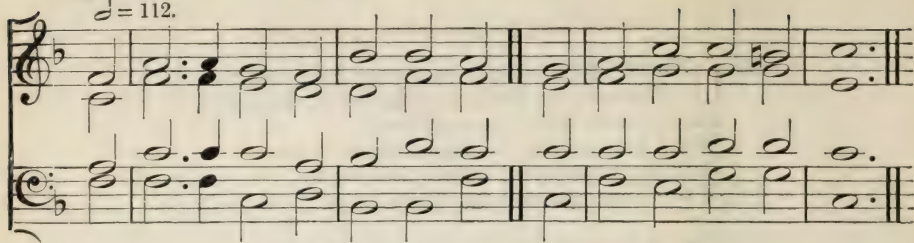
*mf* Then may we hope, the Angelic hosts among,  
To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song:  
He that was born upon this joyful day  
Around us all His glory shall display;  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to Heav'n's Almighty King.



# Christmas.

Hymn 62. WINCHESTER OLD.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 112.$



*"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."*

*mf* WHILE shepherds watch'd their  
flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,  
The Angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

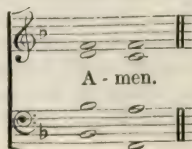
"Fear not," said he; for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind;  
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day  
Is born of David's line  
A Saviour, Who is CHRIST the LORD;  
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view display'd,  
All meanly wrap'd in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appear'd a shining throng  
Of Angels praising God, who thus  
Address'd their joyful song:

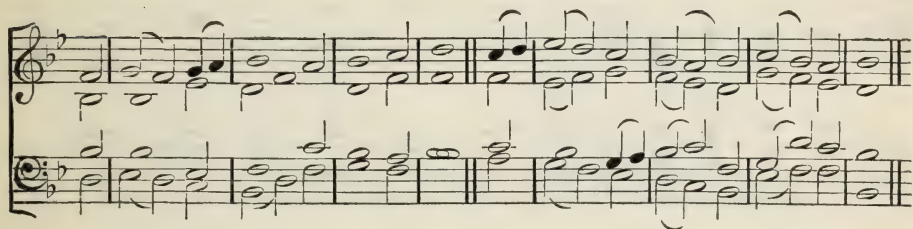
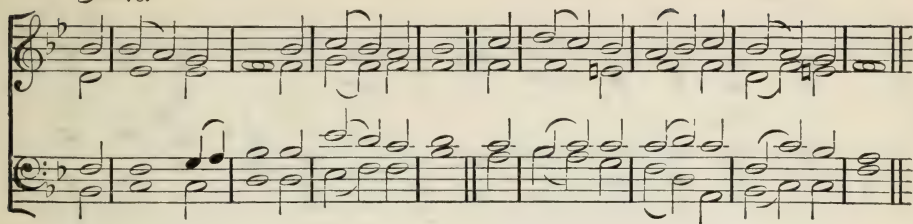
*f* "All glory be to God on high,  
*p* And to the earth be peace;  
*f* Good will henceforth from Heav'n to men  
Begin and never cease."



# Christmas.

Hymn 63. WAREHAM.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"The Lord is our defence."*

FOR A LATE EVENING SERVICE.

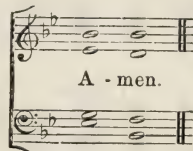
*mf* **O** SAVIOUR, LORD, to Thee we pray,  
Whose love has kept us safe to-day,  
Protect us through the coming night,  
And ever save us by Thy might.

To Thee, Who dost our hearts renew,  
With fervent prayer we humbly sue.  
That pure in thought and free from stain  
We from our beds may rise again.

*p* Be with us now, in mercy nigh,  
And spare Thy servants when they cry;  
Our sins blot out, our prayers receive,  
*cr* Thy light throughout our darkness give.

*f* All praise to God the FATHER be,  
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,  
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore  
For ever and for evermore.

*mf* Let not dull sleep the soul oppress,  
Nor secret foe the heart possess;  
Our flesh keep chaste, that it may be  
A holy temple meet for Thee.



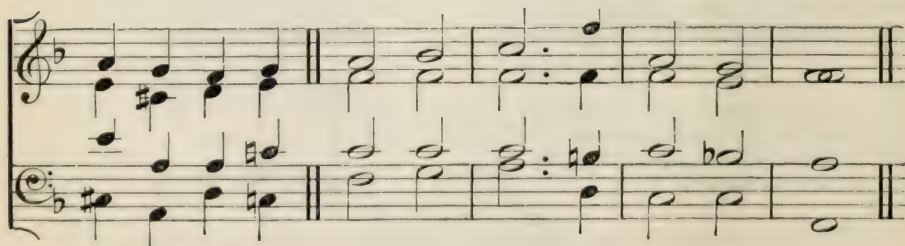
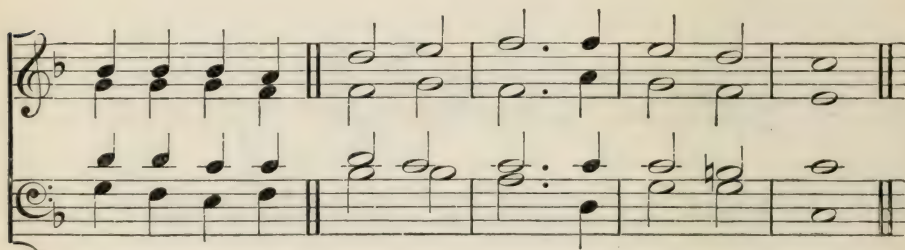
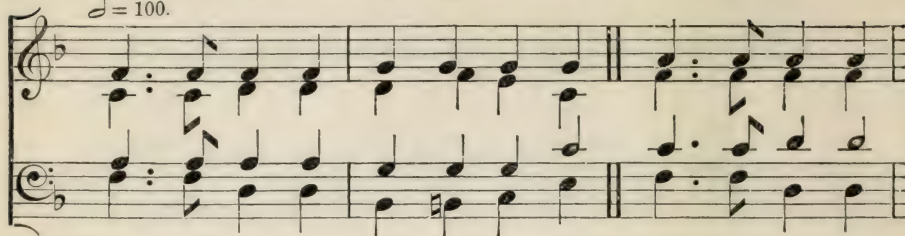
*This Hymn may also be sung on Holy Days, except from Ash Wednesday to Whitsunday.  
Hymn 464 is suitable for this season.*



# St. Stephen's Day.

Hymn 64. HERI MUNDUS EXULTAVIT.—8 8 7 8 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



# St. Stephen's Day.

*"He, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into Heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God."*

*mf* **Y**ESTERDAY, with exultation,  
Join'd the world in celebration  
Of her promised Saviour's birth ;  
Yesterday the Angel-nation  
Pour'd the strains of jubilation  
O'er the Monarch born on earth ;

But to-day o'er death victorious,  
By his faith and actions glorious,  
By his miracles renown'd,  
See the Deacon triumph gaining,  
'Midst the faithless faith sustaining,  
*cr* First of holy Martyrs found.

*f* Onward, champion, falter never,  
Sure of sure reward for ever,  
Holy Stephen, persevere ;  
Perjured witnesses confounding,  
Satan's synagogue astounding  
By thy doctrine true and clear.

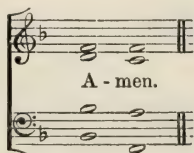
*mf* Thine own Witness is in Heaven,  
True and faithful, to thee given,  
Witness of thy blamelessness :  
By thy name a crown implying,  
Meet it is thou shouldst be dying  
For the crown of righteousness.

For the crown that fadeth never  
Bear the torturer's brief endeavour ;  
Victory waits to end the strife :  
Death shall be thy life's beginning,  
And life's losing be the winning  
Of the true and better life.

Fill'd with God's most Holy SPIRIT,  
See the Heav'n thou shalt inherit,  
Stephen, gaze into the skies :  
There God's glory steadfast viewing,  
Thence thy victor-strength renewing,  
Pant for thy eternal prize.

See, as Jewish foes invade thee,  
See how JESUS stands to aid thee,  
Stands at God's right hand on high :  
Tell how open'd Heav'n is shown thee,  
Tell how JESUS waits to own thee,  
Tell it with thy latest cry.

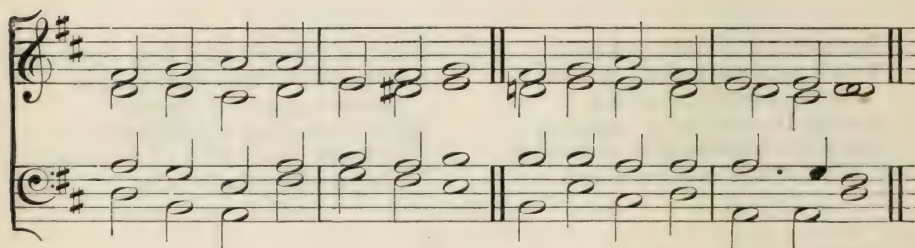
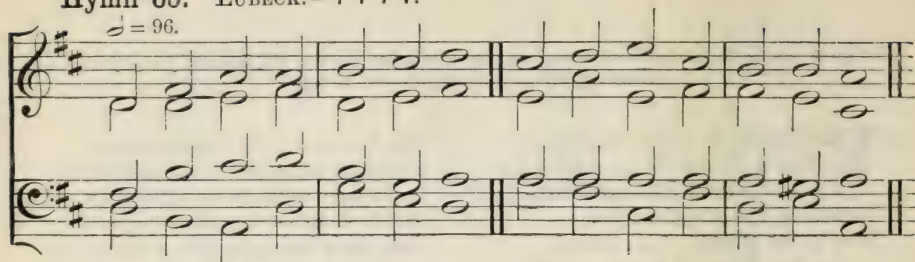
*p* As the dying Martyr kneeleth,  
For his murderers he appealeth,  
For their madness grieving sore ;  
*pp* Then in CHRIST he sleepeth sweetly,  
*cr* And with CHRIST he reigneth meekly,  
*ff* Martyr first-fruits, evermore.



# St. Stephen's Day.

Hymn 65. LÜBECK.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 96.$



*"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."*

*mf* **F**IRST of Martyrs, thou whose name  
Doth thy golden crown proclaim,  
Not of flowers that fade away  
Weave we this thy crown to-day.

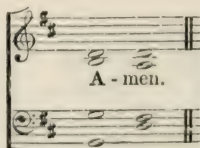
Bright the stones which bruise thee gleam,  
Sprinkled with thy life-blood's stream;  
Stars around thy sainted head  
Never could such radiance shed.

Every wound upon thy brow  
Sparkles with unearthly glow;  
Like an Angel's is thy face  
Beaming with celestial grace.

Oh, how blessèd first to be  
Slain for Him Who bled for thee;  
First like Him in dying hour  
Witness to Almighty power;

First to follow where He trod  
Through the deep Red Sea of blood;  
First, but in thy footsteps press  
Saints and Martyrs numberless.

*f* **G**lory to the FATHER be,  
Glory, VIRGIN-BORN, to Thee,  
Glory to the HOLY GHOST,  
Praised by men and heavenly host.

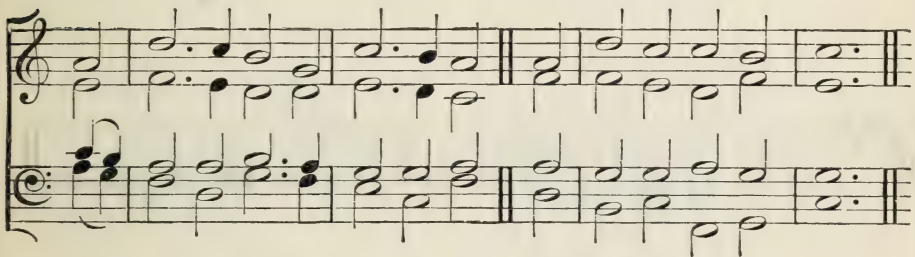
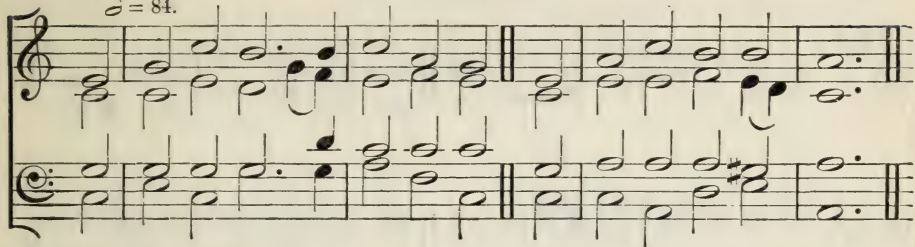




# St. John the Evangelist's Day.

Hymn 66. WHITWELL.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

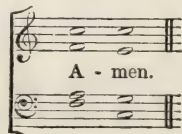


*"That . . . which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life, . . . declare we unto you."*

*mf* **T**HE life, which God's Incarnate WORD *mf* And thence did that angelic love  
Lived here below with men,  
Three blest Evangelists record His inmost spirit fill,  
With Heav'n-inspired pen : Which, once enkindled from above,  
Breathes in his pages still.

John soars on high, beyond the three, *f* **J**ESU, the Virgin's Holy SON,  
To GOD the FATHER's Throne ; We praise Thee and adore,  
And shows in what deep mystery Who art with GOD the FATHER ONE  
The WORD with GOD is ONE. And SPIRIT evermore.

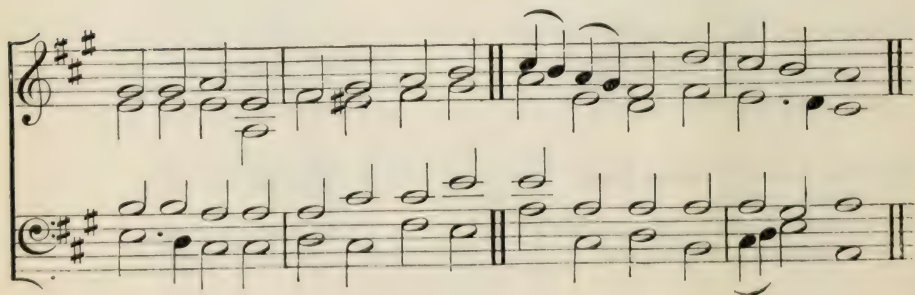
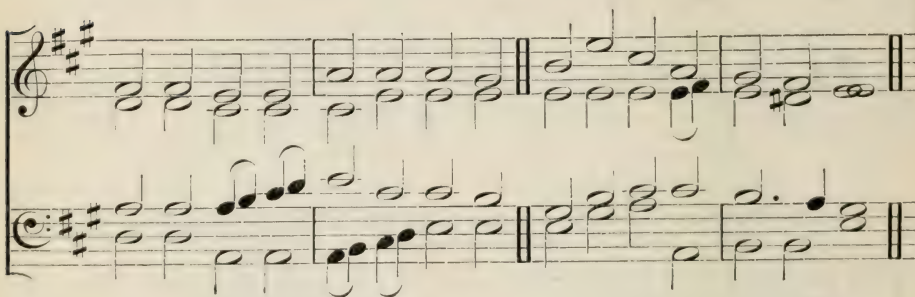
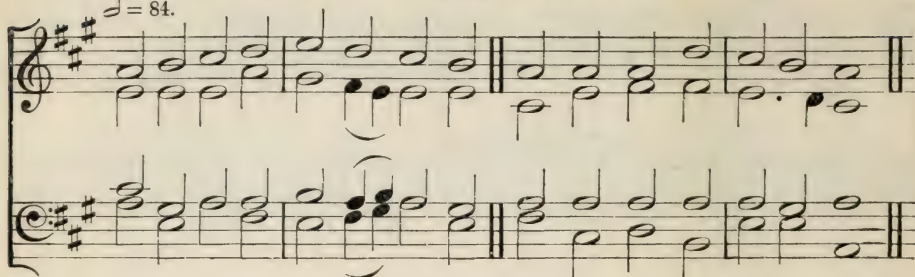
*p* Upon the Saviour's loving Breast  
Invited to recline,  
'Twas thence he drew, in moments blest,  
Rich stores of truth Divine :



# St. John the Evangelist's Day.

Hymn 67. ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN.—8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



# St. John the Evangelist's Day.

*"The disciple whom Jesus loved."*

*mf* **W**ORD Supreme, before creation  
Born of God eternally,  
Who didst will for our salvation  
To be born on earth, and die;  
Well Thy Saints have kept their station,  
Watching till Thine hour drew nigh.

Much he ask'd in loving wonder,  
On Thy Bosom leaning, LORD;  
In that secret place of thunder  
Answer kind didst Thou accord,  
Wisdom for Thy Church to ponder  
Till the day of dread award.

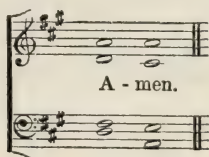
Now 'tis come, and faith espies Thee;  
Like an eaglet in the morn,  
One in steadfast worship eyes Thee,  
Thy beloved, Thy latest born:  
In Thy glory he describes Thee  
Reigning from the Tree of scorn.

Lo! Heav'n's doors lift up, revealing  
How Thy judgments earthward move;  
Scrolls unfolded, trumpets pealing,  
Wine cups from the wrath above;  
*p* Yet o'er all a soft voice stealing—  
"Little children, trust and love!"

*p* He upon Thy Bosom lying  
Thy true tokens learn'd by heart;  
And Thy dearest pledge in dying,  
LORD, Thou didst to him impart;  
Show'dst him how, all grace supplying,  
Blood and water from Thee start.

*f* Thee, the Almighty King Eternal,  
FATHER of the Eternal Word,  
Thee, the FATHER'S WORD Supernal,  
Thee, of Both, the BREATH adored,  
Heaven, and earth, and realms infernal  
Own ONE glorious God and LORD.

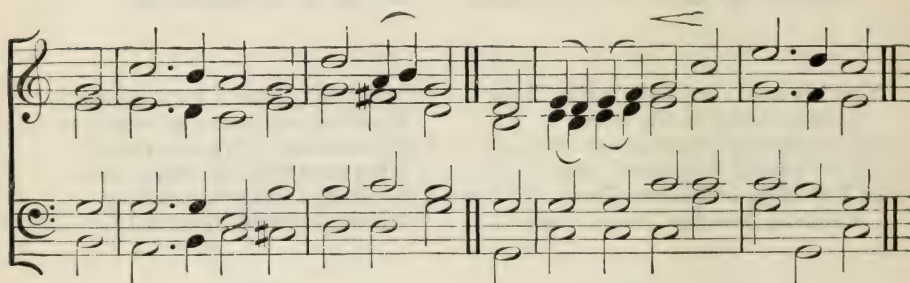
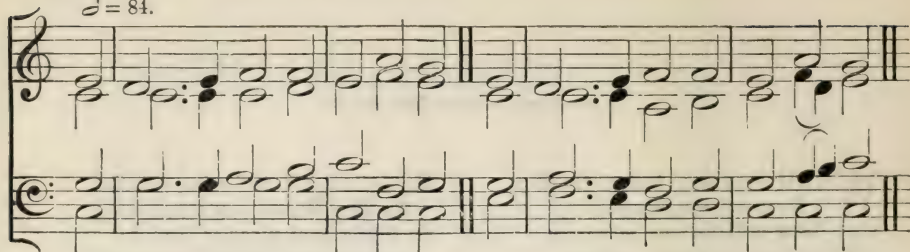
*mf* He first, hoping and believing,  
Did beside the grave adore;  
Latest he, the warfare leaving,  
Landed on the eternal shore;  
And his witness we receiving  
Own Thee LORD for evermore.



# The Innocents' Day.

Hymn 68. SALVETE FLORES.—L.M.

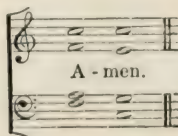
$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"The first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb."*

<i>mf</i>	<b>S</b> WEET flow'rets of the martyr band,		<i>f</i>	Ah! what avail'd King Herod's wrath?
<i>p</i>	So early pluck'd by cruel hand;		<i>cr</i>	He could not stay your Saviour's path:
	Like rosebuds by a tempest torn,		<i>f</i>	The Child he sought alone went free;
	As breaks the light of summer morn;			That Child is King eternally.

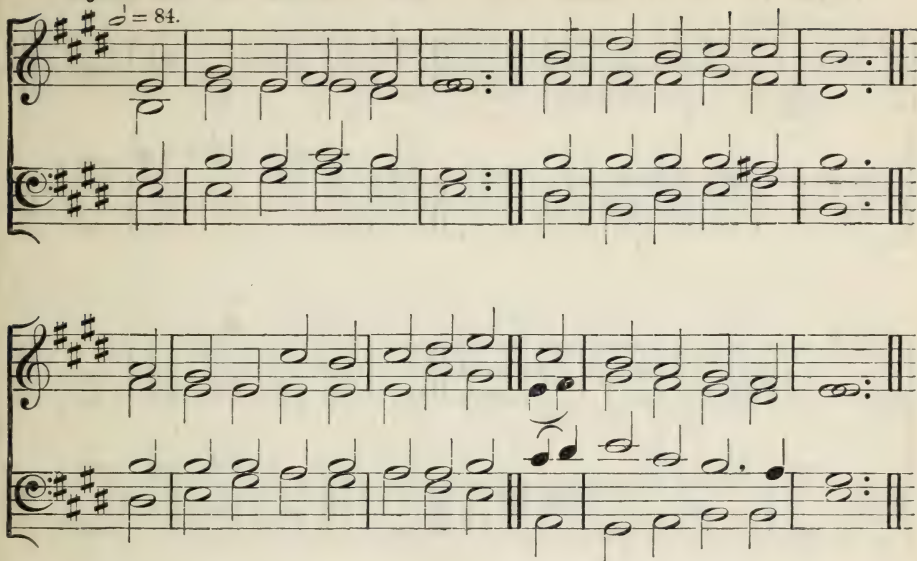
<i>cr</i>	First victims offer'd for the LORD,			O LORD, the Virgin-born, to Thee
<i>mf</i>	Ye little knew your high reward,			Praise, honour, might, and glory be,
	As, at the very altar, gay			Whom with the FATHER we adore
	With palms and crowns ye seem'd to play.			And HOLY GHOST for evermore.





# The Innocents' Day.

Hymn 69. ST. HELENA.—S.M.



*"They are without fault before the throne of God."*

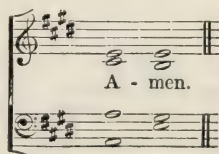
GLORY to Thee, O LORD,  
Who, from this world of sin,  
By cruel Herod's ruthless sword  
Those precious ones didst win.

*p* O that our hearts within,  
Like theirs, were pure and bright;  
O that as free from stain of sin  
We shrank not from Thy sight.

Baptized in their own blood,  
Earth's untried perils o'er,  
They pass'd unconsciously the flood,  
And safely gain'd the shore.

*cr* LORD, help us every hour  
Thy cleansing grace to claim;  
In life to glorify Thy power,  
In death to praise Thy Name.

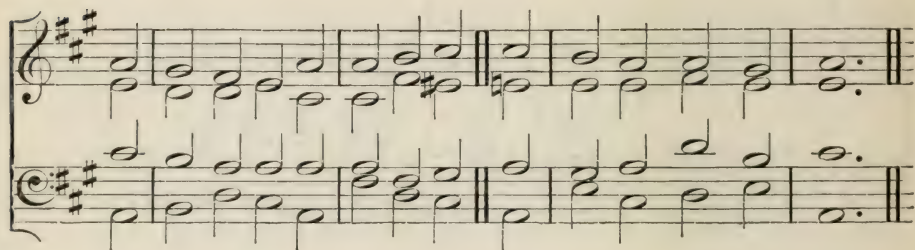
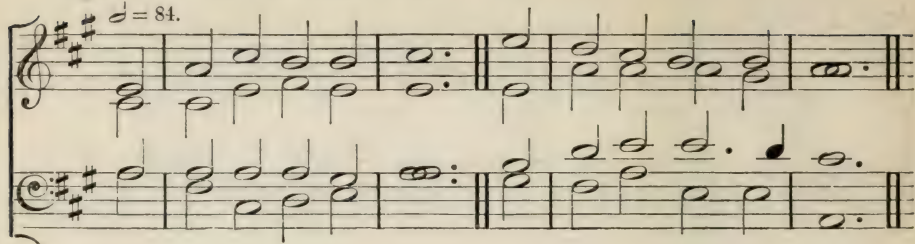
Glory to Thee for all  
The ransom'd infant band,  
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,  
And reach'd the quiet land.



# Circumcision.

Hymn 70. ST. MICHAEL.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"When eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the Child, His Name was called Jesus."*

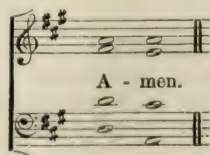
*mf* THE ancient law departs,  
And all its terrors cease;  
For JESUS makes with faithful hearts  
A covenant of peace.

*mf* To-day the Name is Thine  
At which we bend the knee;  
They call Thee JESUS, Child Divine,  
Our JESUS deign to be.

The Light of Light Divine,  
True Brightness undefiled,  
He bears for us the shame of sin,  
A Holy Spotless Child.

*f* All praise, Eternal Son,  
For Thy redeeming love,  
With FATHER, SPIRIT, ever ONE,  
In glorious might above.

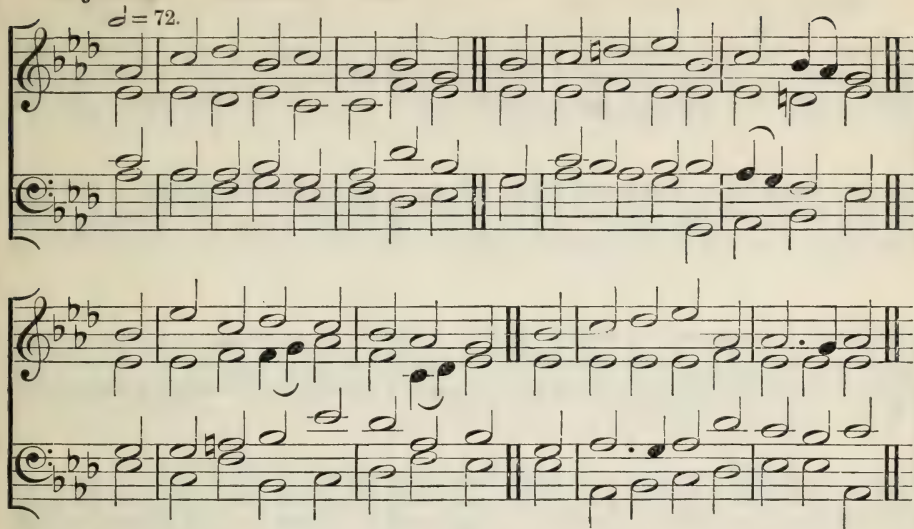
*p* His Infant Body now  
Begins our pain to feel;  
Those precious drops of Blood that flow  
For death the victim seal.



# Circumcision.

Hymn 71. ALFRETON.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



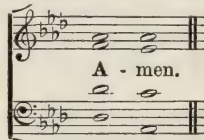
"God sent forth His Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law."

*f* O BLESSÈD day, when first was pour'd *p* The wound He through the Law endures  
 The Blood of our Redeeming LORD! *cr* Our freedom from that Law secures;  
 O blessèd day, when first began Henceforth a holier law prevails,  
 His sufferings borne for sinful man! The law of love which never fails.

*mf* LORD, circumcise our hearts, we pray,  
 And take what is not Thine away;  
 Write Thine own Name within our  
 Thy law upon our inmost parts. [hearts,

*f* O LORD, the Virgin-born, to Thee  
 Eternal praise and glory be,  
 Whom with the FATHER we adore  
 And HOLY GHOST for evermore.

*f* For love of us His woes begin;  
 The Sinless suffers for our sin;  
 The Law's great Maker for our aid  
 Obedient to the Law is made.



The following Hymns are suitable for this Festival:

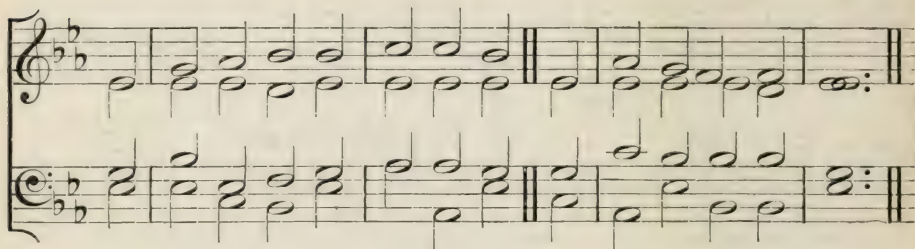
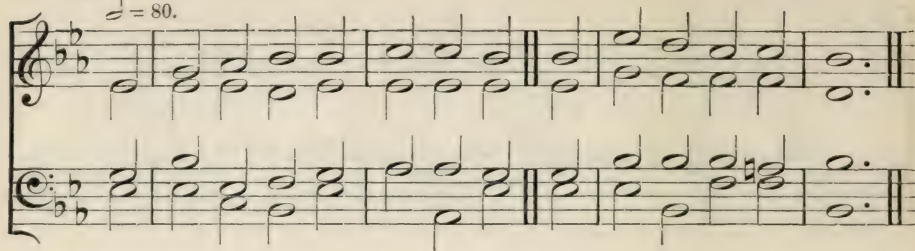
175 Conquering kings their titles take.

179 To the Name of our Salvation.

# New Year's Day.

Hymn 72. TALLIS.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"And now, Lord, what is my hope; truly my hope is even in Thee."*

*mf* THE year is gone, beyond recall,  
With all its hopes and fears,  
With all its bright and gladdening smiles,  
*p* With all its mourners' tears;

*mf* Thy thankful people praise Thee, LORD,  
For countless gifts received;  
And pray for grace to keep the Faith  
Which Saints of old believed.

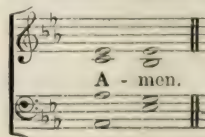
To Thee we come, O gracious LORD,  
The new-born year to bless;  
Defend our land from pestilence;  
Give peace and plenteousness;

Forgive this nation's many sins;  
The growth of vice restrain;  
And help us all with sin to strive.  
And crowns of life to gain.

From evil deeds that stain the past  
We now desire to flee;  
And pray that future years may all  
Be spent, good LORD, for Thee.

O FATHER, let Thy watchful Eye  
Still look on us in love,  
That we may praise Thee, year by year,  
With Angel-hosts above.

*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the SON,  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
While endless ages run,

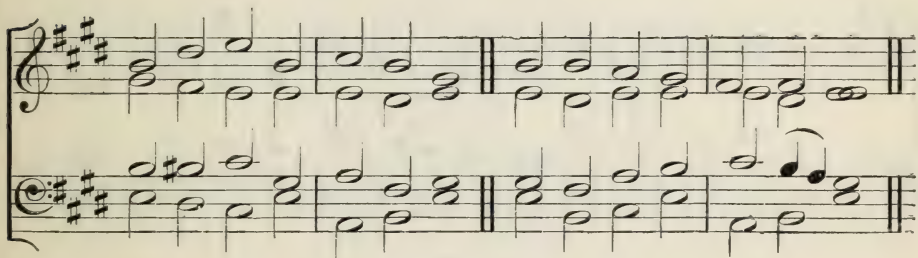
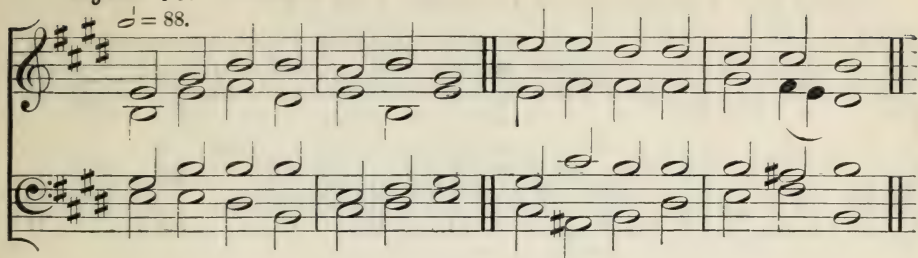




# New Year's Day.

Hymn 73. CULBACH.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



*"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."*

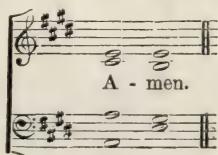
**f** FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Faithful through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness;  
JESU, our Redeemer, hear.

*mf* Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own,  
Help, O help us to endure,  
Fit us for Thy promised crown.

In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our Stay;  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living Way.

**f** So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords and King of kings.

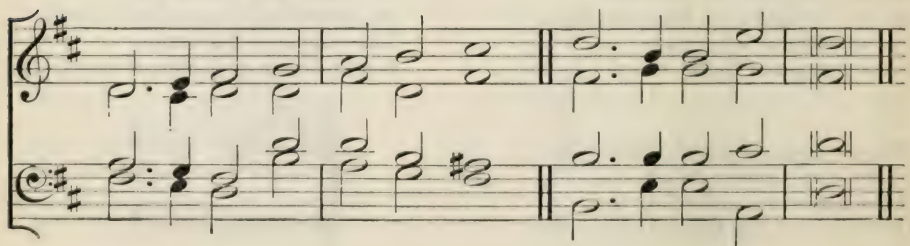
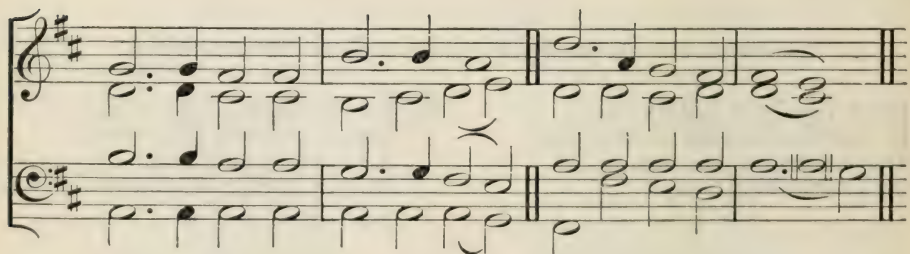
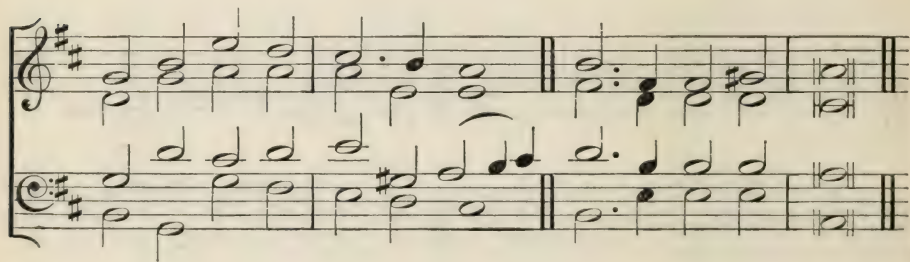
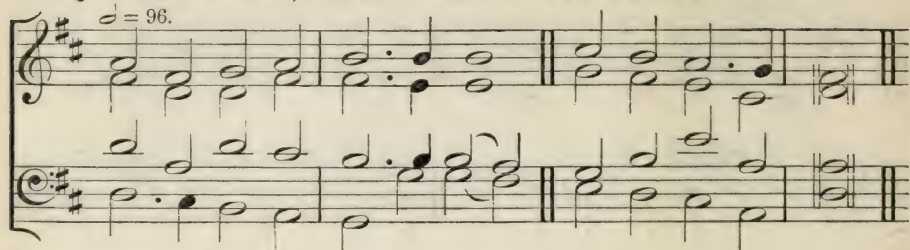
Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread,  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying bed.



# New Year's Day.

Hymn 74. FATHER, LET ME DEDICATE.—7 5 7 5 7 5 7 5.

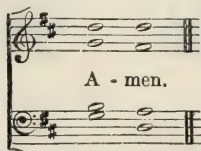
$\text{♩} = 96.$



# Heb Hear's Day.

*"That God in all things may be glorified."*

- mf* **F**ATHER, let me dedicate  
All this year to Thee,  
In whatever worldly state  
Thou wilt have me be :
- p* Not from sorrow, pain, or care,  
Freedom dare I claim ;
- cr* This alone shall be my prayer,  
Glorify Thy Name.
- mf* Can a child presume to choose  
Where or how to live ?  
Can a FATHER's love refuse  
All the best to give ?  
More Thou givest every day  
Than the best can claim,  
Nor withholdest aught that may  
Glorify Thy Name.
- If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
Joys that yet are mine ;  
If on life, serene and fair,  
Brighter rays may shine ;
- f* Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
Thee in all proclaim,  
And, whate'er the future brings,  
Glorify Thy Name.
- p* If Thou callest to the Cross,  
And its shadow come,  
Turning all my gain to loss,  
Shrouding heart and home ;
- cr* Let me think how Thy dear Son  
To His glory came,  
And in deepest woe pray on,  
"Glorify Thy Name."



*The following Hymns are suitable for this day or its eve :*

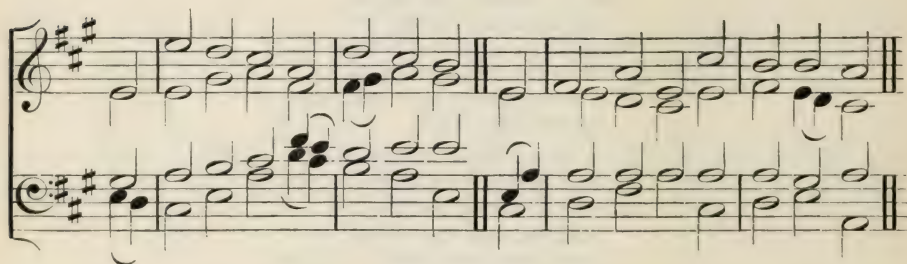
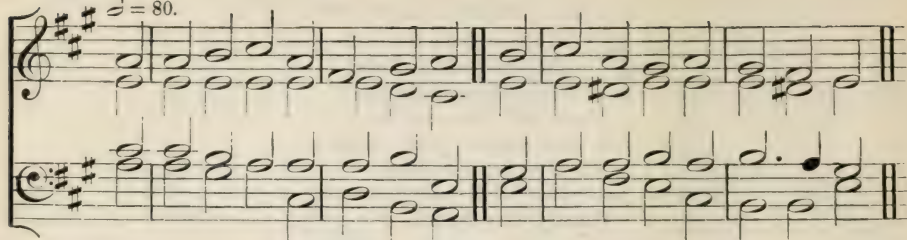
165 O GOD, our help in ages past.  
205 Thou Judge of quick and dead.

288 A few more years shall roll.  
289 Days and moments quickly flying.

# Epiphany.

Hymn 75. ELY.—L. M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"The Life was manifested, and we have seen it."*

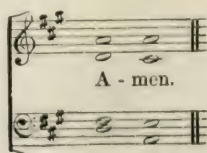
*mf* **H**OW vain the cruel Herod's fear,  
When told that CHRIST the King is  
He takes not earthly realms away, [near!  
Who gives the realms that ne'er decay.

And oh, what miracle Divine,  
When water redden'd into wine!  
He spake the word, and forth it flow'd  
In streams that nature ne'er bestow'd.

The Eastern sages saw from far  
And follow'd on His guiding star;  
By light their way to Light they trod,  
And by their gifts confess'd their God.

*f* All glory, JESU, be to Thee  
For this Thy glad Epiphany:  
Whom with the FATHER we adore  
And HOLY GHOST for evermore.

Within the Jordan's sacred flood  
The heavenly LAMB in meekness stood,  
That He, to Whom no sin was known,  
Might cleanse His people from their own.

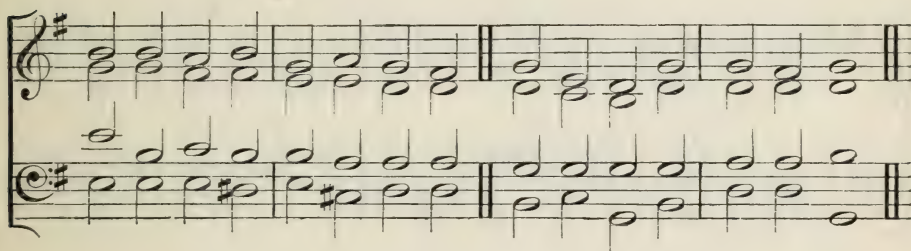
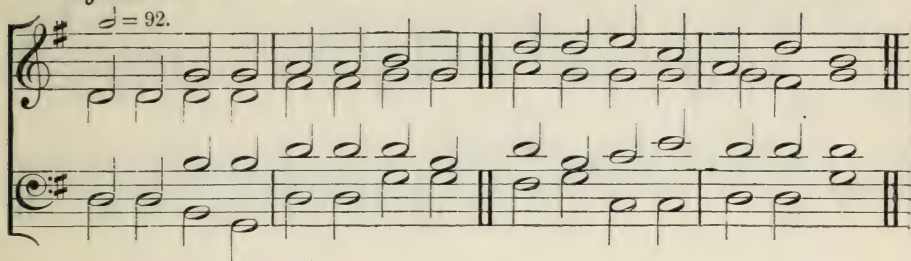




# Epiphany.

Hymn 76. STUTTGART.—8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda; for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule My people Israel."*

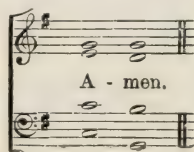
*f* **E**ARTH has many a noble city;  
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel:  
Out of thee the Lord from Heaven  
Came to rule His Israel.

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:  
Incense doth their God disclose,  
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,  
*p* Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told His birth,  
To the world its God announcing  
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

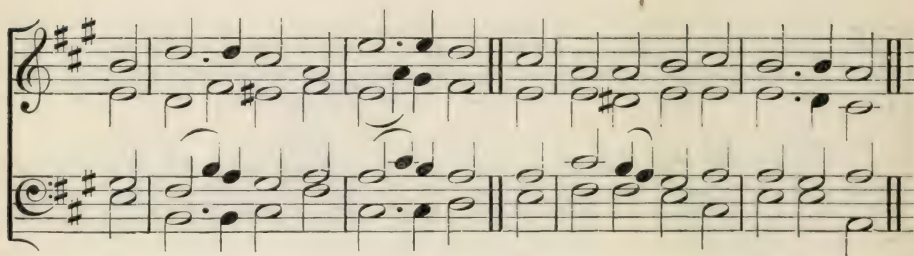
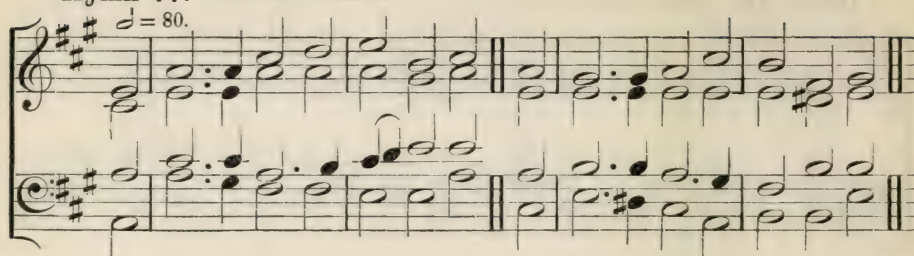
*f* **JESU**, Whom the Gentiles worshipp'd  
At Thy glad Epiphany,  
Unto Thee, with God the FATHER  
And the SPIRIT, glory be.

Eastern sages at His cradle  
Make oblations rich and rare;  
See them give, in deep devotion,  
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.



# Epiphany.

Hymn 77. SYDNEY.—L.M.



*"We have seen His star in the east."*

*f* **W**HAT star is this, with beams so bright,  
More beauteous than the noonday  
It shines to herald forth the King, [light?  
And Gentiles to His cradle bring.

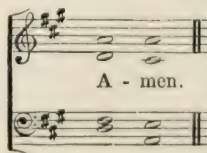
*mf* See now fulfill'd what God decreed,  
"From Jacob shall a star proceed;"  
And Eastern sages with amaze  
Upon the wondrous vision gaze.

The guiding star above is bright;  
Within them shines a clearer light,  
Which leads them on with power benign  
To seek the Giver of the sign.

True love can brook no dull delay;  
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way:  
Home, kindred, fatherland, and all  
They leave at their Creator's call.

*p* O JESU, while the star of grace  
Allures us now to seek Thy Face,  
Let not our slothful hearts refuse  
The guidance of that light to use.

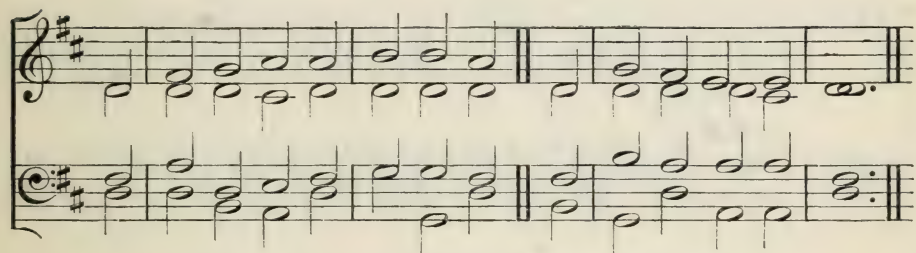
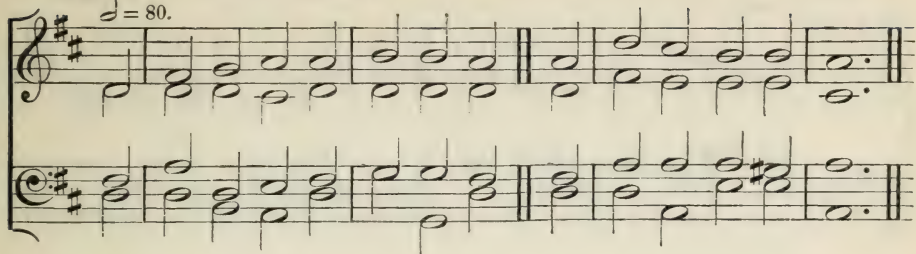
*f* All glory, JESU, be to Thee  
For this Thy glad Epiphany,  
Whom with the FATHER we adore  
And HOLY GHOST for evermore.



# Epiphany.

Hymn 78. TALLIS.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them"*

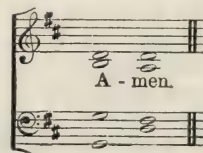
*mf* **T**HE Heav'nly Child in stature grows,  
*p* And, growing, learns to die;  
And still His early training shows  
His coming agony.

*mf* He, Whom the choirs of Angels praise  
Bearing each dread decree,  
His earthly parents now obeys  
*p* In deep humility.

*mf* The Son of God His glory hides  
With parents mean and poor;  
And He, Who made the heavens, abides  
*p* In dwelling-place obscure.

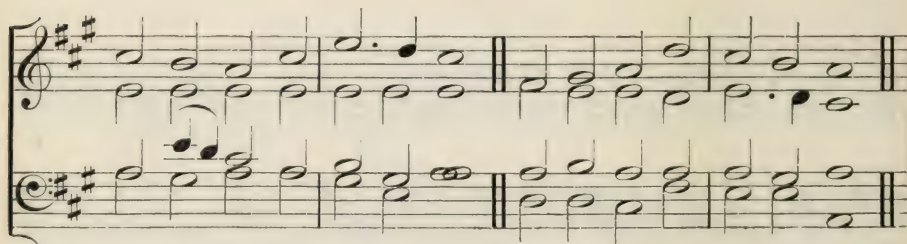
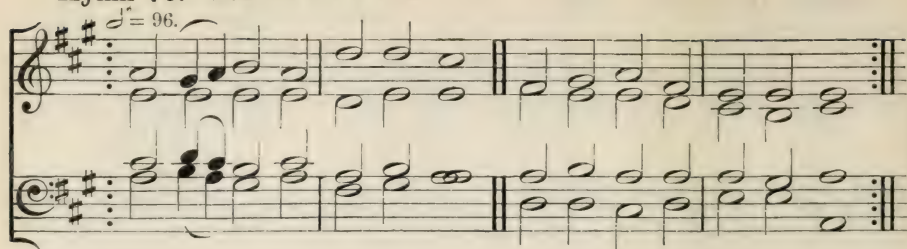
*mf* For this Thy lowliness reveal'd,  
JESU, we Thee adore;  
*f* And praise to God the FATHER yield  
AND SPIRIT evermore.

*mf* Those mighty Hands that rule the sky  
No earthly toil refuse;  
The Maker of the stars on high  
*p* An humble trade pursues.



# Epiphany.

Hymn 79. DIX.—7 7 7 7 7 7.



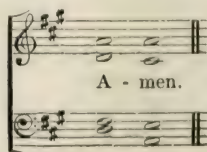
“ When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.”

*f* **A**S with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold,  
As with joy they hail'd its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright ;  
So, most gracious LORD, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.

*mf* As with joyful steps they sped,  
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Thee Whom Heav'n and earth adore :  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offer'd gifts most rare  
At Thy cradle rude and bare ;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
CHRIST, to Thee our heavenly King.

*p* Holy JESUS, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way ;  
*cr* And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransom'd souls at last  
*mf* Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.  
*f* In the Heav'nly country bright  
Need they no created light ;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down ;  
*ff* There for ever may we sing  
Alleluia to our King.

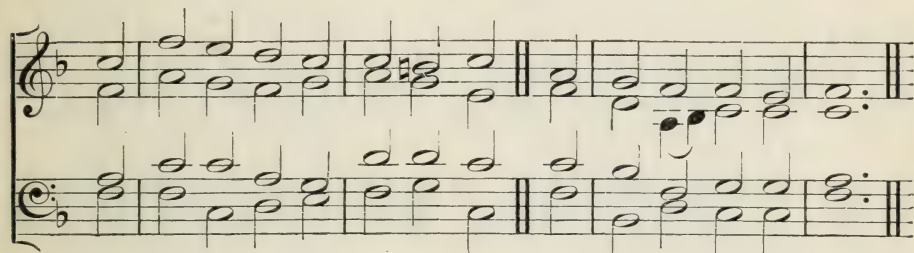
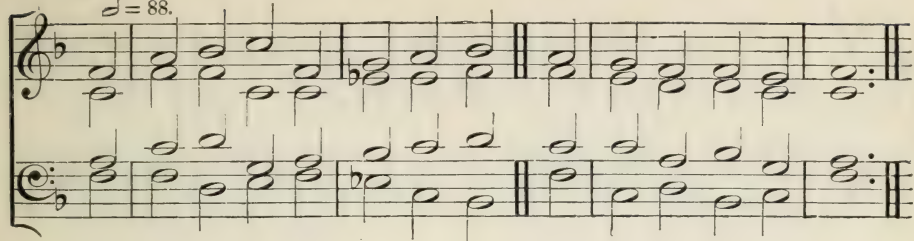




# Epiphany.

Hymn 80. DUNDEE.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



*"The people which sat in darkness saw great light."*

*mf* **T**HE people that in darkness sat  
A glorious light have seen ;  
The Light has shined on them who long  
In shades of death have been.

*f* To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,  
The gathering nations come ;  
They joy as when the reapers bear  
Their harvest treasures home.

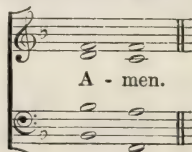
For Thou their burden dost remove,  
And break the tyrant's rod,  
As in the day when Midian fell  
Before the sword of God.

For unto us a Child is born,  
To us a Son is given,  
And on His Shoulder ever rests  
All power in earth and heaven.

His Name shall be the Prince of peace,  
The Everlasting LORD,  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The God by all adored.

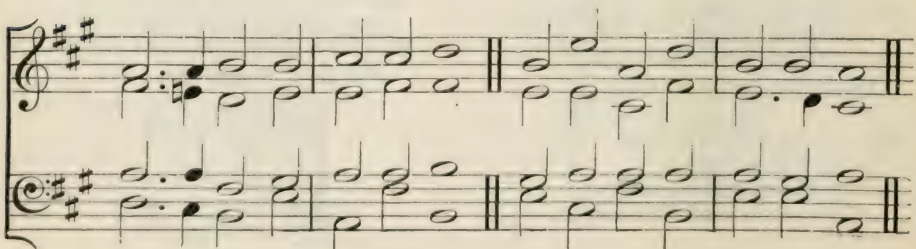
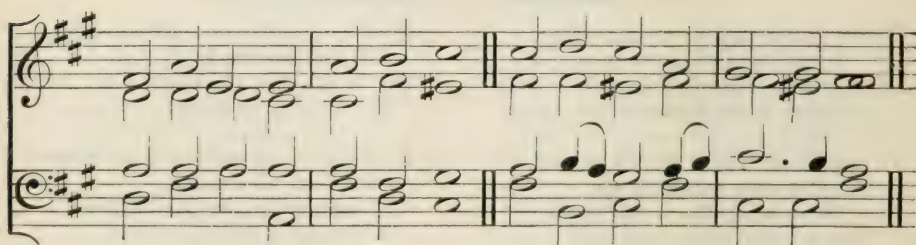
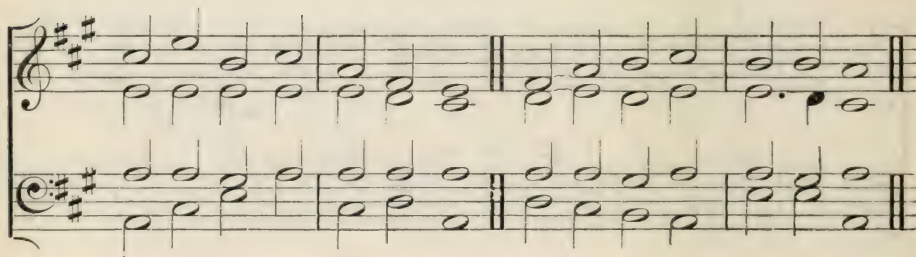
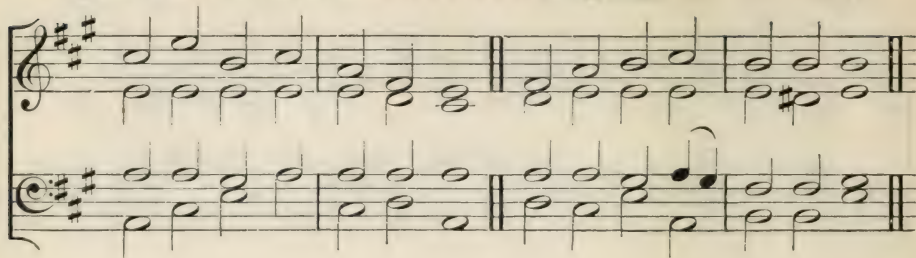
His righteous government and power  
Shall over all extend ;  
On judgment and on justice based,  
His reign shall have no end.

*mf* LORD JESUS, reign in us, we pray,  
And make us Thine alone,  
*f* Who with the FATHER ever art  
And HOLY SPIRIT ONE.



# Epiphany,

Hymn 81. ST. EDMUND.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7.  $\text{♩} = 92$ .



# Epiphany.

*"The Son of God was manifested."*

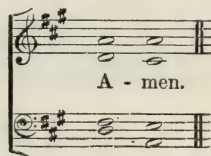
*mf* **S**ONGS of thankfulness and praise,  
**J**ESU, LORD, to Thee we raise,  
 Manifest by the star  
 To the Sages from afar;  
 Branch of royal David's stem  
 In Thy Birth at Bethlehem;  
*f* Anthems be to Thee address,  
 God in Man made manifest.

*p* Sun and Moon shall darken'd be,  
 Stars shall fall, the heavens shall flee;  
*cr* CHRIST will then like lightning shine,  
*mf* All will see His glorious Sign;  
 All will then the trumpet hear,  
 All will see the Judge appear;  
*f* Thou by all wilt be confest,  
 God in Man made manifest.

*mf* Manifest at Jordan's stream,  
 Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;  
 And at Cana wedding-guest  
 In Thy Godhead manifest;  
 Manifest in power Divine,  
 Changing water into wine;  
*f* Anthems be to Thee address,  
 God in Man made manifest.

*mf* Grant us grace to see Thee, LORD,  
 Mirror'd in Thy holy Word;  
 May we imitate Thee now,  
 And be pure, as pure art Thou;  
 That we like to Thee may be  
 At Thy great Epiphany;  
*f* And may praise Thee, ever Blest,  
 God in Man made manifest.

*mf* Manifest in making whole  
 Palsied limbs and fainting soul;  
 Manifest in valiant fight,  
 Quelling all the devil's might;  
 Manifest in gracious will,  
 Ever bringing good from ill;  
*f* Anthems be to Thee address,  
 God in Man made manifest.



*From the Octave of the Epiphany to Septuagesima General Hymns may be sung; especially*

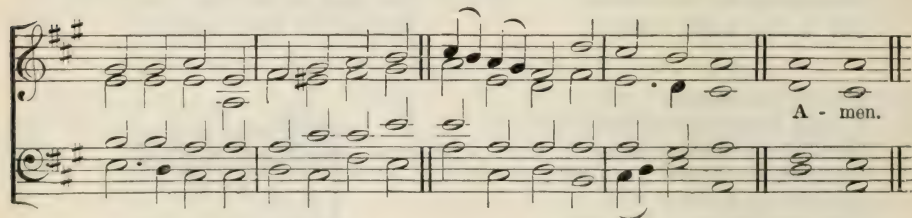
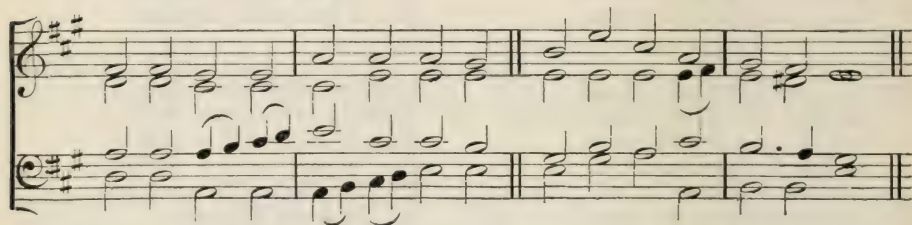
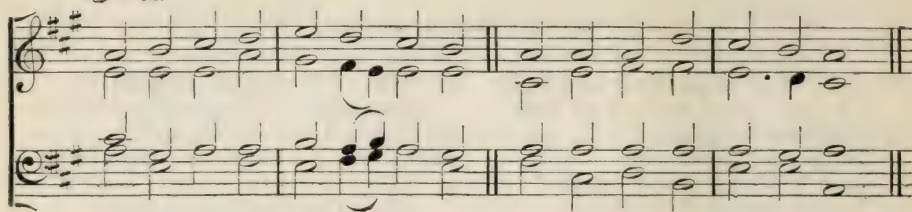
173 O Love, how deep! how broad! how high!  
 177 JESU! the very thought is sweet.  
 178 JESU, the very thought of Thee.

218 GOD of mercy, GOD of grace.  
 219 Hail to the LORD's Anointed.  
 220 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun.

# For the Week before Septuagesima,

Hymn 82. ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN.—8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*“And again they said, Alleluia.”*

*f* **A** LLELUIA, song of sweetness,  
Voice of joy that cannot die;  
ALLELUIA is the anthem  
Ever dear to choirs on high;  
In the house of God abiding  
Thus they sing eternally.

ALLELUIA thou resoundest,  
True Jerusalem and free;  
ALLELUIA, joyful Mother,  
All thy children sing with thee;  
*p* But by Babylon's sad waters  
Mourning exiles now are we.

ALLELUIA cannot always  
Be our song while here below;  
ALLELUIA our transgressions  
Make us for awhile forego;  
For the solemn time is coming  
When our tears for sin must flow.

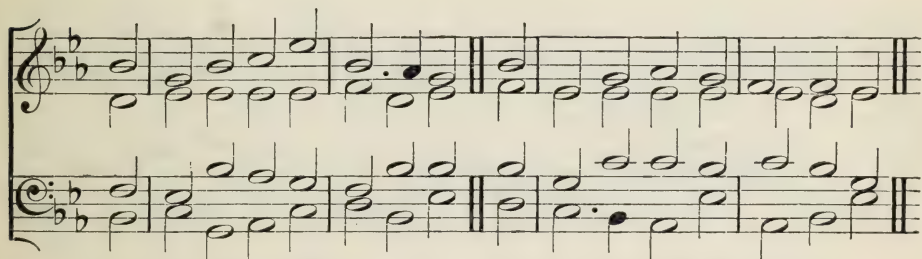
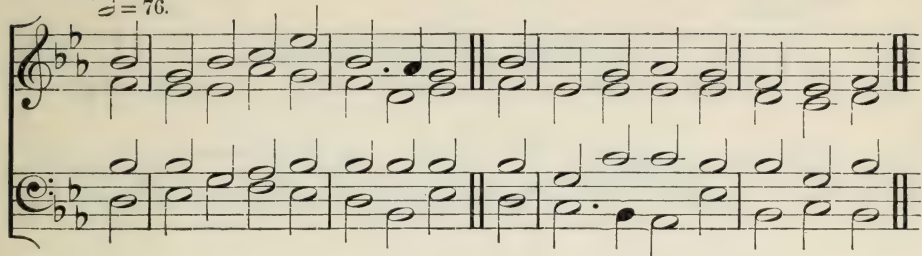
*mf* Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,  
Grant us, Blessed TRINITY,  
At the last to keep Thine Easter  
In our Home beyond the sky;  
*f* There to Thee for ever singing  
ALLELUIA joyfully.



# Septuagesima,

Hymn 83. ST. GREGORY.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"*

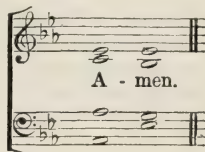
*f* CREATOR of the world, to Thee  
An endless rest of joy belongs;  
And heavenly choirs are ever free  
To sing on high their festal songs.

But, weeping, grant us faith to rest  
In hope upon Thy loving care;  
*cr* Till Thou restore us, with the blest,  
*mf* Their songs of praise in Heav'n to share.

But we are fallen creatures here,  
Where pain and sorrow daily come;  
And how can we in exile drear  
Sing out, as they, sweet songs of Home?

*f* TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom Heav'n and earth adore,  
From men and from the Angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore.

*f* O FATHER, Who dost promise still  
That they who mourn shall blessed be,  
Grant us to weep for deeds of ill  
That banish us so long from Thee:



*From Septuagesima Sunday to Lent the Hymns for Sunday and the other days of the week should be sung; and the following Hymns are also suitable:*

162 Have mercy on us, GOD most High.

172 Praise to the Holiest in the height.

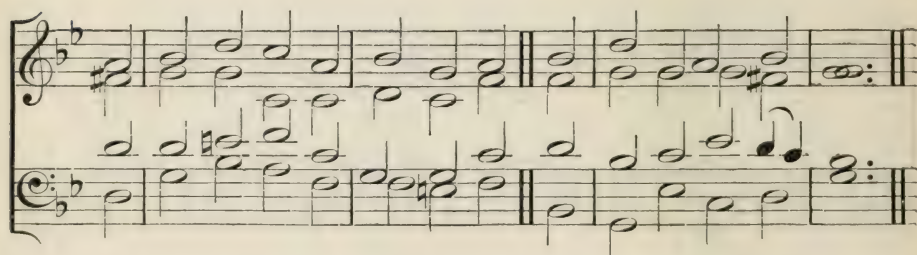
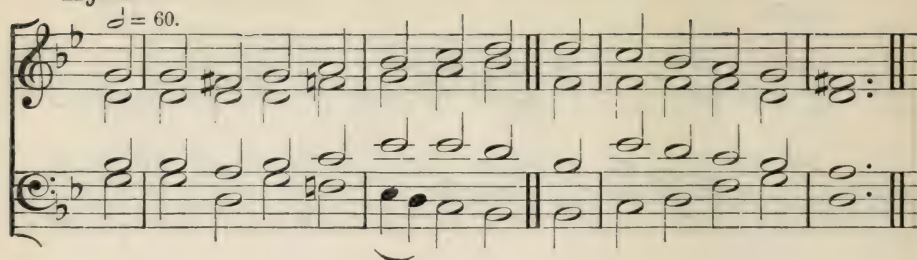
168 There is a book, who runs may read.

210 GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST.

262 Great Mover of all hearts.

# Lent.

## Hymn 84. HEREFORD.—C.M.



*"Rend your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God."*

*p* **O**NCE more the solemn season calls  
A holy fast to keep;  
And now within the temple walls  
Let priest and people weep.

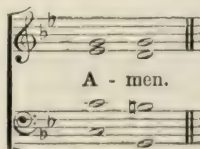
*mf* But vain all outward sign of grief,  
And vain the form of prayer,  
Unless the heart implore relief,  
And penitence be there.

We smite the breast, we weep in vain,  
In vain in ashes mourn,  
Unless with penitential pain  
The smitten soul be torn.

*p* In sorrow true then let us pray  
To our offended God,  
From us to turn His wrath away,  
And stay the uplifted rod.

O God, our Judge and Father, deign  
To spare the bruised reed;  
We pray for time to turn again,  
For grace to turn indeed.

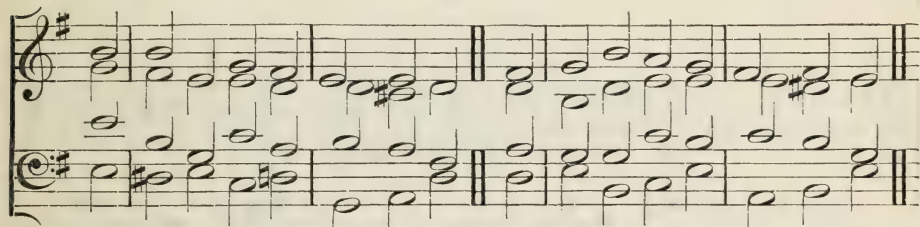
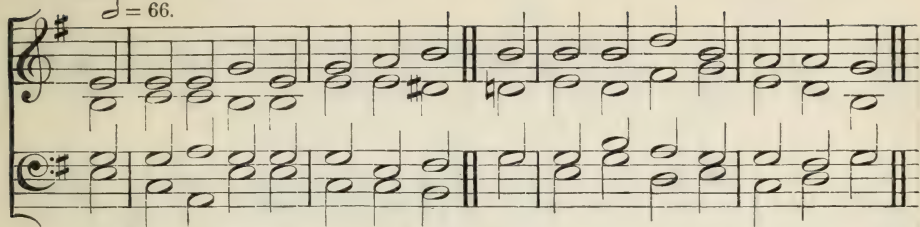
*mf* Blest THREE in ONE, to Thee we bow;  
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,  
To gather from these fasts below  
Immortal fruit above.



# Lent.

## Hymn 85. SAXONY.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 66.$



*"Now, saith the Lord, turn ye even to Me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning."*

*mf* **BY** precepts taught of ages past,  
Now let us keep again the fast  
Which, year by year, in order meet  
Of forty days is made complete.

The law and seers that were of old  
In divers ways this Lent foretold,  
Which **CHRIST** Himself, the **LORD** and Guide  
Of every season, sanctified.

More sparing therefore let us make  
The words we speak, the food we take,  
Deny ourselves in mirth and sleep,  
In stricter watch our senses keep.

In prayer together let us fall,  
And cry for mercy, one and all;  
And weep before the Judge, and say,

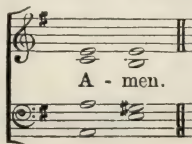
*p* O turn from us Thy wrath away.

Thy grace have we offended sore  
By sins, O God, which we deplore;  
Pour down upon us from above  
The riches of Thy pardoning love.

Remember, **LORD**, though frail we be,  
That yet Thine handiwork are we:  
Nor let the honour of Thy Name  
Be by another put to shame.

Forgive the ill that we have wrought,  
Increase the good that we have sought;  
That we at length, our wanderings o'er,  
May please Thee now and evermore.

*mf* **Blest THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,**  
**Almighty GOD,** we pray to Thee,  
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless  
Our fast with fruits of righteousness.

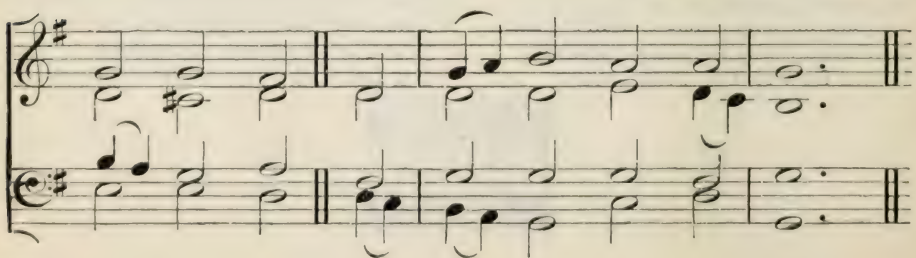
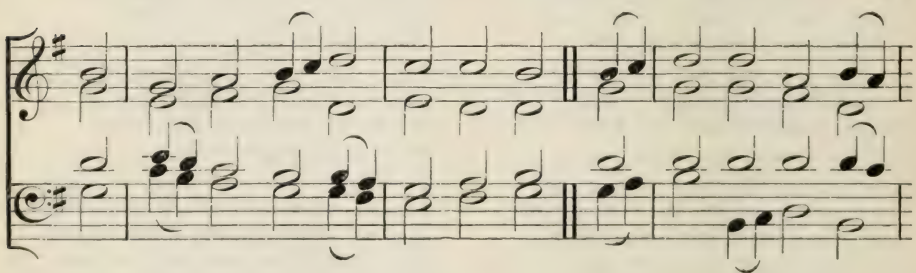
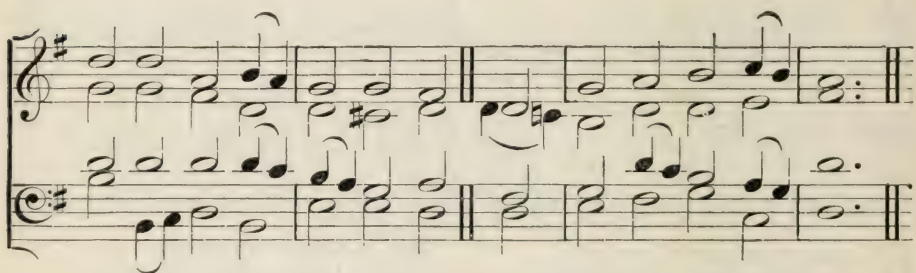
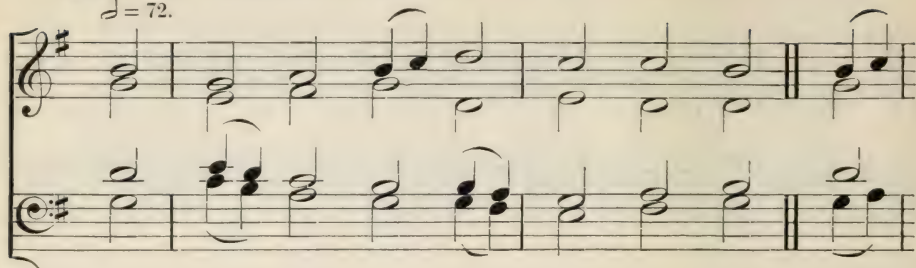


A - men.

# Vent.

Hymn 86. INNSBRUCK.—8 8 6 8 8 6.

♩ = 72.





# Vent.

*"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."*

*mf* **O** THOU Who dost to man accord  
His highest prize, his best reward,  
Thou Hope of all our race;  
JESU, to Thee we now draw near,  
Our earnest supplications hear,  
Who humbly seek Thy Face.

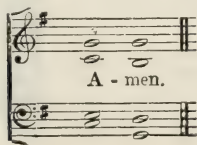
*p* With self-accusing voice within  
Our conscience tells of many a sin  
In thought, and word, and deed:  
*cr* O cleanse that conscience from all stain,  
The penitent restore again,  
From every burthen freed.

*mf* If Thou reject us, who shall give  
Our fainting spirits strength to live?  
'Tis Thine alone to spare;  
With cleansèd hearts to pray aright,  
And find acceptance in Thy sight,  
Be this our lowly prayer.

'Tis Thou hast bless'd this solemn fast;  
So may its days by us be pass'd  
In self-control severe,

*cr* That, when our Easter morn we hail,  
Its mystic feast we may not fail  
To keep with conscience clear.

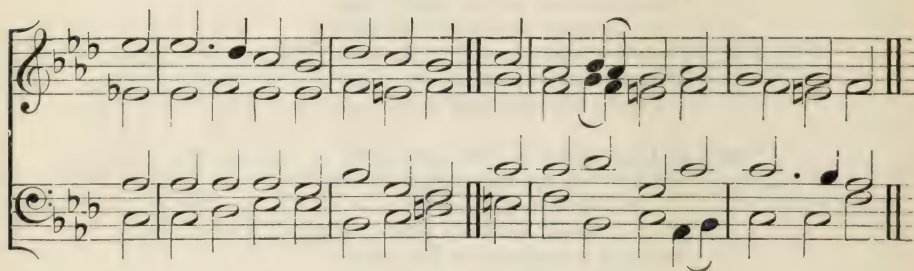
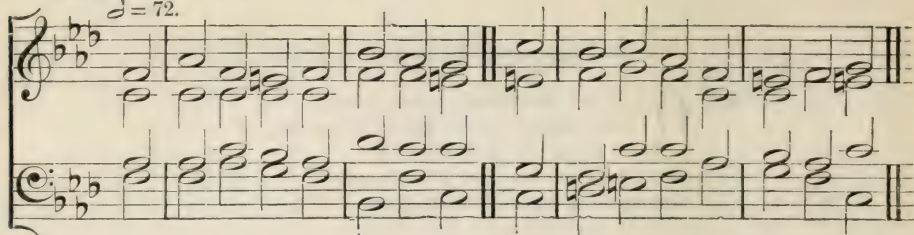
*mf* O Blessèd TRINITY, bestow  
Thy pardoning grace on us below,  
And shield us evermore;  
*cr* Until, within Thy courts above,  
We see Thy Face, and sing Thy love,  
And with Thy Saints adore.



# Cent.

## Hymn 87. FORD.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



*"O deliver us, and be merciful unto our sins, for Thy Name's sake."*

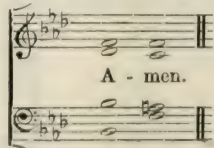
*p* **O** MERCIFUL CREATOR, hear;  
In tender pity bow Thine ear:  
Accept the tearful prayer we raise  
In this our fast of forty days.

Grant us to mortify each sense  
By means of outward abstinence,  
That so from every stain of sin  
The soul may keep her fast within.

*c<sup>r</sup>* Each heart is manifest to Thee;  
Thou knowest our infirmity:  
Repentant now we seek Thy Face;  
Impart to us Thy pardoning grace.

*mf* Blest THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,  
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,  
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless  
Our fast with fruits of righteousness.

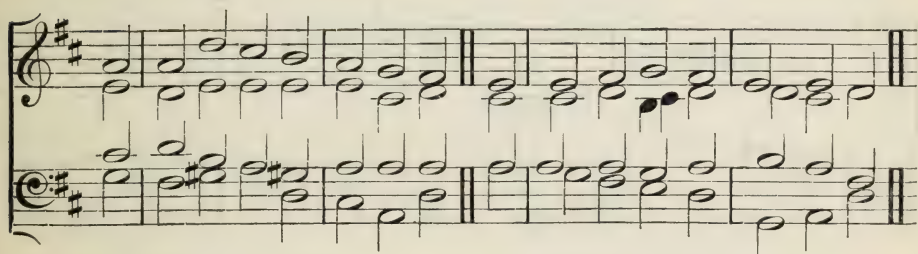
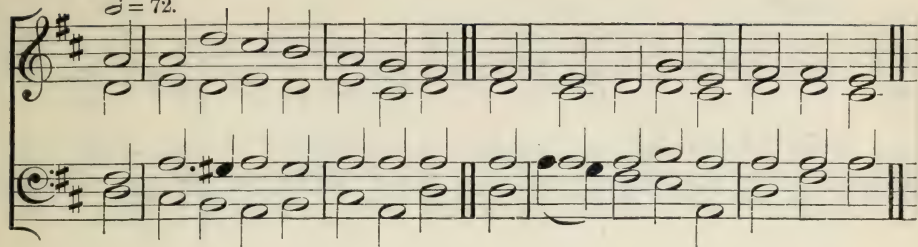
*p* Our sins are manifold and sore,  
But spare Thou them who sin deplore;  
And for Thine own Name's sake make whole  
The fainting and the weary soul.



# Pent.

## Hymn 88. WEIMAR.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



*“Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.”*

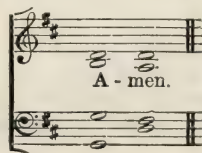
*mf* **L**O! now is our accepted day,  
The time for purging sins away,  
The sins of thought, and deed, and word,  
That we have done against the LORD.

*mf* That He may all our sins efface,  
Adorn us with the gifts of grace,  
And join us to the Angel band  
For ever in the heavenly land.

For He the Merciful and True  
Hath spared His people hitherto;  
Not willing that the soul should die,  
Though great its past iniquity.

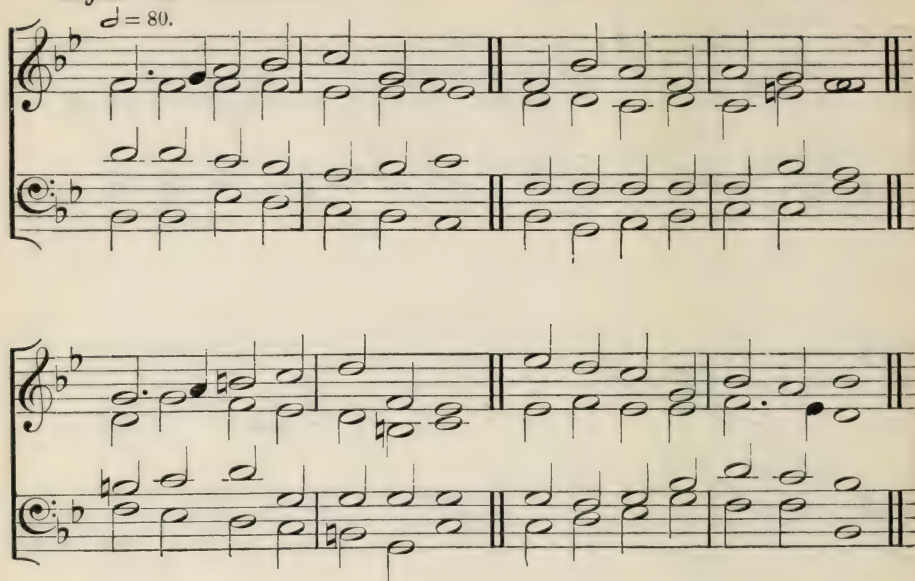
Blest THREE in ONE and ONE in THREE,  
Almighty God, we pray to Thee, [bless  
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to  
Our fast with fruits of righteousness.

Then let us all with earnest care,  
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,  
And works of mercy and of love,  
Entreat for pardon from above;



# Lent.

## Hymn 89. JEJUNIA.—7 7 7 7.



*“ Then shall they fast in those days.”*

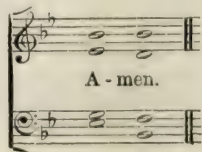
*mf* **G**OOD it is to keep the fast  
Shadow'd forth in ages past,  
Which our own Almighty LORD  
Hallow'd by His deed and word.

Moses, while he fasted, saw  
God Who gave by him the Law ;  
To Elijah Angels came,  
Steeds of fire and car of flame.

So was Daniel meet to gaze  
On the sight of latter days,  
And the Baptist to proclaim  
Blessings through the Bridegroom's Name.

*p* Grant us, LORD, like them to be  
Oft in prayer and fast with Thee ;  
*cr* Fill us with Thy heavenly might,  
Be our joy and true delight.

*p* FATHER, hear us, through Thy SON,  
And the SPIRIT, with Thee ONE,  
*cr* Whom our thankful hearts adore  
Ever and for evermore.

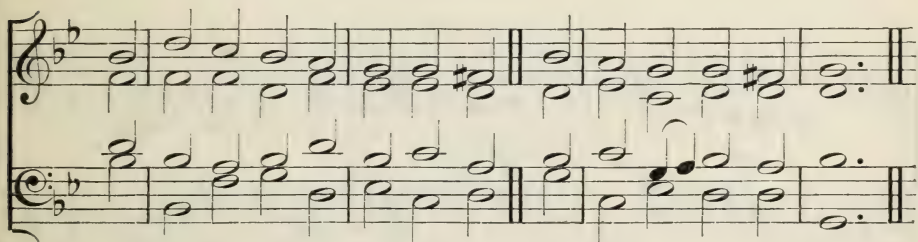
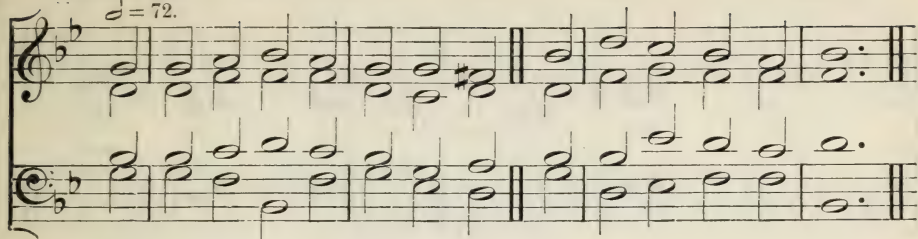




# Lent.

## Hymn 90. WINDSOR.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



"I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days, and fasted, and prayed before the God of heaven."

**J**ESU, our Lenten fast of Thee  
We duteous learn to keep,  
A healing time, by Thy decree,  
For all Thy wounded sheep.

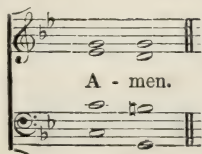
A time in which towards Paradise,  
Once lost by carnal sense,  
The souls redeem'd by Thee may rise  
Through chastening abstinence.

Now with Thy Church be present, LORD,  
In all Thy saving grace,  
And hear us as with one accord,  
Mourning, we seek Thy Face.

Most Merciful, forgive the past,  
The sins which we deplore;  
Thy sheltering arms around us cast,  
That we may sin no more.

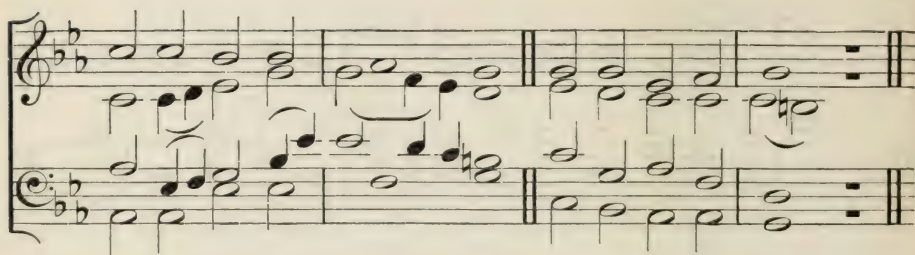
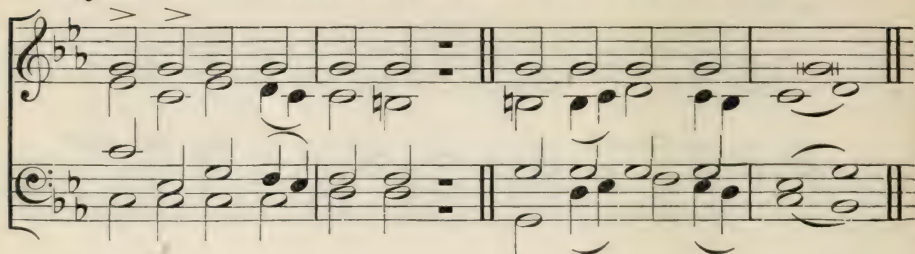
*mf* To Thee our sacrifice we bring  
Of Lenten fast and prayer,  
*cr* Till, cleansed by Thee, our God and King  
*f* Thy Paschal joy we share.

*mf* Grant this, O FATHER, through Thy Son,  
And through the SPIRIT Blest,  
Who art with Them for ever ONE,  
Eternally confest.



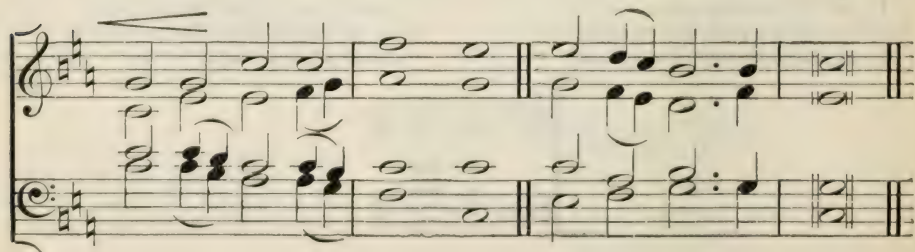
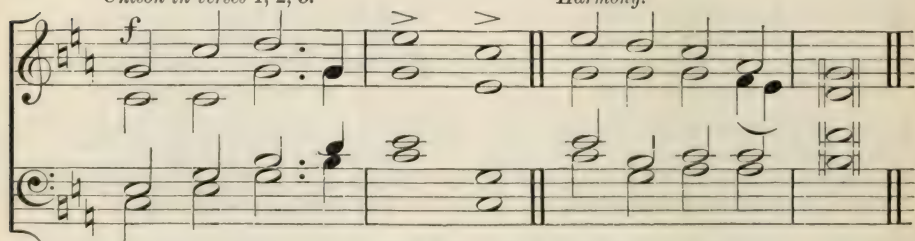
# Lent.

Hymn 91. ST. ANDREW OF CRETE.—6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5. ♩ = 88.



*Unison in verses 1, 2, 3.*

*Harmony.*



# Lent.

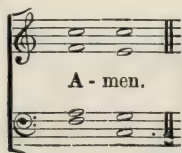
*"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."*

*p* CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them  
On the holy ground,  
*cr* How the troops of Midian  
*dim* Prowl and prowl around?  
*ff* Christian, up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss;  
Smite them by the merit  
Of the holy Cross.

*p* Christian, dost thou feel them,  
How they work within,  
*cr* Striving, tempting, luring,  
Goading into sin?  
*f* Christian, never tremble;  
Never be down-cast;  
Smite them by the virtue  
Of the Lenten fast.

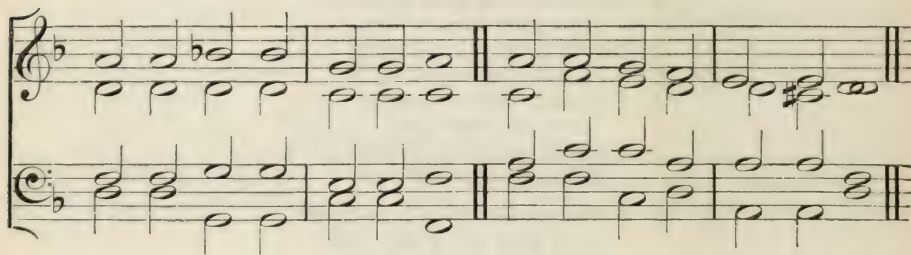
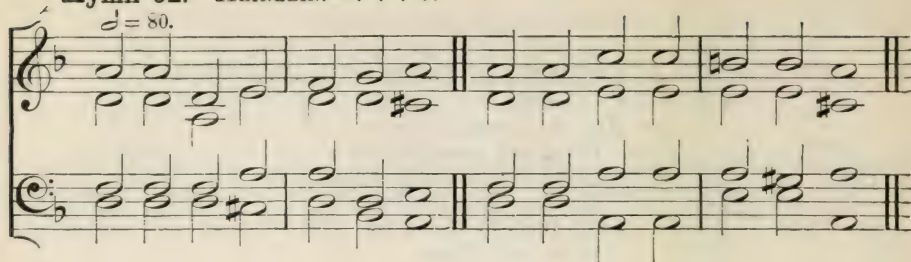
*p* Christian, dost thou hear them,  
How they speak thee fair?  
*cr* "Always fast and vigil?  
Always watch and prayer?"  
*ff* Christian, answer boldly,  
"While I breathe I pray:"  
*p* Peace shall follow battle,  
*f* Night shall end in day.

*mf* "Well I know thy trouble,  
O My servant true;  
Thou art very weary,—  
*p* I was weary too;  
*f* But that toil shall make thee  
Some day all Mine own,  
And the end of sorrow  
*ff* Shall be near My Throne."



# Lent.

## Hymn 92. HEINLEIN.—7 7 7 7.



*"And Jesus . . . was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, being forty days tempted of the devil.  
And in those days He did eat nothing."*

*mf* FORTY days and forty nights  
Thou wast fasting in the wild ;  
Forty days and forty nights  
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

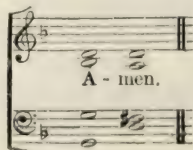
Sunbeams scorching all the day ;  
Chilly dew-drops nightly shed ;  
Prowling beasts about Thy way ;  
Stones Thy pillow ; earth Thy bed.

Shall not we Thy sorrow share,  
And from earthly joys abstain,  
Fasting with unceasing prayer,  
Glad with Thee to suffer pain ?

And if Satan, vexing sore,  
Flesh or spirit should assail,  
*cr* Thou, his Vanquisher before,  
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

*p* So shall we have peace Divine ;  
*cr* Holier gladness ours shall be ;  
Round us too shall Angels shine,  
*dim* Such as minister'd to Thee.

*mf* Keep, O keep us, Saviour dear,  
Ever constant by Thy side ;  
*f* That with Thee we may appear  
At th' eternal Eastertide.

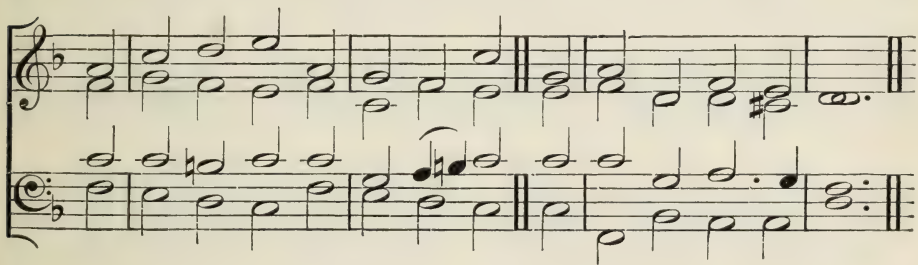
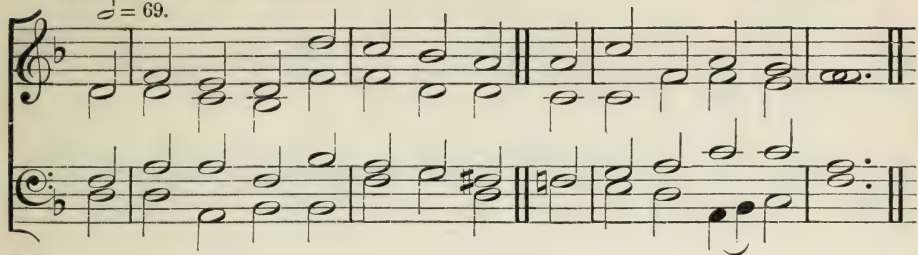




# Lent.

## Hymn 93. ST. MARY.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 69.$



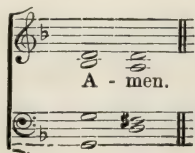
*"Enter not into judgment with Thy servant ; for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified."*

**O** LORD, turn not Thy Face from me,  
Who lie in woeful state,  
Lamenting all my sinful life  
Before Thy mercy-gate ;

And call me not to strict account  
How I have sojourn'd here ;  
For then my guilty conscience knows  
How vile I shall appear.

A gate which opens wide to those  
That do lament their sin ;  
Shut not that gate against me, LORD,  
But let me enter in.

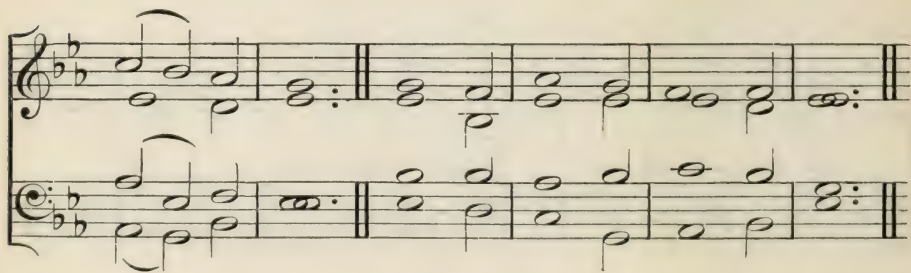
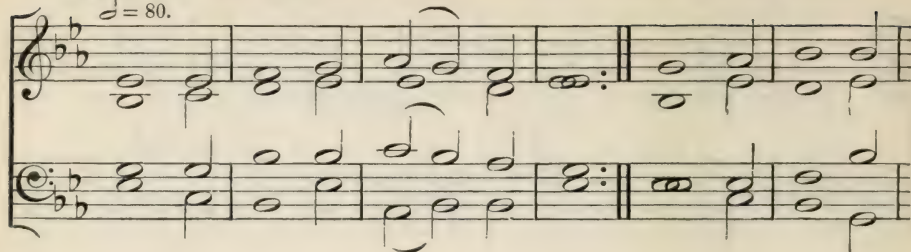
Mercy, Good LORD, mercy I ask ;  
This is my humble prayer ;  
For mercy, LORD, is all my suit,  
O let Thy mercy spare.



# Lent.

## Hymn 94. ST. PHILIP.—7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"My soul fleeth unto the Lord."*

*p* **L**ORD, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere it pass for aye away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

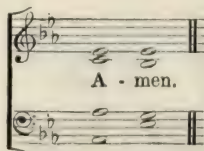
Holy Jesu, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that awful doom appears.

*mf* **L**ORD, on us Thy SPIRIT pour  
Kneeling lowly at the door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

*pp* By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die;

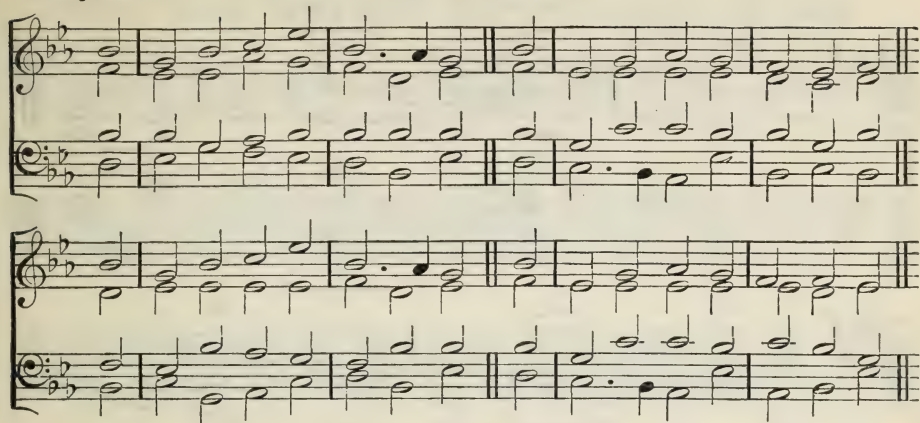
By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

*p* Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,  
*cr* Lest we lose this day of grace  
*mf* Ere we shall behold Thy Face.



# Lent.

Hymn 95. ST. GREGORY.—L.M. ♩ = 69.



"I am the Light of the world."

FOR A LATE EVENING SERVICE.

**O** CHRIST, Who art the Light and Day,  
Thy beams chase night's dark shades  
The very Light of Light Thou art, [away ;  
Who dost Thy blessed Light impart.

*mf* All-Holy LORD, to Thee we bend,  
Thy servants through this night defend,  
And grant us calm repose in Thee,  
A quiet night from peril free.

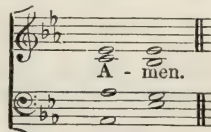
Let not the tempter round us creep  
With thoughts of evil while we sleep,  
Nor with his wiles the flesh allure  
And make us in Thy sight impure.

While wearied eyes light slumber take  
The heart to Thee be still awake,  
And Thy right Hand stretch'd forth above  
Protect the children of Thy love.

**O** LORD, our strong Defence, be nigh ;  
Bid all the powers of darkness fly ;  
Preserve and watch o'er us for good,  
Whom Thou hast purchased with Thy  
Blood.

*p* Remember us, dear LORD, we pray,  
While burden'd in the flesh we stay ;  
*cr* 'Tis Thou alone our souls canst keep ;  
Abide with us this night in sleep.

*mf* Blest THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,  
Almighty GOD, we pray to Thee, [bless  
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to  
Our fast with fruits of righteousness.



The following Hymns, and some of the Hymns on the Passion, are suitable for this season :

181 We know Thee Who Thou art.

183 When wounded sore the stricken heart.

198 O JESU, Thou art standing.

244 LORD, when we bend before Thy Throne.

245 When at Thy footstool, LORD, I bend.

249 Have mercy, LORD, on me.

250 Out of the deep I call.

251 Saviour, when in dust to Thee.

252 Weary of earth and laden with my sin.

253 O JESU CHRIST, if aught there be.

254 Art thou weary, art thou languid.

259 Thy life was given for me.

263 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said.

279 O help us, LORD; each hour of need.

288 A few more years shall roll.

465 Litany of Penitence. No. 1

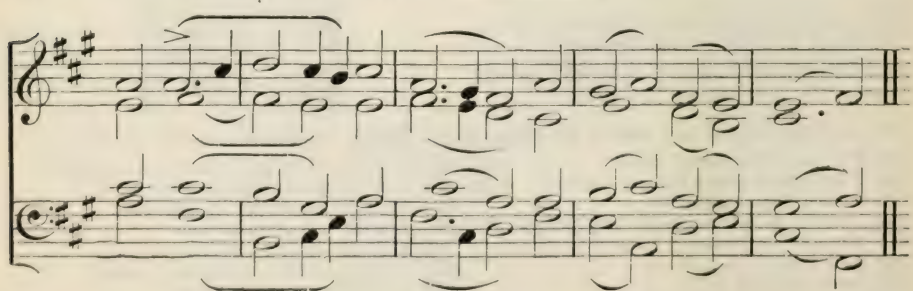
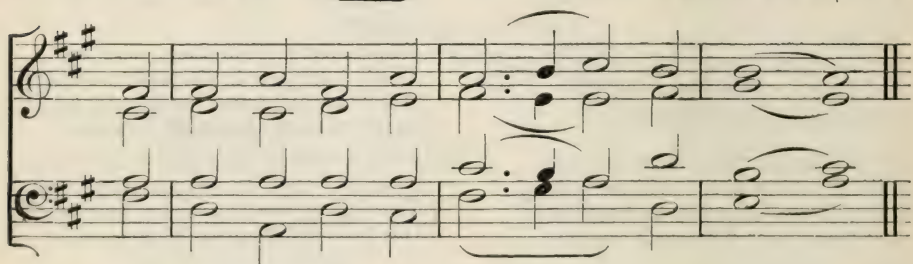
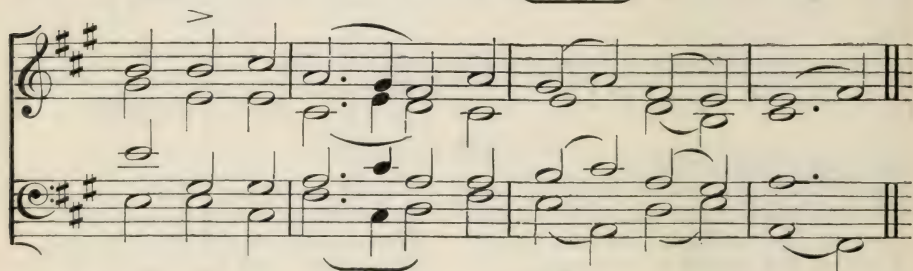
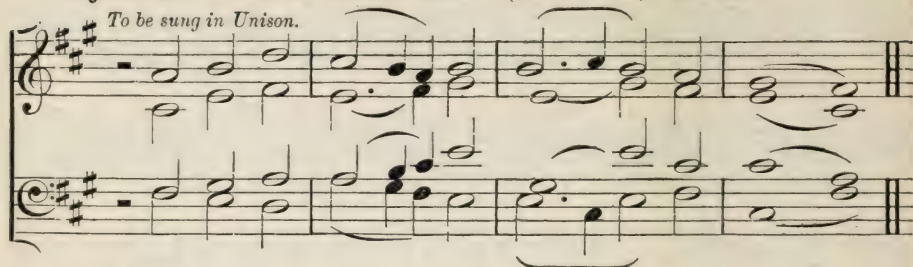
466 Litany of Penitence. No. 2.

# The Fifth Sunday in Lent.

OTHERWISE CALLED PASSION SUNDAY.

Hymn 96. VEXILLA REGIS.—L.M. (First Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 84$ .

*To be sung in Unison.*

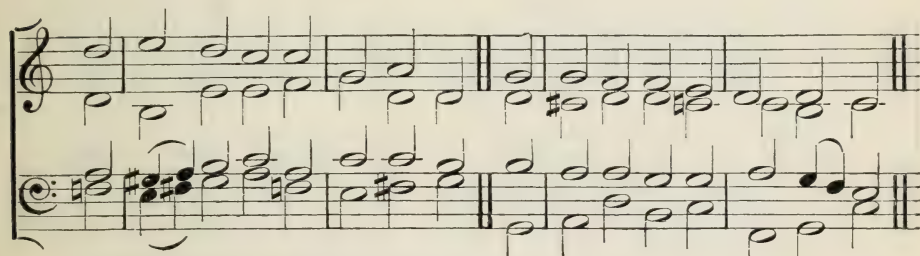
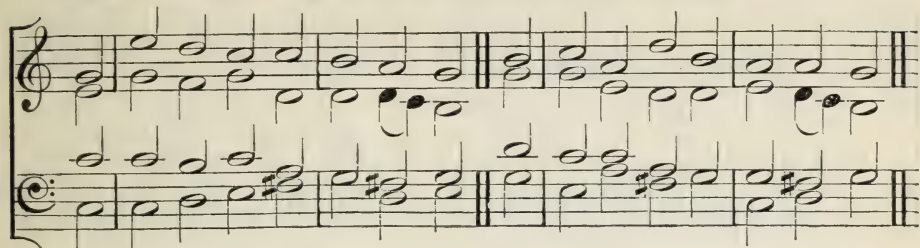




# The Fifth Sunday in Lent.

OTHERWISE CALLED PASSION SUNDAY.

Hymn 96. ST. CECILIA.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*) ♩ = 76.



*"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."*

*f* THE Royal Banners forward go,  
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow;  
Where He in Flesh, our flesh Who made,  
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

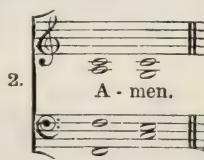
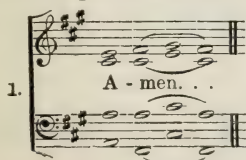
*mf* There whilst He hung, His sacred Side  
By soldier's spear was open'd wide,  
To cleanse us in the precious flood  
Of Water mingled with His Blood.

*f* Fulfill'd is now what David told  
In true prophetic song of old,  
How God the heathen's King should be;  
For God is reigning from the Tree.

*mf* O Tree of glory, Tree most fair,  
Ordain'd those Holy Limbs to bear,  
*p* How bright in purple robe it stood,  
The purple of a Saviour's Blood!

*mf* Upon its arms, like balance true,  
He weigh'd the price for sinners due,  
*f* The price which none but He could pay,  
And spoil'd the spoiler of his prey.

To Thee, Eternal THREE in ONE,  
Let homage meet by all be done:  
As by the Cross Thou dost restore,  
So rule and guide us evermore.



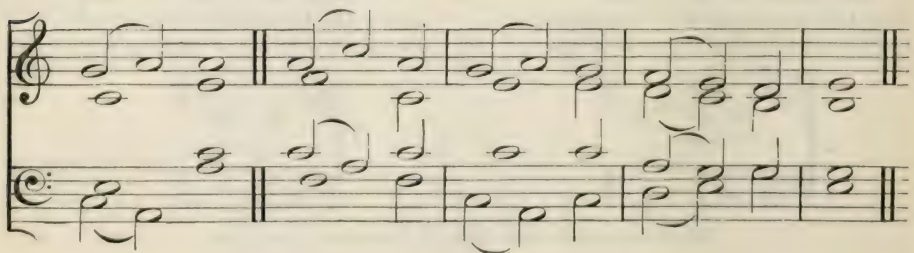
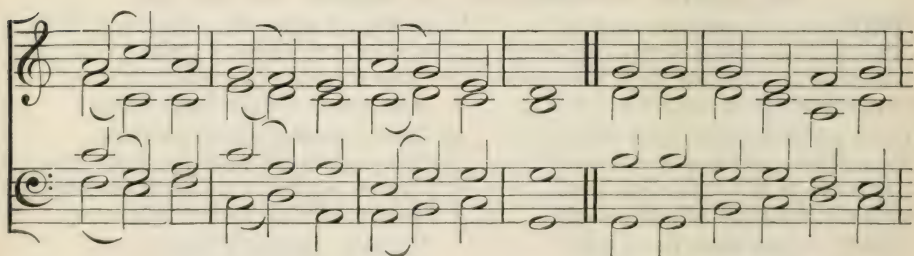
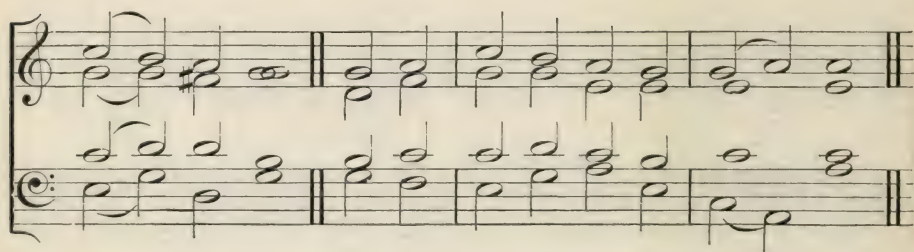
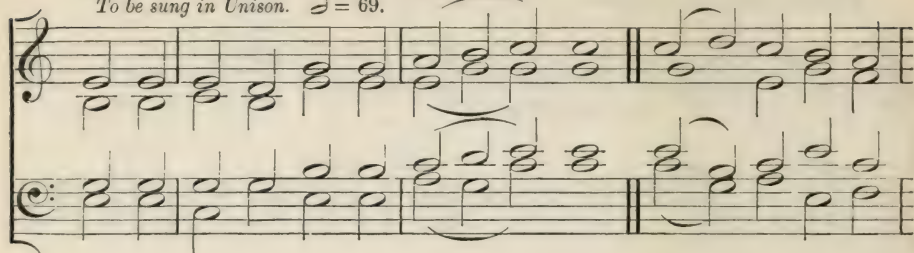
*This Hymn may be sung daily till Thursday before Easter.*

# The Fifth Sunday in Lent.

OTHERWISE CALLED PASSION SUNDAY.

Hymn 97. PANGE LINGUA.—8 7 8 7 8 7.

To be sung in Unison. ♩ = 69.



# The Fifth Sunday in Lent.

OTHERWISE CALLED PASSION SUNDAY.

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

SING, my tongue, the glorious battle,  
Sing the last, the dread affray;  
O'er the Cross, the Victor's trophy,  
Sound the high triumphal lay,  
How, the pains of death enduring,  
Earth's Redeemer won the day.

He, our Maker, deeply grieving  
That the first-made Adam fell,  
When he ate the fruit forbidden  
Whose reward was death and hell,  
Mark'd e'en then this Tree the ruin  
Of the first tree to dispel.

Thus the work for our salvation  
He ordain'd to be done;  
To the traitor's art opposing  
Art yet deeper than his own;  
Thence the remedy procuring  
Whence the fatal wound begun.

Therefore, when at length the fulness  
Of the appointed time was come,  
He was sent, the world's Creator,  
From the FATHER's heavenly home,  
And was found in human fashion,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

Lo! He lies, an Infant weeping,  
Where the narrow manger stands,  
While the Mother-Maid His members  
Wraps in mean and lowly bands,  
And the swaddling clothes is winding  
Round His helpless Feet and Hands.

## PART 2.

Now the thirty years accomplish'd  
Which on earth He will'd to see,  
Born for this, He meets His Passion,  
Gives Himself an Offering free;  
On the Cross the LAMB is lifted,  
There the Sacrifice to be.

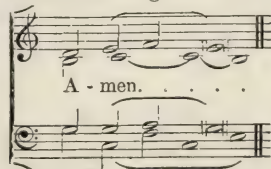
*p* There the nails and spear He suffers,  
Vinegar, and gall, and reed;  
From His sacred Body pierc'd  
Blood and Water both proceed;  
*cr* Precious flood, which all creation  
From the stain of sin hath freed.

*f* Faithful Cross, above all other  
One and only noble Tree,  
None in foliage, none in blossom,  
None in fruit thy peer may be;  
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron;  
Sweetest weight is hung on thee.

*mf* Bend, O lofty Tree, thy branches,  
Thy too rigid sinews bend;  
And awhile the stubborn hardness,  
Which thy birth bestow'd, suspend;  
And the Limbs of Heav'n's high Monarch  
*p* Gently on thine arms extend.

*mf* Thou alone wast counted worthy  
This world's ransom to sustain,  
That a shipwreck'd race for ever  
Might a port of refuge gain,  
With the sacred Blood anointed  
Of the LAMB for sinners slain.

*f* Praise and honour to the FATHER,  
Praise and honour to the SON,  
Praise and honour to the SPIRIT,  
Ever THREE and ever ONE,  
One in might, and One in glory,  
While eternal ages run.



This Hymn may be sung daily till Good Friday; and the following Hymns are suitable:

200 We sing the praise of Him Who died.

467 Litany of the Passion.



# The Sunday next before Easter.

OTHERWISE CALLED PALM SUNDAY.

Hymn 98. ST. THEODULPH.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 100.$

First system of musical notation. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The accompaniment starts on a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The lyrics "All glo - ry, &c." are written below the treble staff. The system ends with a double bar line.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note D5, followed by quarter notes E5, F5, and G5. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note D4, followed by quarter notes E4, F4, and G4. The system ends with a double bar line. The word "Fine." is written to the right of the treble staff.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note A5, followed by quarter notes B5, C6, and D6. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note A3, followed by quarter notes B3, C4, and D4. The system ends with a double bar line.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note E6, followed by quarter notes F6, G6, and A6. The bass staff continues the accompaniment with a half note E4, followed by quarter notes F4, G4, and A4. The system ends with a double bar line. The letters "D.C." are written to the right of the treble staff.



# The Sunday next before Easter.

OTHERWISE CALLED PALM SUNDAY.

*" Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."*

*f* ALL glory, laud, and honour  
To Thee, Redeemer, King,  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

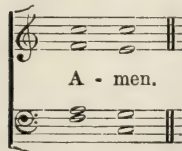
*mf* Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's Royal Son,  
Who in the Lord's Name comest,  
The King and Blessèd One.  
*f* All glory, &c.

*mf* The company of Angels  
Are praising Thee on high,  
And mortal men and all things  
Created make reply.  
*f* All glory, &c.

*mf* The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went ;  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before Thee we present.  
*f* All glory, &c.

*mf* To Thee before Thy Passion  
They sang their hymns of praise ;  
To Thee now high exalted  
Our melody we raise.  
*f* All glory, &c.

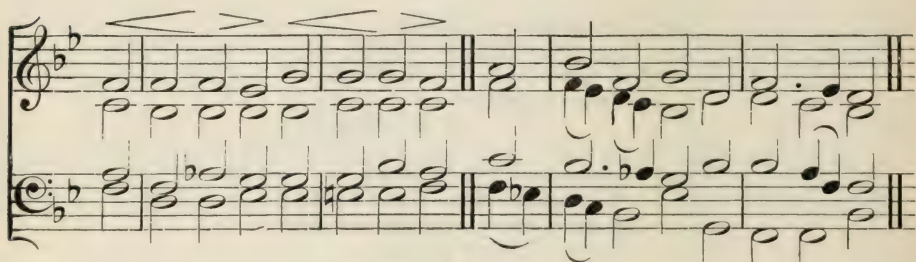
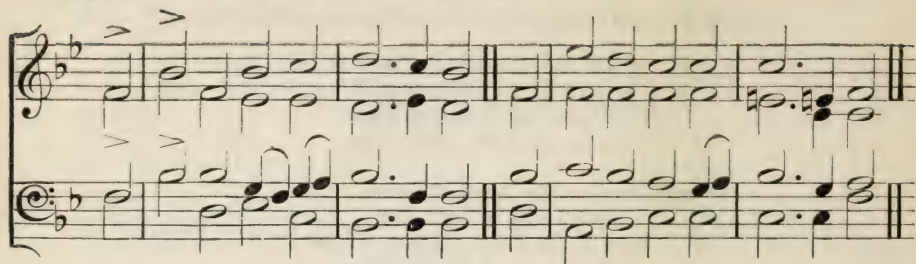
*mf* Thou didst accept their praises,  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.  
*f* All glory, &c.



# The Sunday next before Easter.

OTHERWISE CALLED PALM SUNDAY.

Hymn 99. ST. DROSTANE.—L.M. ♩ = 84.



*"And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried saying, Hosanna to the Son of David."*

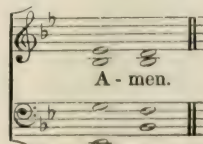
*f* **R**IDE on! ride on in majesty!  
*p* Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;  
 O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road  
 With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

*f* Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
*mf* The last and fiercest strife is nigh:  
 The FATHER on His sapphire Throne  
 Awaits His own Anointed Son.

*f* Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
*p* In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
*cr* O CHRIST, Thy triumphs now begin  
 O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

*f* Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
*p* In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
 Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,  
*f* Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

*f* Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
*mf* The Angel armies of the sky  
*p* Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
 To see the approaching Sacrifice.

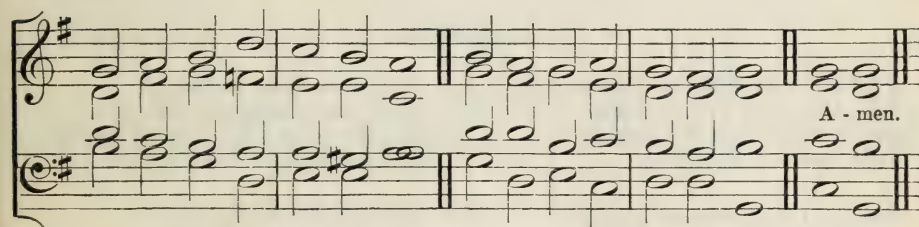
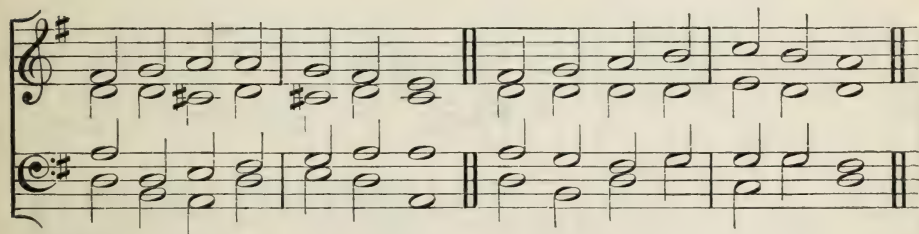
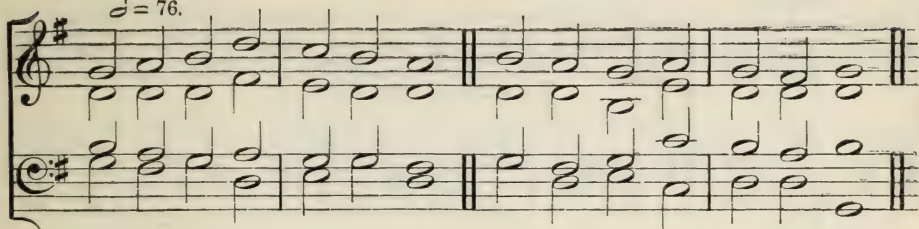


*This Hymn may also be sung to the Tune of Hymn 50.*

# Hymns on the Passion.\*

Hymn 100. CASSEL.—7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"And being in an agony He prayed more earnestly."*

*f* SION'S Daughter, weep no more,  
Though thy troubled heart be sore;  
He of Whom the Psalmist sung,  
He Who woke the Prophet's tongue,  
CHRIST, the Mediator Blest,  
Brings thee everlasting rest.

In a garden man became  
Heir of sin, and death, and shame;  
JESUS in a garden wins  
Life, and pardon for our sins;  
*im* Through His hour of agony  
Praying in Gethsemane.

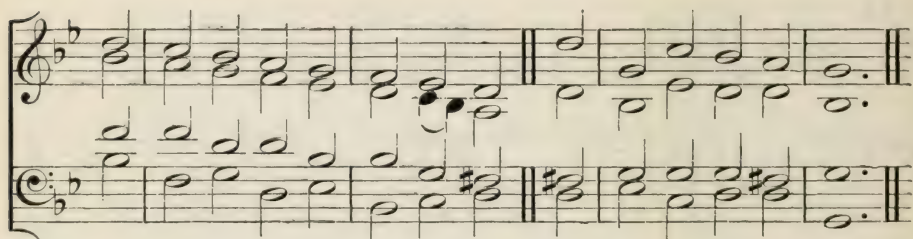
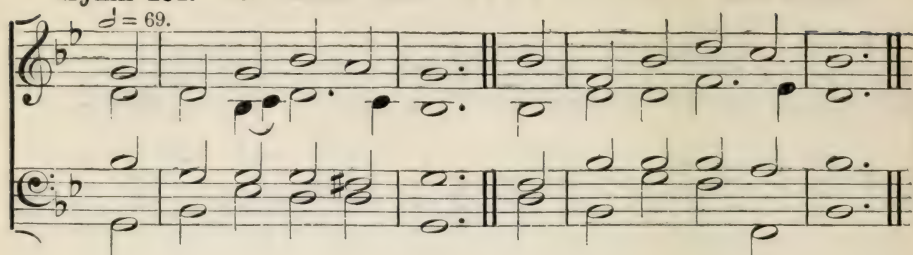
*mf* There for us He intercedes;  
There with GOD the FATHER pleads;  
Willing there for us to drain  
To the dregs the cup of pain,  
That in everlasting day  
He may wipe our tears away.

*f* Therefore to His Name be given  
Glory both in earth and Heav'n;  
To the FATHER, and the SON,  
And the SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,  
Honour, praise, and glory be  
Now and through eternity.

\* Some of these Hymns may be sung throughout the year.

# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 101. ST. BRIDE.—S.M.



"Looking unto Jesus."

*p* O'ERWHELM'D in depths of woe, *mf* Shall man alone be mute ?  
 Upon the Tree of scorn Have we no griefs, or fears ?  
 Hangs the Redeemer of mankind, Come, old and young, come, all mankind,  
 With racking anguish torn. And bathe those Feet in tears.

See how the nails those Hands *p* Come, fall before His Cross  
 And Feet so tender rend ; Who shed for us His Blood ;  
 See down His Face, and Neck, and Breast Who died, the Victim of pure love,  
 His sacred Blood descend. To make us sons of God.

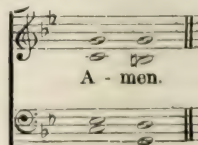
*mf* Oh, hear that last, loud cry  
 Which pierced His Mother's heart,

*p* As into God the FATHER's hands  
 He bade His soul depart.

*mf* Earth hears, and trembling quakes  
 Around that tree of pain ;

*f* The rocks are rent ; the graves are burst ;  
 The veil is rent in twain.

*f* JESU, all praise to Thee,  
 Our Joy and endless Rest ;  
 Be Thou our Guide while pilgrims here,  
 Our Crown amid the blest.

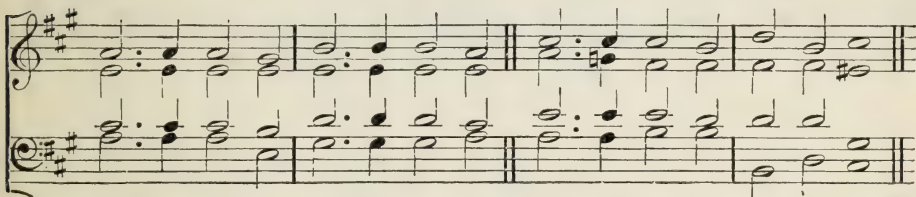
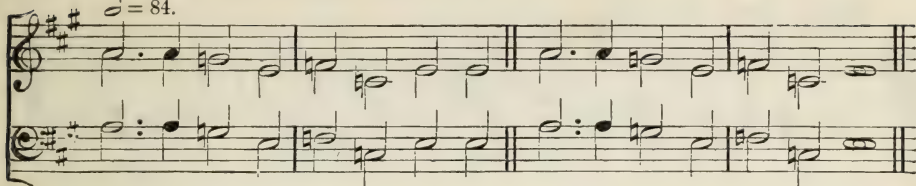




# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 102. IRA JUSTA.—8 7 8 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



"Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood."

**H**E, Who once in righteous vengeance  
Whelm'd the world beneath the flood,  
Once again in mercy cleansed it  
With His own most precious Blood,  
Coming from His Throne on high  
On the painful Cross to die.

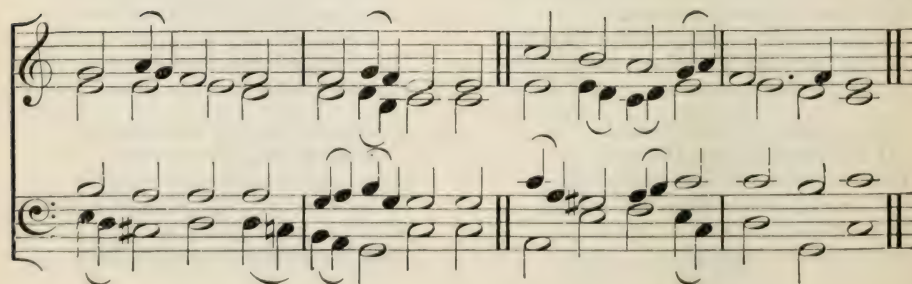
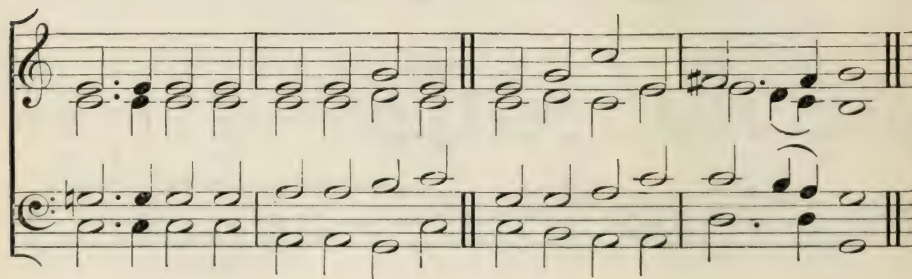
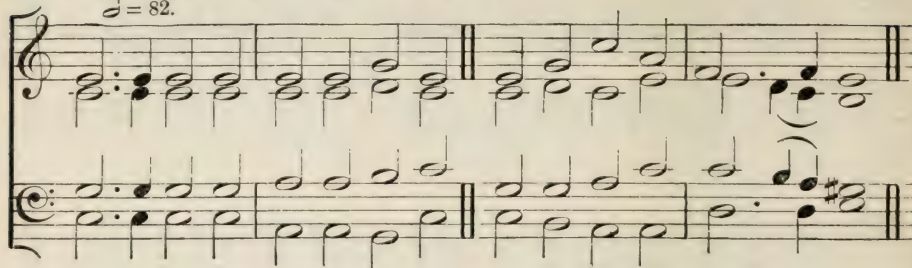
O the wisdom of the Eternal !  
O the depth of love Divine !  
O the sweetness of that mercy  
Which in JESUS CHRIST did shine !  
We were sinners doom'd to die ;  
JESUS paid the penalty.

*p* When before the Judge we tremble,  
Conscious of His broken laws,  
*cr* May the Blood of His Atonement  
Cry aloud, and plead our cause,  
Bid our guilty terrors cease,  
*p* Be our pardon and our peace.  
*f* Prince and Author of salvation,  
LORD of Majesty supreme,  
JESU, praise to Thee be given  
By the world Thou didst redeem ;  
Glory to the FATHER be  
And the SPIRIT ONE with Thee.

# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 103. ST. DENYS.—8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 82.$



# Hymns on the Passion.

*"He was wounded for our transgressions."*

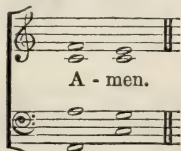
*mf* **N**OW, my soul, thy voice upraising,  
Tell in sweet and mournful strain  
How the Crucified, enduring  
Grief, and wounds, and dying pain,  
Freely of His love was offer'd,  
Sinless was for sinners slain.

Scourged with unrelenting fury  
For the sins which we deplore,  
By His livid Stripes He heals us,  
Raising us to fall no more ;  
All our bruises gently soothing,  
Binding up the bleeding sore.

*p* See ! His Hands and Feet are fasten'd ;  
*cr* So He makes His people free ;  
Not a wound whence Blood is flowing  
But a fount of grace shall be ;  
Yea the very nails which nail Him  
Nail us also to the Tree.

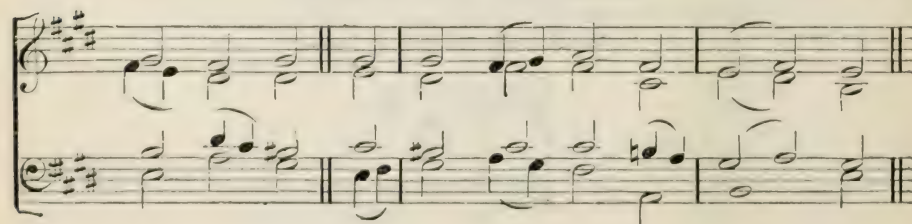
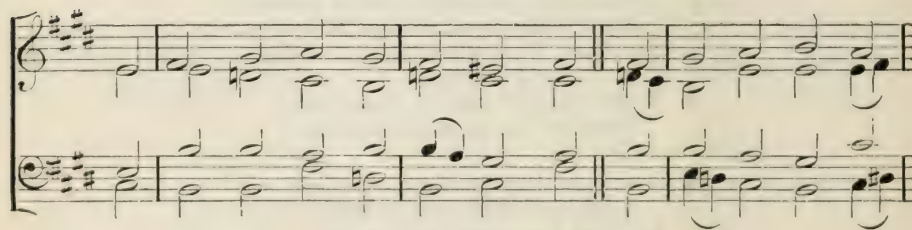
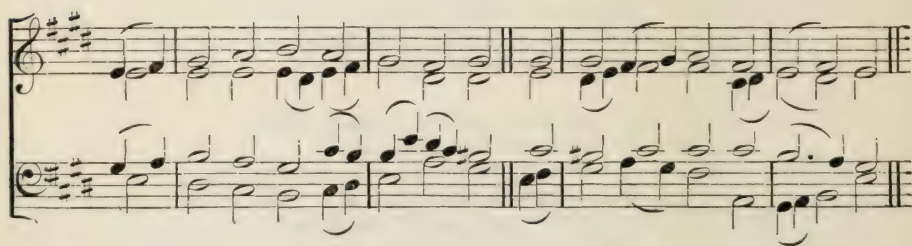
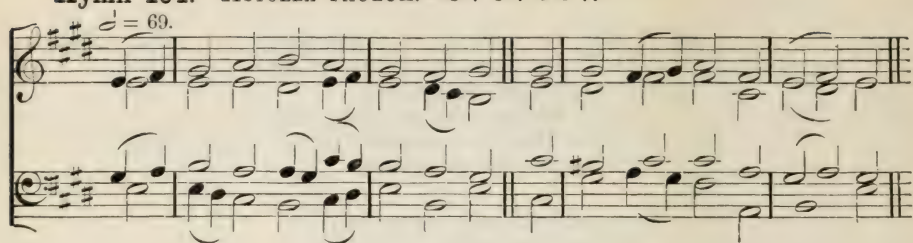
*p* Through His Heart the spear is piercing,  
Though His foes have seen Him die ;  
Blood and Water thence are streaming  
In a tide of mystery,  
*cr* Water from our guilt to cleanse us,  
Blood to win us crowns on high.

*mf* **J**ESU, may those precious fountains  
Drink to thirsting souls afford :  
Let them be our cup and healing,  
And at length our full reward ;  
So a ransom'd world shall ever  
Praise Thee, its redeeming LORD.



# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 104. ATTOLLE PAULUM.—8 7 8 7 8 8 7.





# Hymns on the Passion.

"Behold the Man."

*mf* **O** SINNER, lift the eye of faith,  
To true repentance turning;  
Bethink thee of the curse of sin,  
Its awful guilt discerning;  
Upon the Crucified One look,  
And thou shalt read, as in a book,  
What well is worth thy learning.

None ever knew such pain before,  
Such infinite affliction,  
None ever felt a grief like His  
In that dread crucifixion:  
For us He bare those bitter throes,  
For us those agonizing woes,  
In oft-renew'd infliction.

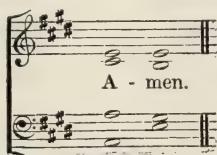
*p* Look on His Head, that bleeding Head,  
With crown of thorns surrounded;  
Look on His sacred Hands and Feet  
Which piercing nails have wounded;  
See every Limb with scourges rent:  
On Him, the Just, the Innocent,  
What malice hath abounded!

*mf* O sinner, mark, and ponder well  
Sin's awful condemnation;  
Think what a sacrifice it cost  
To purchase thy salvation;  
Had JESUS never bled and died,  
Then what could thee and all betide  
But uttermost damnation?

'Tis not alone those Limbs are rack'd,  
But friends too are forsaking;  
And more than all, for thankless man  
That tender Heart is aching;  
Oh, fearful was the pain and scorn,  
By JESUS, Son of Mary, borne,  
Their peace for sinners making.

LORD, give us grace to flee from sin,  
And Satan's wiles ensnaring,  
And from those everlasting flames  
For evil ones preparing.

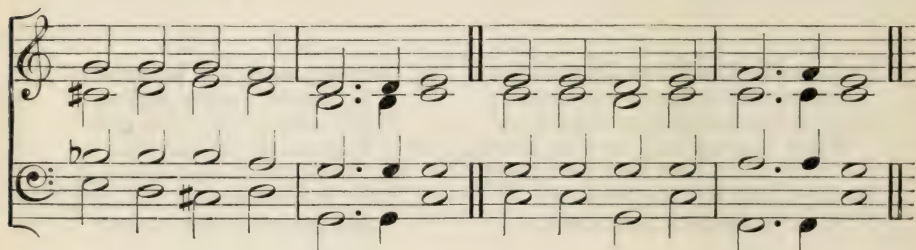
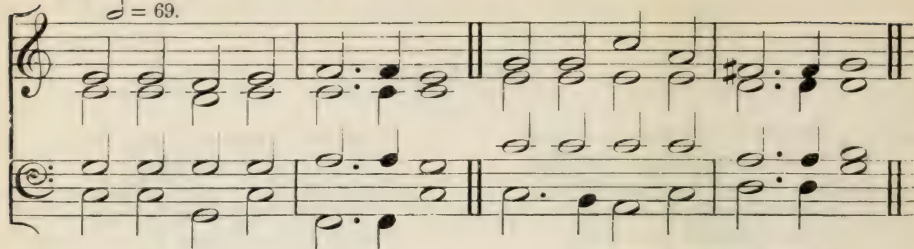
*f* JESU, we thank Thee, and entreat  
*cr* To rest for ever at Thy Feet,  
Thy heavenly glory sharing.



# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 105. REDHEAD. No. 47.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 69.$



*"The love of Christ constraineth us."*

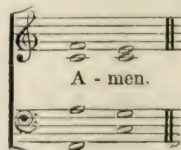
**I**N the LORD's atoning grief  
Be our rest and sweet relief;  
Store we deep in heart's recess  
All the shame and bitterness.

*mf* Crucified! we Thee adore,  
Thee with all our hearts implore;  
Us with Saintry bands unite  
In the realms of heavenly light.

Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance,  
Wounds, our treasure that enhance,  
Vinegar, and gall, and reed,  
And the pang His soul that freed,

CHRIST, by coward hands betray'd,  
CHRIST, for us a captive made,  
CHRIST, upon the bitter Tree  
Slain for man, be praise to Thee.

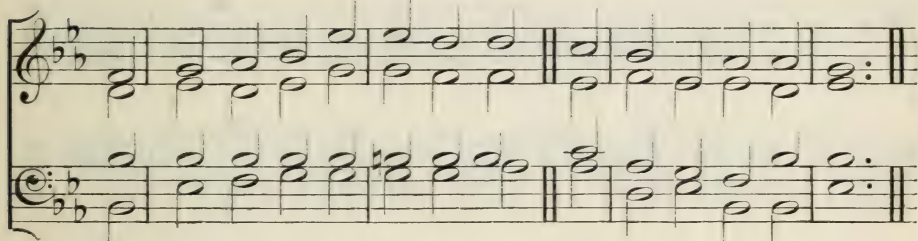
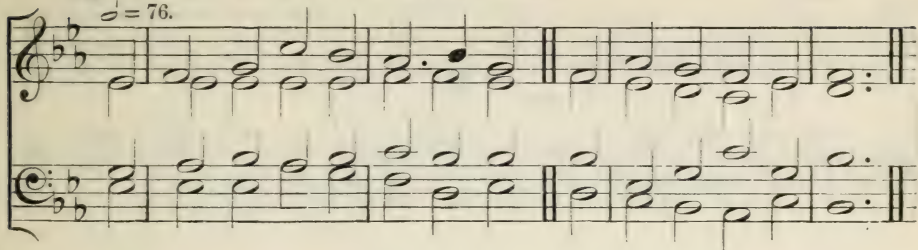
*7* May these all our spirits sate,  
And with love inebriate;  
In our souls plant virtue's root,  
And mature its glorious fruit.



# Hymns on the Passion.

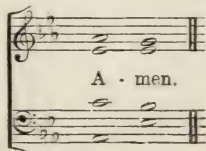
Hymn 106. ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"We love Him, because He first loved us."*

<p><i>mf</i> MY God, I love Thee; (<i>dim</i>) not because I hope for heaven thereby, Nor yet because who love Thee not Are lost eternally.</p> <p>Thou, O my JESUS, Thou didst me Upon the Cross embrace; For me didst bear the nails, and spear, And manifold disgrace,</p> <p><i>pp</i> And griefs and torments numberless, And sweat of agony; Yea, death itself; and all for me Who was Thine enemy.</p>	<p><i>mf</i> Then why, O Blessèd JEST CHRIST, Should I not love Thee well? Not for the sake of winning heaven, Nor of escaping hell;</p> <p>Not from the hope of gaining aught, Not seeking a reward;</p> <p><i>f</i> But as Thyself hast lovèd me, O ever-loving LORD.</p> <p><i>mf</i> So would I love Thee, dearest LORD, And in Thy praise will sing; Solely because Thou art my God, And my most loving King.</p>
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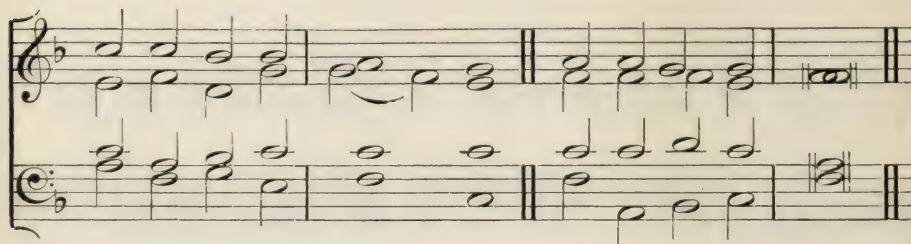
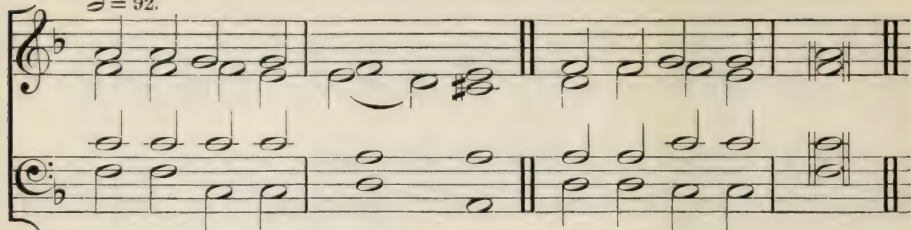


*This Hymn may also be sung to the Tune of Hymn 272.*

# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 107. CASWALL.—6 5 6 5.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"The precious blood of Christ."*

*mf* **G**LORY be to JESUS,  
Who, in bitter pains,  
Pour'd for me the Life-blood  
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal  
In that Blood I find;  
Blest be His compassion  
Infinitely kind.

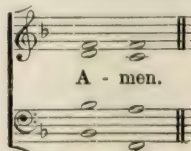
Blest through endless ages  
Be the precious stream,  
Which from endless torments  
Did the world redeem.

Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies;  
*cr* But the Blood of JESUS  
For our pardon cries.

*p* Oft as it is sprinkled  
On our guilty hearts,  
*mf* Satan in confusion  
Terror-struck departs;

Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
*cr* Angel-hosts rejoicing  
Make their glad reply.

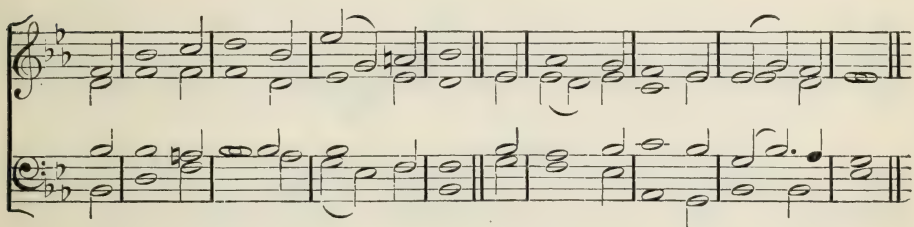
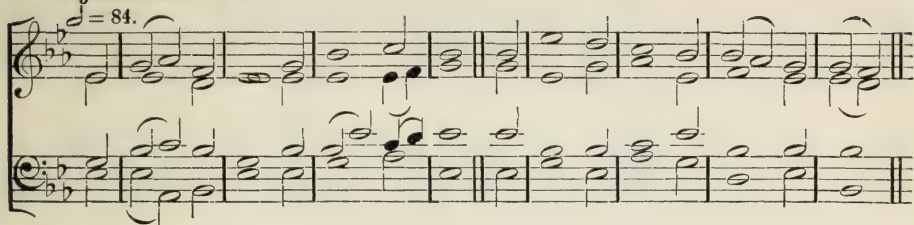
*f* Lift ye then your voices;  
*cr* Swell the mighty flood;  
Louder still and louder  
Praise the (*dim*) precious Blood.





# Hymns on the Passion.

## Hymn 108. ROCKINGHAM.—L.M.

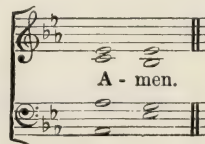


*"What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."*

*mf* **W**HEN I survey the wondrous Cross *mf* Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
On which the Prince of glory died, That were an offering far too small;  
*f* My richest gain I count but loss, *f* Love so amazing, so Divine,  
And pour contempt on all my pride. Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast *mf* To CHRIST, Who won for sinners grace  
Save in the Cross of CHRIST my GOD; *p* By bitter grief and anguish sore,  
All the vain things that charm me most, *f* Be praise from all the ransom'd race  
I sacrifice them to His Blood. For ever and for evermore.

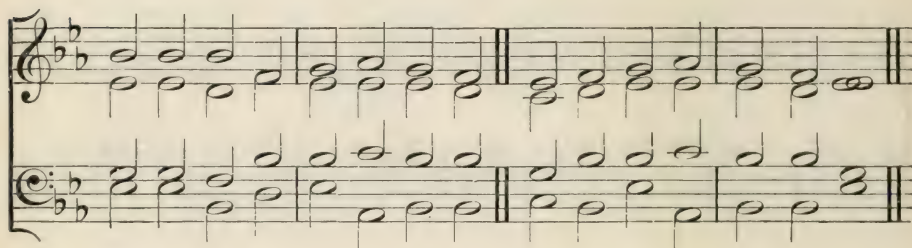
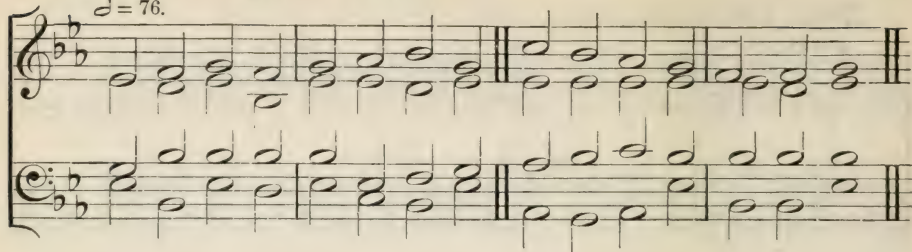
*p* See from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,  
*cr* Sorrow and love flow mingling down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?



# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 109. BATTY.—8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



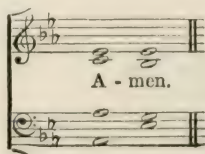
*“Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.”*

*mf* SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the Cross I spend,  
Life, and health, and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend.

*p* Truly blessed is the station,  
Low before His Cross to lie,  
Whilst I see Divine compassion  
Beaming in His languid Eye.

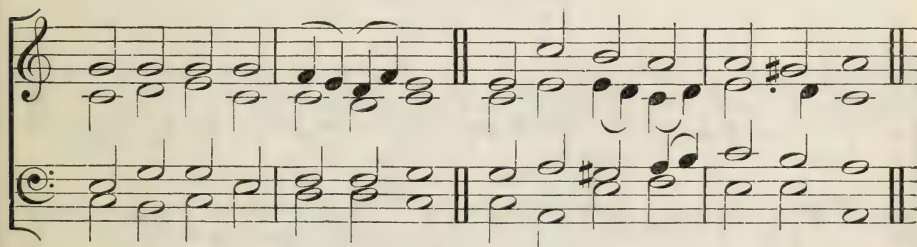
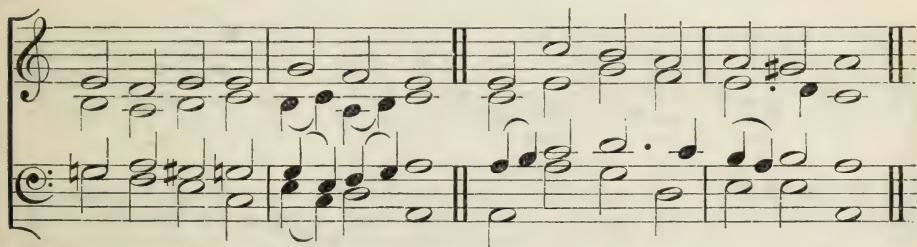
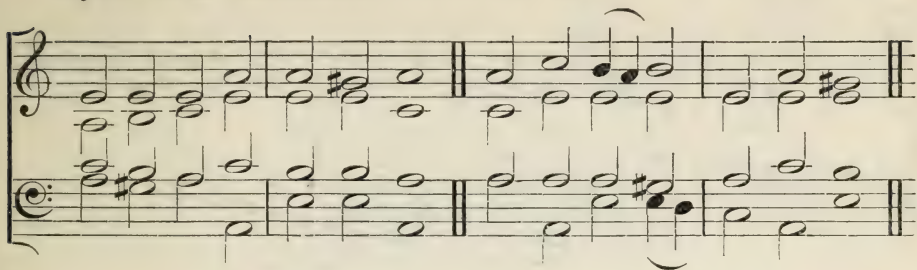
Here I rest, for ever viewing  
Mercy pour'd in streams of Blood;  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

*mf* LORD, in ceaseless contemplation  
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,  
Till I taste Thy full salvation,  
And Thine unveil'd glory see.



# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 110. GETHSEMANE.—7 7 7 7 7 7. ♩ = 76.

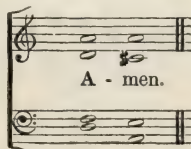


*"Remembering Mine affliction and My misery, the wormwood and the gall."*

GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the Tempter's power,  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from His griefs away,  
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to pray.

*p* Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
*cr* There, adoring at His Feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
—God's own Sacrifice complete;  
*p* "It is finish'd," hear Him cry;  
*cr* Learn of JESUS CHRIST to die.

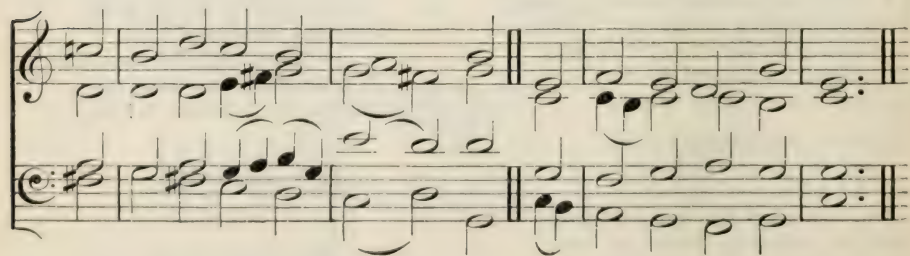
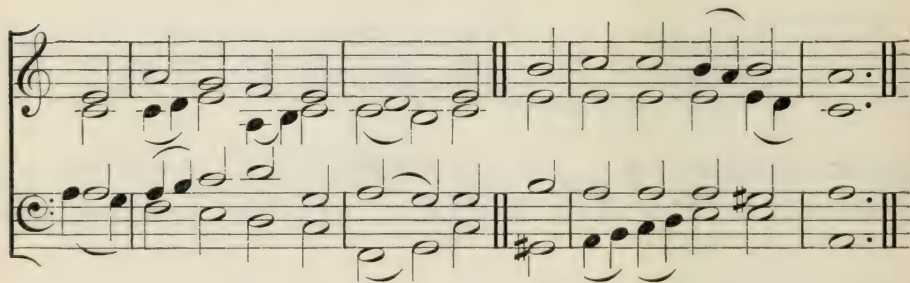
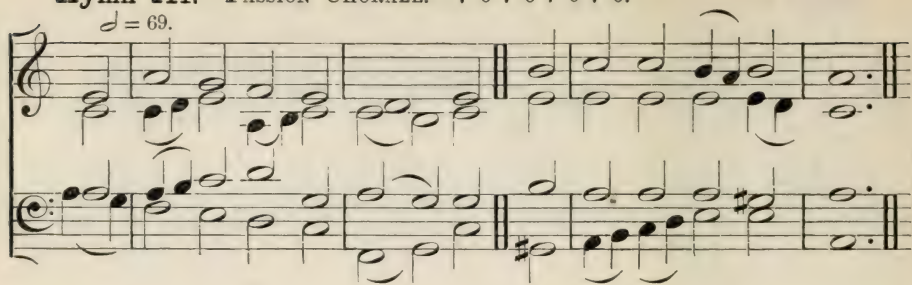
Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the LORD of life arraign'd;  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh, the pangs His soul sustain'd!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.



# Hymns on the Passion.

## Hymn 111. PASSION CHORALE.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 69.$





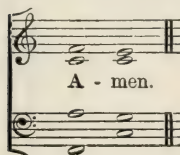
# Hymns on the Passion.

"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

*mf* **O** SACRED Head, surrounded  
By crown of piercing thorn !  
O bleeding Head, so wounded,  
Reviled, and put to scorn !  
*p* Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,  
The glow of life decays,  
*cr* Yet Angel-hosts adore Thee,  
*dim* And tremble as they gaze.

*p* I see Thy strength and vigour  
All fading in the strife,  
And death with cruel rigour  
Bereaving Thee of life ;  
*mf* O agony and dying !  
O love to sinners free !  
*p* JESU, all grace supplying,  
O turn Thy Face on me.

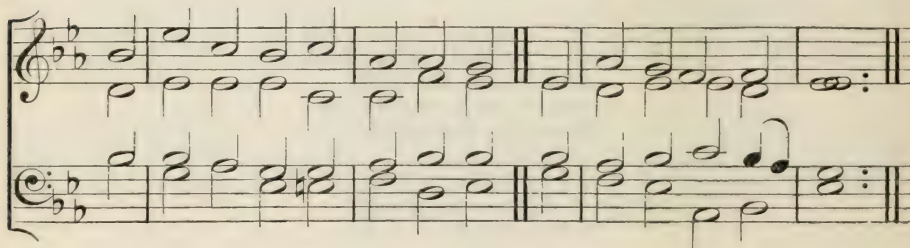
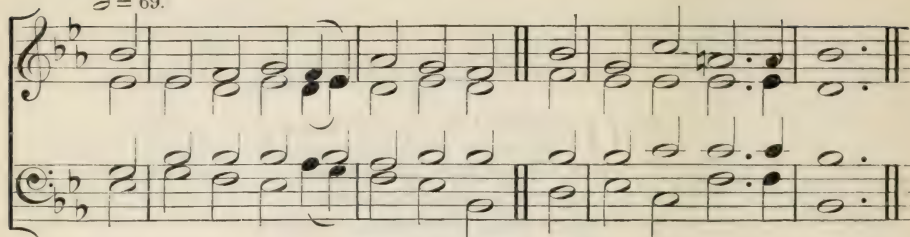
In this Thy bitter Passion,  
Good Shepherd, think of me  
With Thy most sweet compassion,  
Unworthy though I be :  
*mf* Beneath Thy Cross abiding  
For ever would I rest,  
In Thy dear love confiding,  
And with Thy Presence blest.



# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 112. ST. BERNARD.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 69.$



*"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."*

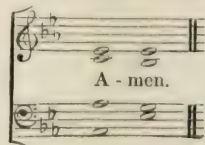
*mf* ALL ye who seek for sure relief  
In trouble and distress,  
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,  
Or guilt the soul oppresses,

*p* JESUS, Who gave Himself for you  
Upon the Cross to die,  
*cr* Opens to you His sacred Heart;  
O to that Heart draw nigh.

*mf* Ye hear how kindly He invites;  
Ye hear His words so blest;  
"All ye that labour come to Me,  
*p* And I will give you rest."

*mf* O JESUS, Joy of Saints on high,  
Thou Hope of sinners here,  
Attracted by those loving words  
To Thee we lift our prayer.

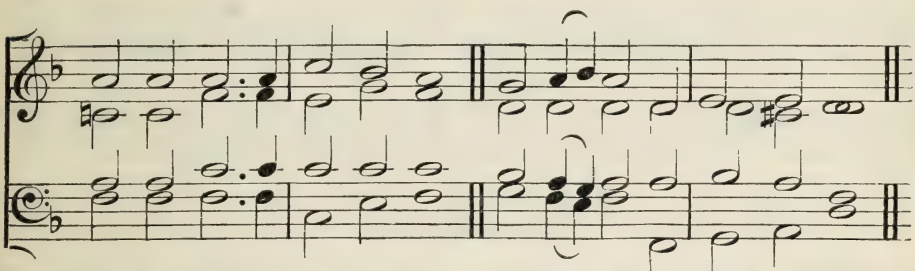
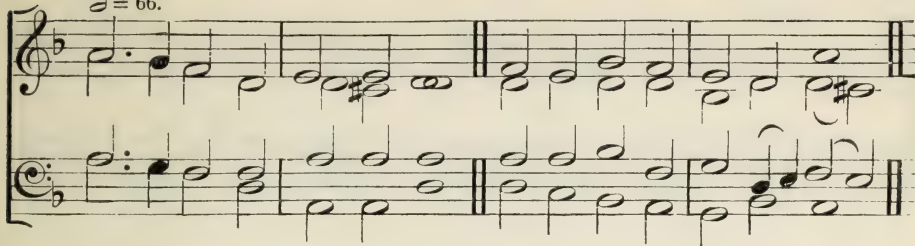
*p* Wash Thou our wounds in that dear  
Blood  
Which from Thy Heart doth flow;  
*cr* A new and contrite heart on all  
Who cry to Thee bestow.



# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 113. CALVARY.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 66.$



*"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow."*

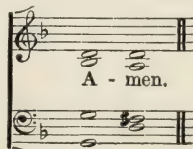
SEE the destined day arise!  
See, a willing Sacrifice,  
JESUS, to redeem our loss,  
Hangs upon the shameful Cross!

*mf* Thence the cleansing Water flow'd,  
Mingled from Thy Side with Blood;  
Sign to all attesting eyes  
Of the finish'd Sacrifice.

JESU, who but Thou had borne,  
Lifted on that Tree of scorn,  
Every pang and bitter throe,  
Finishing Thy life of woe?

*p* Holy JESU, grant us grace  
In that Sacrifice to place  
*cr* All our trust for life renew'd,  
Pardon'd sin, and promised good.

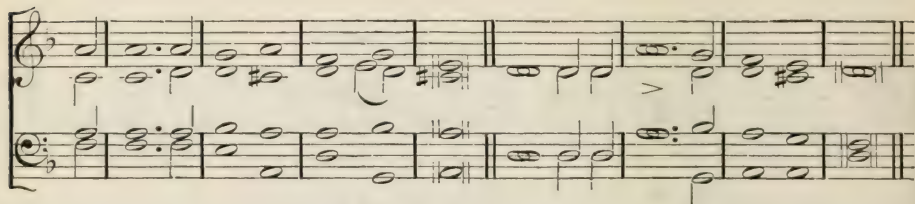
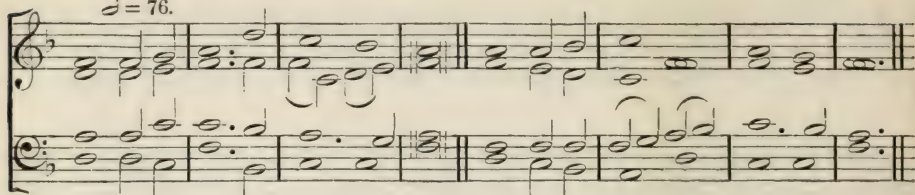
Who but Thou had dared to drain,  
Steep'd in gall, the cup of pain,  
And with tender Body bear  
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?



# Hymns on the Passion.

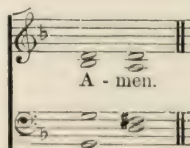
## Hymn 114. ST. CROSS.—L. M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"They crucified Him."*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <i>mf</i> <b>O</b> COME and mourn with me awhile ;<br>O come ye to the Saviour's side ;<br>O come, together let us mourn ;                  | <i>p</i> Seven times He spake, seven Words of<br>love ;<br>And all three hours His silence cried<br>For mercy on the souls of men ;                        |
| <i>pp</i> JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.  | <i>pp</i> JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.   |
| <i>mf</i> Have we no tears to shed for Him,<br>While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?<br>Ah ! look how patiently He hangs ;                 | <i>p</i> Come, let us stand beneath the Cross ;<br>So may the Blood from out His Side<br>Fall gently on us drop by drop ;                                  |
| <i>pp</i> JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.  | <i>pp</i> JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.   |
| <i>p</i> How fast His Hands and Feet are nail'd ;<br>His Throat with parching thirst is dried ;<br>His failing Eyes are dimm'd with Blood ; | <i>mf</i> A broken heart, a fount of tears,<br>Ask, and they will not be denied ;<br>LORD JESUS, may we love and weep,<br>Since Thou for us art crucified. |
| <i>pp</i> JESUS, our LORD, is crucified.  |  |

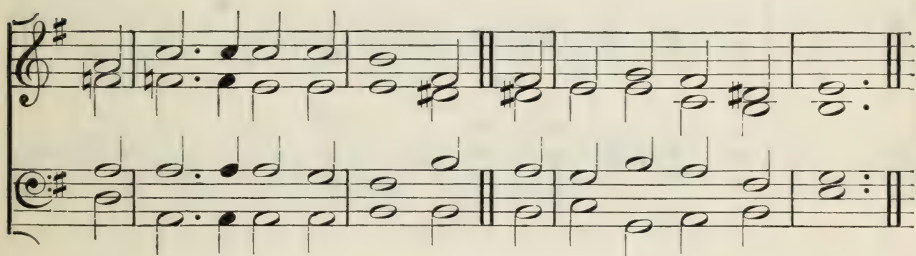
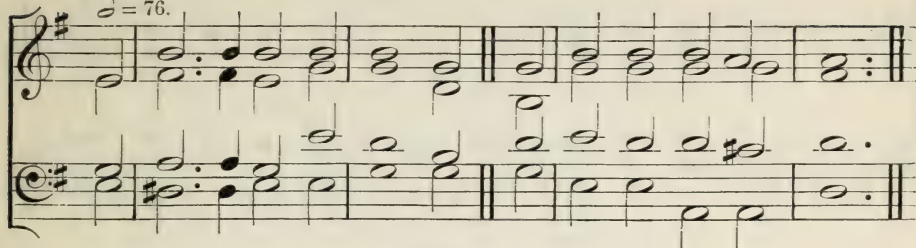




# Hymns on the Passion.

## Hymn 115. ST. MARGARET.—7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*“ Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”*

*f* “**F**ORGIVE them, O My FATHER,  
They know not what they do :”  
The Saviour spake in anguish,  
As the sharp nails went through.

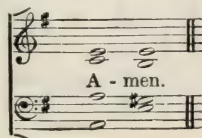
*p* It was my pride and hardness  
That hung Him on the Tree ;  
*pp* Those cruel nails, O Saviour,  
Were driven in by me.

No pain'd reproaches gave He  
To them that shed His Blood,  
But prayer and tenderest pity  
Large as the love of God.

*p* And often I have slighted  
Thy gentle voice that chid ;  
*cr* Forgive me too, LORD JESUS ;  
I knew not what I did.

*f* For me was that compassion,  
For me that tender care ;  
I need His wide forgiveness  
As much as any there.

*mf* O depth of sweet compassion !  
O Love Divine and true !  
Save Thou the souls that slight Thee,  
And know not what they do.



Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 116. CRY OF FAITH.—10 10 10 10. ♯ = 84.

**Hymn 116.** CRY OF FAITH.—10 10 10 10.  $\mathcal{J} = 84$ .

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, and the voice part is in the right hand. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part consists of a series of chords and single notes, while the voice part consists of a single melodic line. The score is divided into two systems, each with a repeat sign at the end. The first system has a key signature change from one flat to two flats (B-flat and E-flat) in the middle. The second system has a key signature change from two flats to one flat (B-flat) in the middle. The piano part is written in a style that suggests a simple, folk-like melody, while the voice part is written in a style that suggests a simple, folk-like melody.

# Hymns on the Passion.

*"Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."*

*mf* "LORD, when Thy Kingdom comes, remember me;"

*p* Thus spake the dying lips to dying Ears;

*cr* O faith, which in that darkest hour could see  
The promised glory of the far-off years!

*mf* No kingly sign declares that glory now,

No ray of hope lights up that awful hour;

*p* A thorny crown surrounds the bleeding Brow,

The Hands are stretch'd in weakness, not in power.

*mf* Yet hear the Word the dying Saviour saith,

*p rall* "Thou too shalt rest in Paradise to-day;"

*tempo cr* O Words of love to answer words of faith!

O Words of hope for those who live to pray!

*mf* LORD, when with dying lips my prayer is said,

Grant that in faith Thy kingdom I may see;

And, thinking on Thy Cross and bleeding Head,

May breathe my parting words, (*p*) "Remember me."

*cr* Remember me, but not my shame or sin;

*f* Thy cleansing Blood hath wash'd them all away;

*mf* Thy precious Death for me did pardon win;

Thy Blood redeem'd me in that awful day.

*p* Remember me; yet how canst Thou forget

What pain and anguish I have caused to Thee,

The Cross, the Agony, the Bloody Sweat,

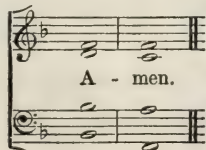
And all the sorrow Thou didst bear for me?

*cr* Remember me; and, ere I pass away,

Speak Thou th' assuring Word that sets us free,

And make Thy promise to my heart, (*p*) "To-day

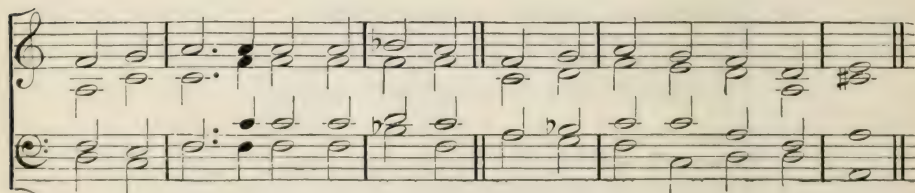
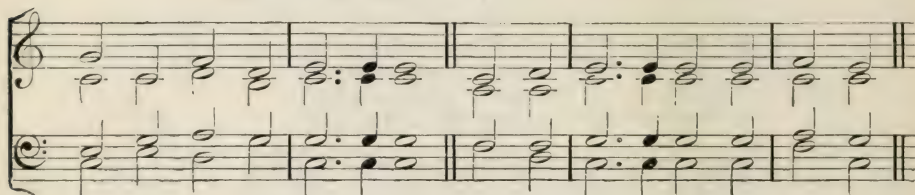
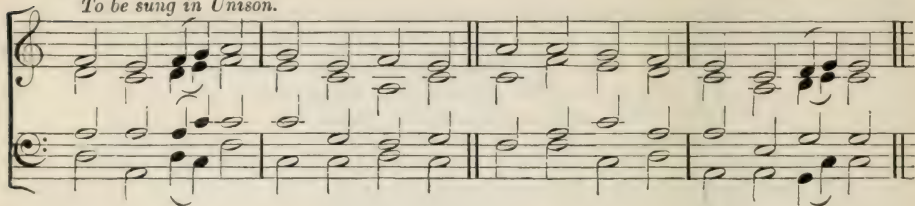
Thou too shalt rest in Paradise with Me."



# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 117. STABAT MATER. No. 1.—8 8 7 8 8 7. (*First Tune.*)  $\text{♩} = 69$ .

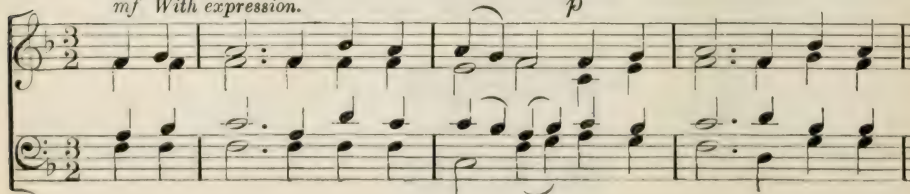
*To be sung in Unison.*



Hymn 117. STABAT MATER. No. 2.—8 8 7 8 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)  $\text{♩} = 54$ .

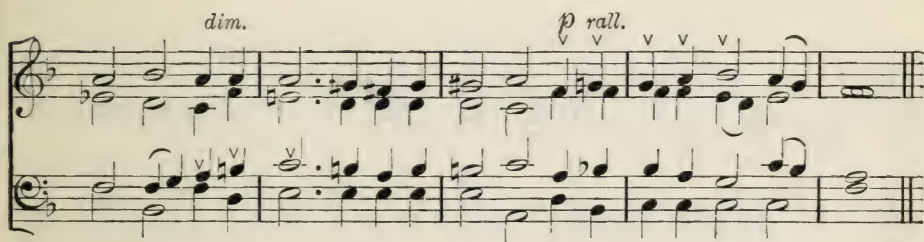
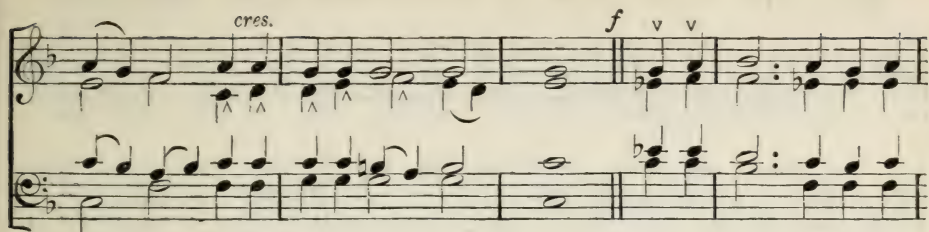
*mf With expression.*

*p*





# Hymns on the Passion.



"Woman, behold thy son . . . Behold thy mother."

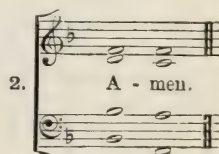
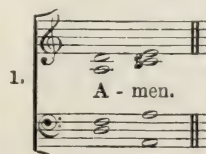
**A**T the Cross her station keeping  
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,  
Where He hung, the dying LORD;  
For her soul of joy bereavèd,  
Bow'd with anguish, deeply grievèd,  
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Oh, how sad and sore distressèd  
Now was she, that Mother blessèd  
Of the sole-begotten One;  
Deep the woe of her affliction,  
When she saw the Crucifixion  
Of her ever-glorious Son.

Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother gazing  
Pierced by anguish so amazing,  
Born of woman, would not weep?  
Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother thinking  
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
Would not share her sorrows deep?

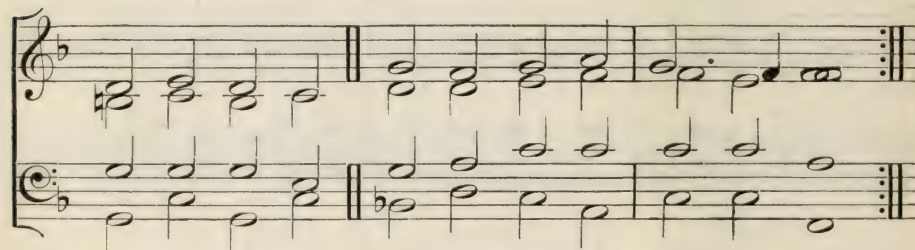
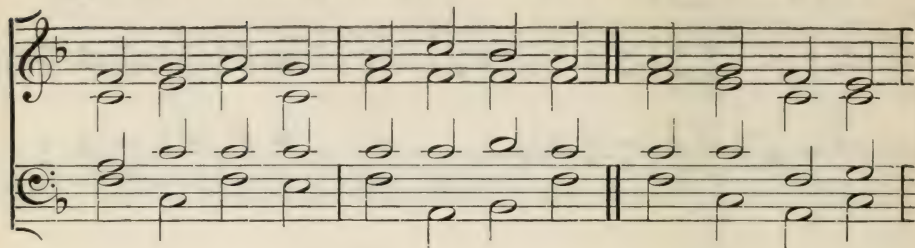
*p* For His people's sins chastisèd,  
She beheld her Son despisèd,  
Scourged, and crown'd with thorns  
entwined;  
Saw Him then from judgment taken,  
And in death by all forsaken,  
Till His Spirit He resign'd.

*mf* JESU, may her deep devotion  
Stir in me the same emotion,  
Fount of love, Redeemer kind,  
*cr* That my heart fresh ardour gaining,  
And a purer love attaining,  
May with Thee acceptance find.



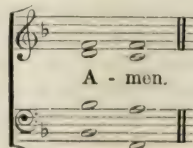
# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 117. STABAT MATER. No. 3.—8 8 7 8 8 7. (Third Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 66$ .



"Woman, behold thy son . . . Behold thy mother."

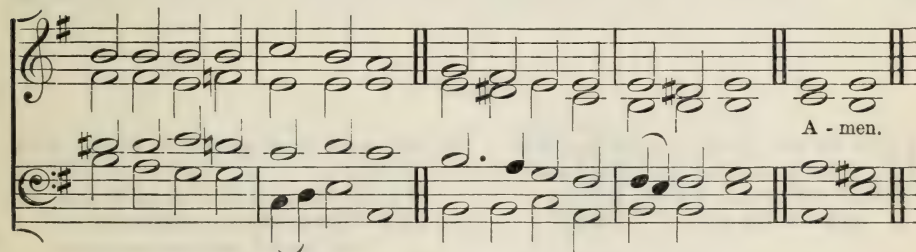
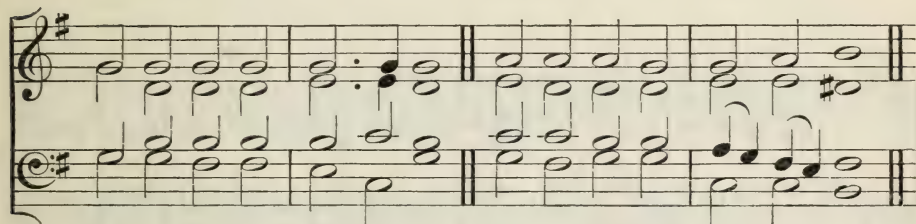
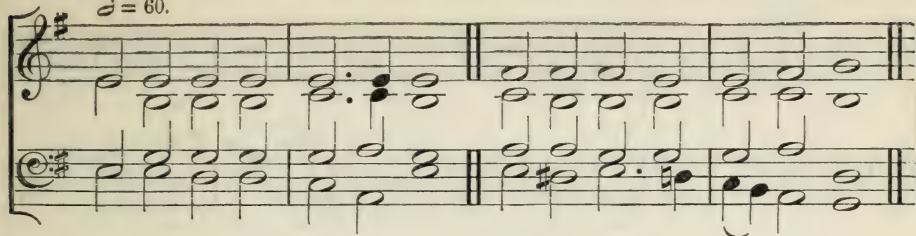
- mf* **A**T the Cross her station keeping  
 Stood the mournful Mother weeping,  
 Where He hung, the dying LORD;  
 For her soul of joy bereavèd,  
 Bow'd with anguish, deeply grievèd,  
 Felt the sharp and piercing sword.
- p* Oh, how sad and sore distressed  
 Now was she, that Mother blessèd  
 Of the sole-begotten One;  
 Deep the woe of her affliction,  
 When she saw the Crucifixion
- cr* Of her ever-glorious Son.
- mf* Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother gazing  
 Pierced by anguish so amazing,  
 Born of woman, would not weep?  
 Who, on CHRIST's dear Mother thinking  
 Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
 Would not share her sorrows deep?
- p* For His people's sins chastisèd,  
 She beheld her Son despisèd,  
 Scourged, and crown'd with thorns  
 entwined;  
 Saw Him then from judgment taken,  
 And in death by all forsaken,  
 Till His Spirit He resign'd.
- mf* JESU, may her deep devotion  
 Stir in me the same emotion,  
 Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
- cr* That my heart fresh ardour gaining,  
 And a purer love attaining,  
 May with Thee acceptance find.



# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 118. GETHSEMANE.—7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 60.$



"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

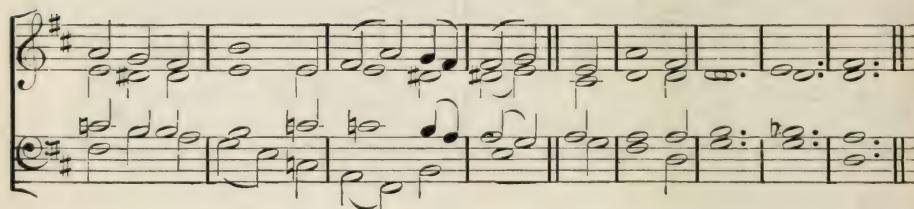
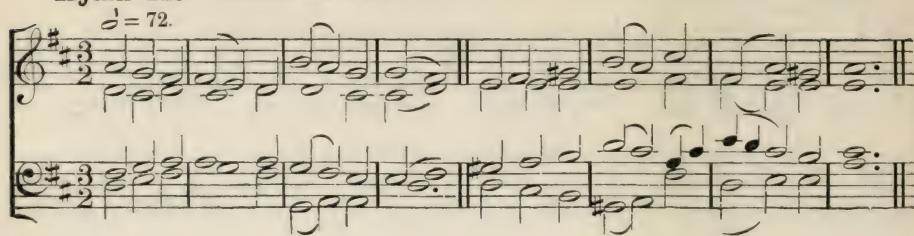
*f* **T**HRONED upon the awful Tree,  
King of grief, I watch with Thee;  
*im* Darkness veils Thine anguish'd Face,  
None its lines of woe can trace,  
*p* None can tell what pangs unknown  
Hold Thee silent and alone.

Silent through those three dread hours,  
*r* Wrestling with the evil powers,  
*im* Left alone with human sin,  
Gloom around Thee and within,  
*p* Till the appointed time is nigh,  
Till the LAMB of GOD may die.

*mf* Hark that cry that peals aloud  
Upward through the whelming cloud!  
*cr* Thou, the FATHER'S only SON,  
Thou, His own Anointed One,  
Thou dost ask Him—(*p*) can it be?—  
*dim* "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"  
*p* LORD, should fear and anguish roll  
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,  
Thou, Who once wast thus bereft  
*cr* That Thine own might ne'er be left,  
Teach me by that bitter cry  
*mf* In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

# Hymns on the Passion.

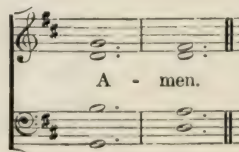
Hymn 119. ASSISI.—8 8 8 6.



"I thirst."

<i>mf</i> HIS are the thousand sparkling rills,	<i>mf</i> But more than pains that rack'd Him
That from a thousand fountains burst,	then
And fill with music all the hills;	Was the deep longing thirst Divine,
<i>p</i> And yet He saith, "I thirst."	<i>cr</i> That thirsted for the souls of men :
	<i>p</i> Dear LORD! and one was mine.

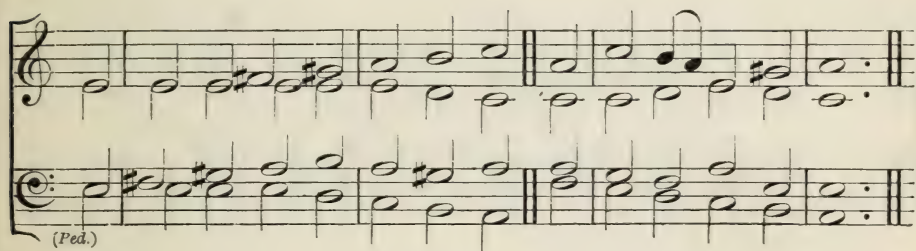
<i>mf</i> All fiery pangs on battle-fields,	<i>mf</i> O Love most patient, give me grace ;
On fever beds where sick men toss,	Make all my soul athirst for Thee ;
Are in that human cry He yields	<i>p</i> That parch'd dry Lip, that fading Face,
<i>p</i> To anguish on the Cross.	That Thirst were all for me.





# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 120. ABER.—S.M.  $\text{♩} = 72$ .



*"It is finished."*

*mf* **O** PERFECT life of love !  
All, all is finish'd now ;  
All that He left His Throne above  
To do for us below.

*p* No work is left undone  
Of all the FATHER will'd ;  
*cr* His toil, His sorrows, one by one,  
The Scripture have fulfill'd.

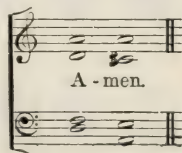
*p* No pain that we can share  
But He has felt its smart ;  
All forms of human grief and care  
Have pierced that tender Heart.

And on His thorn-crown'd Head,  
And on His sinless Soul,  
*cr* Our sins in all their guilt were laid,  
That He might make us whole.

*p* In perfect love He dies :  
For me He dies, for me :  
*cr* O all-atoning Sacrifice,  
I cling by faith to Thee.

*mf* In every time of need,  
Before the judgment-throne,  
*cr* Thy work, O LAMB of GOD, I'll plead,  
Thy merits, (*dim*) not my own.

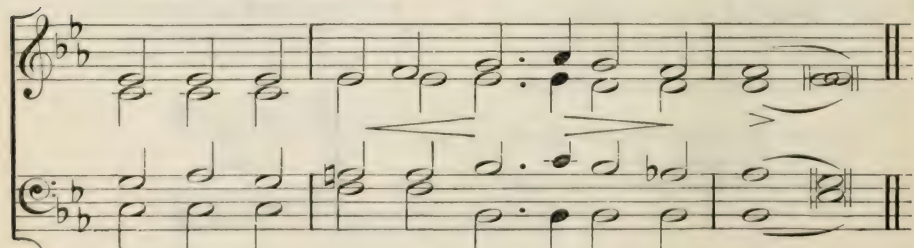
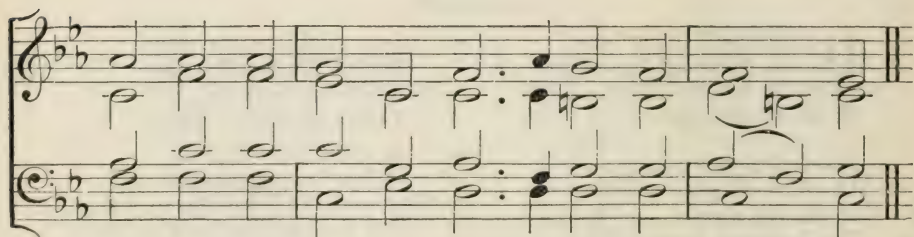
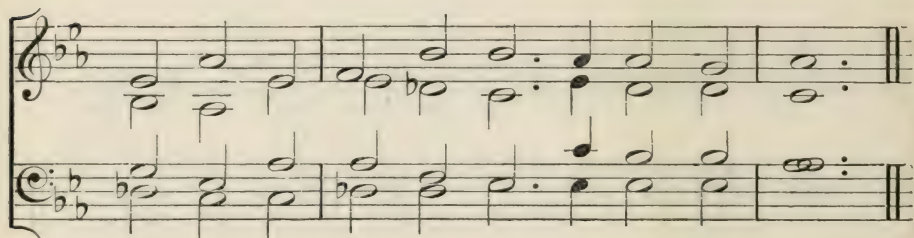
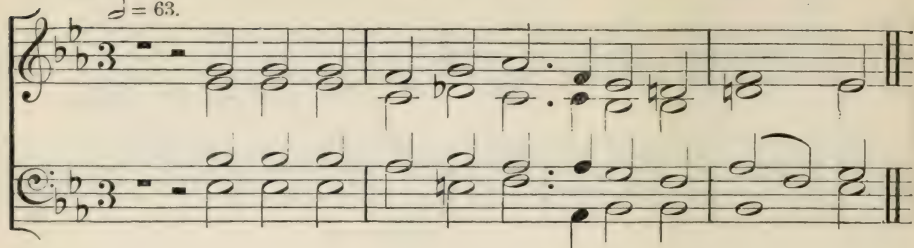
*mf* Yet work, O LORD, in me  
As Thou for me hast wrought ;  
*cr* And let my love the answer be  
To grace Thy love has brought.



# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 121. COMMENDATIO.—11 10 11 10.

$\text{♩} = 63.$



# Hymns on the Passion.

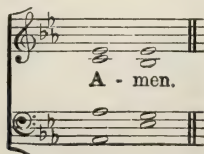
*"Father, into Thy hands I commend My Spirit."*

*p* **A**ND now, belovèd LORD, Thy Soul resigning  
Into Thy FATHER's arms with conscious Will,  
Calmly, with reverend grace, Thy Head inclining,  
*pp* The throbbing Brow and labouring Breast grow still.

*mf* Freely Thy life Thou yielddest, meekly bending  
E'en to the last beneath our sorrows' load,  
*cr e dim* Yet strong in death, in perfect peace commending  
Thy Spirit to Thy FATHER and Thy God.

*mf* Sweet Saviour, in mine hour of mortal anguish,  
*dim* When earth grows dim, and round me falls the night,  
*cr e dim* O breathe Thy peace, as flesh and spirit languish;  
*cr* At that dread eventide let there be light.

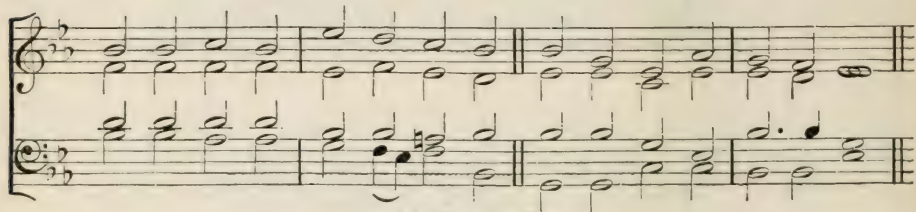
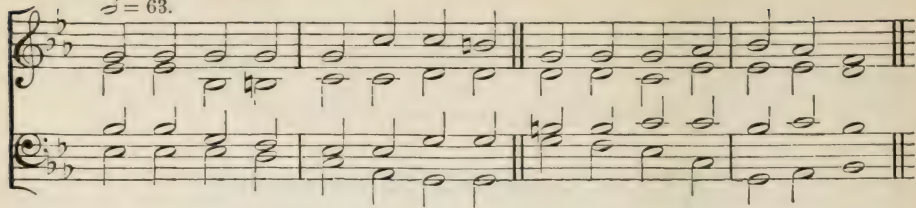
*p* To Thy dear Cross turn Thou my eyes in dying;  
Lay but my fainting head upon Thy Breast;  
Those outstretch'd Arms receive my latest sighing;  
*cr* And then, oh! then, Thine everlasting Rest.



# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 122. AD INFEROS.—8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 63.$



"In Paradise."

*p* IT is finish'd! Blessèd JESUS,  
*cr* Thou hast breathed Thy latest sigh,  
 Teaching us the sons of Adam  
 How the SON of GOD (*dim*) can die.

*p* Lifeless lies the broken Body,  
 Hidden in its rocky bed,  
 Laid aside like folded garment:  
 Where is now the Spirit fled?

*mf* In the gloomy realms of darkness  
 Shines a light unknown before,  
 For the LORD of dead and living  
 Enters at the open door.

*p* See! He comes, a willing Victim,  
 Unresisting hither led;  
 Passing from the Cross of sorrow  
 To the mansions of the dead.

*mf* Lo! the heavenly light around Him  
 As He draws His people near;  
*cr* All amazed they stand rejoicing  
 At the gracious Words they hear.

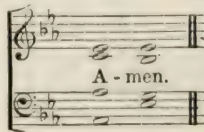
*mf* For Himself proclaims the story  
 Of His own Incarnate life,  
 And the death He died to save us,  
 Victor in that awful strife.

Patriarch and Priest and Prophet  
 Gather round Him as He stands,  
*cr* In adoring faith and gladness,  
*dim* Hearing of the piercèd Hands.

*f* Oh, the bliss to which He calls them,  
 Ransom'd by His precious Blood,  
 From the gloomy realm of darkness  
 To the Paradise of God!

*mf* There in lowliest joy and wonder  
 Stands the robber at His side,  
*cr* Reaping now the blessèd promise  
*dim* Spoken by the Crucified.

*p* JESUS, LORD of dead and living,  
 Let Thy mercy rest on me;  
 Grant me too, when life is finish'd,  
 Rest in Paradise with Thee.

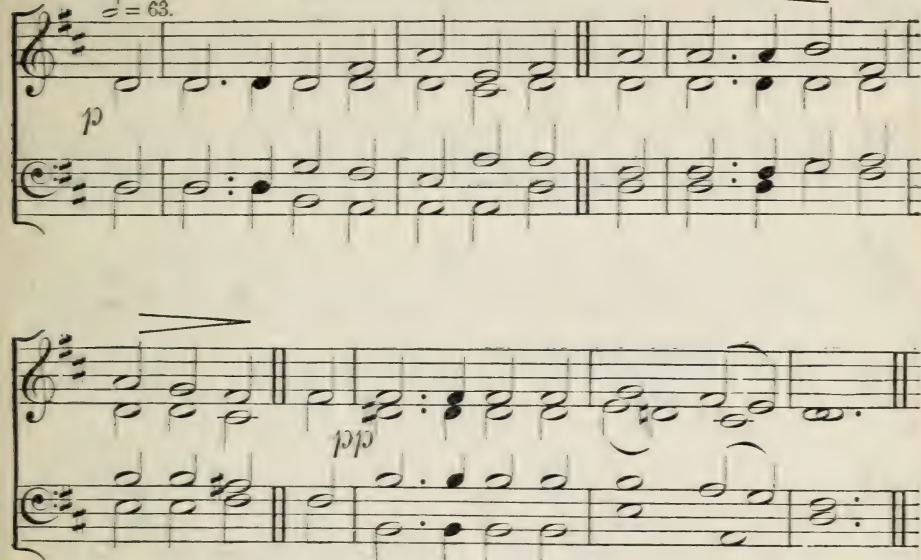




# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 123. HOLY SEPULCHRE.—8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 63.$



*"Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus beheld where He was laid."*

BY JESUS' grave on either hand.

While night is brooding o'er the land,  
The sad and silent mourners stand.

Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade

The Lorn, by Whom the worlds were made,  
The Saviour of mankind, is laid.

At last the weary life is o'er,

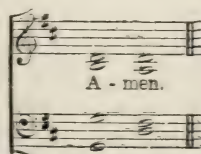
The agony and conflict sore

Of Him Who all our sufferings bore.

*mf* O hearts bereaved and sore distress'd,

Here is for you a place of rest;

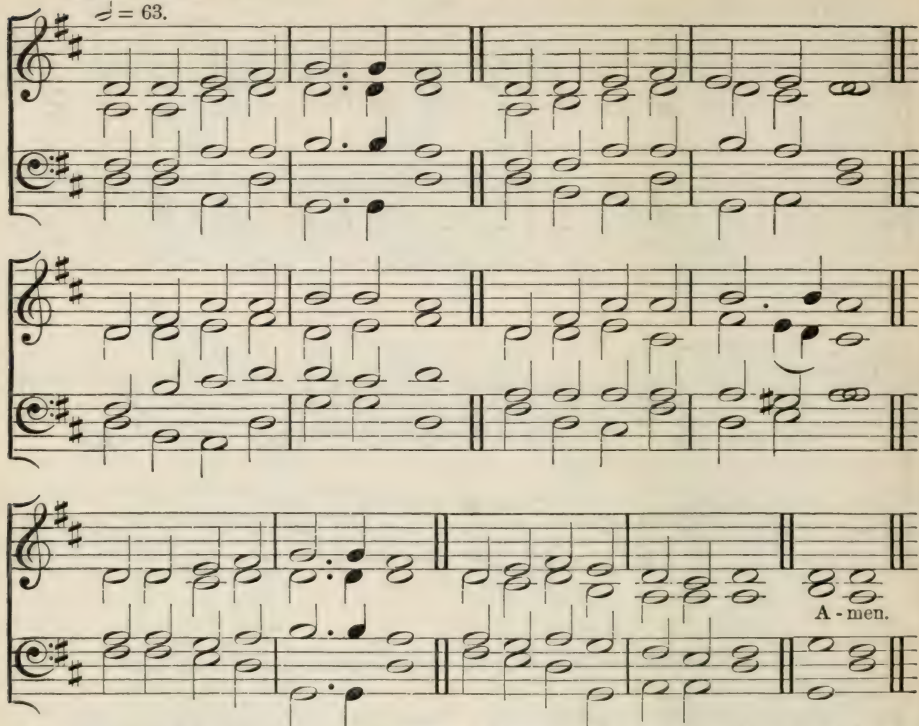
*p* Here leave your griefs on JESUS' Breast.



# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 124. REDHEAD. No. 76.—7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 63.$



*"And when Joseph had taken the Body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock. . . . And there was Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary, sitting over against the sepulchre."*

*mf* **R**ESTING from His work to-day  
In the tomb the Saviour lay;  
Still He slept, from Head to Feet  
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,  
Lying in the rock alone,  
Hidden by the sealed stone.

Late at even there was seen  
Watching long the Magdalene;  
Early, ere the break of day,  
*p* Sorrowful she took her way  
To the holy garden glade,  
Where her buried LORD was laid.

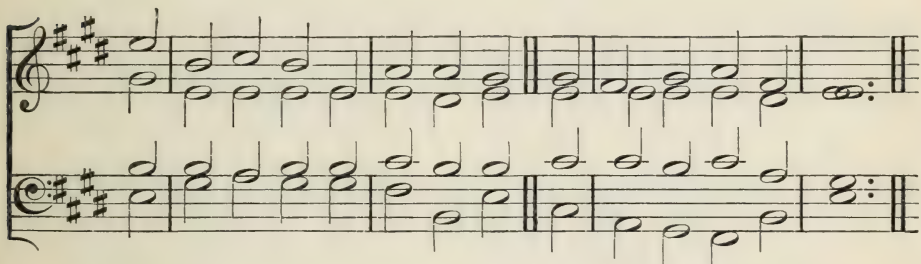
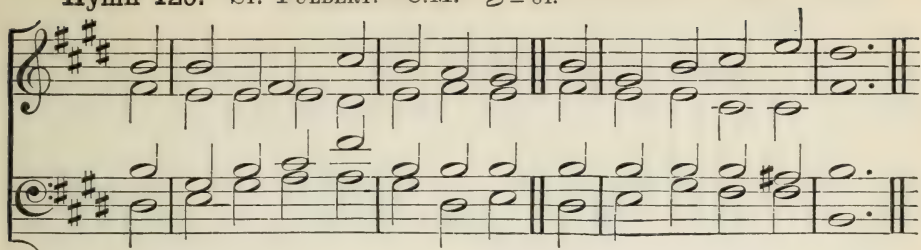
*mf* So with Thee, till life shall end,  
I would solemn vigil spend:  
Let me hew Thee, LORD, a shrine  
In this rocky heart of mine,  
Where in pure embalmed cell  
None but Thou may ever dwell.

Myrrh and spices will I bring,  
True affection's offering;

*p* Close the door from sight and sound  
Of the busy world around;  
And in patient watch remain  
*cr* Till my LORD appear again.

# Easter.

Hymn 125. ST. FULBERT.—C.M. ♩ = 84.



"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

**Y**E choirs of new Jerusalem,  
Your sweetest notes employ,  
The Paschal victory to hymn  
In strains of holy joy.

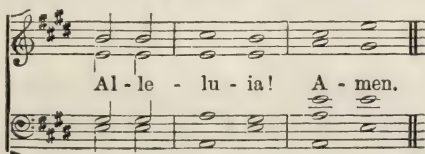
*ff* Triumphant in His glory now  
To Him all power is given;  
*mf* To Him in one communion bow  
All saints in earth and Heav'n.

For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,  
Crushing the serpent's head;  
And cries aloud through death's domains  
To wake the imprison'd dead.

While we, His soldiers, praise our King,  
*dim* His mercy we implore,  
*cr* Within His palace bright to bring  
And keep us evermore.

Devouring depths of hell their prey  
At His command restore;  
His ransom'd hosts pursue their way  
Where JESUS goes before.

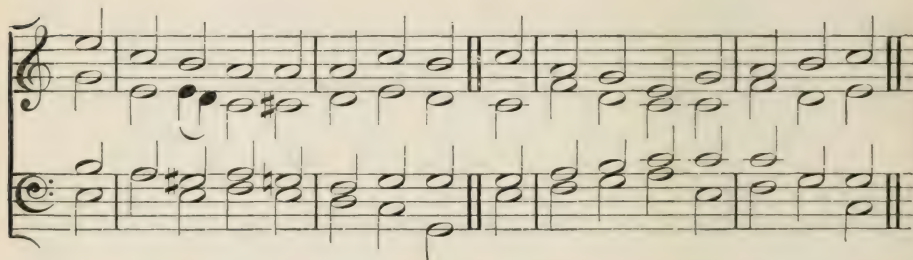
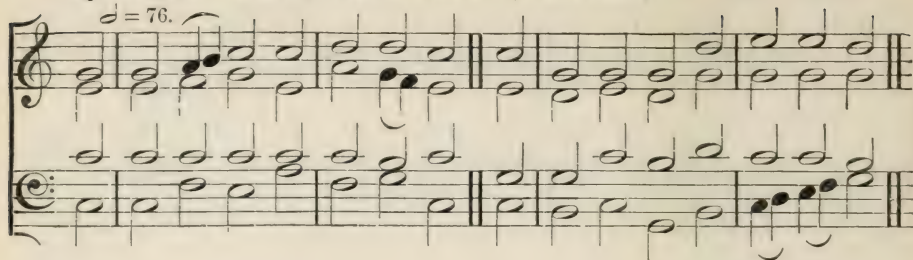
*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the Son,  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.



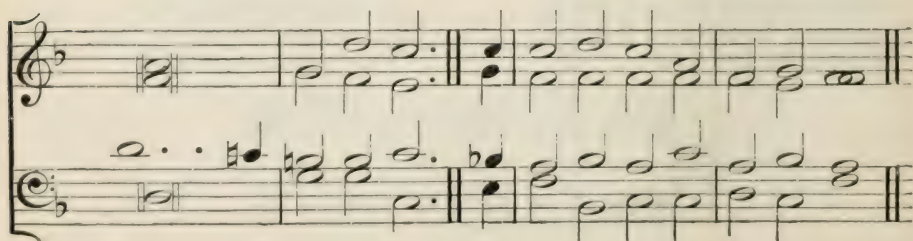
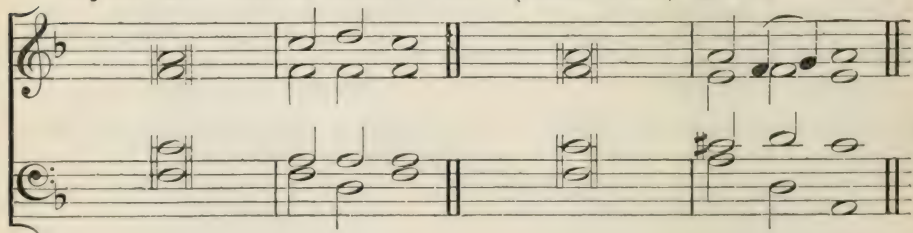
# Easter.

Hymn 126. TRISTES ERANT.—L.M. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 76.$



Hymn 126. EASTER CHANT.—L.M. (*Second Tune.*)  $\text{♩} = 76.$





# Easter.

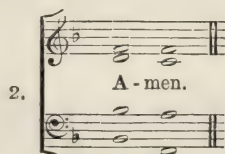
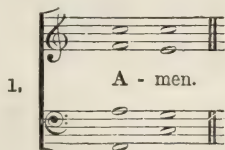
*"The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel."*

## PART 3.

- L**IGHT'S glittering morn bedécks the sky; *f* \*That Easter-tide with jóy was bright,  
 Heaven thunders forth its victor-cry; The sun shone out with fáirer light,  
 The glad earth shouts her triumph high, When, to their longing éyes restored,  
 And groaning hell makes wild reply; Th' Apostles saw their risen LORD.
- \* While He, the King, the mighty King, *mf* \*He bade them see His HÁnds, His Side,  
 Despoiling death of áll its sting, Where yet the glorious Wóunds abide;  
 And, troampling down the pówers of night, The tokens true which máde it plain  
 Brings forth His ransom'd Saints to light. *f* Their LORD indeed was risen again.
- \* His tomb of late the thréefold guard *mf* JESU, the King of Géntleness,  
 Of watch and stone and séal had barr'd; Do Thou Thyself our héarts possess,  
 But now, in pomp and triúmph high, That we may give Thee áll our days  
 He comes from death to victory. The tribute of our grateful praise.
- \* The pains of hell are lóosed at last;  
 The days of mourning nów are past;  
 An Angel robed in light hath said,  
 "The LORD is risen from the dead."

## PART 2.

- The Apostles' hearts were fúll of pain  
 For their dear LORD so látely slain,  
 By rebel servants dóom'd to die  
 A death of cruel agony.
- With gentle voice the Ángel gave  
 The women tidings át the grave;  
 "Fear not, your Master sháll ye see;  
 He goes before to Galilee."
- Then, hastening on their cáger way  
 The joyful tidings tó convey,  
 Their LORD they met, their líving LORD,  
 And falling at His Feet adored.
- Th' Eleven, when they héar, with speed  
 To Galilee forthwith proceed,  
 That there once more they máy behold  
 The LORD's dear Face, as He foretold.
- The following may be sung at the end of each Part*
- mf* O LORD of all, with ús abide  
 In this our joyfúl Éaster-tide;  
 From every weapon deáth can wield  
 Thine own redeem'd for ever shield.
- ff* \* All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,  
 From death to endless life restored:  
 All praise to GOD the FÁTHER be  
 And HOLY GHOST eternally.

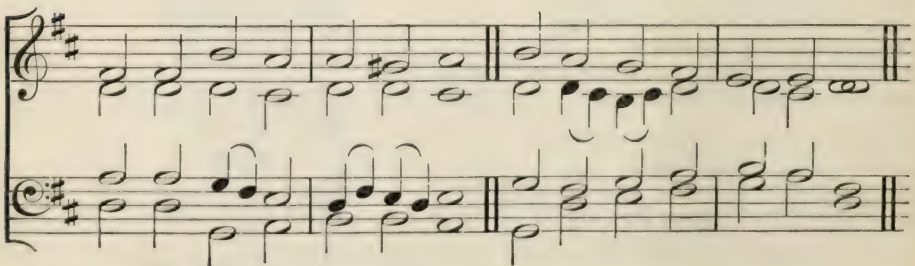
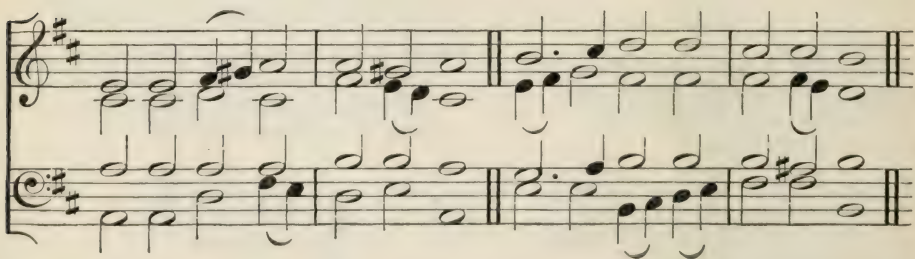
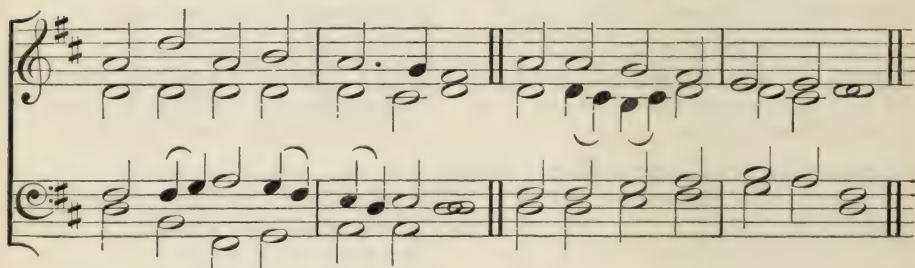
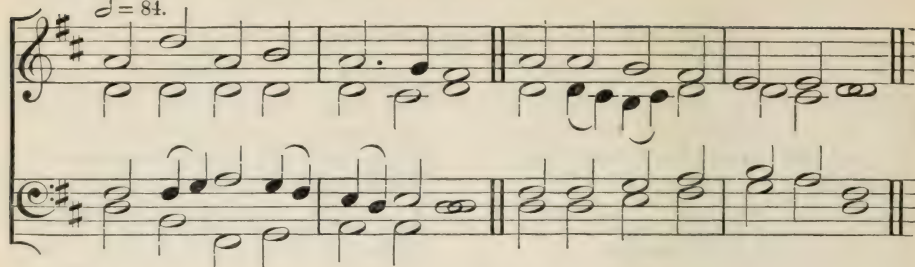


\* When the whole Hymn is sung to the Chant, these verses may be sung in unison.

# Easter.

Hymn 127. SALZBURG.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



# Easter.

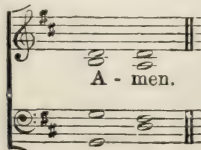
*"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."*

*f* **A**T the LAMB's high feast we sing  
Praise to our victorious King,  
*mf* Who hath wash'd us in the tide  
Flowing from His piercèd Side ;  
*f* Praise we Him, Whose love Divine  
Gives His Sacred Blood for wine,  
Gives His Body for the feast,  
CHRIST the Victim, CHRIST the Priest.

*mf* Where the Paschal blood is pour'd,  
Death's dark Angel sheathes his sword ;  
*f* Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we CHRIST, Whose Blood was shed,  
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread ;  
*mf* With sincerity and love  
Eat we Manna from above.

*f* Mighty Victim from the sky,  
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie ;  
Thou hast conquer'd in the fight,  
Thou hast brought us life and light ;  
Now no more can death appal,  
Now no more the grave enthrall ;  
Thou hast open'd Paradise,  
And in Thee Thy Saints shall rise.

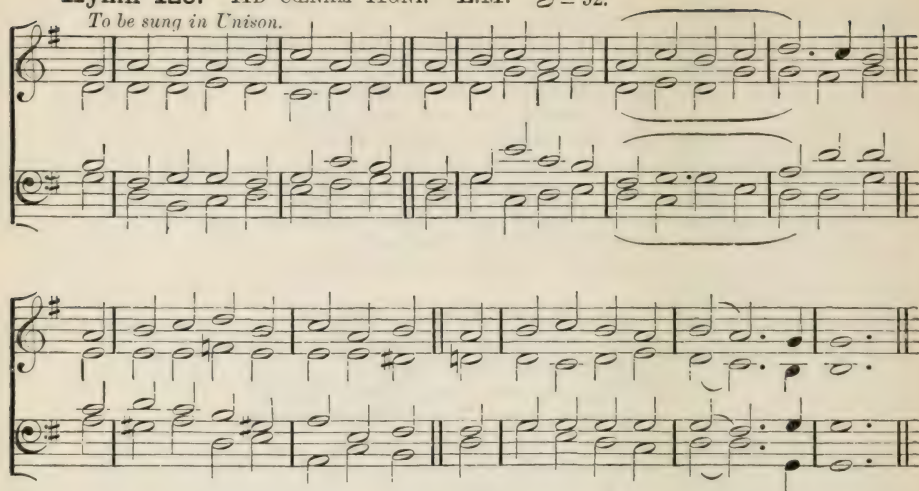
Easter triumph, Easter joy,  
*mf* Sin alone can this destroy ;  
From sin's power do Thou set free  
Souls new-born, O LORD, in Thee.  
*f* Hymns of glory and of praise,  
Risen LORD, to Thee we raise ;  
Holy FATHER, praise to Thee,  
With the SPIRIT, ever be.



# Easter.

Hymn 128. AD CENAM AGNI.—L.M. ♩ = 92.

*To be sung in Unison.*



*"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast."*

*f* **T**HE LAMB's high banquet call'd to share,  
Array'd in garments white and fair,  
The Red Sea past, we fain would sing  
To JESUS our triumphant King.

O all-sufficient Sacrifice,  
Beneath Thee hell defeated lies;  
Thy captive people are set free,  
And crowns of life restored by Thee.

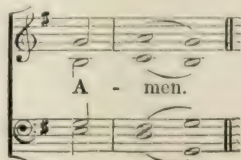
*mf* Upon the Altar of the Cross  
His Body hath redeem'd our loss;  
And, tasting of His precious Blood,  
Our life is hid with Him in God.

*f* We hymn Thee rising from the grave,  
From death returning, strong to save;  
Thine own Right Hand the tyrant  
And Paradise for man regains. [chains,

Protected in the Paschal night  
From the destroying Angel's might,  
In triumph went the ransom'd free  
From Pharaoh's cruel tyranny.

*ff* All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,  
From death to endless life restored;  
All praise to GOD the FATHER be  
And HOLY GHOST eternally.

NOW CHRIST our Passover is slain,  
The LAMB of GOD without a stain;  
His Flesh, the true unleaven'd Bread,  
Is freely offer'd in our stead.

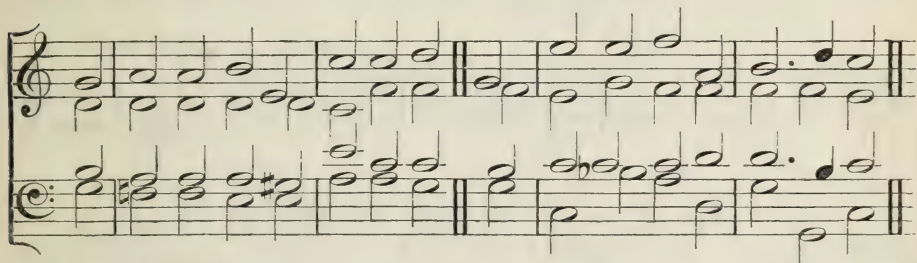
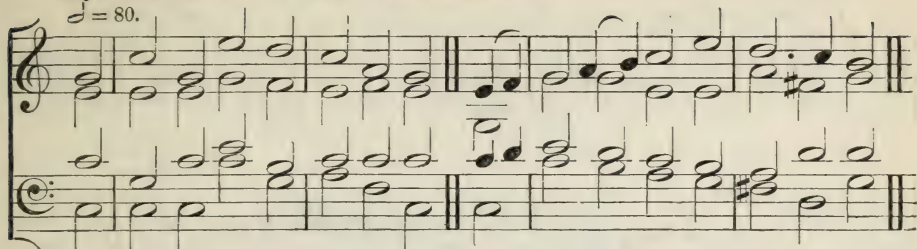




# Easter.

Hymn 129. CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him through the faith of the operation of God, Who hath raised Him from the dead."*

*mf* **O** CHRIST, the heavens' Eternal King,  
Creator, unto Thee we sing,  
With God the FATHER ever ONE,  
Co-equal, co-eternal SON,

Thy Hand, when first the world began, *p*  
Made in Thine own pure Image man,  
And link'd to fleshly form of earth  
A living soul of heavenly birth.

And when the envious crafty foe  
Had marr'd Thy noblest work below,  
Thou didst our ruin'd state repair  
By deigning flesh Thyself to wear.

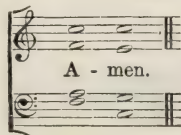
Once of a Virgin born to save,  
And now new-born from death's dark grave,  
*O* CHRIST, Thou bidd'st us rise with Thee  
From death to immortality.

Eternal Shepherd, Thou art wont  
To cleanse Thy sheep within the font,  
That mystic bath, that grave of sin,  
Where ransom'd souls new life begin.

*p* Divine Redeemer, Thou didst deign  
To bear for us the Cross of pain,  
And freely pay the precious price  
Of all Thy Blood in sacrifice.

*mf* JESU, do Thou to every heart  
Unceasing Paschal joy impart:  
From death of sin and guilty strife  
Set free the new-born sons of life.

*f* All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,  
From death to endless life restored;  
All praise to GOD the FATHER be  
And HOLY GHOST eternally.



A - men.

# Easter.

Hymn 130. O FILII ET FILIÆ.—8 8 8 and Alleluias. ♩ = 112.

To be sung in Unison.

*mf* AL - LE - LU - IA! *f* AL - LE - LU - IA *ff* AL - - - LE -

*Fine.*  
... LU - - - IA!

*f* AL - - - le - lu - - - ia! *D.C.*

# Easter.

*"This is the day which the Lord hath made ; we will rejoice and be glad in it."*

*f* **A** LLELUIA ! ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA !  
O sons and daughters, let us sing !  
The King of Heav'n, the glorious King,  
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.  
Alleluia !

*mf* That Easter morn, at break of day,  
The faithful women went their way  
To seek the tomb where JESUS lay.  
Alleluia !

An Angel clad in white they see,  
Who sat, and spake unto the three,  
"Your LORD doth go to Galilee."  
Alleluia !

*p* That night th' Apostles met in fear ;  
*cr* Amidst them came their LORD most dear,  
And said, (*p*) "My peace be on all here."  
Alleluia !

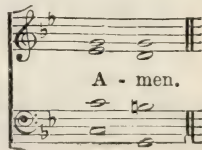
*mf* When Thomas first the tidings heard,  
How they had seen the risen LORD,  
He doubted the disciples' word.  
Alleluia !

*p* "My piercèd Side, O Thomas, see ;  
My Hands, My Feet I show to thee ;  
Not faithless, but believing be."  
Alleluia !

*mf* No longer Thomas then denied ;  
He saw the Feet, the Hands, the Side ;  
*f* "Thou art my LORD and God," he cried.  
Alleluia !

How blest are they who have not seen,  
And yet whose faith hath constant been,  
For they eternal life shall win.  
Alleluia !

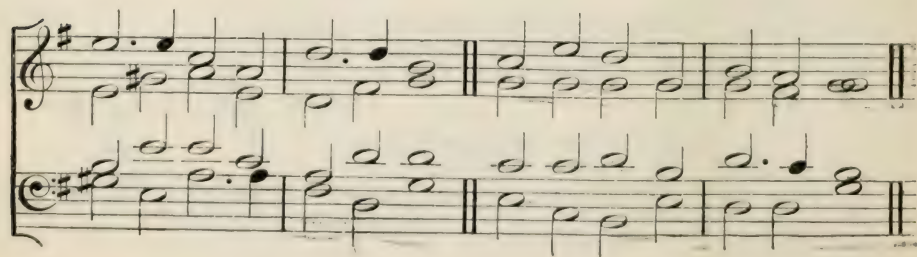
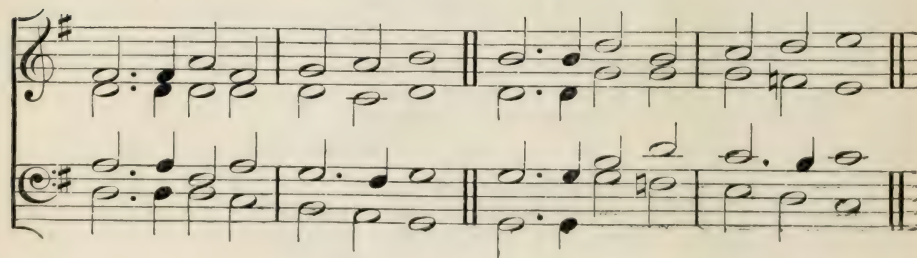
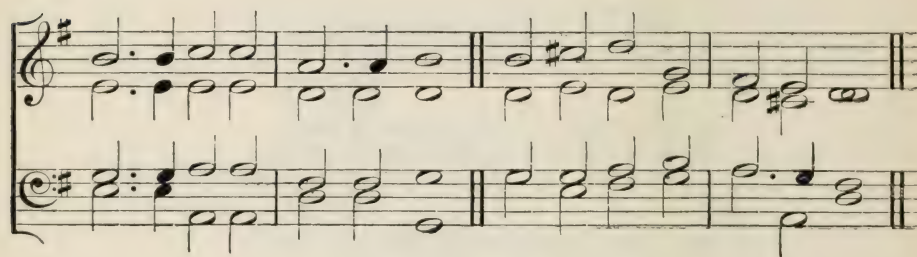
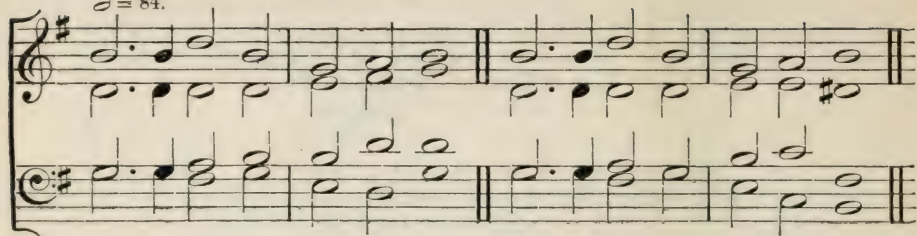
On this most holy day of days,  
To God your hearts and voices raise  
In laud, and jubilee, and praise.  
*ff* Alleluia !



# Easter.

Hymn 131. ST. GEORGE.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$





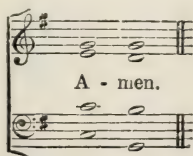
# Easter.

*"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."*

*f* CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day ;  
Christians, haste your vows to pay ;  
Offer ye your praises meet  
At the Paschal Victim's feet.  
*mf* For the sheep the LAMB hath bled,  
Sinless in the sinner's stead ;  
*ff* "CHRIST is risen," to-day we cry ;  
Now He lives no more to die.

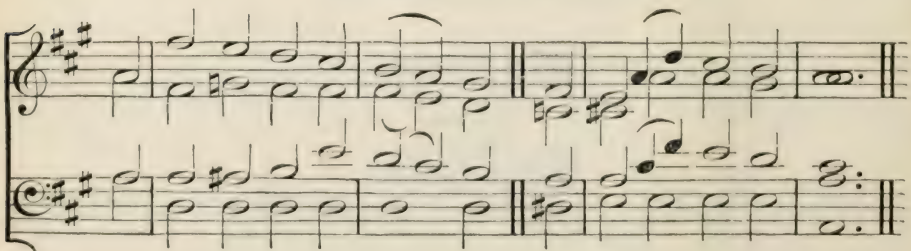
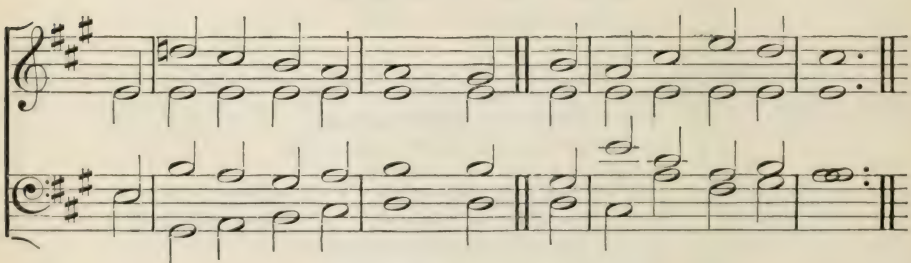
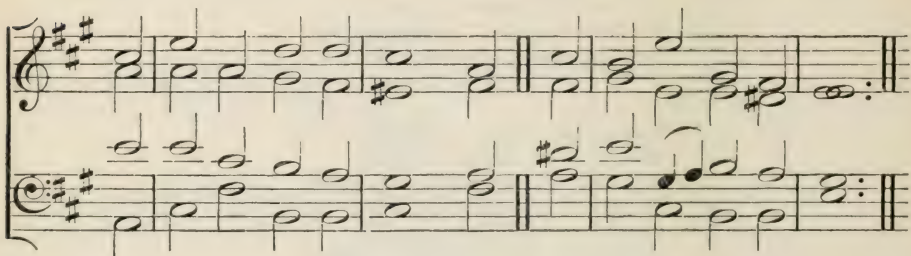
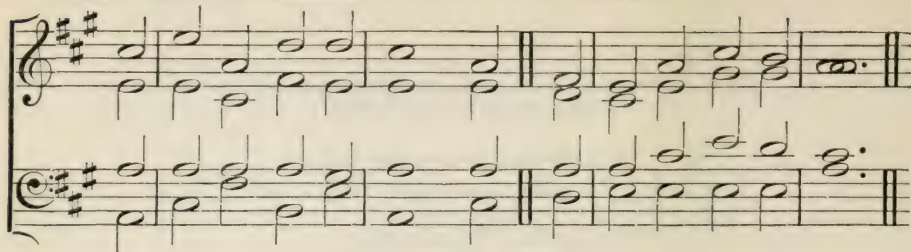
*f* CHRIST, the Victim undefiled,  
Man to God hath reconciled ;  
Whilst in strange and awful strife  
Met together Death and Life :  
Christians, on this happy day  
Haste with joy your vows to pay ;  
*ff* "CHRIST is risen," to-day we cry ;  
Now He lives no more to die.

*mf* CHRIST, Who once for sinners bled,  
*f* Now the first-born from the dead,  
*ff* Throned in endless might and power,  
Lives and reigns for evermore.  
Hail, Eternal Hope on high !  
Hail, Thou King of victory !  
Hail, Thou Prince of life adored !  
*mf* Help and save us, gracious LORD.



# Easter.

Hymn 132. ROTTERDAM.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6. ♩ = 84.



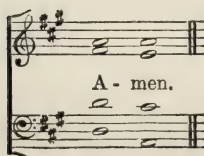
# Easter.

*"Jesus met them, saying, All hail."*

*f* THE Day of Resurrection!  
Earth, tell it out abroad;  
The Passover of gladness,  
The Passover of God!  
From death to life eternal,  
From earth unto the sky,  
Our CHRIST hath brought us over  
With hymns of victory.

*mf* Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The LORD in rays eternal  
Of resurrection-light;  
And, listening to His accents,  
May hear so calm and plain  
His own "All hail," and, hearing,  
May raise the victor strain.

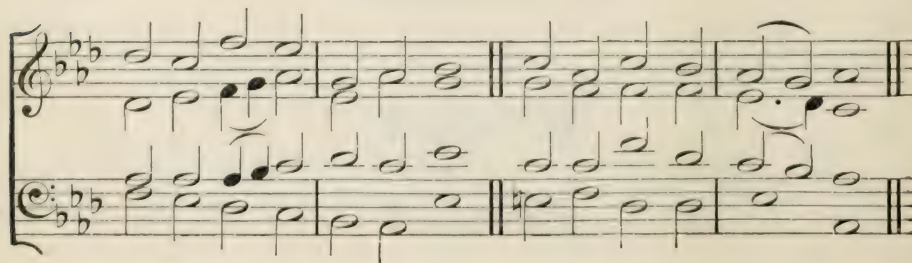
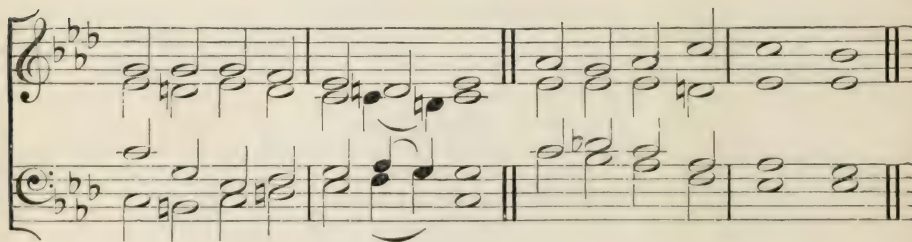
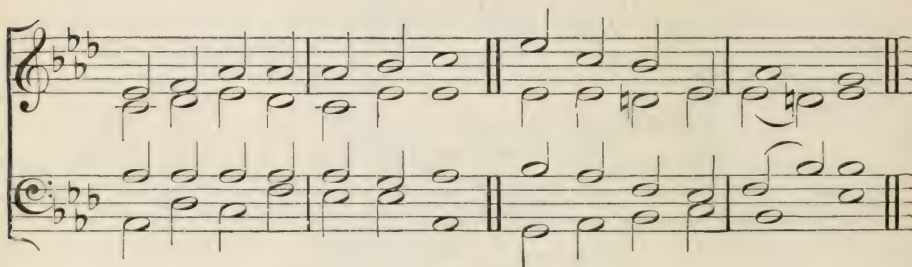
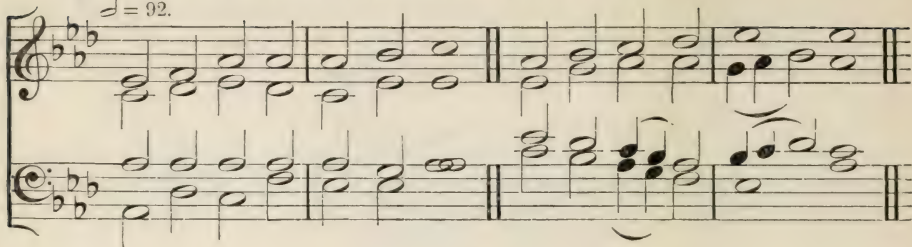
*f* Now let the heav'ns be joyful,  
And earth her song begin,  
The round world keep high triumph,  
And all that is therein;  
Let all things seen and unseen  
Their notes of gladness blend,  
*ff* For CHRIST the LORD is risen,  
Our Joy that hath no end.



# Easter.

Hymn 133. ST. JOHN DAMASCENE.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# Easter.

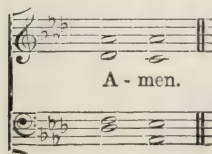
*"Lo, the winter is past."*

- f* COME, ye faithful, raise the strain  
Of triumphant gladness;  
God hath brought His Israel  
Into joy from sadness;  
*mf* Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke  
Jacob's sons and daughters;  
*f* Led them with unmoisten'd foot  
Through the Red Sea waters.

- 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day;  
CHRIST hath burst His prison,  
And from three days' sleep in death  
As a sun hath risen;  
*mf* All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
*f* From His Light, to Whom we give  
Laud and praise undying.

Now the Queen of seasons, bright  
With the Day of splendour,  
With the royal Feast of feasts,  
Comes its joy to render;  
Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
Who with true affection  
Welcomes in unwearied strains  
JESU's Resurrection.

- ff* Alleluia now we cry  
To our King Immortal,  
Who triumphant burst the bars  
Of the tomb's dark portal;  
Alleluia, with the SON  
God the FATHER praising;  
Alleluia yet again  
To the SPIRIT raising.



# Easter.

Hymn 134. EASTER HYMN. NO. 1.—7 7 7 7 and Alleluias. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 84.$

*f* Al - le - lu - ia!

*f* Al - le - lu - ia!

*f* Al - le - lu - ia!

*f* Al - le - lu - ia!

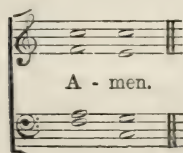
# Easter.

*"The Lord is risen indeed."*

*f* JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,  
Alleluia!  
Our triumphant holy day,  
Alleluia!  
*mf* Who did once, upon the Cross,  
Alleluia!  
Suffer to redeem our loss.  
Alleluia!

*f* Hymns of praise then let us sing,  
Alleluia!  
Unto CHRIST, our heavenly King,  
Alleluia!  
*mf* Who endured the Cross and grave,  
Alleluia!  
Sinners to redeem and save.  
Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured  
Alleluia!  
*f* Our salvation hath procured;  
Alleluia!  
*ff* Now above the sky He's King,  
Alleluia!  
Where the Angels ever sing.  
Alleluia!



# Easter.

Hymn 134. EASTER HYMN. No. 2.—7 7 7 7 and Alleluias. (*Second Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 69.$

*f* Al - le - lu - ia!



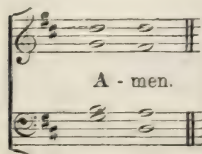
# Easter.

*"The Lord is risen indeed."*

*J* JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Alleluia!  
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!  
*mf* Who did once, upon the Cross, Alleluia!  
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

*f* Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!  
Unto CHRIST, our heavenly King, Alleluia!  
*mf* Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia!  
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured Alleluia!  
*f* Our salvation hath procured; Alleluia!  
*ff* Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!  
Where the Angels ever sing. Alleluia!



# Easter.

Hymn 135. VICTORY.—8 8 8 and Alleluias.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

*f* Al - le - lu - ia! *er* Al - le - lu - ia! *ff* Al - le - lu - ia!

ORG.

*"O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things."*

<p><i>f</i> <b>A</b>LLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! The strife is o'er, the battle done; Now is the Victor's triumph won; <i>ff</i> O let the song of praise be sung.</p>	<p><i>f</i> On the third morn He rose again Glorious in majesty to reign; O let us swell the joyful strain. Alleluia!</p>
<p><i>f</i> Death's mightiest powers have done their And Jesus hath His foes dispersed; [worst, <i>ff</i> Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.</p>	<p><i>p</i> LORD, by the stripes which wounded Thee [free, From death's dread sting Thy servants <i>f</i> That we may live, and sing to Thee <i>ff</i> Alleluia!</p>

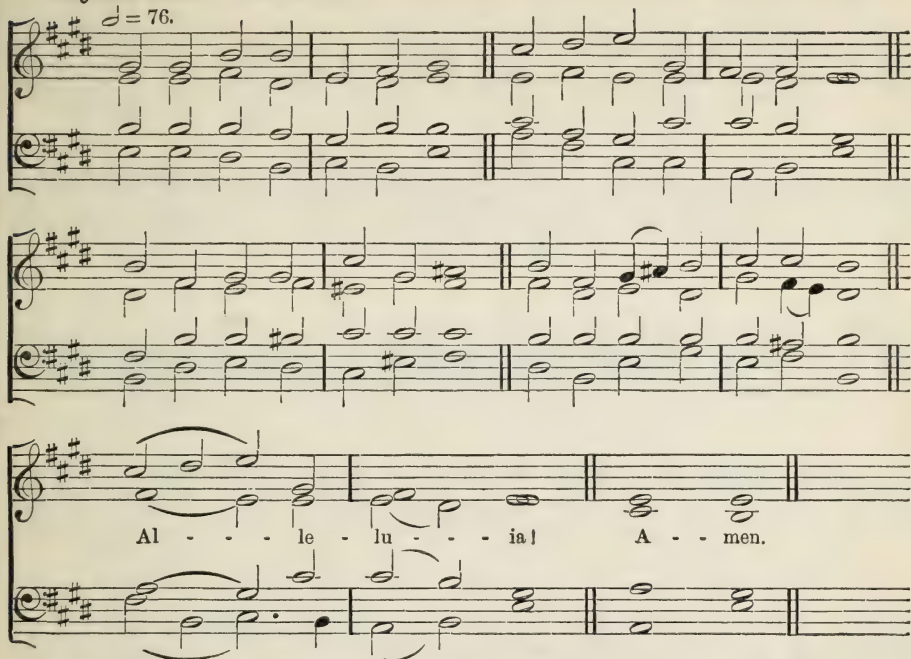
Alleluia!

A - men.

# Easter.

Hymn 136. WURTEMBERG.—7 7 7 7 4.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."*

**C**HRISt the LORD is risen again;  
CHRIST hath broken every chain;  
Hark! Angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermore on high,

Alleluia!

*f* He, Who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal LAMB to-day;  
We too sing for joy, and say

Alleluia!

*f* He, Who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the Cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us, and hears our cry;

Alleluia!

*mf* He, Who slumber'd in the grave,  
*f* Is exalted now to save;  
*ff* Now through Christendom it rings  
That the LAMB is King of kings.

Alleluia!

*mf* Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we too may enter Heav'n.

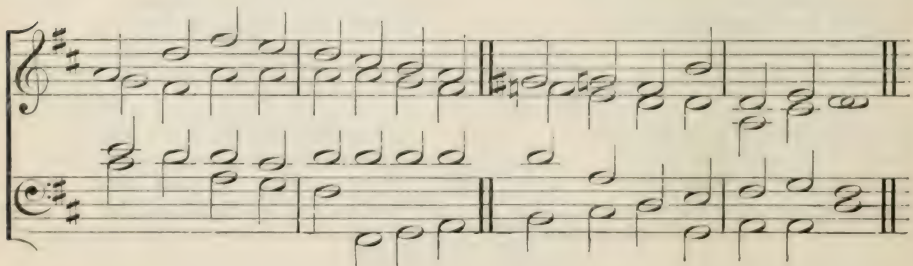
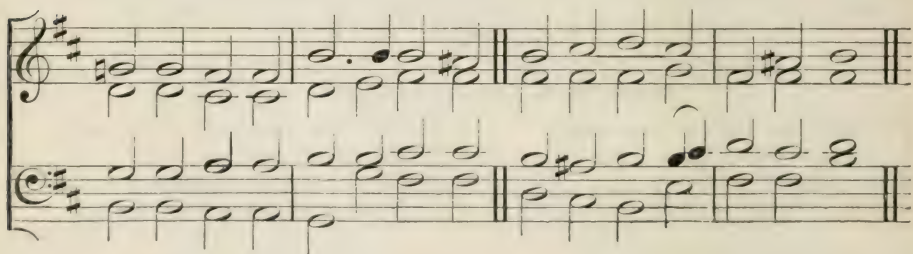
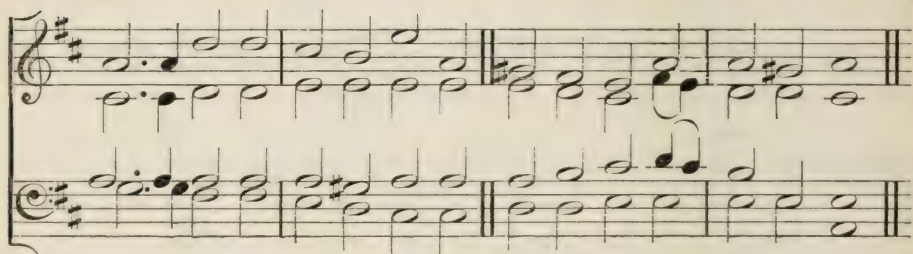
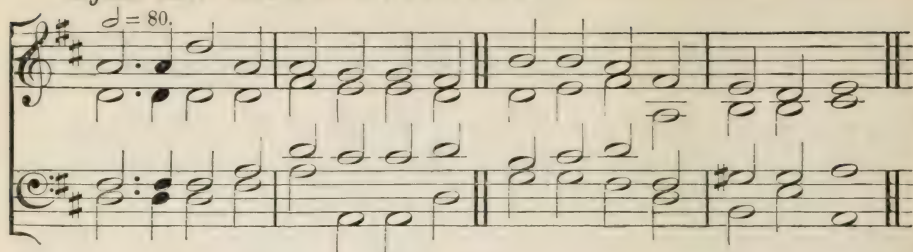
Alleluia!

Thou, our Paschal LAMB indeed,  
CHRIST, Thy ransom'd people feed:  
Take our sins and guilt away,

*f* Let us sing by night and day  
*ff* Alleluia!

# Easter.

Hymn 137. Lux Eor.--8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.





# Easter.

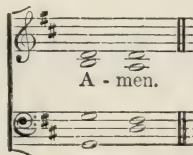
*"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."*

*f* **A** LLELUIA! Alleluia! Hearts to Heav'n and voices raise;  
*p* Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise;  
*f* He, Who on the Cross a Victim for the world's salvation bled,  
JESUS CHRIST, the King of glory, now is risen from the dead.

CHRIST is risen, CHRIST the first-fruits of the holy harvest field,  
Which will all its full abundance at His second coming yield;  
Then the golden ears of harvest will their heads before Him wave,  
Ripen'd by His glorious sunshine, from the furrows of the grave.

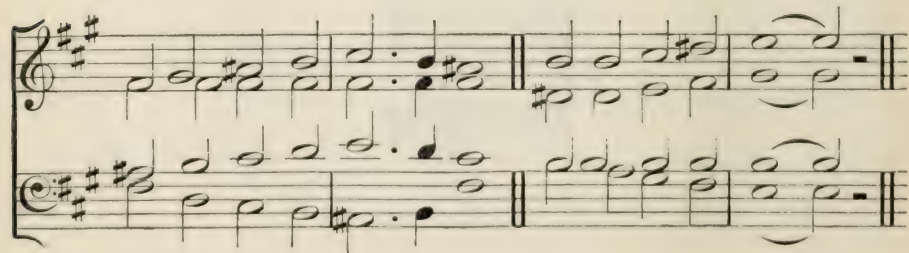
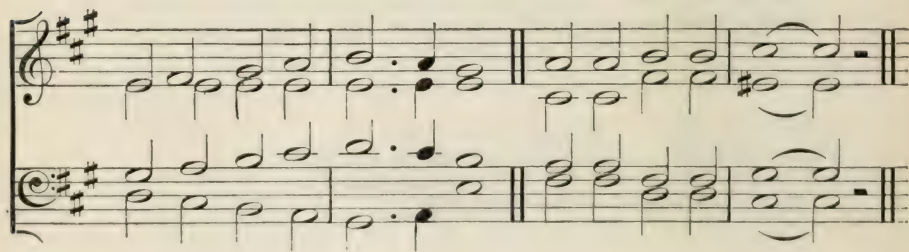
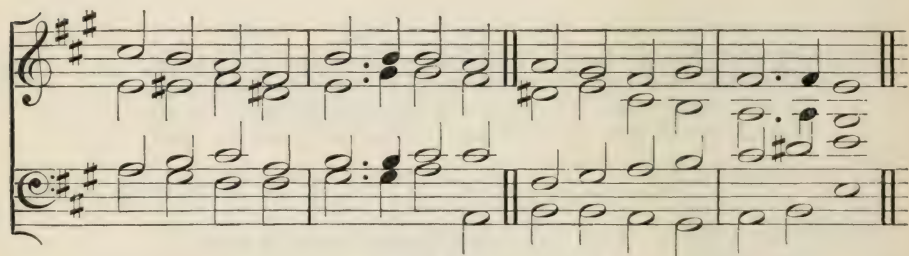
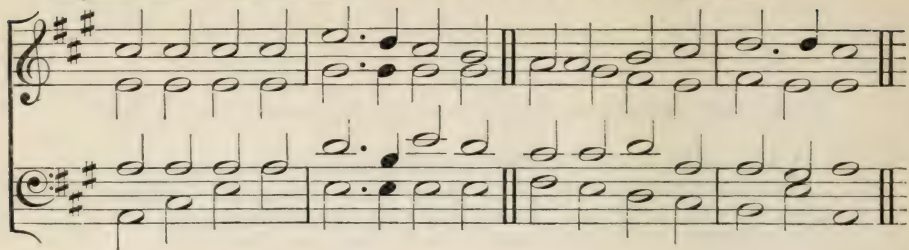
*mf* CHRIST is risen, we are risen; shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy Face;  
That we, with our hearts in Heav'n, here on earth may fruitful be,  
And by Angel-hands be gather'd, and be ever, LORD, with Thee.

*ff* Alleluia! Alleluia! Glory be to God on high;  
Alleluia to the SAVIOUR, Who has gain'd the victory;  
Alleluia to the SPIRIT, fount of love and sanctity;  
Alleluia! Alleluia! to the TRIUNE Majesty.

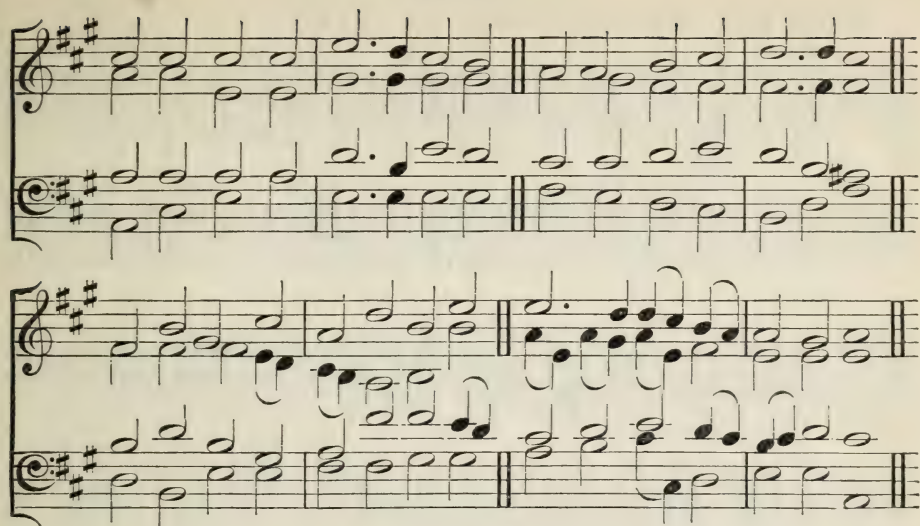


# Easter.

Hymn 138. RESURREXIT.—8 7 8 7 7 5 7 5 8 7 8 7. ♩ = 100.



# Easter.

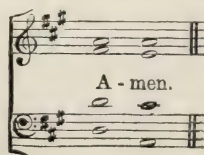


"He is risen."

*f* CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!  
He hath burst His bonds in twain;  
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!  
Alleluia! swell the strain!  
*mf* For our gain He suffer'd loss  
By Divine decree;  
He hath died upon the Cross,  
But our God is He.  
*f* CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!  
He hath burst His bonds in twain;  
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!  
Alleluia! swell the strain!

*mf* See the chains of death are broken;  
Earth below and heaven above  
Joy in each amazing token  
Of His rising, LORD of love;  
He for evermore shall reign  
By the FATHER's side,  
*dim* Till He comes to earth again,  
Comes to claim His Bride.

*ff* CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!  
He hath burst His bonds in twain;  
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!  
Alleluia! swell the strain!  
*mf* Glorious Angels downward thronging  
Hail the LORD of all the skies;  
Heav'n, with joy and holy longing  
For the WORD Incarnate, cries,  
*f* "CHRIST is risen! Earth, rejoice!  
Gleam, ye starry train!  
All creation, find a voice;  
He o'er all shall reign."  
*ff* CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!  
He hath burst His bonds in twain;  
CHRIST is risen! CHRIST is risen!  
O'er the universe to reign.



# Easter.

Hymn 139. MAGDALEN COLLEGE.—8 8 6 8 8 6.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

A-men.

“The First-begotten of the dead.”

*mf* COME see the place where JESUS lay,  
And hear Angelic watchers say,  
*f* “He lives, Who once was slain :  
*mf* Why seek the living ’midst the dead ?  
Remember how the Saviour said  
*f* That He would rise again.”

O joyful sound ! O glorious hour,  
When by His own Almighty power  
He rose, and left the grave !

*f* Now let our songs His triumph tell,  
Who burst the bands of death and hell,  
And ever lives to save.

*f* The First-begotten of the dead,  
For us He rose, our glorious Head,  
Immortal life to bring ; [die,  
What though the saints like Him shall  
They share their Leader’s victory,  
And triumph with their King.

*mf* No more they tremble at the grave,  
For JESUS will their spirits save,  
And raise their slumbering dust :

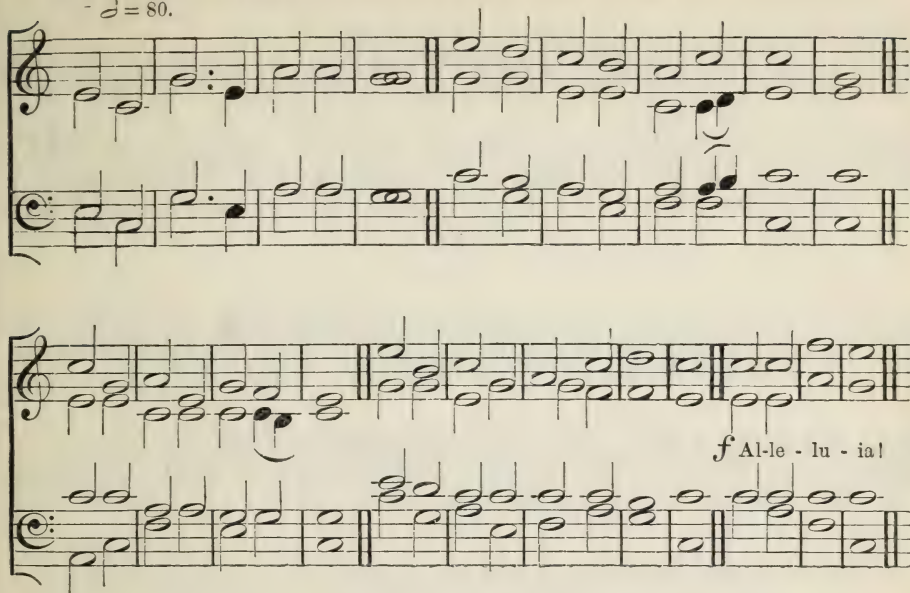
*f* O risen LORD, in Thee we live,  
*dim* To Thee our ransom’d souls we give,  
*p* To Thee our bodies trust.



# Easter.

Hymn 140. ST. ALBINUS.—7 8 7 8 4. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."*

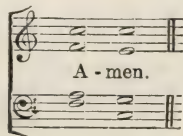
**J**ESUS lives! no longer now  
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;  
JESUS lives! by this we know  
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.  
Alleluia!

**f** JESUS lives! our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall sever;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia!

JESUS lives! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
*mf* Alleluia!

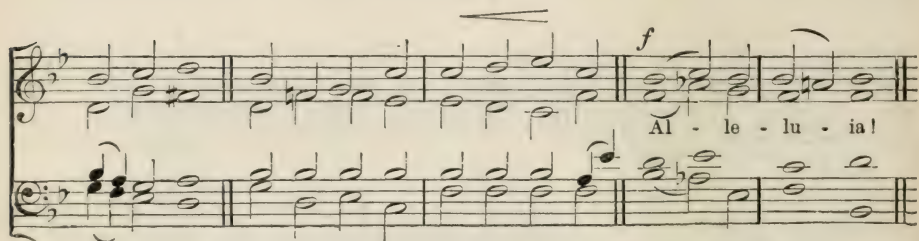
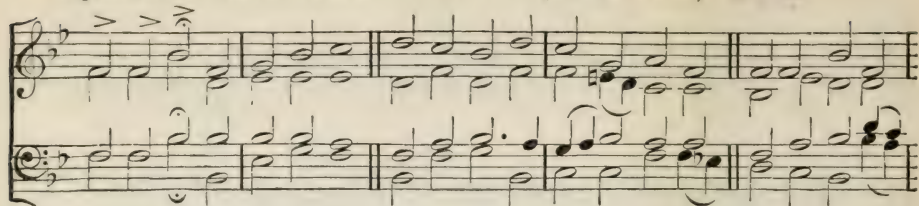
JESUS lives! to Him the Throne  
Over all the world is given;  
*mf* May we go where He is gone,  
*cr* Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.  
Alleluia!

**f** JESUS lives! (*p*) for us he died;  
Then, alone to JESUS living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia!



# Easter.

Hymn 140. LINDISFARNE.— 7 8 7 8 4. (Second Tune.) ♩ = 84.



*"I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."*

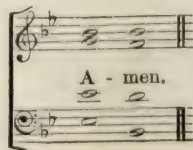
*f* JESUS lives! no longer now  
Can thy terrors, death, appal us;  
Jesus lives! by this we know  
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.  
Alleluia!

*f* JESUS lives! our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall sever:  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia!

*p* JESUS lives! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
*mf* Alleluia!

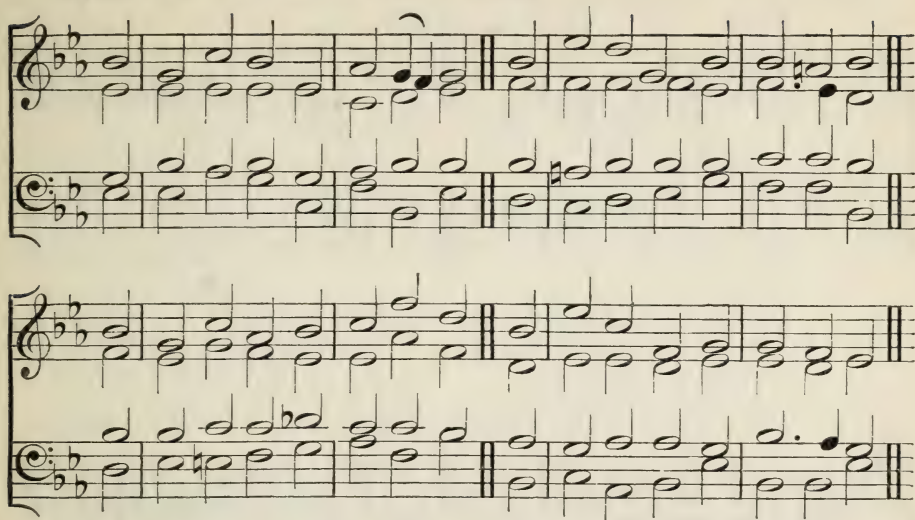
JESUS lives! to Him the Throne  
Over all the world is given;  
*mf* May we go where He is gone,  
*cr* Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.  
Alleluia!

*f* JESUS lives! (*p*) for us He died;  
*mf* Then, alone to JESUS living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia!



# Easter.

Hymn 141. SHROPSHIRE.—L.M. ♩ = 76.

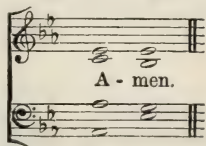


*"When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."*

FOR A LATE EVENING SERVICE.

*mf* **J**ESU, the world's redeeming LORD,  
The FATHER's co-eternal WORD,  
Of Light invisible true Light,  
Thine Israel's Keeper day and night;  
Our great Creator and our Guide,  
Who times and seasons dost divide,  
Refresh at night with quiet rest  
Our limbs by daily toil oppress'd.  
That while in this frail house of clay  
A little longer here we stay,  
*p* Our flesh in Thee may sweetly sleep,  
Our souls with Thee their vigils keep.

*mf* We pray Thee, while we dwell below,  
Preserve us from our ghostly foe;  
Nor let his wiles victorious be  
O'er them that are redeem'd by Thee.  
O LORD of all, with us abide  
In this our joyful Easter-tide;  
From every weapon death can wield  
Thine own redeem'd for ever shield.  
*f* All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,  
From death to endless life restored;  
All praise to GOD the FATHER be  
And HOLY GHOST eternally.



*The following Hymns are suitable for this season :*

197 The King of love my Shepherd is.

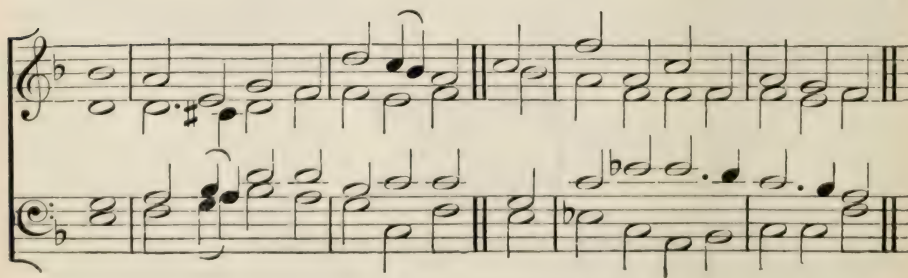
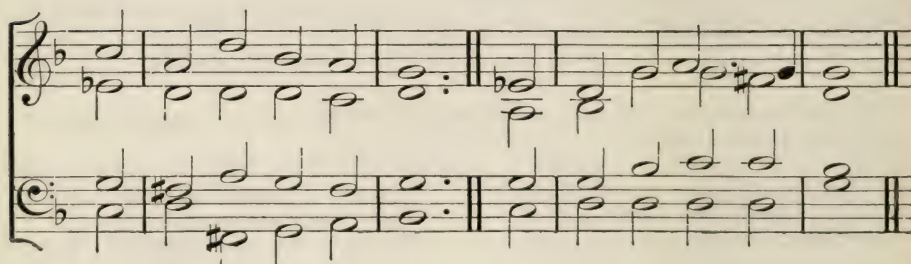
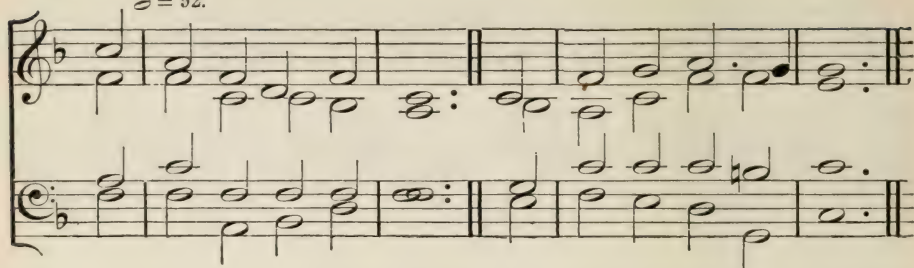
232 Light's abode, celestial Salem,

302 Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem.

# Rogation Days.

Hymn 142. LATCHFORD.—6 6 6 6 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# Rogation Days.

*" Lord, Thou art become gracious unto Thy land."*

*mf* **T**O Thee our God we fly  
For mercy and for grace;  
O hear our lowly cry,  
And hide not Thou Thy Face.  
*f* O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
*mf* And guard and bless our Fatherland.

*f* Arise, O LORD of hosts,  
Be jealous for Thy Name,  
And drive from out our coasts  
The sins that put to shame.  
O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
*mf* And guard and bless our Fatherland.

Thy best gifts from on high  
In rich abundance pour,  
That we may magnify  
And praise Thee more and more.  
*f* O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
*mf* And guard and bless our Fatherland.

The powers ordain'd by Thee  
With heavenly wisdom bless;  
May they Thy servants be,  
And rule in righteousness.  
*f* O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
*mf* And guard and bless our Fatherland.

The Church of Thy dear Son  
Inflame with love's pure fire,  
Bind her once more in one,  
And life and truth inspire.  
*f* O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
*mf* And guard and bless our Fatherland.

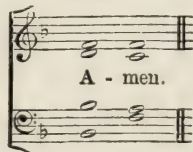
The Pastors of Thy fold  
With grace and power endue,  
That faithful, pure, and bold,  
They may be Pastors true.

*f* O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
*mf* And guard and bless our Fatherland.

O let us love Thy house,  
And sanctify Thy day,  
Bring unto Thee our vows,  
And loyal homage pay.  
*f* O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
*mf* And guard and bless our Fatherland.

*p* Give peace, LORD, in our time;  
O let no foe draw nigh,  
Nor lawless deed of crime  
Insult Thy Majesty.  
*f* O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
*mf* And guard and bless our Fatherland.

*p* Though vile and worthless, still  
Thy people, LORD, are we;  
*cr* And for our God we will  
None other have but Thee.  
*f* O LORD, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

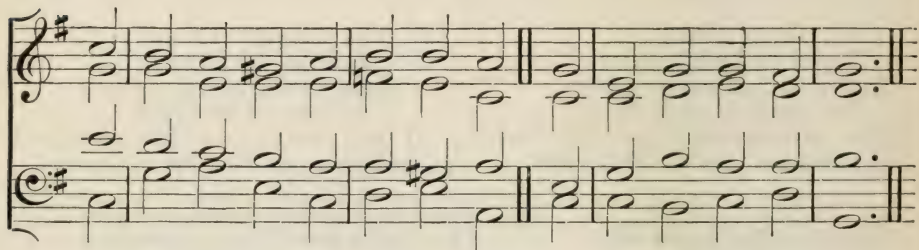
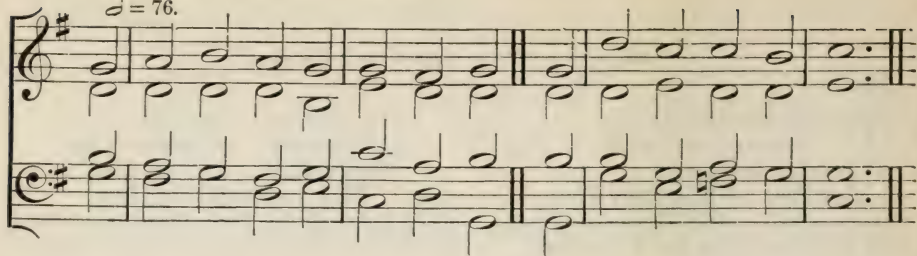


*This Hymn may also be sung at other seasons.*

# Rogation Days.

Hymn 143. LINCOLN.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord; and Thou givest them their meat in due season."*

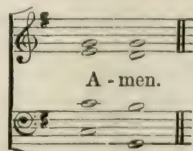
*mf* **L**ORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,  
And Thou hast sworn to hear;  
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,  
The fresh and fading year.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,  
The wondrous growth unseen,  
The hopes that soothe, the fears that  
The love that shines serene. [brace,

Our hope, when Autumn winds blew wild,  
We trusted, LORD, with Thee:  
And still, now Spring has on us smiled,  
We wait on Thy decree.

So grant the precious things brought  
By sun and moon below, [forth  
That Thee in Thy new Heav'n and earth  
We never may forego.

The former and the latter rain,  
The summer sun and air,  
The green ear, and the golden grain,  
All Thine, are ours by prayer.



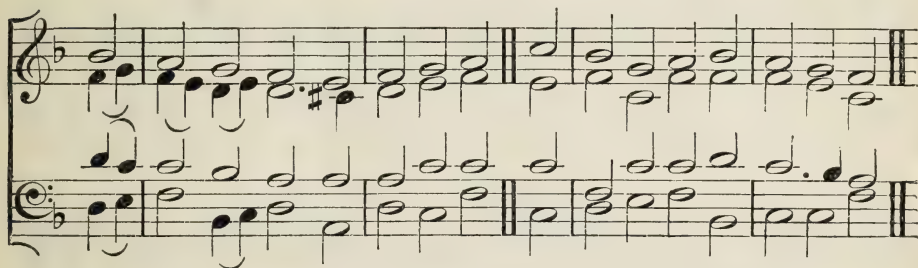
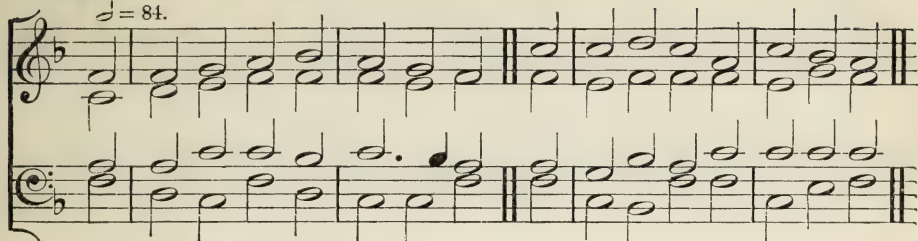
*The following Hymn is suitable for this season:*

**408** Litany for the Rogation Days

# Ascensiontide.

Hymn 144. ST. AMBROSE.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth."*

*mf* **O** LORD most High, Eternal King,  
By Thee redeem'd Thy praise we sing;  
The bonds of death are burst by Thee,  
And grace has won the victory.

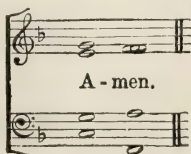
Ascending to the FATHER's Throne  
Thou claim'st the kingdom as Thine own;  
Thy days of mortal weakness o'er,  
All power is Thine for evermore.

To Thee the whole creation now  
Shall, in its threefold order, bow,  
Of things on earth, and things on high,  
And things that underneath us lie.

*p* In awe and wonder Angels see  
How changed is man's estate by Thee,  
How Flesh makes pure as flesh did stain,  
And Thou, True God, in Flesh dost reign.

*f* Be Thou our Joy, O mighty LORD,  
As Thou wilt be our great Reward;  
Let all our glory be in Thee  
Both now and through eternity.

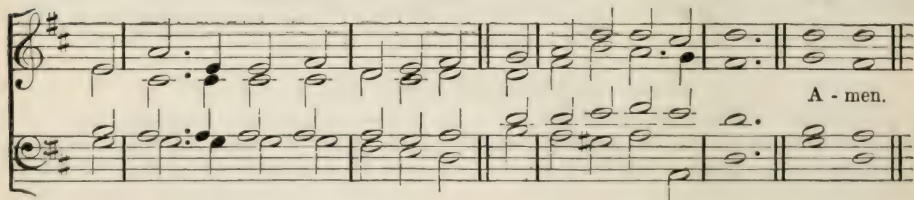
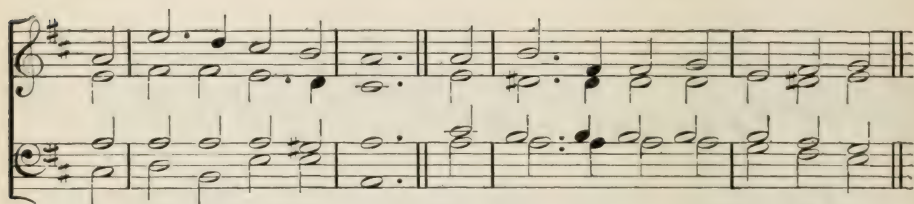
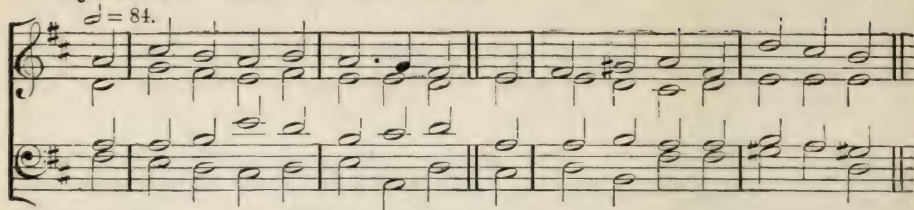
All praise from every heart and tongue  
To Thee, ascended LORD, be sung;  
All praise to GOD the FATHER be  
And HOLY GHOST eternally.



A - men.

# Ascensiontide.

Hymn 145. ASCENDIT.—8 8 6 8 8 6.



*"This same Jesus, Which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."*

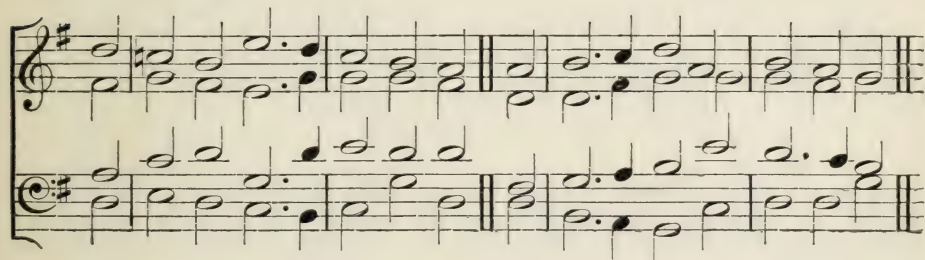
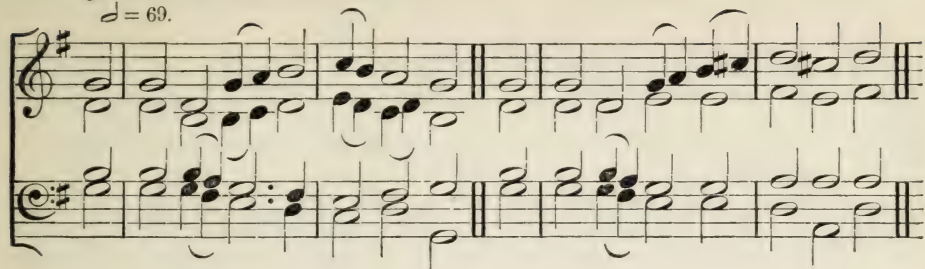
- f* **O** CHRIST our Joy, gone up on high  
To fill Thy Throne above the sky,  
How glorious dost Thou shine!  
Thy Sovereign rule the worlds obey,  
And earthly joys all fade away  
In that pure light of Thine.
- mf* So, when the sudden call shall sound,  
And with Thy robe of clouds around  
Thou, CHRIST, shalt come once more,  
*dim* Thyself our Judge may'st turn away  
The penalty our sins should pay,  
*cr* And our lost crowns restore.
- p* To Thee in prayer Thy people bow;  
O may our sins Thy pardon know,  
The cleansing of Thy grace;  
*cr* Then lift our hearts to Thee above,  
On wings of faithfulness and love,  
To seek Thy holy place.
- f* Ascended up from mortal sight,  
JESU, we praise Thee in the height,  
Our Joy, our great Reward;  
Whom with the FATHER we confess,  
And with the HOLY SPIRIT bless,  
ONE ever-glorious LORD.



# Ascensiontide.

Hymn 146. BISHOP.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 69.$



*"By His own Blood He entered in once into the holy place."*

*mf* **O** SAVIOUR, Who for man hast trod  
The winepress of the wrath of God,  
Ascend, and claim again on high  
Thy glory left for us to die.

A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,  
And earth lies stretch'd beneath Thy Feet;  
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,  
And share the triumph of their King.

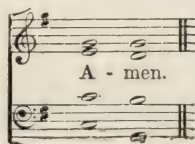
The Angel-host enraptured waits:  
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"  
**O GOD-and-MAN!** the FATHER's Throne  
Is now for evermore Thine own.

*mf* Our great High Priest and Shepherd Thou  
Within the veil art enter'd now,  
To offer there Thy precious Blood  
Once pour'd on earth a cleansing flood.

*mf* And thence the Church, Thy chosen  
Bride,  
With countless gifts of grace supplied,  
Through all her members draws from  
Her hidden life of sanctity. [Thee

**O CHRIST**, our LORD, of Thy dear care  
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear;  
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,  
With Thee for evermore to reign.

*f* All praise from every heart and tongue  
To Thee, ascended LORD, be sung;  
All praise to GOD the FATHER be  
And HOLY GHOST eternally.



**Hymn 147.** ASCENSION.—7 7 7 7, with Alleluias.  $\text{♩} = 76$ .

**Hymn 147.** ASCENSION.—7 7 7 7, with Alleluias.  $\text{♩} = 76$ .

*f* Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!

*f* Al - - - le - - lu - - ia!

*f* Al - - le - - lu - - ia!

f Al - - le - - lu - - ia!

# Ascensiontide.

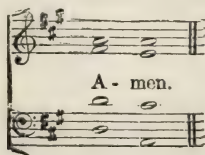
*"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."*

*f* **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise  
Alleluia!  
*p* To His Throne above the skies;  
Alleluia!  
*p* CHRIST, the LAMB for sinners given,  
Alleluia!  
*f* Enters now the highest Heav'n.  
Alleluia!

There for Him high triumph waits;  
Alleluia!  
Lift your heads, eternal gates;  
Alleluia!  
He hath conquer'd death and sin;  
Alleluia!  
Take the King of glory in.  
Alleluia!

Lo! the Heav'n its LORD receives,  
Alleluia!  
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;  
Alleluia!  
Though returning to His Throne,  
Alleluia!  
Still He calls mankind His own.  
Alleluia!

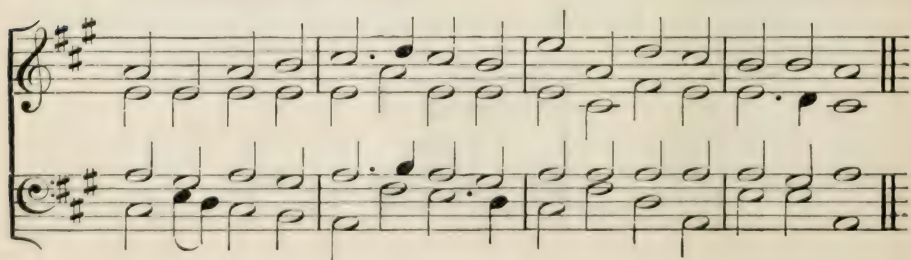
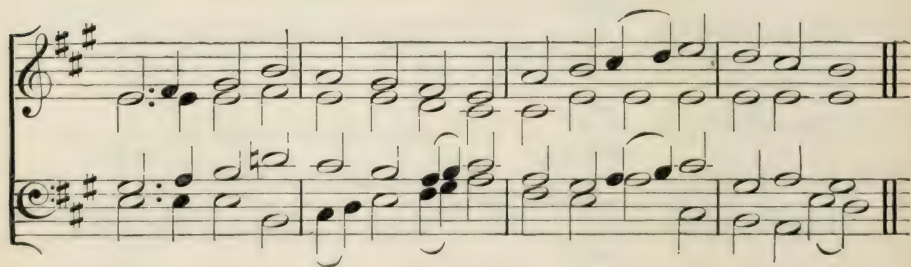
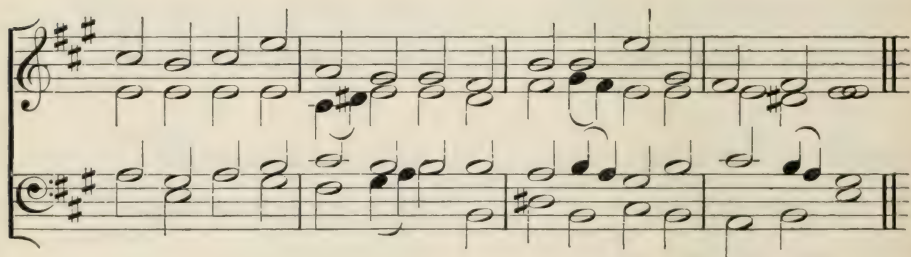
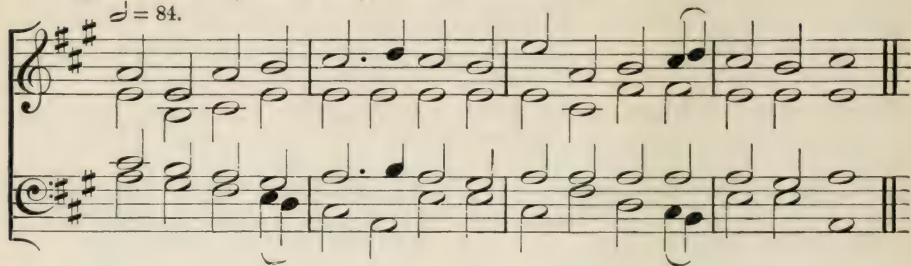
See! He lifts His Hands above;  
Alleluia!  
*p* See! He shows the prints of love;  
Alleluia!  
*f* Hark! His gracious Lips bestow  
Alleluia!  
Blessings on His Church below.  
Alleluia!  
*p* Still for us He intercedes,  
Alleluia!  
His prevailing Death He pleads,  
Alleluia!  
*cr* Near Himself prepares our place,  
Alleluia!  
*f* He the first-fruits of our race.  
Alleluia!  
*p* LORD, though parted from our sight  
Alleluia!  
*cr* Far above the starry height,  
Alleluia!  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Alleluia!  
*f* Seeking Thee above the skies.  
Alleluia!



# Ascensiontide.

Hymn 148. (*First Part.*) REX GLORIÆ.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$





# Ascensiontide.

*"Thou art gone up on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men."*

*f* SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph, see the King in royal state  
Riding on the clouds His chariot to His heavenly palace gate;  
Hark! the choirs of Angel voices joyful Alleluias sing,  
And the portals high are lifted to receive their Heavenly King.

*mf* Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee?

*f* LORD of battles, GOD of armies, He has gain'd the victory;

*p* He Who on the Cross did suffer, (*mf*) He Who from the grave arose,

*f* He has vanquish'd sin and Satan, He by death has spoil'd His foes.

*mf* While He lifts His Hands in blessing, He is parted from His friends;

While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends;

He Who walk'd with God, and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come,  
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

*p* Now our heavenly Aaron enters, with His Blood, within the veil;

*mf* Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail;

Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place;

Now our great Elijah offers double portion of His grace.

He has raised our human nature on the clouds to God's right hand;

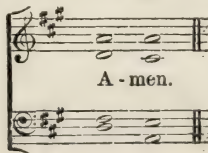
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Him in glory stand:

*f* JESUS reigns, adored by Angels; MAN with God is on the Throne;

Mighty LORD, in Thine Ascension (*p*) we by faith behold our own.

*The following Doxology may be sung at the end of either Part.*

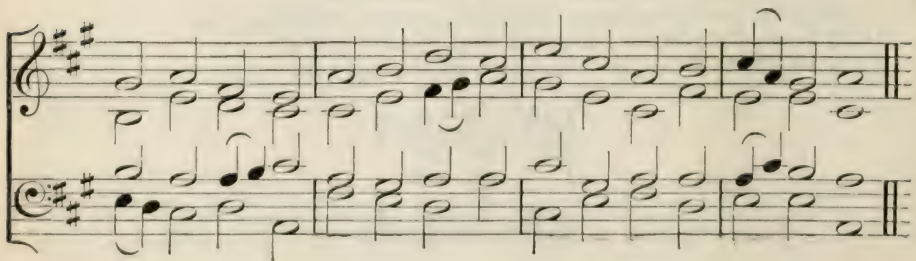
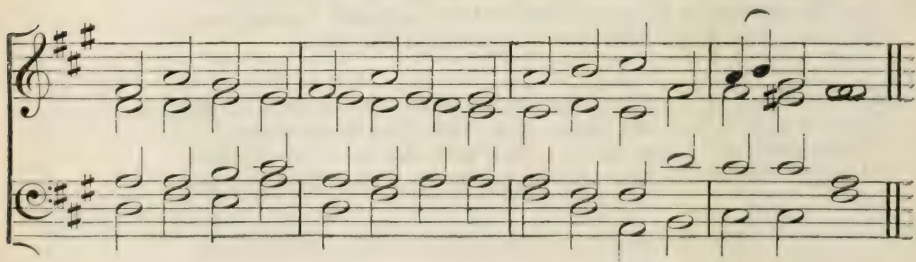
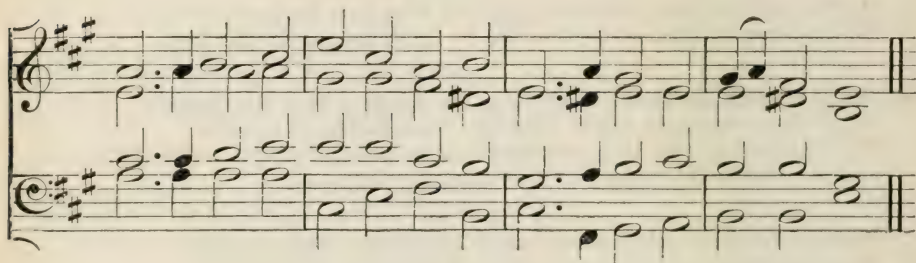
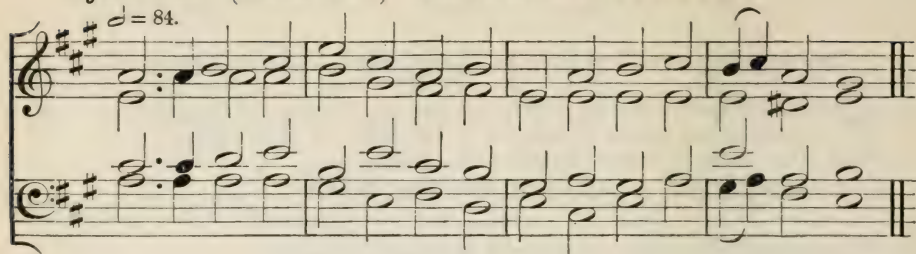
*ff* Glory be to GOD the FATHER; glory be to GOD the SON,  
Dying, ris'n, ascending for us, Who the heavenly realm has won;  
Glory to the HOLY SPIRIT; to ONE GOD in PERSONS THREE  
Glory both in earth and Heaven, glory, endless glory be.



# Ascensiontide.

Hymn 148. (Second Part.) ILLUMINATOR.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



# Ascensiontide.

*"Thou art gone up on high, Thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men."*

## PART 2.

*mf* HOLY GHOST, Illuminator, shed Thy beams upon our eyes,  
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see, beyond the skies,  
Where the SON of Man in glory standing is at God's right hand,  
Beckoning on His Martyr army, succouring His faithful band ;

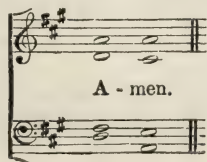
*f* See Him, Who is gone before us, heavenly mansions to prepare,  
*p* See Him, Who is ever pleading for us with prevailing prayer,  
*f* See Him, Who with sound of trumpet and with His Angelic train,  
Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.

*mf* Lift us up from earth to Heaven, give us wings of faith and love,  
Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms above ;  
That, with hearts and minds uplifted, we with CHRIST our LORD may dwell,  
Where He sits enthroned in glory in His heavenly citadel.

So at last, when He appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,  
With our youth renew'd like eagles, flocking round our Heavenly King,  
*cr* Caught up on the clouds of Heaven, and may meet Him in the air,  
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and may reign for ever there.

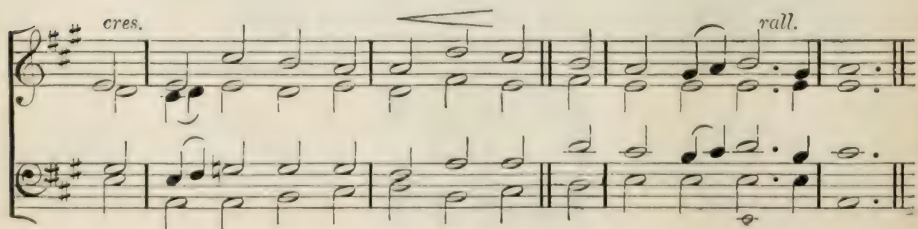
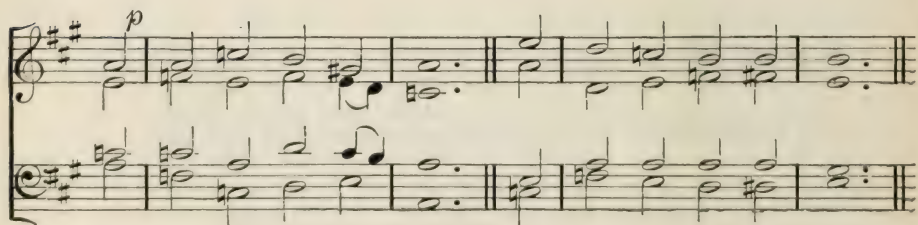
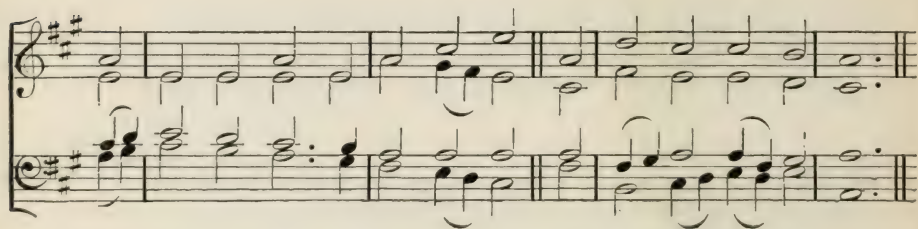
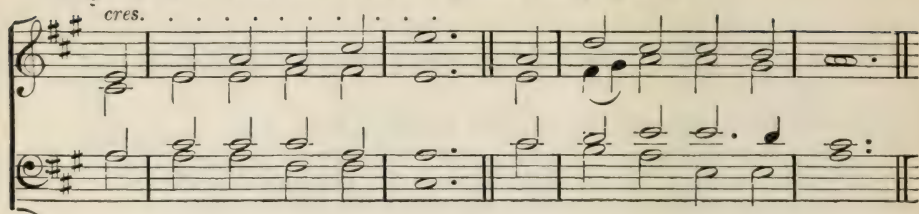
*The following Doxology may be sung at the end of either Part.*

*ff* Glory be to GOD the FATHER ; glory be to GOD the SON,  
Dying, ris'n, ascending for us, Who the heavenly realm has won ;  
Glory to the HOLY SPIRIT ; to ONE GOD in Persons THREE  
Glory both in earth and Heaven, glory, endless glory be.



# Ascensiontide.

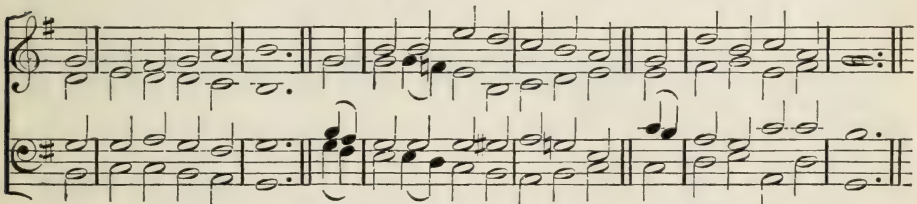
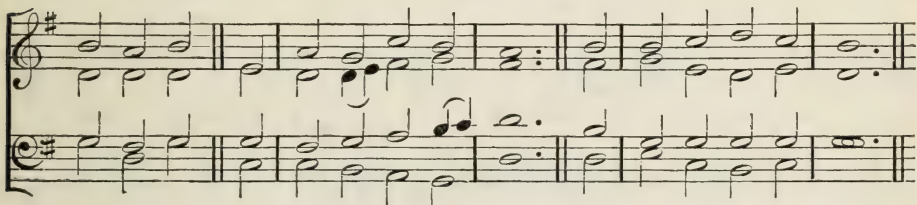
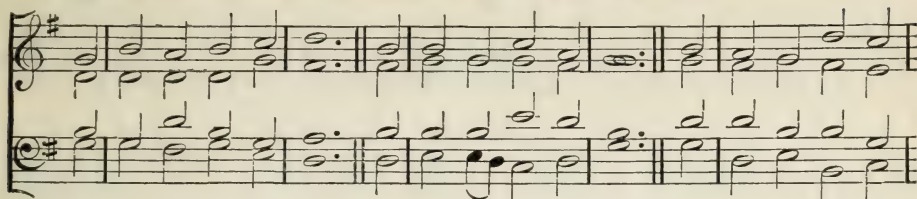
Hymn 149. OLIVET.—D.S.M. (First Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 88$ .





# Ascensiontide.

Hymn 149. OLD 25TH.—D.S.M. (Second Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 84$ .

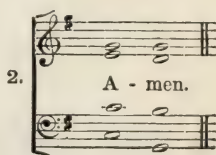
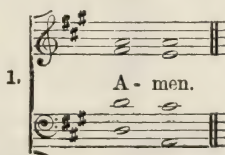


*"Who is gone into heaven."*

*f* **T**HOU art gone up on high,  
To mansions in the skies;  
And round Thy Throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise;  
*p* But we are lingering here,  
With sin and care oppress'd;  
*cr* **L**ORD, send Thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to Thy rest.

*f* Thou art gone up on high;  
*p* But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter misery  
*cr* To pass unto Thy Crown;  
*p* And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be;  
*cr* But only let this path of tears  
Lead us at last to Thee.

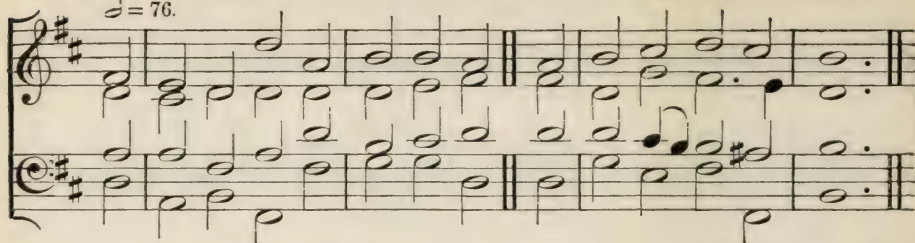
*f* Thou art gone up on high;  
But Thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in Thy train.  
*mf* **L**ORD, by Thy saving power  
So make us live and die,  
*cr* That we may stand in that dread hour  
*f* At Thy right Hand on high.



# Ascensiontide.

Hymn 150. METZLER'S REDHEAD. No. 66.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"Who being the Brightness of His Glory, and the express Image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."*

*mf* **J**ESU, our Hope, our heart's Desire,  
Thy work of grace we sing;  
Redeemer of the world art Thou,  
Its Maker and its King.

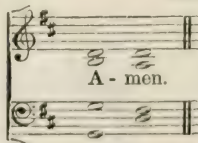
*p* How vast the mercy and the love,  
Which laid our sins on Thee,  
And led Thee to a cruel death,  
To set Thy people free!

*f* But now the bonds of death are burst;  
The ransom has been paid;  
And Thou art on Thy FATHER's Throne,  
In glorious robes array'd.

*mf* O may Thy mighty love prevail  
Our sinful souls to spare!  
O may we stand around Thy Throne,  
And see Thy glory there!

JESU, our only Joy be Thou,  
As Thou our Prize wilt be;  
In Thee be all our glory now  
And through eternity.

*f* All praise to Thee Who art gone up  
Triumphantly to Heav'n;  
All praise to God the FATHER's Name  
And HOLY GHOST be given.



*The following Hymns are suitable for this season:*

201 Where high the heavenly temple stands.

202 Rejoice, the LORD is King.

300 All hail the power of JESUS' Name.

301 The Head that once was crown'd with thorns.

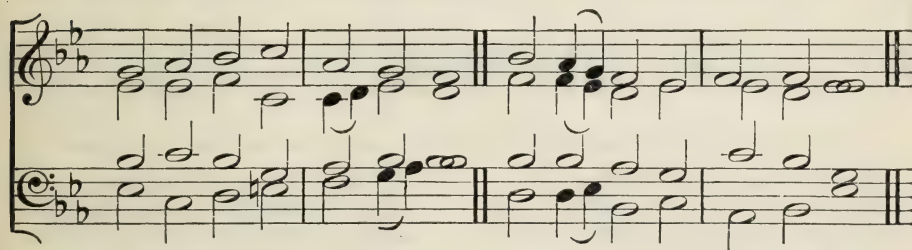
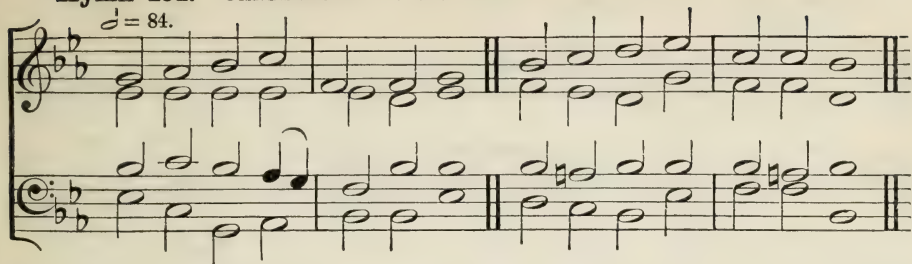
304 Crown Him with many crowns.

469 Litany of JESUS Glorified.

# Abitsun-Eben.

Hymn 151. CANTERBURY.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you."*

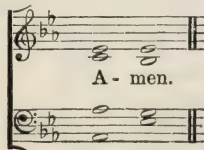
*mf* **R**ULER of the hosts of light,  
Death hath yielded to Thy might;  
And Thy Blood hath mark'd a road  
Which will lead us back to God.

*f* Now in glory Thou dost reign  
Won by all Thy toil and pain;  
*mf* Thence the promised SPIRIT send,  
While our prayers to Thee ascend.

From Thy dwelling-place above,  
From Thy FATHER's Throne of love,  
With Thy look of mercy bless  
Those without Thee comfortless.

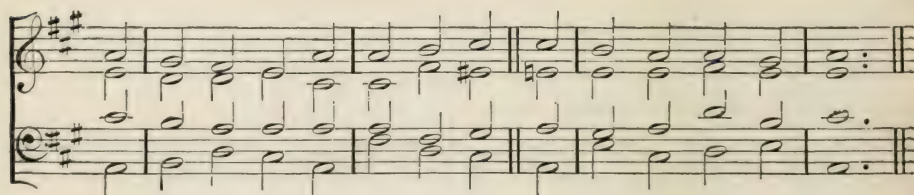
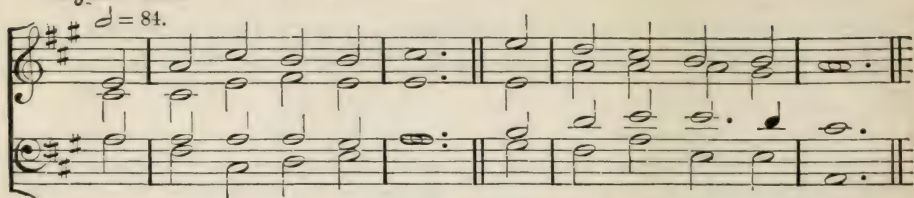
*f* JESU, praise to Thee be given  
With the FATHER high in heaven;  
HOLY SPIRIT, praise to Thee,  
Now and through eternity.

Bitter were Thy throes on earth,  
Giving to the Church her birth  
From the spear-wound opening wide  
In Thine own life-giving Side.



# Whitsuntide.

Hymn 152. ST. MICHAEL.—S.M.



*"And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place."*

*mf* **A**BOVE the starry spheres,  
To where He was before,  
CHRIST had gone up, the FATHER's gift  
Upon the Church to pour.

At length had fully come,  
On mystic circle borne  
Of seven times seven revolving days,  
The Pentecostal morn :

*cr* **A** sudden rushing sound proclaim'd  
*p* That God Himself was there.

*mf* Forthwith a tongue of fire  
Is seen on every brow,  
Each heart receives the FATHER's light,  
The WORD's enkindling glow ;

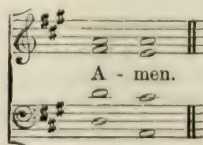
The HOLY GHOST on all  
Is mightily outpour'd,  
Who straight in divers tongues declare  
The wonders of the LORD.

While strangers of all climes  
Flock round from far and near,  
And their own tongue, wherever born,  
All with amazement hear.

But Judah, faithless still,  
Denies the hand Divine ;  
And, mocking, jeers the saints of CHRIST  
As full of new-made wine.

Till Peter, in the midst,  
By Joel's ancient word  
Rebukes their unbelief, (*cr*) and wins  
Three thousand to the LORD.

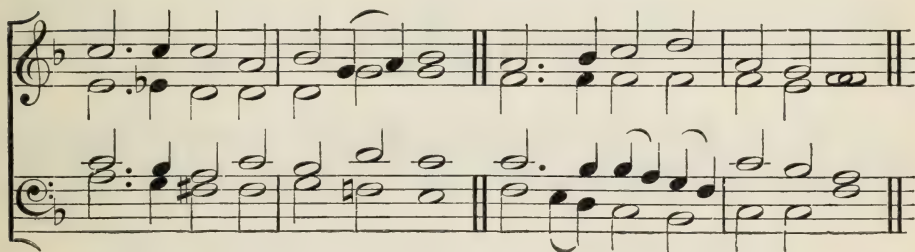
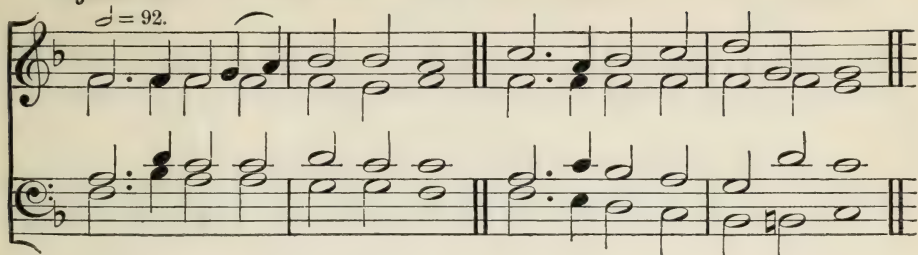
*f* The FATHER and the SON  
And SPIRIT we adore ;  
O may the SPIRIT's gifts be pour'd  
On us for evermore.





# Abitsuntide.

Hymn 153. GLEBE FIELD.—7 7 7 7.



*"I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.*

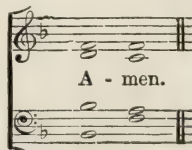
*f* JOY! because the circling year  
Brings our day of blessings here;  
Day when first the light Divine  
On the Church began to shine.

*mf* Harden'd scoffers vainly jeer'd;  
Listening strangers heard and fear'd,  
Knew the prophet's word fulfill'd,  
Own'd the work which God had will'd.

*mf* Like to quivering tongues of flame  
Unto each the SPIRIT came,  
Tongues, that earth might hear their call, *p*  
Fire, that love might burn in all.

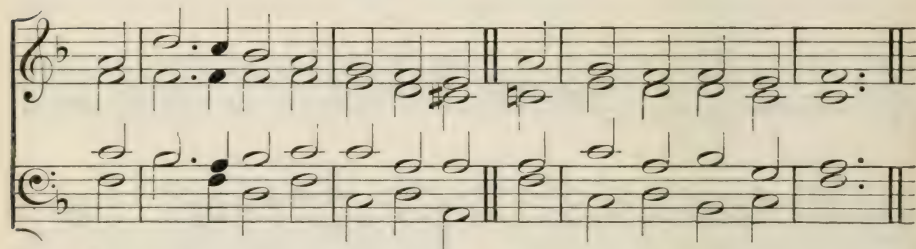
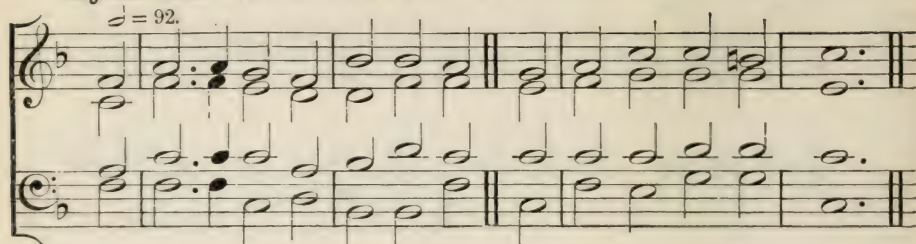
Still Thy SPIRIT's fulness, LORD,  
On Thy waiting Church be pour'd;  
Grant our burden'd hearts release;  
Grant us Thine abiding peace.

*f* So the wondrous works of God  
Wondrously were spread abroad;  
Every tribe's familiar tone  
Made the glorious marvel known.



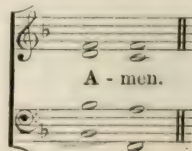
# Whitsuntide.

Hymn 154. WINCHESTER OLD.—C.M.



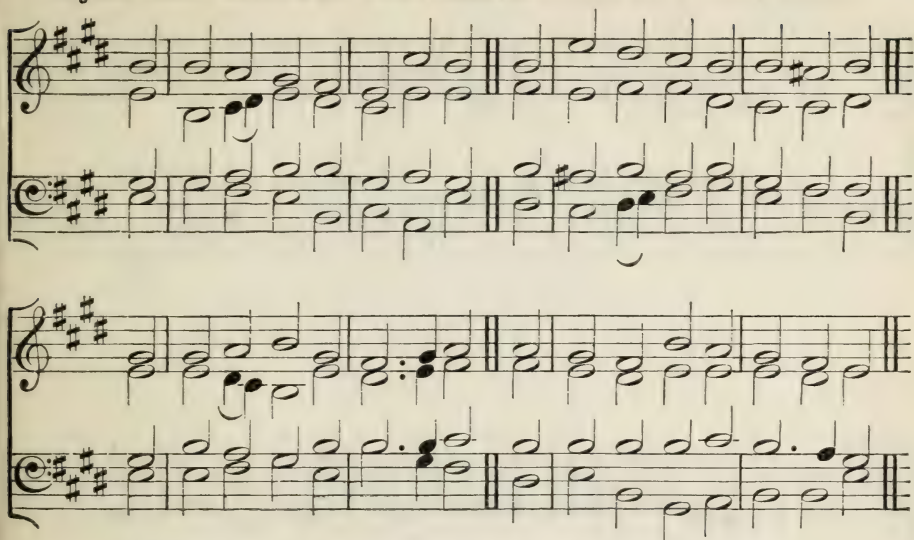
"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind."

- mf* **W**HEN God of old came down from Heav'n,  
In power and wrath He came;  
Before His feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame :
- p* But, when He came the second time,  
He came in power and love ;  
Softer than gale at morning prime  
Hover'd His holy Dove.
- mf* The fires, that rush'd on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
*p* Now gently light, (*or*) a glorious crown,  
On every sainted head.
- f* And as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
The voice exceeding loud,  
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,  
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud ;
- So, when the SPIRIT of our God  
Came down His flock to find,  
A voice from Heav'n was heard abroad,  
A rushing, mighty wind.
- mf* It fills the Church of God ; it fills  
The sinful world around ;  
Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
No place for It is found.
- p* Come LORD, come Wisdom, Love, and  
Open our ears to hear ; [Power,  
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;  
Save, LORD, by love or fear.



# Whitsuntide.

Hymn 155. MELCOMBE.—L.M.  $\text{♩} = 72$ .

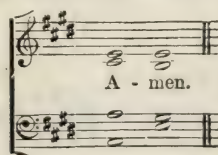


*"And the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls."*

*mf* SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,  
 SO shed Thine influence from above;  
 And still from age to age convey  
 The wonders of this sacred day.

*f* In every clime, by every tongue,  
 Be God's surpassing glory sung;  
 Let all the listening earth be taught  
 The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

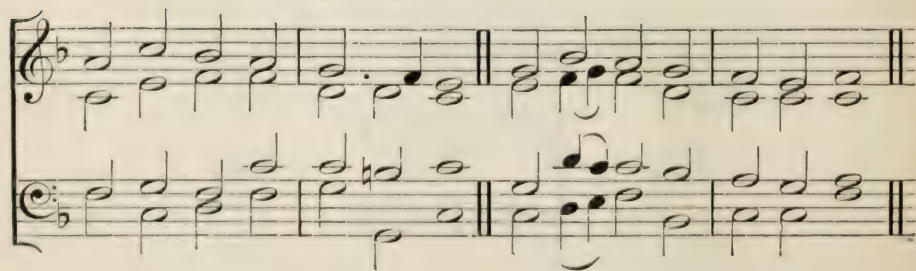
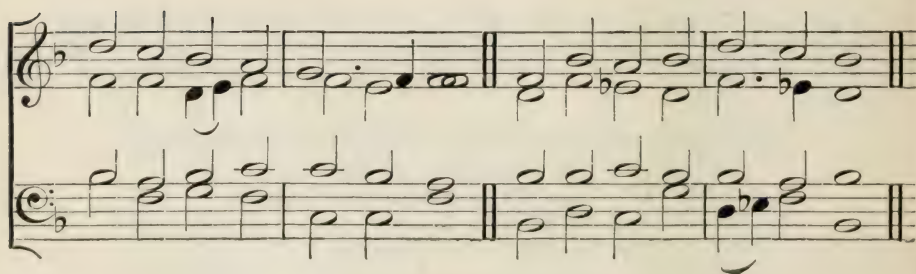
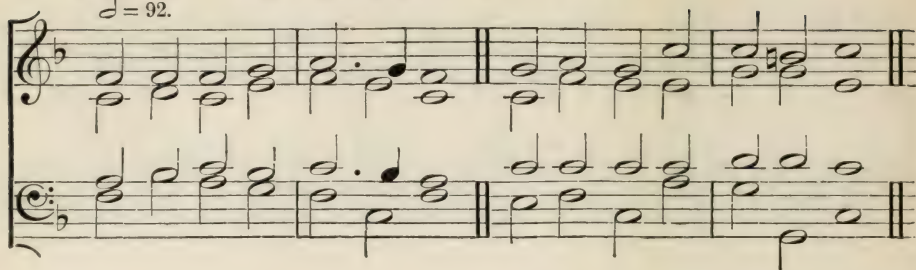
*mf* Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,  
 Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside;  
 Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,  
 SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love.



# Whitsuntide.

Hymn 156. VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.—7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# Whitsuntide.

*"When Thou lettest Thy breath go forth they shall be made, and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth."*

*mf* COME, Thou HOLY SPIRIT, come ;  
And from Thy celestial home  
Shed a ray of light Divine ;  
Come, Thou Father of the poor,  
Come, Thou source of all our store,  
Come, within our bosoms shine :

Thou of Comforters the best,  
Thou the soul's most welcome guest,  
*p* Sweet refreshment here below ;  
In our labour rest most sweet,  
Grateful coolness in the heat,  
Solace in the midst of woe.

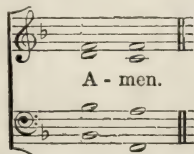
*mf* O most Blessèd Light Divine,  
Shine within these hearts of Thine,  
And our inmost being fill ;

*p* Where Thou art not, man hath nought,  
Nothing good in deed or thought,  
Nothing free from taint of ill.

*mf* Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;  
On our dryness pour Thy dew ;  
Wash the stains of guilt away :  
Bend the stubborn heart and will ;  
Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;  
Guide the steps that go astray.

On the faithful, who adore  
And confess Thee, evermore  
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend :

Give them virtue's sure reward,  
*cr* Give them Thy salvation, LORD,  
*f* Give them joys that never end.

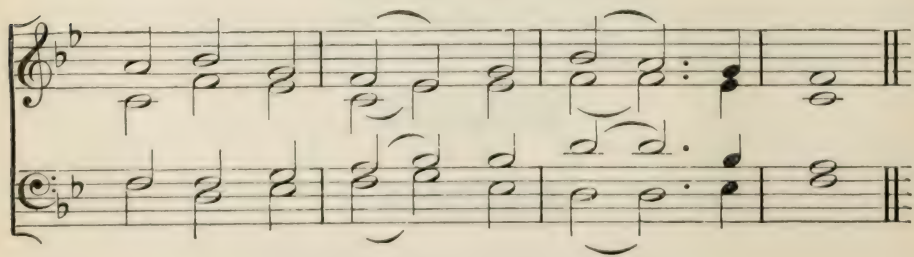
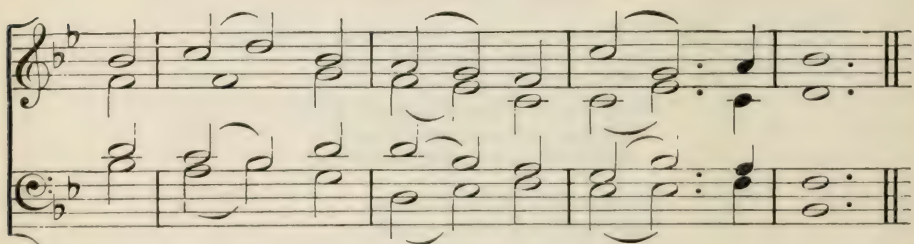
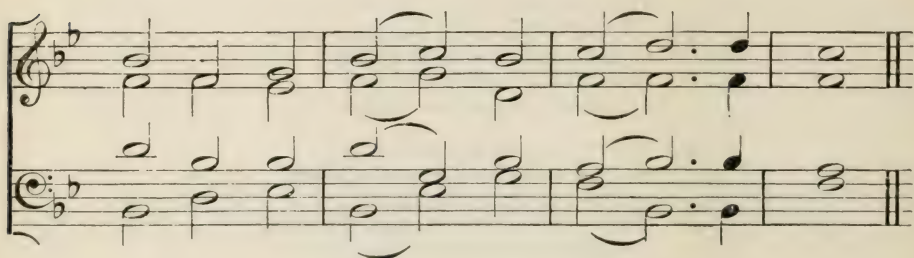
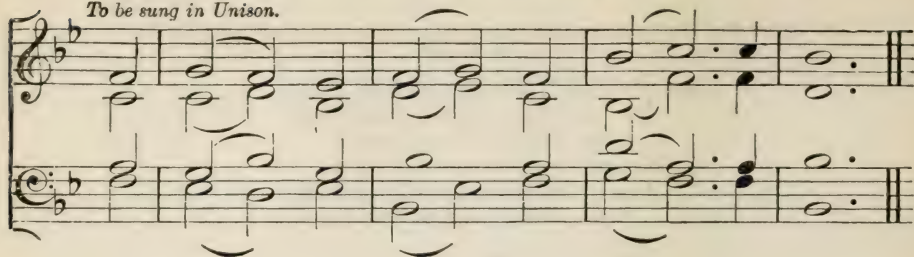


*This Hymn may also be sung at other seasons.*

# Abitsuntide.

Hymn 157. VENI CREATOR. No. 1.—L.M. (First Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 76$ .

*To be sung in Unison.*



# Whitsuntide.

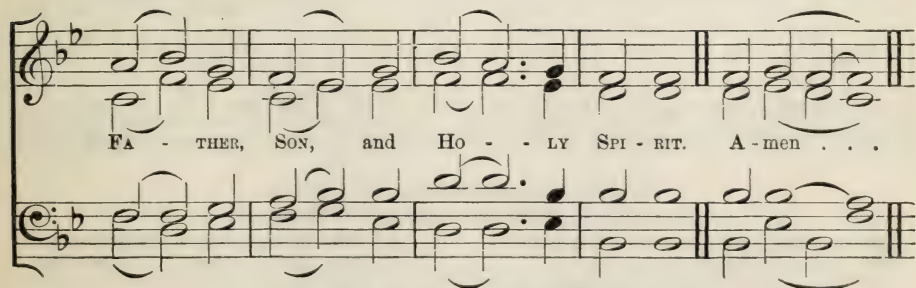
*"The Comforter which is the Holy Ghost."*

*mf* COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire;  
Thou the anointing SPIRIT art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart:

Thy blessèd unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;  
Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight:

Anoint and cheer our soilèd face  
With the abundance of Thy grace:  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;  
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,  
And THEE, of Both, to be but ONE;  
That through the ages all along  
This may be our endless song,

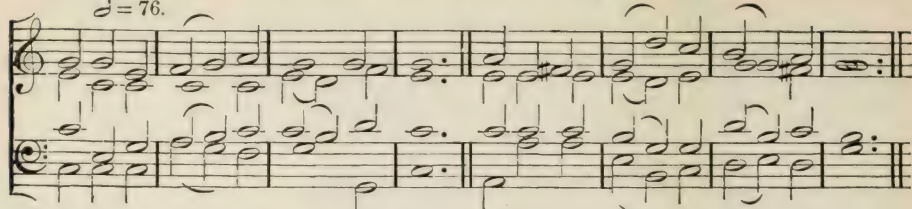


*This Hymn may also be sung at other seasons.*

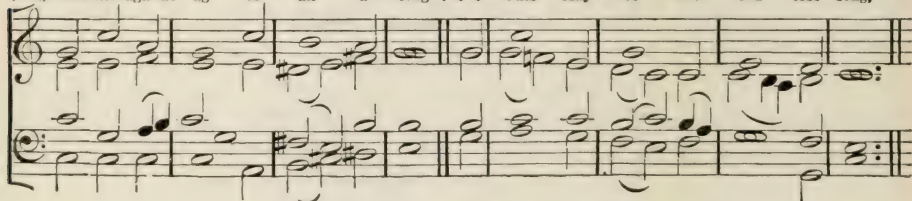
# Whitsuntide.

Hymn 157. VENI CREATOR. No. 2.—L.M. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 76.$



(v. 4.) That through the ag - es all a - long . . . This may be our end - less song,



*"The Comforter which is the Holy Ghost."*

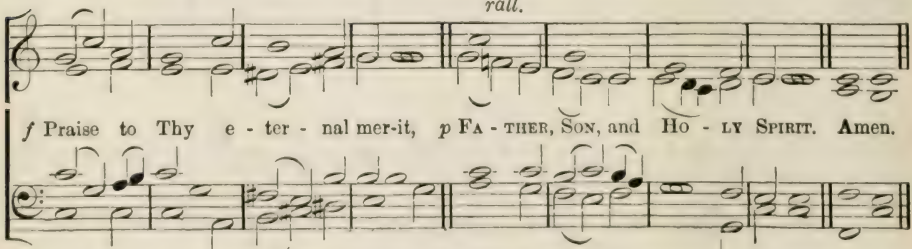
*mf* COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire;  
Thou the anointing SPIRIT art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart:

Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace:  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;  
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;  
Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight:

Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,  
And THEE, of Both, to be but ONE;  
That through the ages all along  
This may be our endless song,

*rall.*



*f* Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it, *p* FA - THER, SON, and HO - LY SPIRIT. Amen.

*This Hymn may also be sung at other seasons.*

*The following Hymns are suitable for this season:*

207 Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

210 Gracious SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST.

208 O HOLY SPIRIT, LORD of grace.

211 O HOLY GHOST, Thy people bless.

209 Come, gracious SPIRIT, heavenly Dove.

212 To Thee, O Comforter Divine.

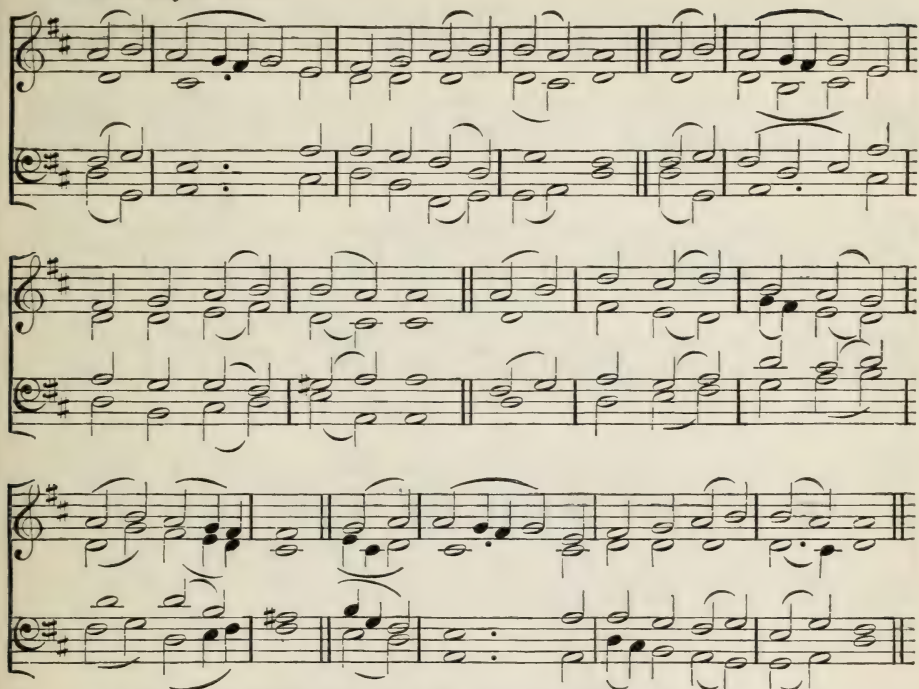
470 Litany of the HOLY GHOST.



# Trinity Sunday.

Hymn 158. TRINITY.—L.M.  $\text{♩} = 92$ .

*To be sung in Unison.*

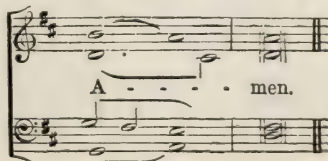


*“And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of hosts.”*

**A**LL hail, Adorèd TRINITY;  
 All hail, Eternal UNITY;  
 O GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
 And GOD the SPIRIT, ever ONE.  
*mf* Behold to Thee, this festal day,  
 We meekly pour our thankful lay;  
 O let our work accepted be,  
 That sweetest work of praising Thee.

*f* THREE Persons praise we evermore,  
 ONE only GOD our hearts adore;  
 In Thy sure mercy ever kind  
 May we our true protection find.

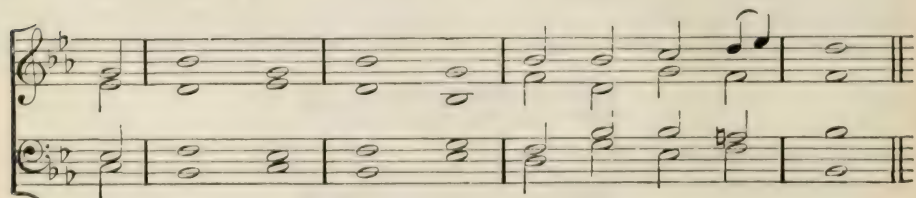
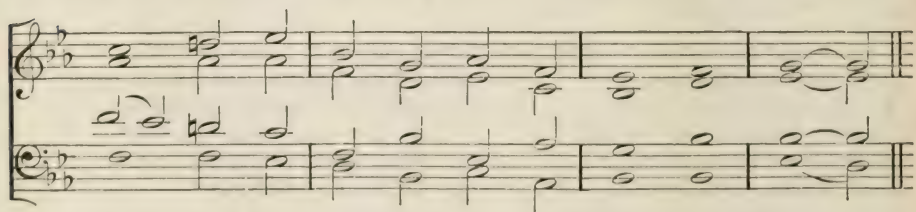
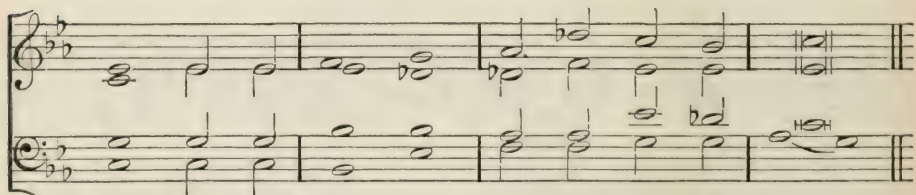
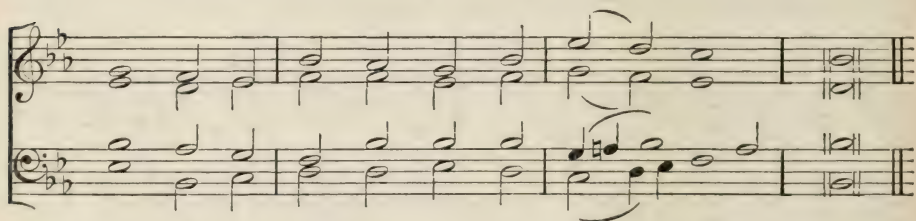
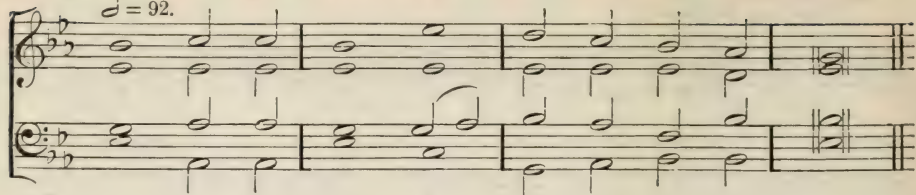
*p* O TRINITY! O UNITY!  
 Be present as we worship Thee;  
*cr* And with the songs that Angels sing  
 Unite the hymns of praise we bring.



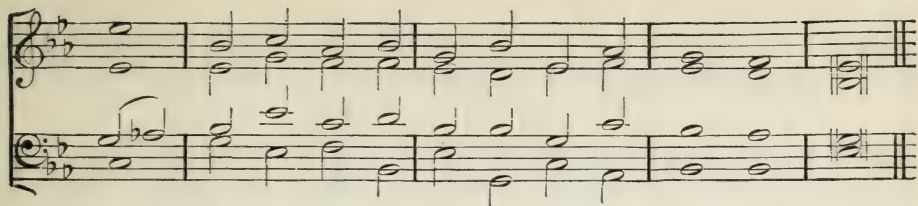
# Trinity Sunday.

Hymn 159. FAITH.—10 10 10 10 10 12.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



# Trinity Sunday.

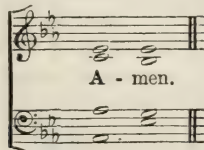


*"O praise God in His holiness."*

*mf* **W**ITH hearts renew'd, and cleansed from guilt of sin,  
 Send we our voices pealing to the skies;  
 Let a pure conscience echo joy within,  
 And all our powers in emulation rise:  
 To FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT's praise,  
 THREE Whom One Essence joins, one anthem here we raise.

Maker of all, the FATHER uncreate,  
 Of Him from everlasting born, the SON,  
 And the Blest SPIRIT of co-equal state  
 From Both proceeding, are of Substance One:  
 So in this TRINITY the Persons THREE  
 One Perfect Being are, ONE GOD, ONE Majesty.

Yet, none the less, each Person of the Trine  
 God, in His attributes distinct, we own;  
 Vainly would reason grasp the things Divine,  
*p* Man can but bend adoring at God's Throne:  
*er* O may the FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT be  
 Our help in time of need, our joy eternally.



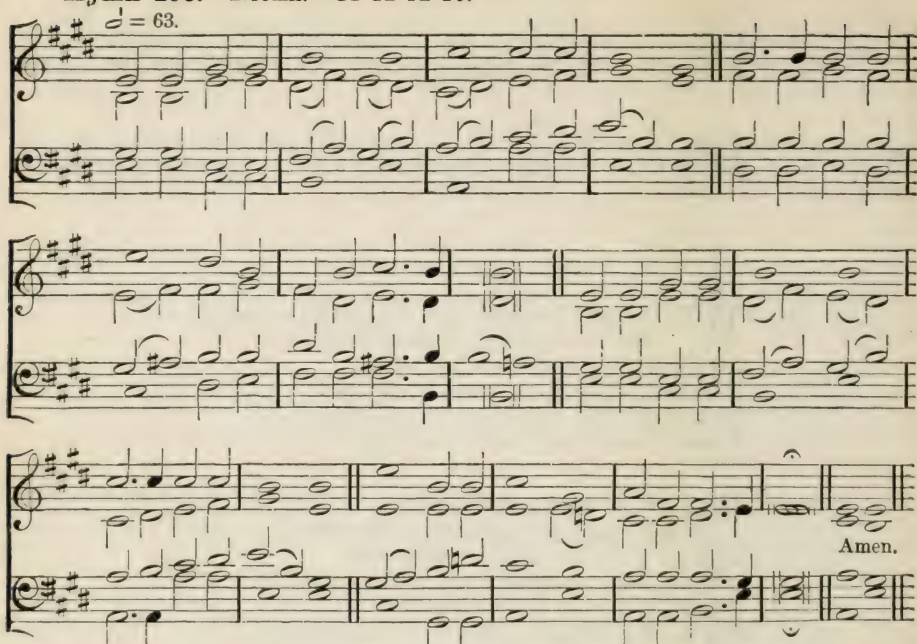
*The following Hymns are suitable for this Festival:*

**160** Holy, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD Almighty!  
**161** Bright the vision that delighted.

**162** Have mercy on us, GOD most High.  
**163** THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 160. NICAËA.—11 12 12 10.



"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come."

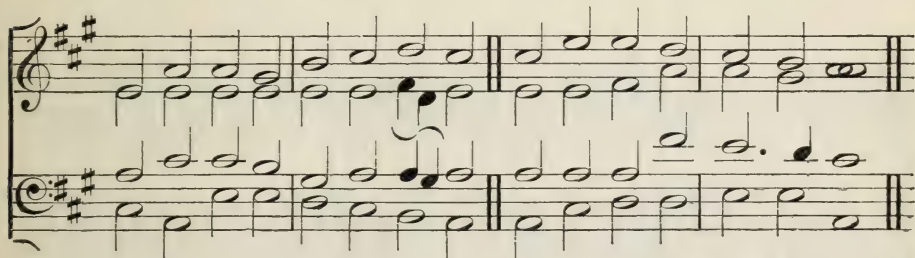
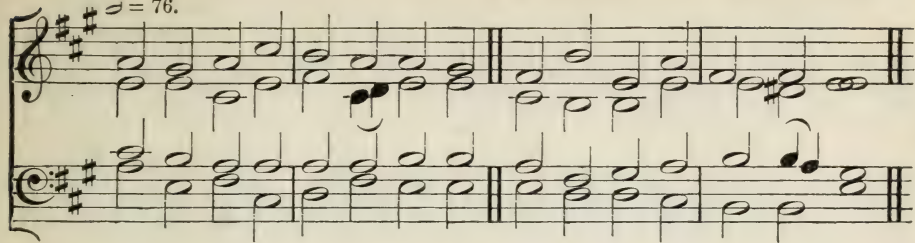
- p* **H**OLY, Holy, Holy! (*mf*) LORD GOD Almighty!  
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
- p* Holy, Holy, Holy! (*mf*) Merciful and Mighty!  
*f* God in THREE Persons, Blessèd TRINITY!
- p* Holy, Holy, Holy! (*mf*) all the Saints adore Thee,  
 Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
 Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,  
 Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- p* Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
 Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
*mf* Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee  
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- p* Holy, Holy, Holy! (*mf*) LORD GOD Almighty!  
*ff* All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:  
*mf* Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
*f* God in THREE Persons, Blessèd TRINITY!



# General Hymns.

Hymn 161. REDHEAD. No. 46.—8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"And one cried unto another, and said, Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of His glory."*

*mf* **B**RIGHT the vision that delighted  
Once the sight of Judah's seer;  
Sweet the countless tongues united  
To entrance the prophet's ear.

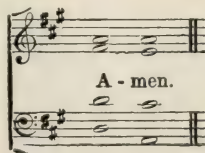
Round the LORD in glory seated  
Cherubim and Seraphim  
Fill'd His temple, and repeated  
Each to each th' alternate hymn;

"LORD, Thy glory fills the Heaven;  
Earth is with its fulness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD."

*f* Heav'n is still with glory ringing,  
Earth takes up the Angels' cry;  
*p* "Holy, Holy, Holy,"—singing,  
*cr* "LORD of hosts, The LORD most High."

*mf* With His seraph train before Him,  
With His holy Church below,  
Thus unite we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow;

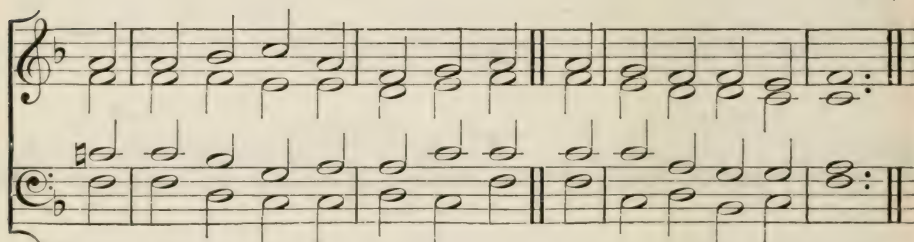
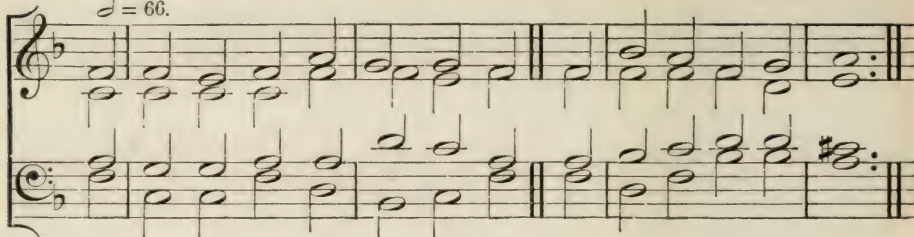
*f* "LORD, Thy glory fills the Heaven;  
Earth is with its fulness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
*p* Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD."



# General Hymns.

Hymn 162. ST. FLAVIAN.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 66.$



*"Thou art God from everlasting, and world without end."*

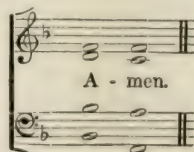
*p* **H**AVE mercy on us, God most High,  
Who lift our hearts to Thee;  
Have mercy on us worms of earth,  
Most Holy TRINITY.

How wonderful creation is,  
The work that Thou didst bless;  
And oh, what then must Thou be like,  
Eternal Loveliness!

Most ancient of all mysteries!  
Before Thy Throne we lie;  
Have mercy now, most Merciful,  
Most Holy TRINITY.

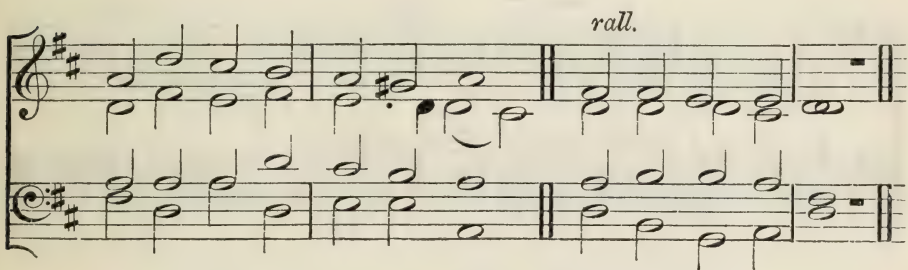
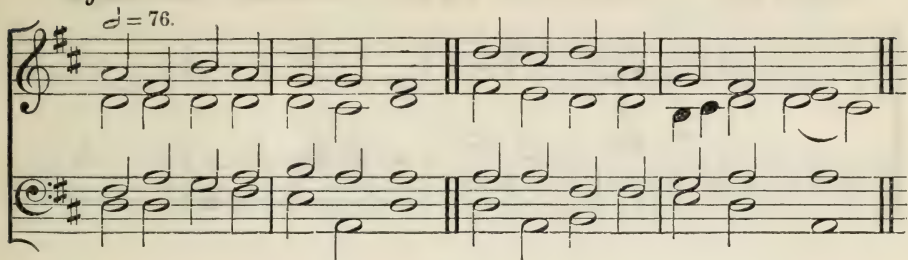
*p* Most ancient of all mysteries!  
Low at Thy Throne we lie;  
Have mercy now, most Merciful,  
Most Holy TRINITY.

*mf* When heaven and earth were yet unmade,  
When time was yet unknown,  
Thou, in Thy bliss and majesty,  
Didst live and love alone



# General Hymns.

Hymn 163. CAPETOWN.—7 7 7 5.



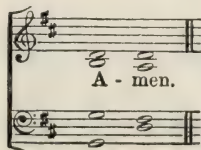
*"Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name."*

*mf* **T**HREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,  
Ruler of the earth and sea,  
Hear us, while we lift to Thee  
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights ! when falls the even,  
Let it close on sin forgiven ;  
Fold us in the peace of Heav'n ;  
Shed a holy calm.

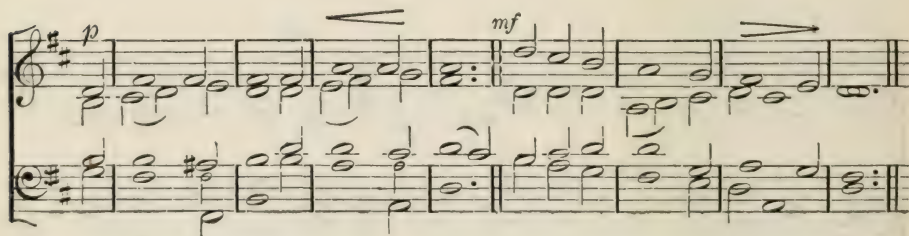
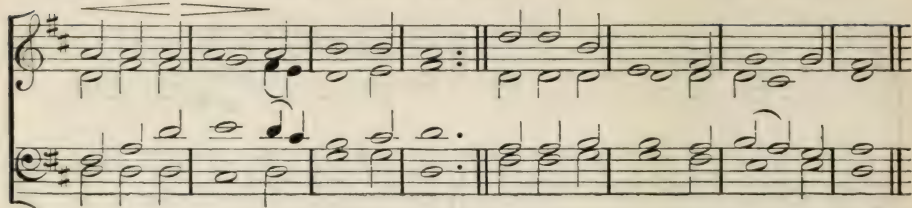
*p* Light of lights ! with morning shine ;  
Lift on us Thy Light Divine ;  
And let charity benign  
Breathe on us her balm.

*mf* **T**HREE in ONE and ONE in THREE,  
Dimly here we worship Thee ;  
*cr* With the Saints hereafter we  
Hope to bear the palm.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 164. RIVAUUX.—L.M. ♩ = 72.



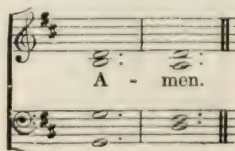
*"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."*

*mf* **F**ATHER of Heav'n, Whose love profound  
*p* A ransom for our souls hath found,  
*p* Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,  
*mf* To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Eternal SPIRIT, by Whose breath  
 The soul is raised from sin and death,  
*p* Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,  
*mf* To us Thy quickening power extend.

Almighty SON, Incarnate WORD,  
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, LORD,  
*p* Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,  
*mf* To us Thy saving grace extend.

Thrice Holy ! FATHER, SPIRIT, SON ;  
 Mysterious GODHEAD, THREE in ONE,  
*p* Before Thy Throne we sinners bend,  
*mf* Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

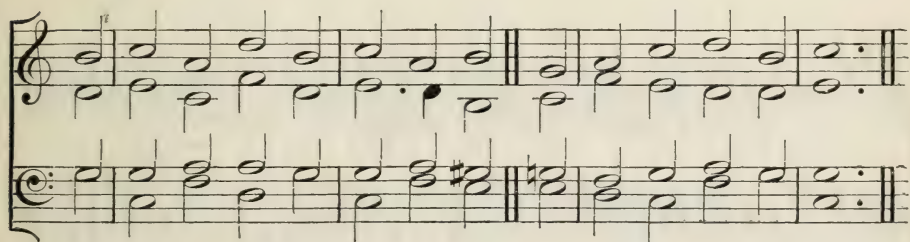
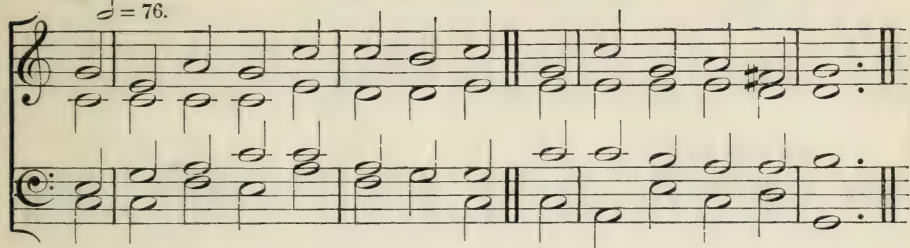




# General Hymns.

## Hymn 165. ST. ANNE.—C. M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another."*

*f* O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home;

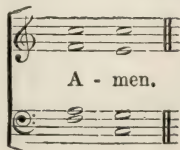
*mf* Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne  
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

*er* Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the Same.

*p* A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

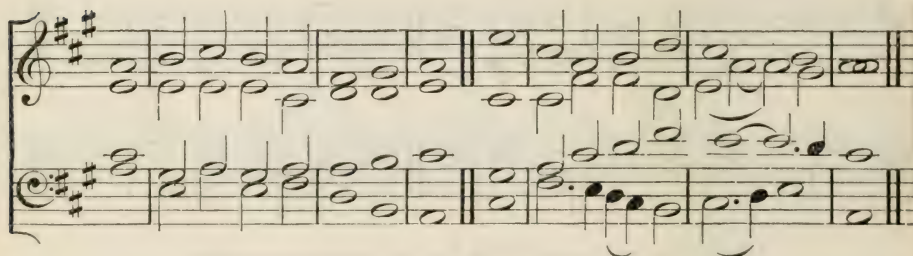
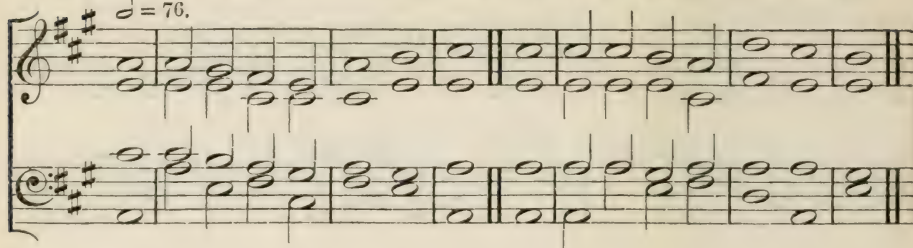
*f* O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.



# General Hymns.

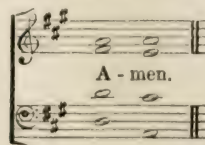
Hymn 166. OLD HUNDREDTH.—L.M. (First Version.)

$\text{♩} = 76.$



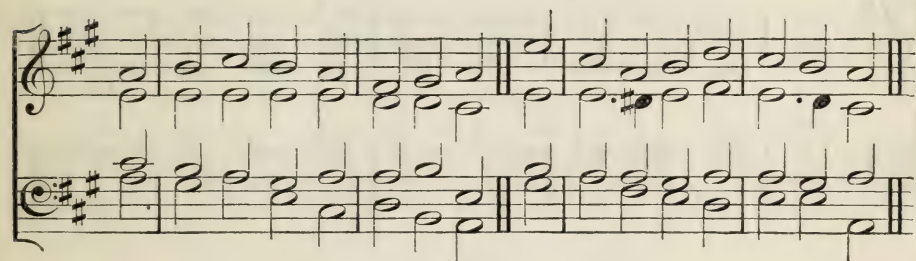
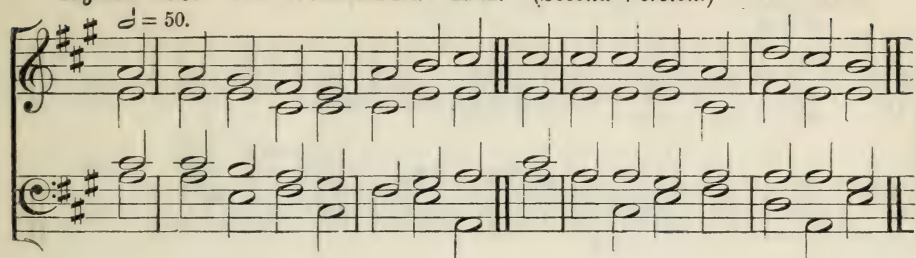
*"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands."*

- f* ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.
- mf* For why? the LORD our God is good;  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.
- mf* The LORD, ye know, is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make;  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.
- ff* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The God Whom Heav'n and earth adore,  
From men and from the Angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore.
- f* O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 166. OLD HUNDREDTH.—L.M. (Second Version.)



"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands."

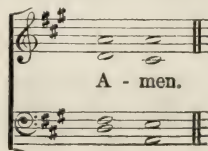
**A**LL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

*mf* For why? the LORD our God is good;  
His mercy is for ever sure;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

*mf* The LORD, ye know, is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make;  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

*ff* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The God Whom Heav'n and earth adore,  
From men and from the Angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore.

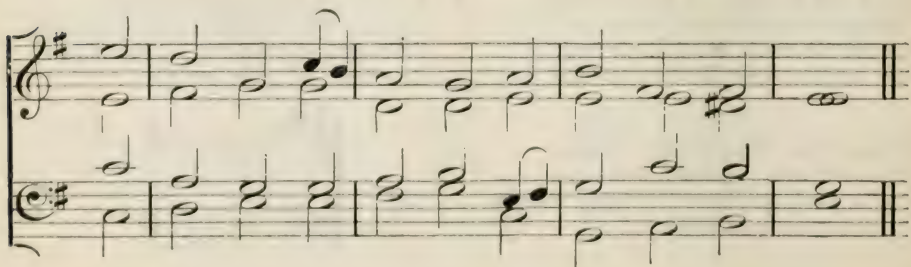
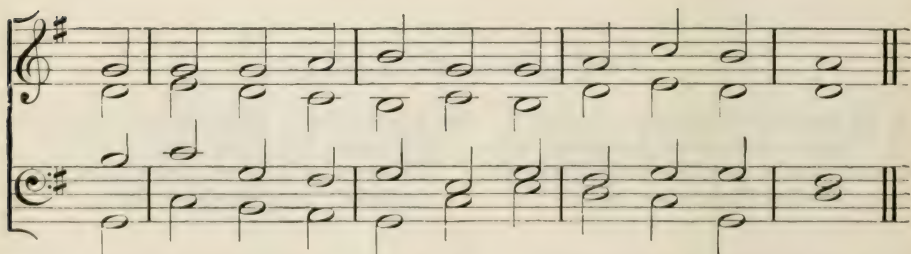
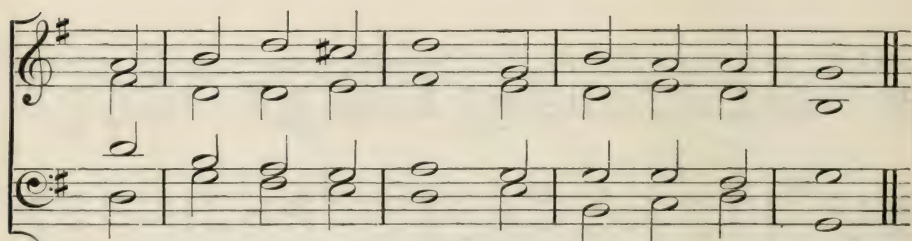
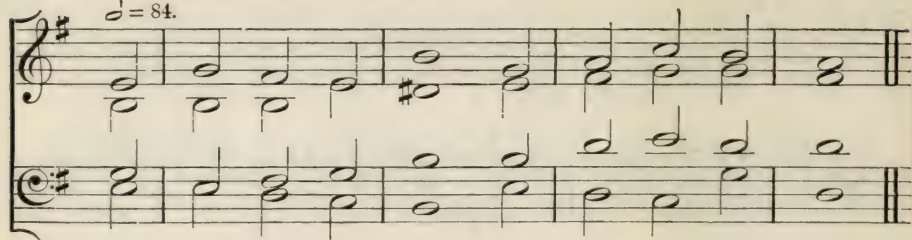
*f* O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 167. OLD 104TH.—10 10 11 11.

$\text{♩} = 84.$





# General Hymns.

*"Praise the Lord, O my soul : O Lord my God, Thou art become exceeding glorious ; Thou art clothed with majesty and honour."*

*f* **O** WORSHIP the King All-glorious above ;  
O gratefully sing His power and His love ;  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,  
Pavilion'd in splendour, and girded with praise.

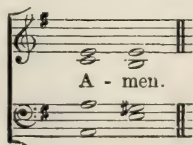
O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space ;  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

*mf* The earth with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old ;  
Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light ;  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

*p* Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail ;  
*cr* Thy mercies how tender ! how firm to the end !  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

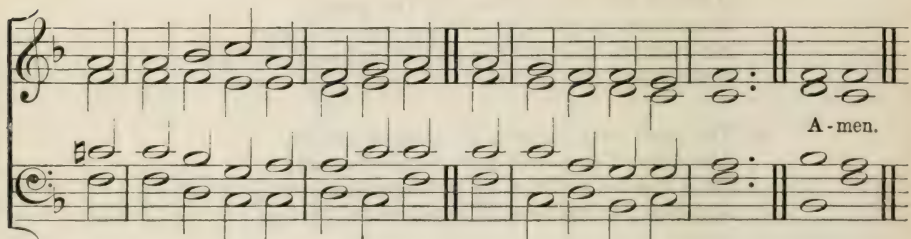
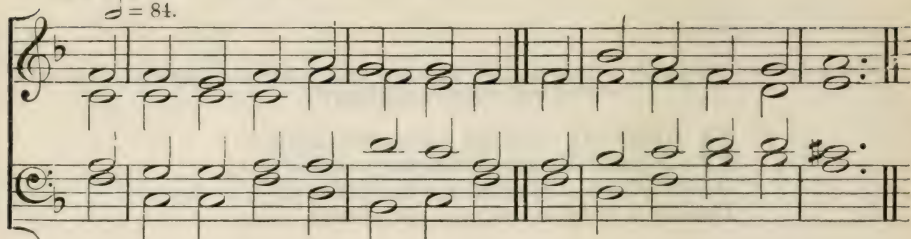
*f* O measureless Might, ineffable Love,  
While Angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
Thy ransom'd creation, (*p*) though feeble their lays,  
*cr* With true adoration shall sing to Thy praise.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 168. ST. FLAVIAN.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



A-men.

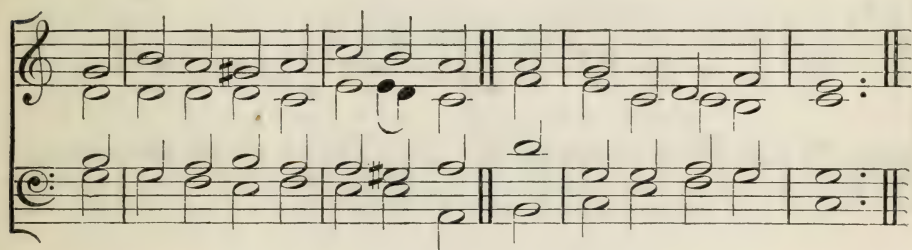
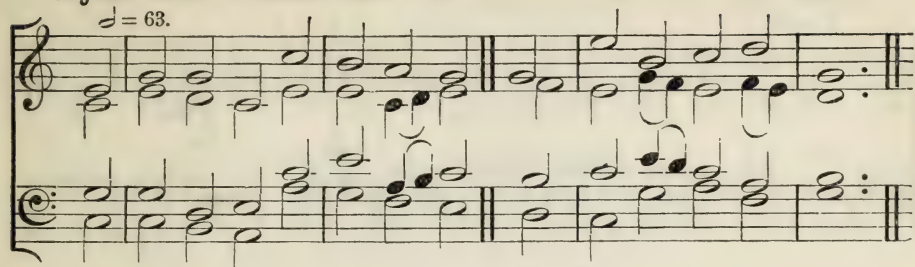
*"The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."*

- mf* **T**HERE is a book, who runs may read, *p* The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,  
Which heavenly truth imparts, It steals in silence down ;  
And all the lore its scholars need, *cr* But where it lights, the favour'd place  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts. By richest fruits is known.
- The works of GOD above, below, *f* One Name, above all glorious names,  
Within us and around, With its ten thousand tongues  
Are pages in that book, to show The everlasting sea proclaims,  
How GOD Himself is found. Echoing Angelic songs.
- The glorious sky, embracing all, The raging fire, the roaring wind  
Is like the Maker's love, Thy boundless power display ;  
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small *p* But in the gentler breeze we find  
In peace and order move. Thy SPIRIT's viewless way.
- The Moon above, the Church below, *mf* Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin  
A wondrous race they run ; Forbids us to desery  
But all their radiance, all their glow, The mystic Heav'n and earth within,  
Each borrows of its Sun. Plain as the sea and sky.
- The Saviour lends the light and heat Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see  
That crown His holy hill ; And love this sight so fair,  
The Saints, like stars, around His seat Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
Perform their courses still. And read Thee everywhere.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 169. WESTMINSTER.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 63.$



*"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, Whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."*

*mf* MY God, how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright,  
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light!

*p* How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting LORD,  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored!

*mf* How wonderful, how beautiful,  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity!

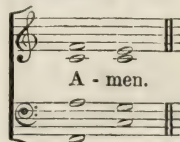
*p* Oh, how I fear Thee, Living God,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears!

*er* Yet I may love Thee too, O LORD,  
Almighty as Thou art,

*dim* For Thou hast stoop'd to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

*mf* No earthly father loves like Thee,  
No mother, e'er so mild,  
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done  
With me Thy sinful child.

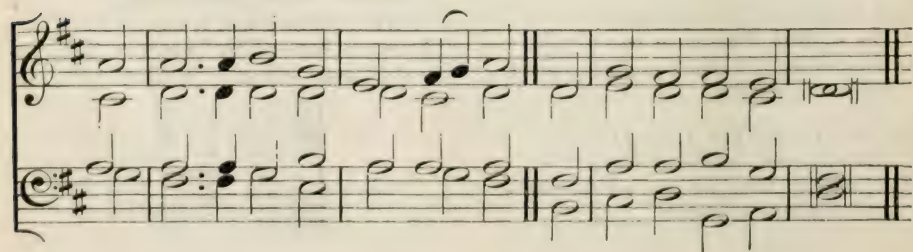
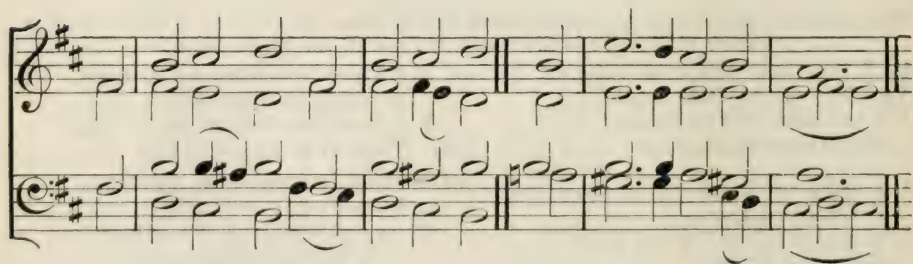
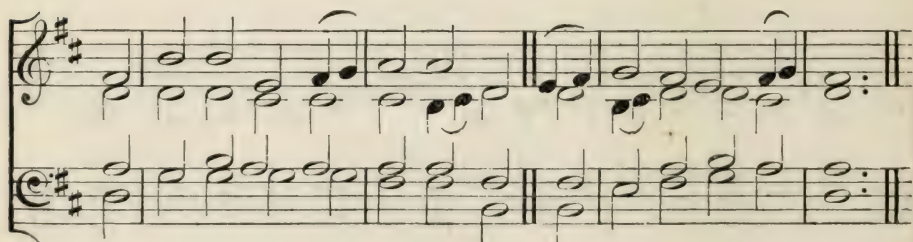
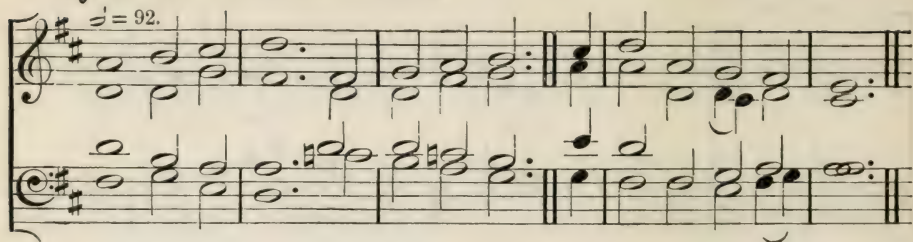
FATHER of JESUS, love's reward,  
What rapture will it be,  
Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,  
And gaze and gaze on Thee.



A - men.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 170. KNIGHTON.—D.C.M.





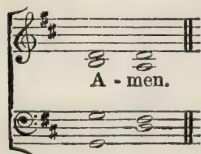
# General Hymns.

*"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by Him."*

*f* JESUS is GOD : (*mf*) the solid earth,  
The ocean broad and bright,  
The countless stars, like golden dust,  
That strew the skies at night,  
*f* The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,  
*mf* The pleasant wholesome air,  
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,  
His own creations were.

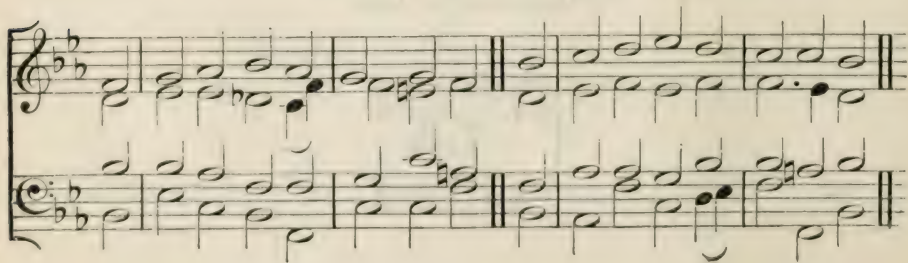
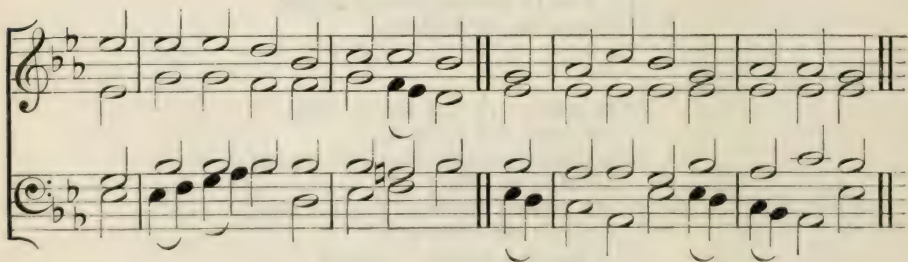
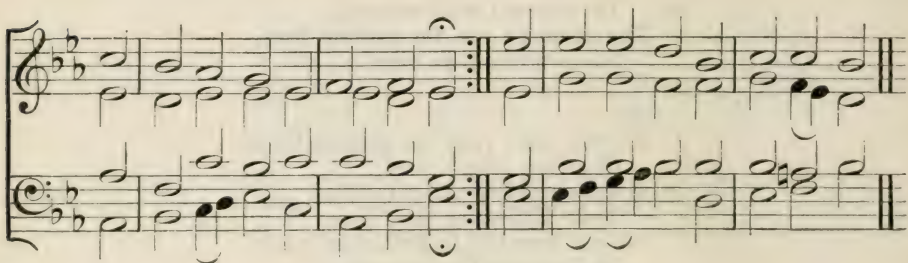
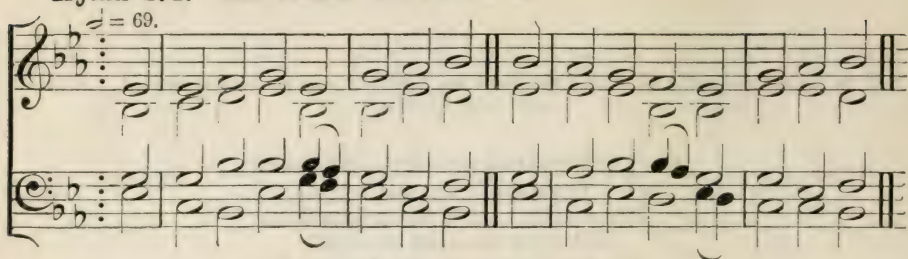
*f* JESUS is GOD : (*mf*) the glorious bands  
Of golden Angels sing  
Songs of adoring praise to Him,  
Their Maker and their King.  
He was true GOD in Bethlehem's crib,  
On Calvary's Cross true GOD ;  
He, Who in heaven Eternal reign'd,  
In time on earth abode.

*f* JESUS is GOD : (*p*) let sorrow come,  
And pain, and every ill,  
*cr* All are worth while, for all are means  
His glory to fulfil ;  
*mf* Worth while a thousand years of woe  
To speak one little word,  
If by that "I believe" we own  
*f* The GODHEAD of our LORD.

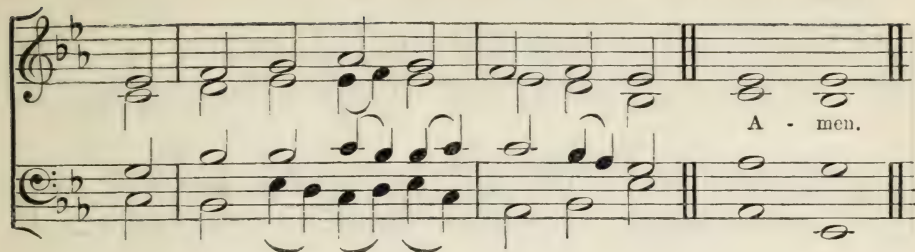


# General Hymns.

Hymn 171. OLD 113TH.—8 8 8 8 8 8 D.



# General Hymns.

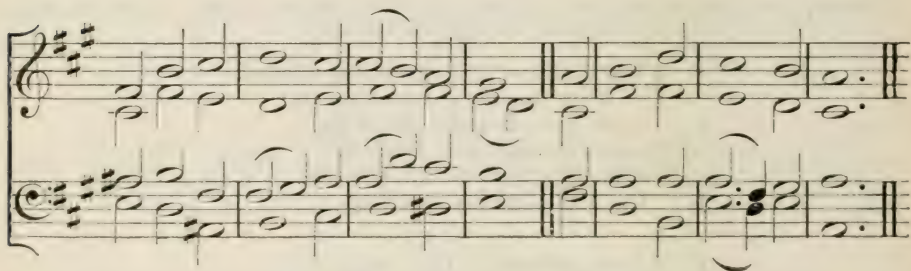
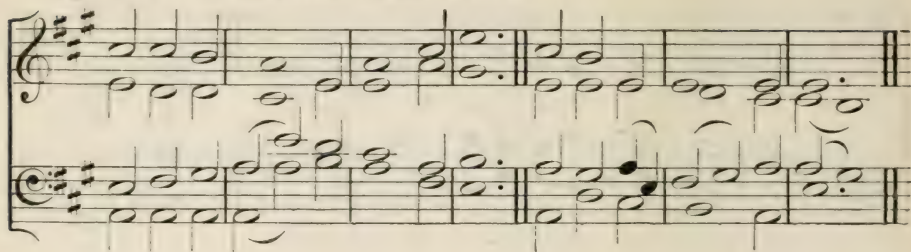


*"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."*

- f* FROM highest Heav'n the Eternal Son,  
 With GOD the FATHER ever ONE,  
*p* Came down to suffer and to die;  
*mf* For love of sinful man He bore  
 Our human griefs and troubles sore,  
*p* Our load of guilt and misery.
- f* Rejoice, ye Saints of God, and praise  
 The LAMB Who died, His flock to raise  
 From sin and everlasting woe;  
 With Angels round the Throne above  
 O tell the wonders of His love,  
 The joys that from His mercy flow.
- p* In darkest shades of night we lay,  
 Without a beam to guide our way,  
 Or hope of aught beyond the grave;  
*mf* But He has brought us life and light,  
 And open'd Heaven to our sight,  
*f* And lives for ever strong to save.
- ff* Rejoice, ye Saints of God, rejoice;  
 Sing out, and praise with cheerful voice  
 The LAMB Whom Heav'n and earth adore;  
 To Him Who gave His only SON,  
 To GOD the SPIRIT, with Them ONE,  
 Be praise and glory evermore.

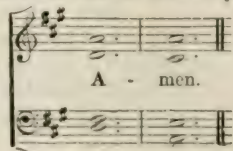
# General Hymns.

Hymn 172. GERONTIUS.—C.M. ♩ = 84.



*"The second Man is the Lord from heaven."*

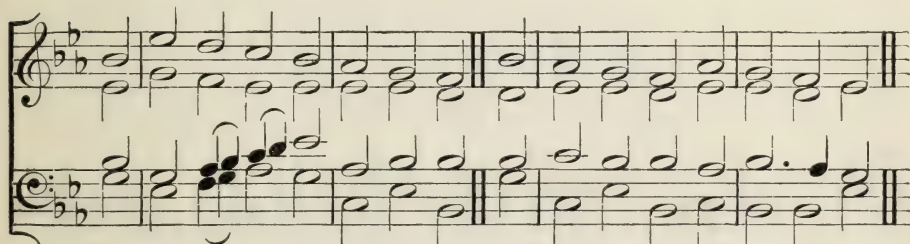
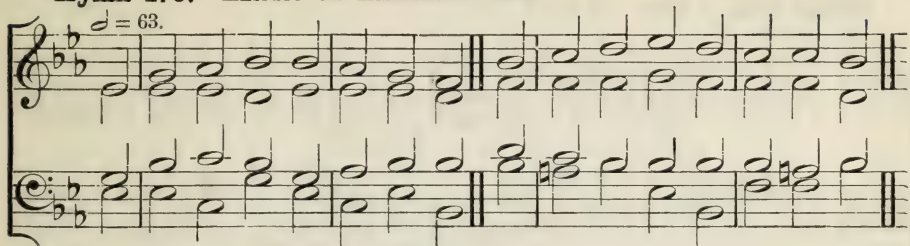
- f* PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise;  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.
- mf* O loving wisdom of our God!  
*p* When all was sin and shame,  
*cr* A second Adam to the fight  
*f* And to the rescue came.
- mf* O wisest love! that flesh and blood,  
*p* Which did in Adam fail,  
*cr* Should strive afresh against the foe,  
*f* Should strive and should prevail;
- mf* And that a higher gift than grace  
Should flesh and blood refine.  
*p* God's Presence and His very Self,  
And Essence all-divine.
- mf* O generous love! that He, Who smote  
In Man for man the foe,  
The double agony in Man  
For man should undergo;
- p* And in the garden secretly,  
And on the Cross on high,  
*cr* Should teach His brethren, and inspire  
To suffer and to die.
- f* Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise:  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways.





# General Hymns.

## Hymn 173. LEIPSIC OR EISENACH.—L.M.



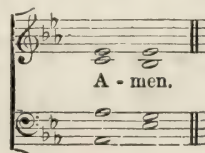
*"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."*

*mf* **O** LOVE, how deep! how broad! how high! *p* For us to wicked men betray'd,  
It fills the heart with ecstasy,  
That God, the SON of God, should take  
Our mortal form for mortals' sake.  
Scourged, mock'd, in purple robe array'd,  
He bore the shameful Cross and death;  
For us at length gave up His breath.

*p* He sent no Angel to our race  
Of higher or of lower place,  
But wore the robe of human frame  
Himself, and to this lost world came.  
*f* For us He rose from death again,  
For us He went on high to reign,  
For us He sent His SPIRIT here  
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

*f* For us He was baptized, and bore  
His holy fast, and hunger'd sore;  
For us temptations sharp He knew;  
*mf* For us the tempter overthrew.  
To Him Whose boundless love has won  
Salvation for us through His SON,  
To GOD the FATHER, glory be  
Both now and through eternity.

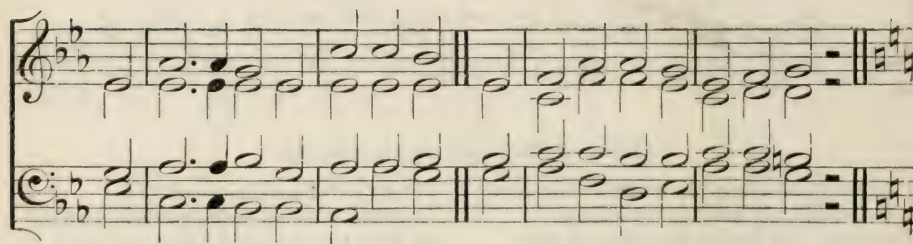
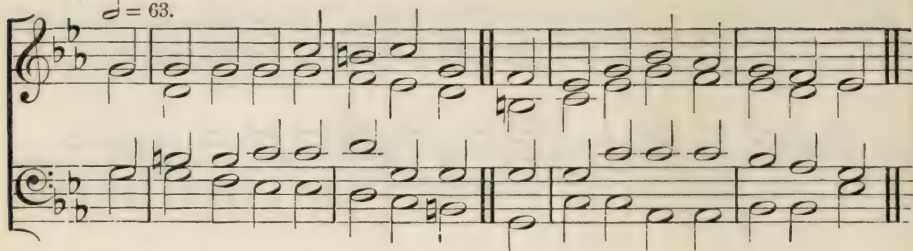
For us He pray'd, for us He taught,  
For us His daily works He wrought,  
By words, and signs, and actions, thus  
Still seeking not Himself but us.



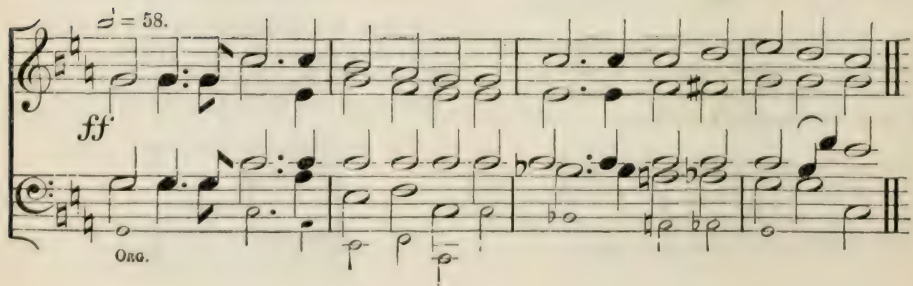
# General Hymns.

## Hymn 174. CREDO.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 63.$



$\text{♩} = 58.$



Org.

# General Hymns.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."

*mf* **W**E saw Thee not when Thou didst come  
To this poor world of sin and death,  
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home  
In that despisèd Nazareth ;

*f* But we believe Thy footsteps trod  
Its streets and plains, Thou SON of God.

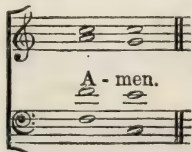
*mf* We did not see Thee lifted high  
Amid that wild and savage crew,  
*dim* Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,  
"Forgive, they know not what they do ;"

*f* Yet we believe the deed was done,  
*dim* Which shook the earth and veil'd the sun.

*mf* We stood not by the empty tomb  
Where late Thy sacred Body lay,  
*cr* Nor sat within that upper room,  
Nor met Thee in the open way ;  
*f* But we believe that Angels said,  
"Why seek the living with the dead ?"

*mf* We did not mark the chosen few,  
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,  
First lift to Heav'n their wondering view,  
*p* Then to the earth all prostrate bend ;  
*f* Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
Beheld that journey to the skies.

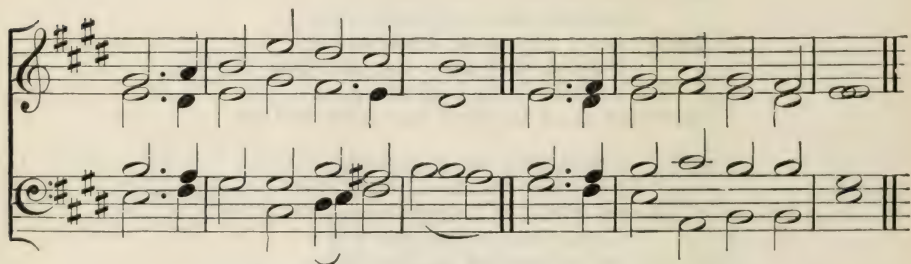
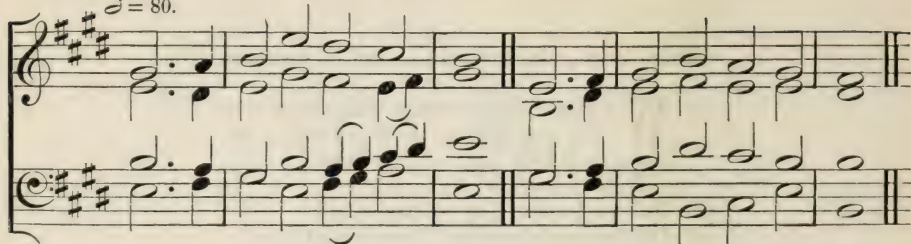
And now that Thou dost reign on high,  
And thence Thy waiting people bless,  
*mf* No ray of glory from the sky  
Doth shine upon our wilderness ;  
*f* But we believe Thy faithful Word,  
And trust in our Redeeming Lord.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 175. INNOCENTS.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."*

*mf* CONQUERING kings their titles take  
From the foes they captive make :  
*f* JESUS, by a nobler deed,  
From the thousands He hath freed.

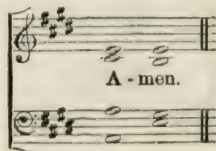
*mf* Yes : none other name is given  
Unto mortals under heaven,  
Which can make the dead arise,  
And exalt them to the skies.

That which CHRIST so hardly wrought,  
That which He so dearly bought,  
That salvation, brethren, say,  
Shall we madly cast away ?

Rather gladly for that Name  
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;  
Joyfully for Him to die  
Is not death but victory.

*p* JESU, Who dost condescend  
To be call'd the sinner's Friend,  
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,  
*er* Glorifying in Thy Name to-day.

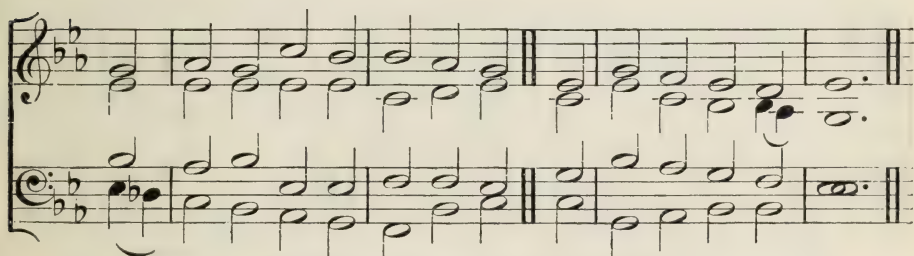
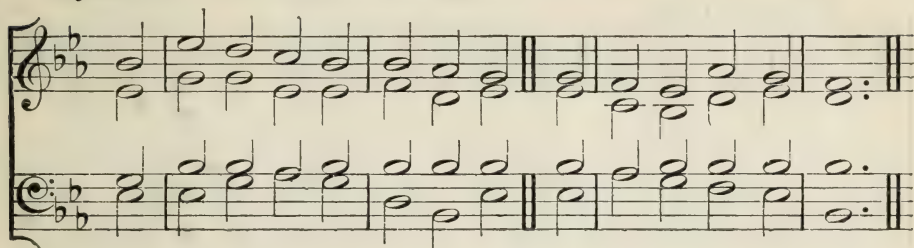
*f* Glory to the FATHER be,  
Glory, Holy SON, to Thee,  
Glory to the HOLY GHOST,  
From the Saints and Angel-host.





# General Hymns.

Hymn 176. St. PETER.—C.M. ♩ = 76.



“Unto you therefore which believe He is precious.”

*mf* **H**OW sweet the Name of JESUS sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

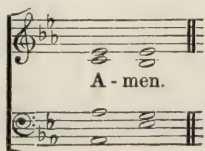
It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
*p* And to the weary rest.

*mf* Dear Name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace.

JESUS! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

*p* Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
*cr* But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

*f* Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
*dim* And may the music of Thy Name  
*p* Refresh my soul in death.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 177. JESU DULCIS MEMORIA.—L.M. (*First Tune.*)  $\text{♩} = 92$ .

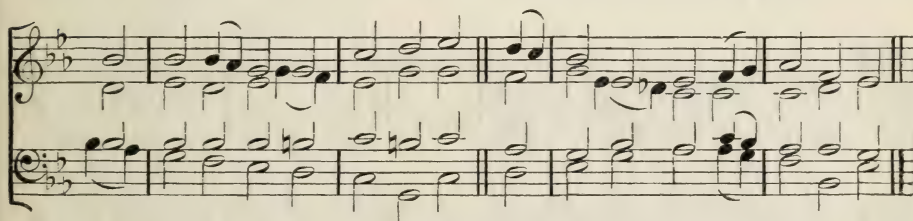
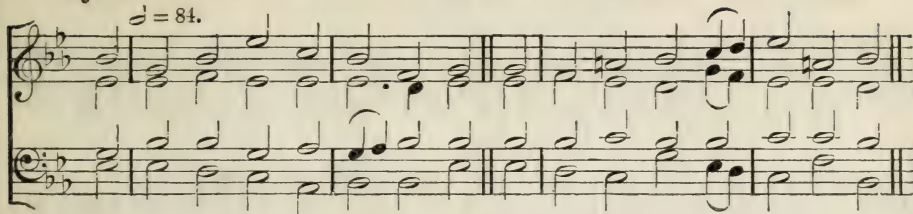
*To be sung in Unison.*

The image displays a musical score for Hymn 177, 'Jesu Dulcis Memoria'. The score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass, in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked as 'First Tune' with a quarter note equal to 92 beats per minute. The instruction 'To be sung in Unison.' is provided. The score consists of four systems of music. The first three systems each contain two staves of music. The fourth system also contains two staves, but the right staff (Treble) includes the text 'A - men.' below the notes. The music is written in a simple, unison style, with notes and rests clearly marked on the staves.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 177. ST. BERNARD.—L.M. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 84.$

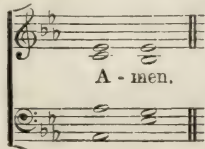


"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."

<b>J</b> ESU! the very thought is sweet;	<i>mf</i> No tongue of mortal can express,
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet:	No pen can write the blessedness,
But oh! than honey sweeter far	He only who hath proved it knows
The glimpses of His Presence are.	What bliss from love of JESUS flows.

<i>f</i> No word is sung more sweet than this,	<i>f</i> O JESU, King of wondrous might!
No sound is heard more full of bliss,	O Victor, glorious from the fight!
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,	<i>mf</i> Sweetness that may not be express'd,
Than JESUS, Son of God most High.	And altogether loveliest!

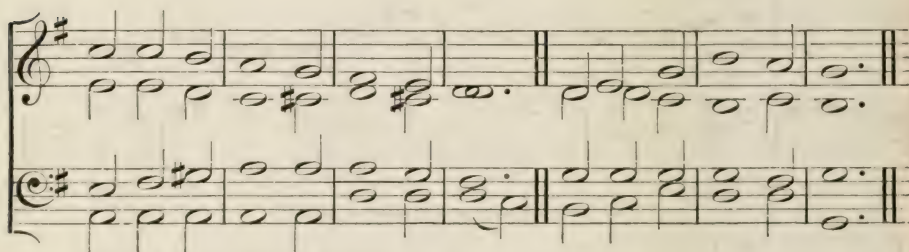
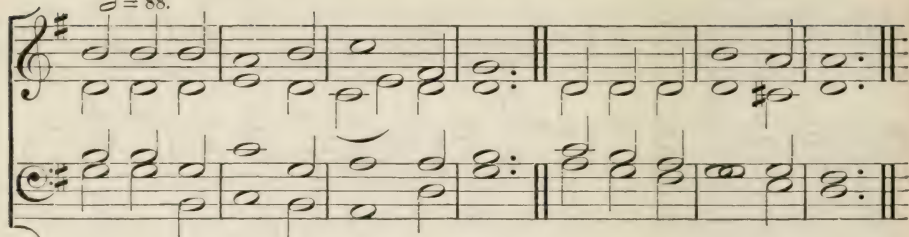
JESU, the hope of souls forlorn,	<i>p</i> Abide with us, O LORD, to-day,
How good to them for sin that mourn!	Fulfil us with Thy grace, we pray;
To them that seek Thee, oh how kind!	<i>cr</i> And with Thine own true sweetness feed
But what art Thou to them that find?	Our souls from sin and darkness freed.



# General Hymns.

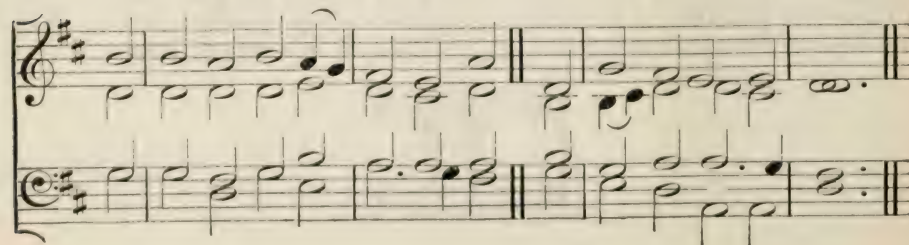
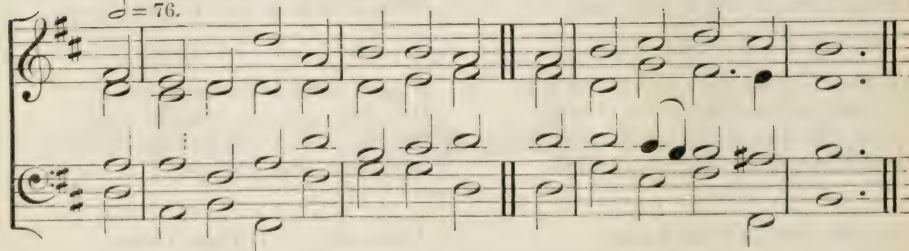
Hymn 178. ST. AGNES.—C.M. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 88.$



Hymn 178. METZLER'S REDHEAD. No. 66.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 76.$





# General Hymns.

*"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."*

*mf* JESU, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast;  
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,  
And in Thy Presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,  
Nor can the memory find  
A sweeter sound than JESU's Name,  
The Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,  
O Joy of all the meek,  
To those who ask how kind Thou art,  
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of JESUS, what it is  
None but His loved ones know.

*f* JESU, our only Joy be Thou,  
As Thou our Prize wilt be;  
In Thee be all our glory now,  
And through eternity.

## PART 2.

*f* O JESU, King most wonderful,  
Thou Conqueror renown'd,  
*mf* Thou Sweetness most ineffable  
In Whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart,  
Then kindles love Divine.

*f* O JESU, Light of all below,  
Thou Fount of living fire,  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
And all we can desire;

*mf* JESU, may all confess Thy Name,  
Thy wondrous love adore,  
And, seeking Thee, themselves inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.

Thee, JESU, may our voices bless,  
Thee may we love alone,  
And ever in our lives express  
The image of Thine Own.

## PART 3.

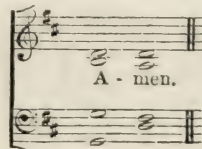
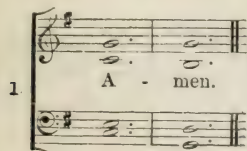
*mf* O JESU, Thou the Beauty art  
Of Angel-worlds above;  
Thy Name is music to the heart,  
Inflaming it with love.

Celestial Sweetness unalloy'd,  
Who eat Thee hunger still;  
Who drink of Thee still feel a void  
Which only Thou canst fill.

*p* O most sweet JESU, hear the sighs  
Which unto Thee we send;  
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,  
To Thee our prayers ascend.

*cr* Abide with us, and let Thy Light  
Shine, LORD, on every heart;  
Dispel the darkness of our night,  
And joy to all impart.

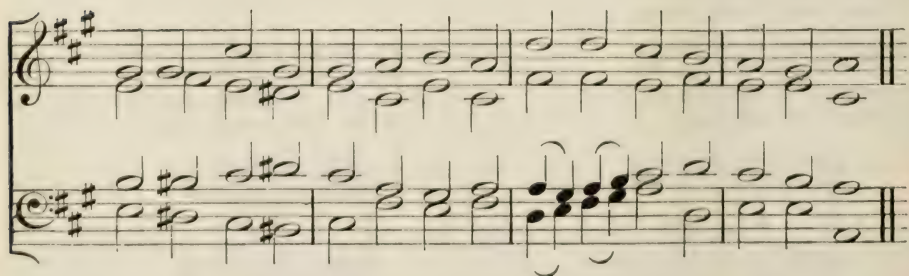
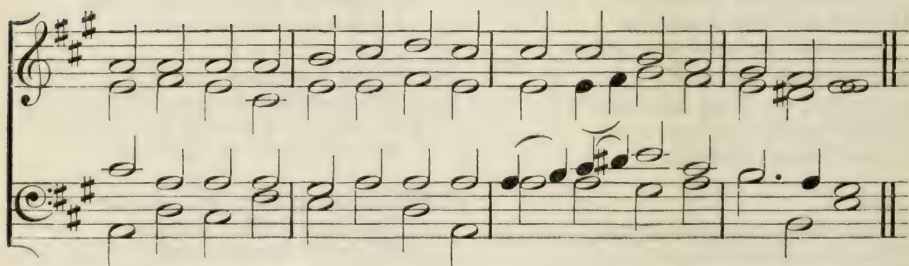
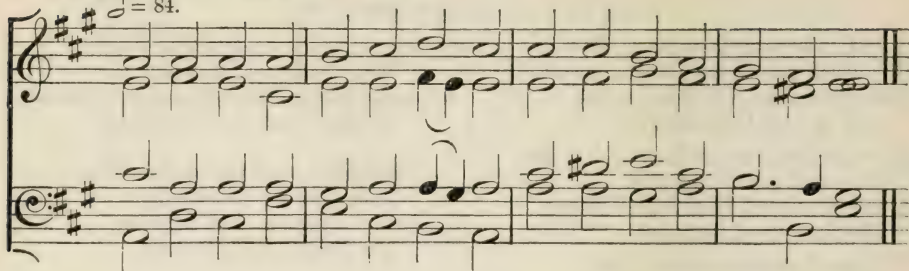
*f* JESU, our Love and Joy, to Thee,  
The Virgin's Holy Son,  
All might, and praise, and glory be,  
While endless ages run.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 179. ORIEL.—8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



# General Hymns.

*"There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."*

*f* **T**O the Name of our Salvation  
 Laud and honour let us pay,  
*p* Which for many a generation  
 Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,  
*f* But with holy exultation  
 We may sing aloud to-day.

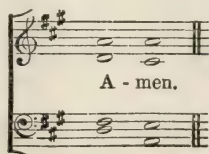
'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth  
 Speaks like music to the ear;  
*p* Who in prayer this Name beseecheth  
 Sweetest comfort findeth near;  
*cr* Who its perfect wisdom reacheth  
*mf* Heavenly joy possesseth here.

*mf* **J**ESUS is the Name we treasure,  
 Name beyond what words can tell;  
 Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,  
 Ear and heart delighting well;  
 Name of sweetness passing measure,  
 Saving us from sin and hell.

*f* **J**ESUS is the Name exalted  
 Over every other name;  
 In this Name, whene'er assaulted,  
 We can put our foes to shame;  
 Strength to them who else had halted,  
 Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

'Tis the Name for adoration,  
 Name for songs of victory,  
 Name for holy meditation  
 In this vale of misery,  
 Name for joyful veneration  
 By the citizens on high.

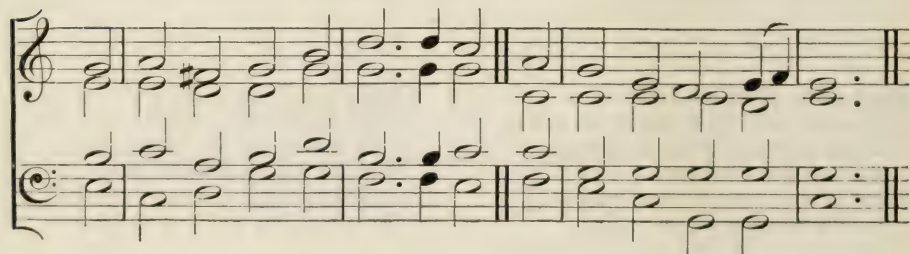
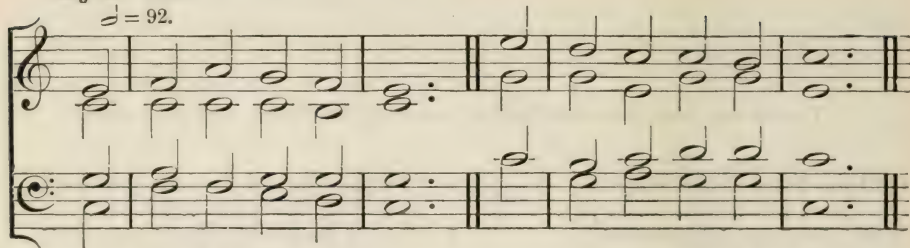
*p* Therefore we in love adoring  
 This most blessed Name revere,  
*cr* Holy JESU, Thee imploring  
 So to write it in us here,  
 That hereafter heavenward soaring  
*ff* We may sing with Angels there.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 180. ST. GEORGE.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"The everlasting Father, the Prince of peace."*

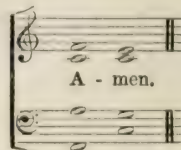
*mf* **T**O CHRIST, the Prince of peace,  
And SON of GOD most high,  
The FATHER of the world to come,  
We lift our joyful cry.

O wondrous Fount of love,  
O Well of waters free,  
O heavenly Flame, refining Fire,  
O burning Charity!

*p* Deep in His Heart for us  
The wound of love He bore,  
*cr* That love which He enkindles still  
In hearts that Him adore.

*p* Hide us in Thy dear Heart,  
Jesu, our Saviour Blest,  
*mf* So shall we find Thy plenteous grace,  
And Heav'n's eternal rest.

*mf* O Jesu, Victim Blest,  
What else but love Divine  
Could Thee constrain to open thus  
That sacred Heart of Thine?



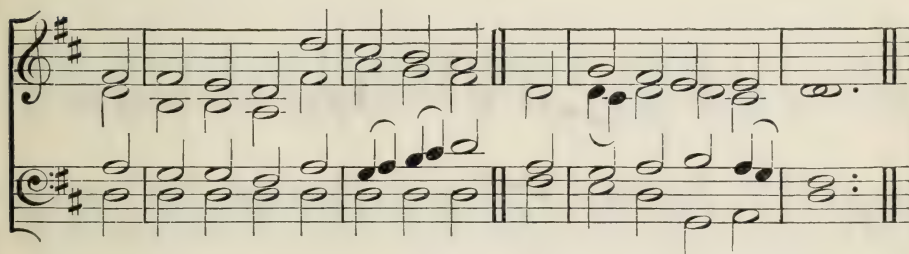
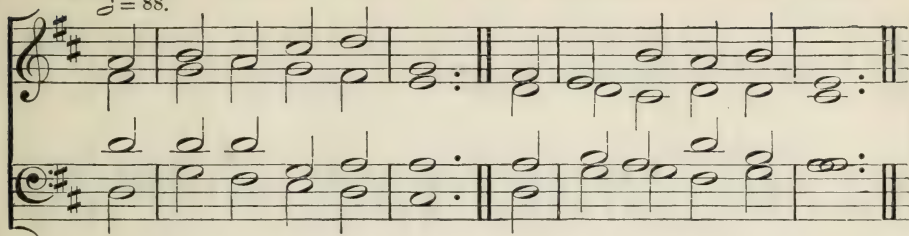
A - men.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 181. SELLINGS.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



*"Thou hast been my succour : leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation."*

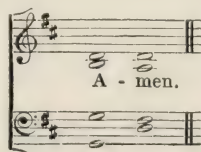
**W**E know Thee Who Thou art,  
LORD JESUS, Mary's Son ;  
We know the yearnings of Thy Heart  
To end Thy work begun.

*mf* We dare not ask to live  
Henceforth from trials free ;  
But oh ! when next they tempt us, give  
More strength to cling to Thee.

That sacred Fount of grace,  
'Mid all the bliss of heaven,  
Has joy whene'er we seek Thy Face,  
And kneel to be forgiven.

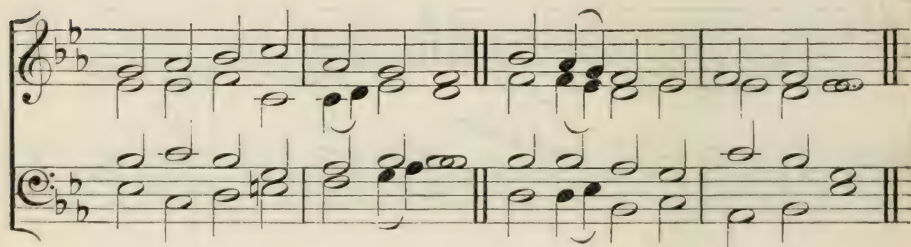
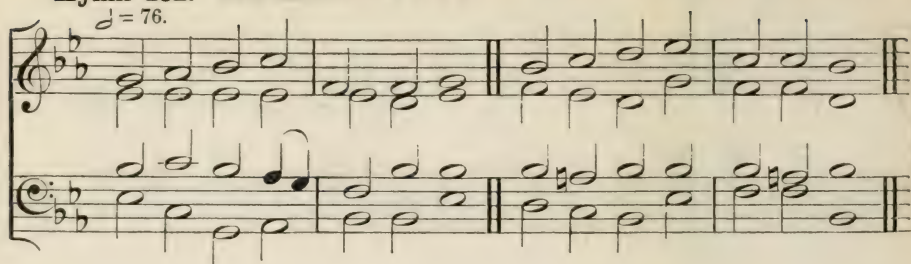
We know Thee Who Thou art,  
Our own redeeming LORD ;  
Be Thou by will, and mind, and heart,  
Accepted, loved, adored.

Brought home from ways perverse,  
At peace Thine Arms within,  
We pray Thee, shield us from the curse  
Of falling back to sin.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 182. CANTERBURY.—7 7 7 7.



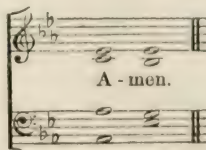
“Thou art a place to hide me in.”

*p* **J**ESU, grant me this, I pray,  
Ever in Thy Heart to stay;  
Let me evermore abide  
Hidden in Thy wounded Side.

*mf* If the flesh, more dangerous still,  
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,  
*cr* Nought I fear when I abide  
*p* In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

*mf* If the evil one prepare,  
Or the world, a tempting snare,  
*cr* I am safe when I abide  
*p* In Thy Heart and wounded Side.

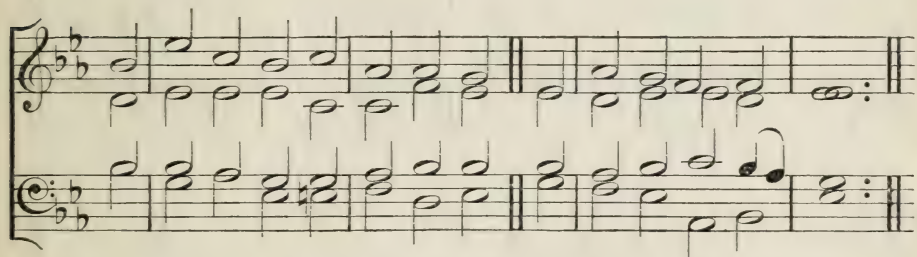
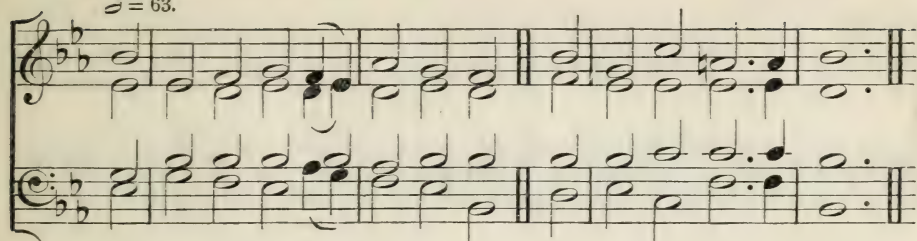
Death will come one day to me;  
*mf* JESU, cast me not from Thee:  
*p* Dying let me still abide  
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 183. ST. BERNARD.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 63.$

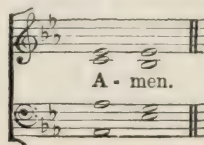


"Lord, to whom shall we go?"

<i>p</i> WHEN wounded sore the stricken heart	'Tis JESUS' Blood that washes white,
Lies bleeding and unbound,	His Hand that brings relief,
<i>cr</i> One only Hand, ( <i>p</i> ) a pierced Hand,	<i>cr</i> His Heart is touch'd with all our joys,
<i>mf</i> Can salve the sinner's wound.	<i>p</i> And feels for all our grief.

<i>p</i> When sorrow swells the laden breast,	<i>mf</i> Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord,
And tears of anguish flow,	Unseal that cleansing Tide ;
<i>cr</i> One only Heart, ( <i>p</i> ) a broken Heart,	We have no shelter from our sin
<i>mf</i> Can feel the sinner's woe.	<i>p</i> But in Thy wounded Side.

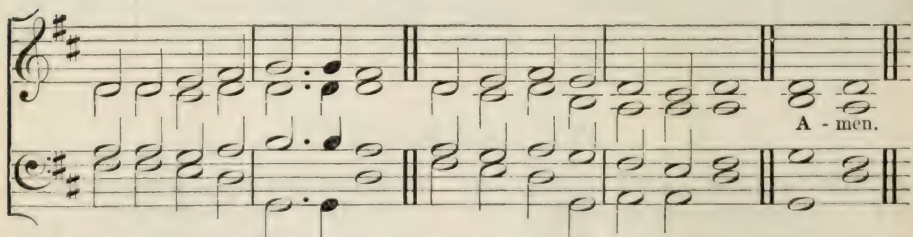
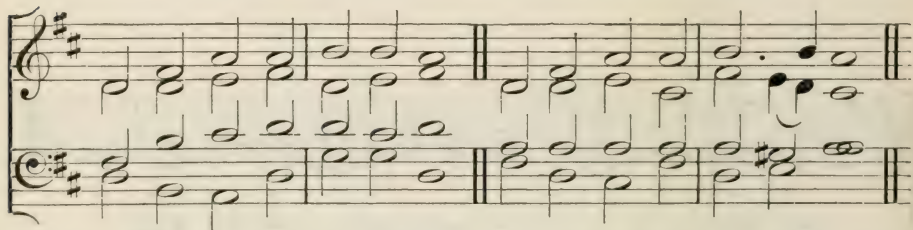
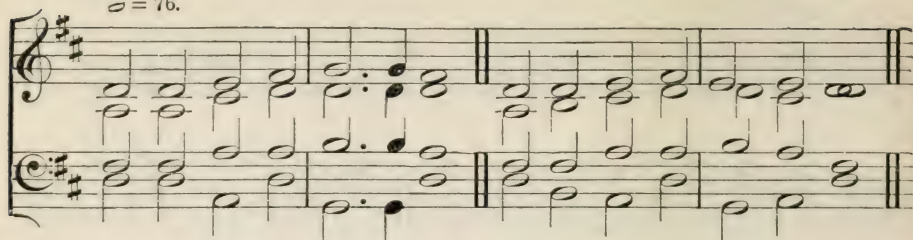
<i>p</i> When penitential grief has wept
Over some foul dark spot,
<i>cr</i> One only Stream, ( <i>p</i> ) a Stream of Blood,
<i>mf</i> Can wash away the blot.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 184. REDHEAD. No. 76.—7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"That rock was Christ."*

*mf* **R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
 Let the Water and the Blood,  
 From Thy riven Side which flow'd,  
 Be of sin the double cure,  
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.  
 Not the labours of my hands  
 Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;  
 Could my zeal no respite know,  
 Could my tears for ever flow,  
 All for sin could not atone ;  
 Thou must save, and Thou alone.

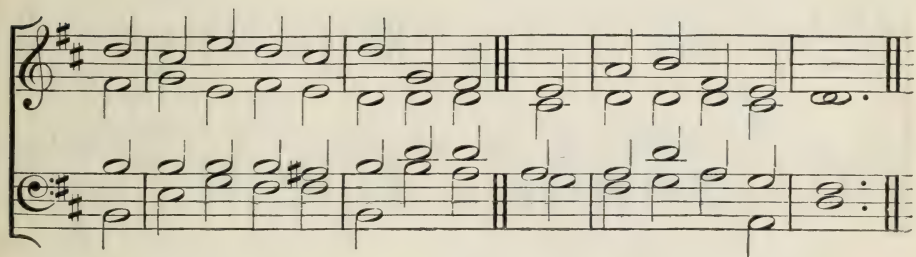
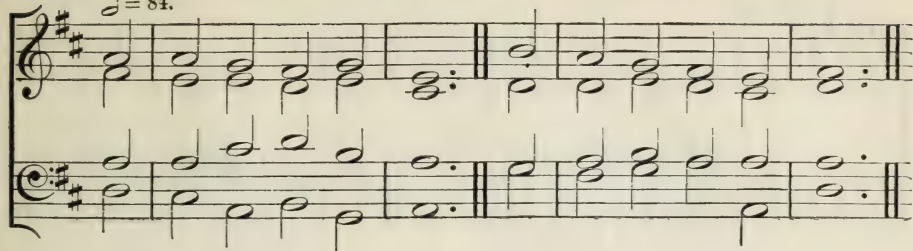
*p* Nothing in my hand I bring,  
 Simply to Thy Cross I cling ;  
 Naked, come to Thee for dress ;  
 Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
 Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;  
*cr* Wash me, Saviour, (*p*) or I die.  
*mf* While I draw this fleeting breath,  
*p* When my eyelids close in death,  
*cr* When I soar through tracts unknown,  
 See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne ;  
*p* Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
*pp* Let me hide myself in Thee.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 185. ST. PAUL'S.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



"O look Thou upon me, and be merciful unto me."

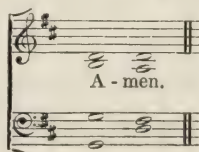
*p* **L**ORD JESUS, think on me,  
And purge away my sin;  
*cr* From earthborn passions set me free,  
And make me pure within.

*p* LORD JESUS, think on me,  
That, when the flood is past,  
*cr* I may the eternal Brightness see,  
And share Thy joy at last.

*p* LORD JESUS, think on me  
With many a care oppress;  
*cr* Let me Thy loving servant be,  
And taste Thy promised rest.

*mf* LORD JESUS, think on me,  
*cr* That I may sing above  
*f* Praise to the FATHER, and to THEE,  
And to the HOLY DOVE.

*mf* LORD JESUS, think on me,  
Nor let me go astray;  
Through darkness and perplexity  
*cr* Point Thou the heavenly way.

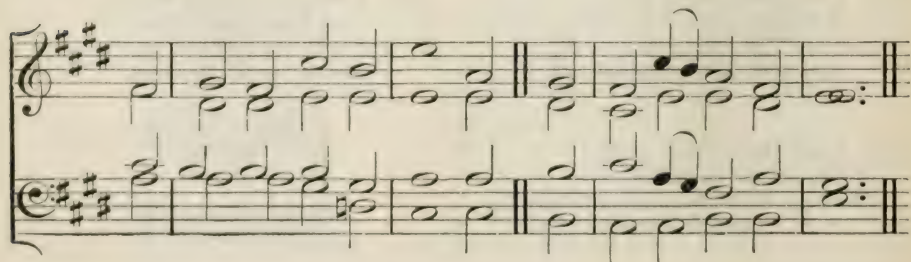
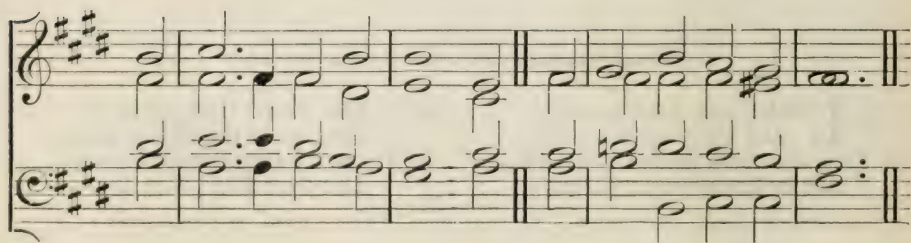
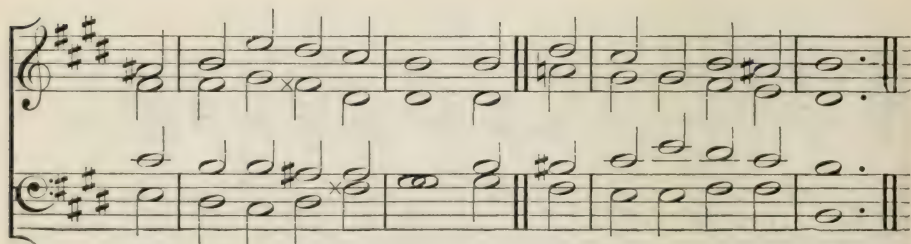
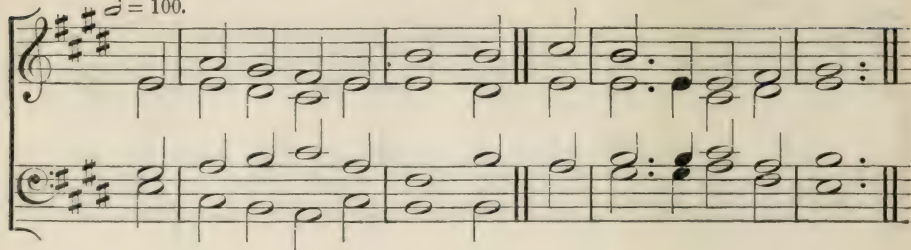


A - men.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 186. MAGDALENA.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



# General Hymns.

"Without Me ye can do nothing."

*mf* I COULD not do without Thee,  
*cr* O Saviour of the lost,  
*dim* Whose precious Blood redeem'd me  
*mf* At such tremendous cost;  
 Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,  
 Thy precious Blood must be  
 My only hope and comfort,  
 My glory and my plea.

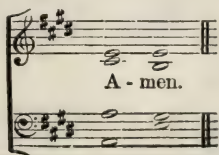
I could not do without Thee,  
 I cannot stand alone,  
 I have no strength or goodness,  
 No wisdom of my own;  
*cr* But Thou, belovèd Saviour,  
 Art all in all to me,  
 And weakness will be power  
 If leaning hard on Thee.

*mf* I could not do without Thee,  
*p* For, oh, the way is long,  
 And I am often weary,  
 And sigh replaces song;  
 How could I do without Thee?  
 I do not know the way;  
*cr* Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,  
 And wilt not let me stray.

*mf* I could not do without Thee,  
 O JESUS, Saviour dear;  
 E'en when my eyes are holden,  
 I know that Thou art near;  
 How dreary and how lonely  
 This changeful life would be  
 Without the sweet communion,  
 The secret rest with Thee.

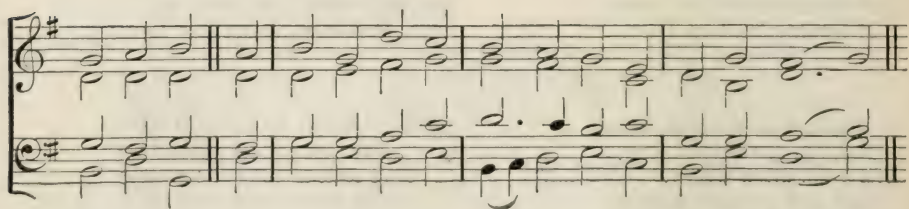
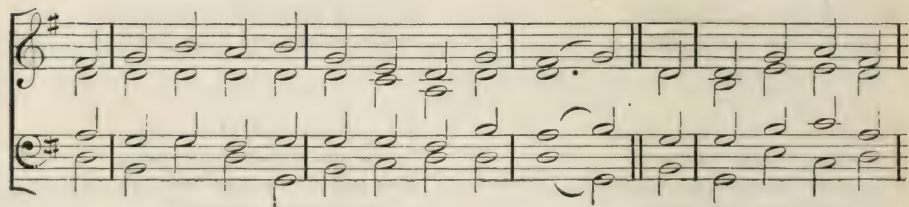
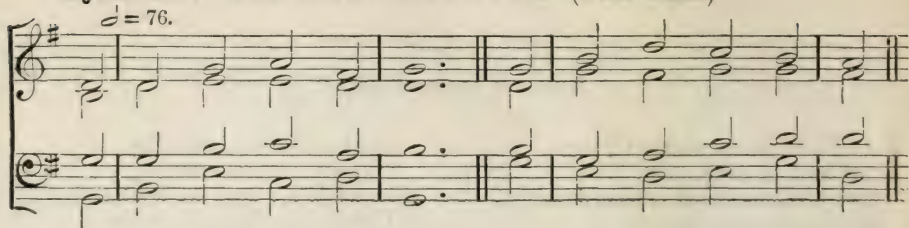
I could not do without Thee;  
 No other friend can read  
 The spirit's strange deep longings,  
 Interpreting its need;  
 No human heart could enter  
 Each dim recess of mine,  
*dim* And soothe, and hush, and calm it,  
*cr* O Blessèd LORD, but Thine.

*mf* I could not do without Thee,  
*p* For years are fleeting fast,  
 And soon in solemn loneliness  
 The river must be pass'd;  
*cr* But Thou wilt never leave me,  
 And though the waves roll high,  
*f* I know Thou wilt be near me,  
*p* And whisper, "It is I."

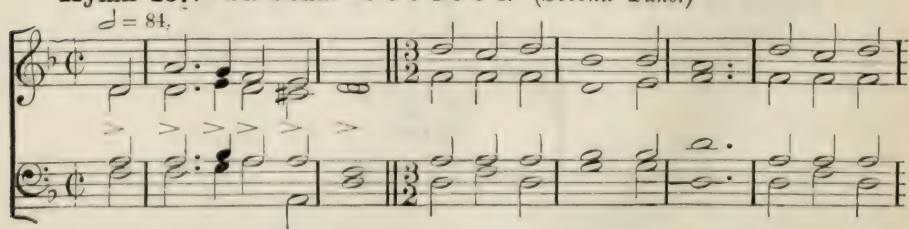


# General Hymns.

Hymn 187. ECCE AGNUS.—6 6 6 4 8 8 4. (*First Tune.*)

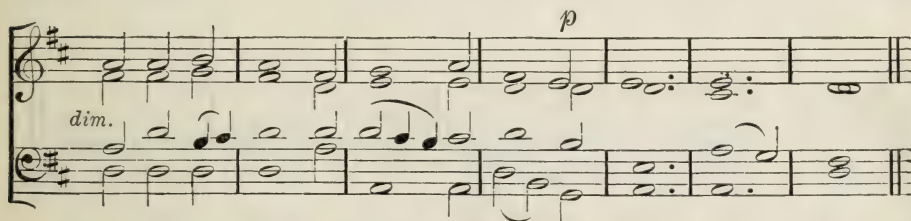


Hymn 187. ST. JOHN.—6 6 6 4 8 8 4. (*Second Tune.*)





# General Hymns.



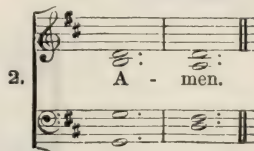
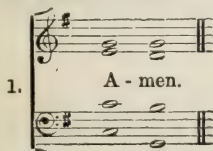
"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

*mf* **B**EHOLD the LAMB of GOD!  
*p* O Thou for sinners slain,  
 Let it not be in vain  
 That Thou hast died:  
*mf* Thee for my Saviour let me take,  
 My only refuge let me make  
*p* Thy piercèd Side.

*mf* Behold the LAMB of GOD!  
 All hail, Incarnate WORD,  
 Thou everlasting LORD,  
 Saviour most Blest;  
 Fill us with love that never faints,  
 Grant us with all Thy blessèd Saints  
*p* Eternal rest.

*mf* Behold the LAMB of GOD!  
*p* Into the sacred flood  
 Of Thy most precious Blood  
 My soul I cast:  
*mf* Wash me and make me clean within,  
 And keep me pure from every sin,  
*p* Till life be past.

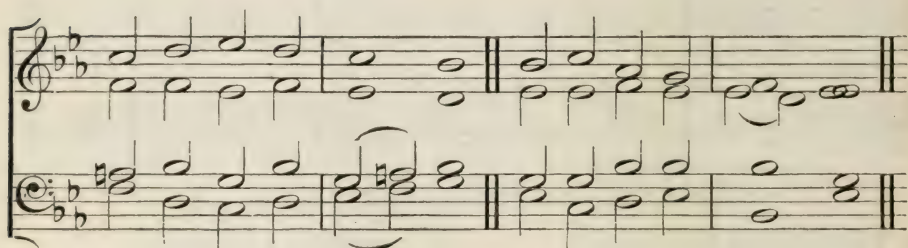
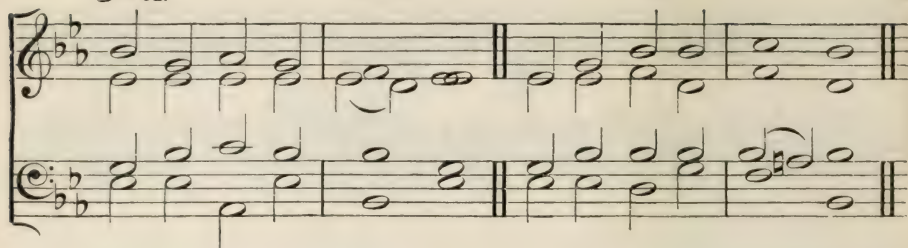
*mf* Behold the LAMB of GOD!  
*f* Worthy is He alone  
 To sit upon the Throne  
 Of God above;  
 One with the Ancient of all days,  
 One with the Comforter in praise,  
 All Light and Love.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 188. ST. MARTIN.—6 6 6 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."*

*mf* JESU, meek and lowly,  
Saviour, pure and holy,  
On Thy love relying  
Hear me humbly crying.

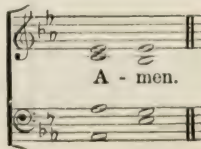
*p* Prince of life and power,  
My salvation's tower,  
On the Cross I view Thee  
Calling sinners to Thee.

*mf* There behold me gazing  
At the sight amazing;  
*p* Bending low before Thee,  
Helpless I adore Thee.

By Thy red Wounds streaming,  
With Thy Life-blood gleaming,  
Blood for sinners flowing,  
Pardon free bestowing;

By that Fount of blessing,  
Thy dear love expressing,  
All my aching sadness  
*er* Turn Thou into gladness.

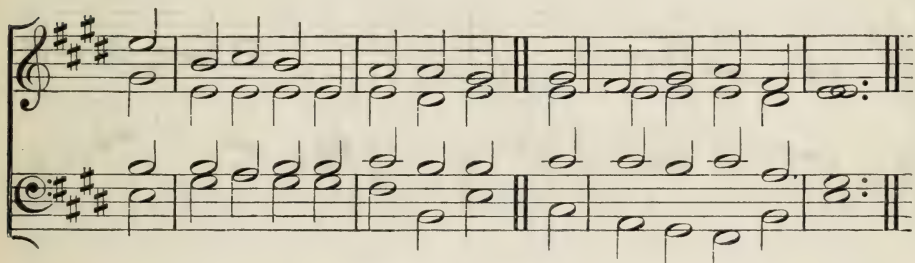
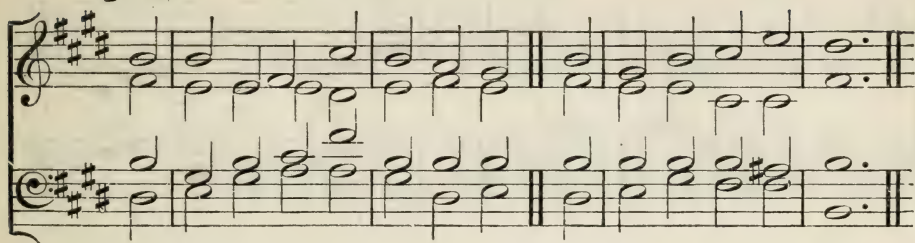
*mf* LORD, in mercy guide me,  
Be Thou e'er beside me;  
In Thy ways direct me,  
'Neath Thy wings protect me.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 189. ST. FULBERT.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



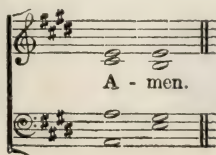
*"I have loved thee with an everlasting love ; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."*

*mf* **J**ESU, Thy mercies are untold  
Through each returning day ;  
Thy love exceeds a thousandfold  
Whatever we can say ;

'Tis Thou hast loved us from the womb  
Pure Source of all our bliss,  
Our only hope of life to come,  
Our happiness in this.

*p* That love which in Thy Passion drain'd  
For us Thy precious Blood :  
*mf* That love whereby the Saints have gain'd  
The vision of their God.

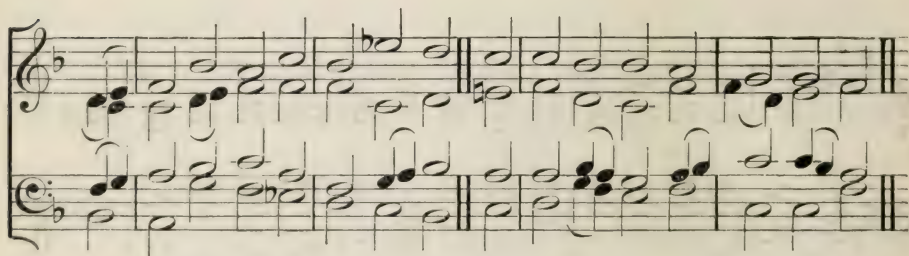
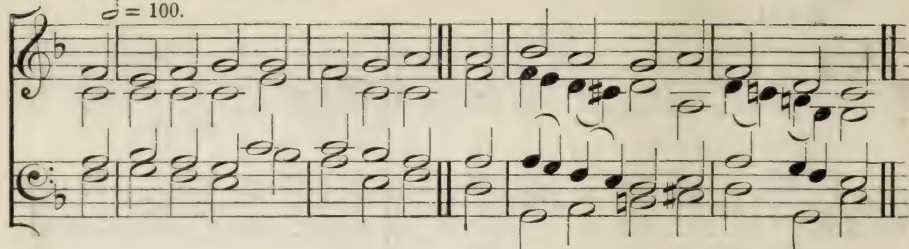
*p* LORD, grant us, while on earth we stay,  
*cr* Thy love to feel and know ;  
*p* And, when from hence we pass away,  
*mf* To us Thy glory show.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 190. - EALING. — L.M.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



*He is altogether lovely."*

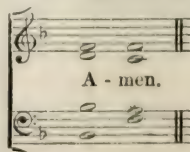
*mf* **J**ESU, Thou Joy of loving hearts!  
 Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men!  
 From the best bliss that earth imparts  
 We turn unfill'd to Thee again.

*p* Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
*cr* Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,  
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
 Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
 To them that seek Thee Thou art good;  
 To them that find Thee All in all.

*p* O JESU, ever with us stay;  
 Make all our moments calm and bright;  
*cr* Chase the dark night of sin away;  
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,  
 And long to feast upon Thee still;  
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,  
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

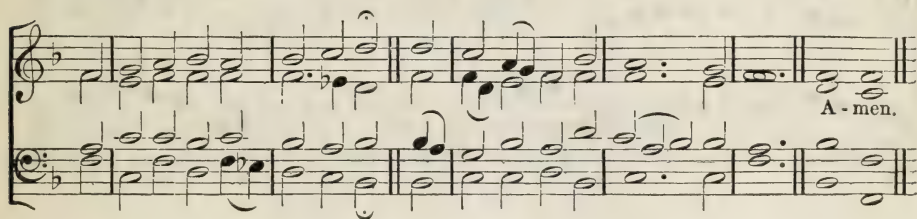
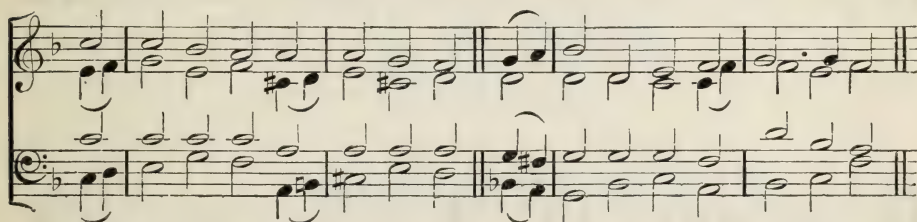
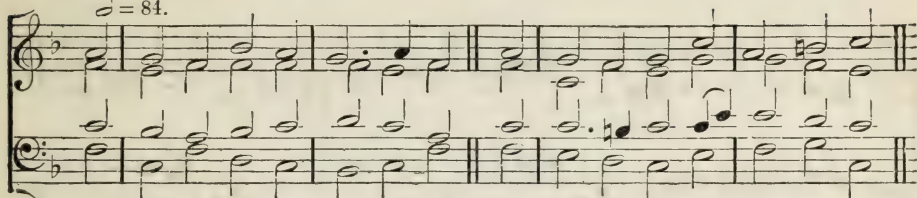




# General Hymns.

Hymn 191. ST. MATTHIAS.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee."*

*mf* JESU, my LORD, my God, my All,  
Hear me, Blest Saviour, when I call;  
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of Thy grace;  
*mf* JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,  
*cr* O make me love Thee more and more.

*p* JESU, what didst Thou find in me,  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
*f* How great the joy that Thou hast brought,  
So far exceeding hope or thought!  
*mf* JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,  
*cr* O make me love Thee more and more.

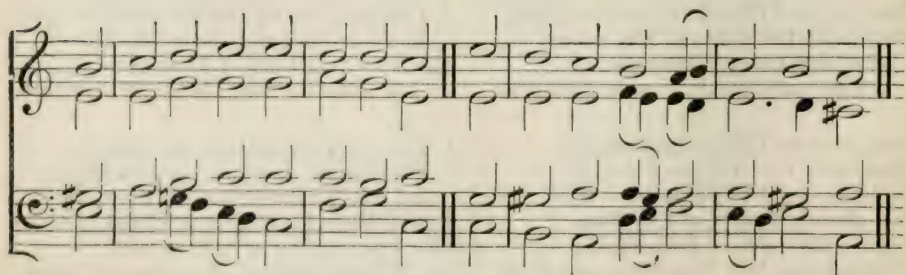
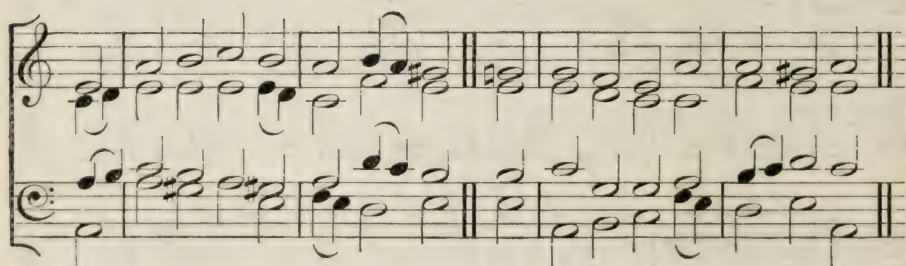
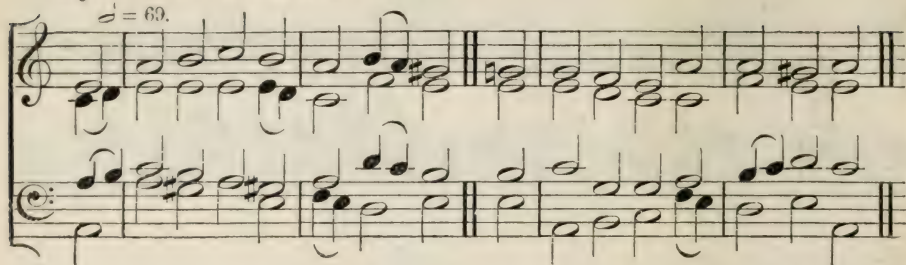
*p* JESU, too late I Thee have sought,  
How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
*mf* The glorious beauty of Thy Name?  
*mf* JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,  
*cr* O make me love Thee more and more.

*f* JESU, of Thee shall be my song,  
To Thee my heart and soul belong;  
All that I have or am is Thine,  
And Thou, Blest Saviour, Thou art mine.  
*mf* JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore,  
*cr* O make me love Thee more and more.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 192. BREMEN.—8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 69.$



# General Hymns.

"God is Love."

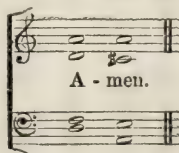
*mf* O LOVE, Who formedst me to wear  
The image of Thy GODHEAD here ;  
*p* Who soughtest me with tender care  
Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;  
*cr* O LOVE, I give myself to Thee,  
*mf* Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O LOVE, Who ere life's earliest dawn  
On me Thy choice hast gently laid ;  
*p* O LOVE, Who here as Man wast born,  
And wholly like to us wast made ;  
*cr* O LOVE, I give myself to Thee,  
*mf* Thine ever, only Thine to be.

*p* O LOVE, Who once in time wast slain,  
Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;  
O LOVE, Who wrestling thus didst gain  
That we eternal joy might know ;  
*cr* O LOVE, I give myself to Thee,  
*mf* Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O LOVE, Who lovest me for aye,  
Who for my soul dost ever plead ;  
*p* O LOVE, Who didst that ransom pay  
Whose power sufficeth in my stead ;  
*cr* O LOVE, I give myself to Thee,  
*mf* Thine ever, only Thine to be.

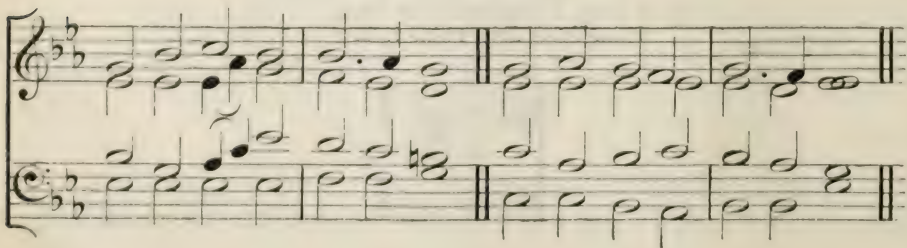
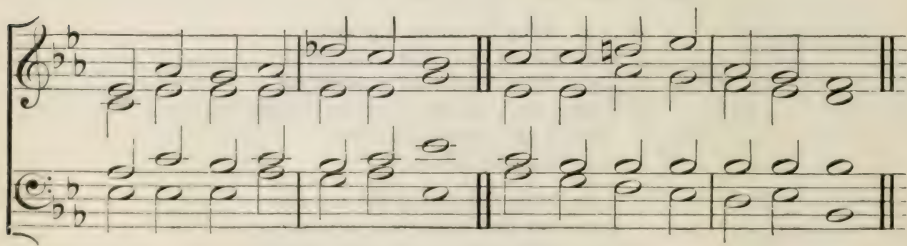
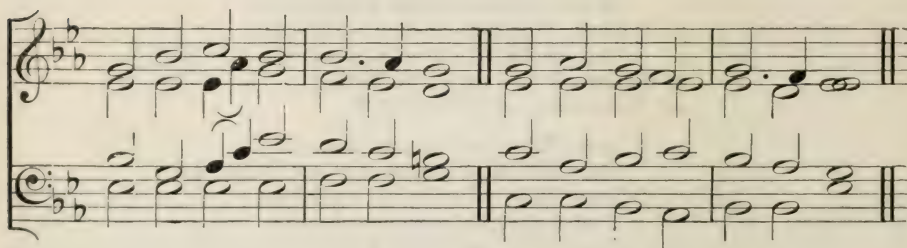
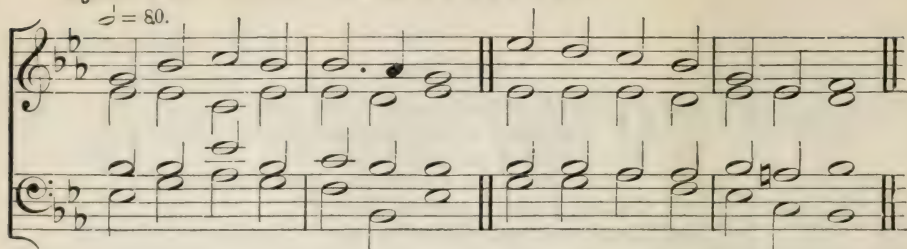
O LOVE, Who once shalt bid me rise  
From out this dying life of ours ;  
O LOVE, Who once o'er yonder skies  
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;  
*cr* O LOVE, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 193., HOLLINGSIDE.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 80.$





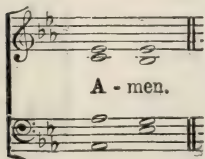
# General Hymns.

*"A Man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."*

*p* JESU, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,  
*cr* While the gathering waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high :  
*mf* Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
*dim* Safe into the haven guide,  
*p* O receive my soul at last.

*mf* Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
*p* Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
*cr* All my trust on Thee is stay'd,  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
*p* With the shadow of Thy wing.

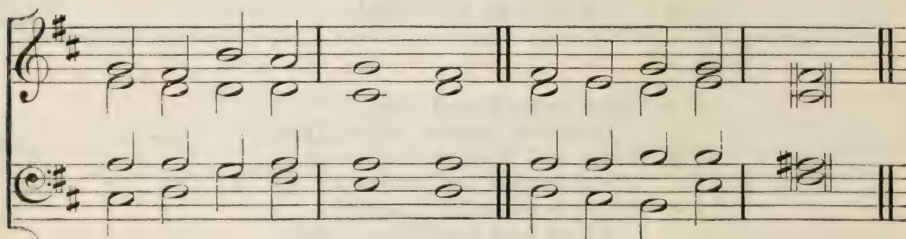
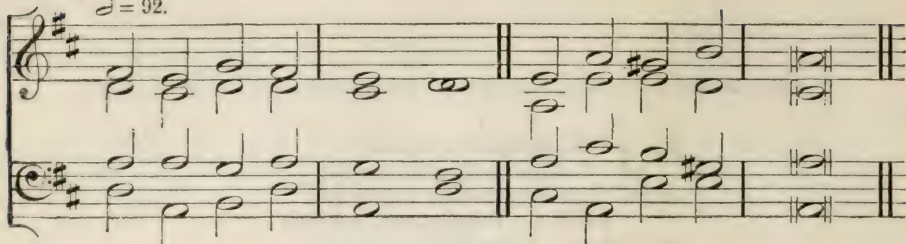
*mf* Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cleanse from every sin ;  
*cr* Let the healing streams abound ;  
*f* Make and keep me pure within ;  
Thou of Life the Fountain art ;  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 194. ST. CONSTANTINE.—6 5 6 5.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



“Lord, save us.”

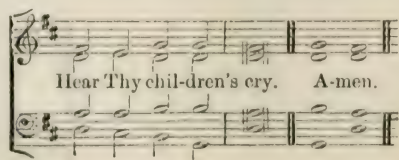
*p* JESU, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most High,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

*p* Lead us on our journey,  
*cr* Be Thyself the Way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
*f* To celestial day.

Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.

*p* JESU, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most High,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,

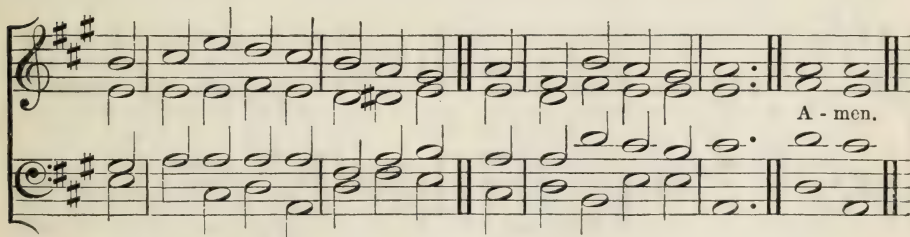
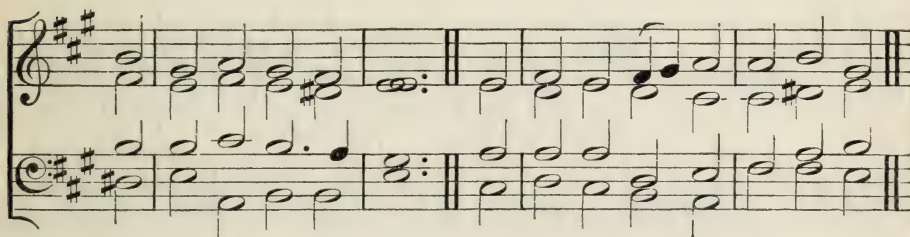
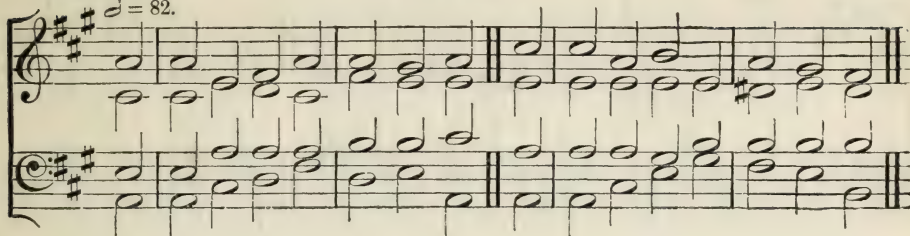
*mf* Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love,  
Draw us, Holy JESUS,  
To the realms above.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 195. PURLEIGH.—8 8 6 8 8 6.

$\text{♩} = 82.$



*"Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."*

*mf* **O** LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art!  
When shall I find my willing heart  
All taken up by thee?

*cr* I thirst, I faint, I die to prove  
The greatness of redeeming love,  
The love of CHRIST to me.

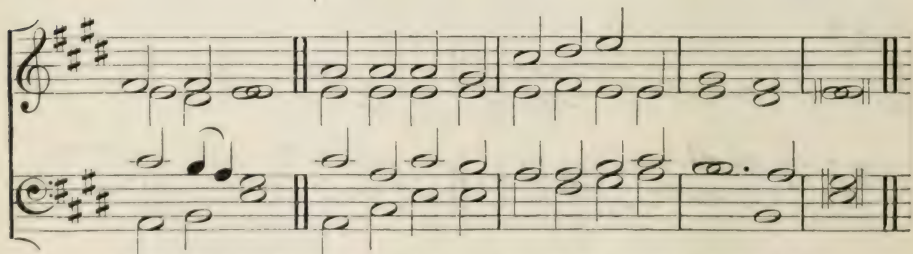
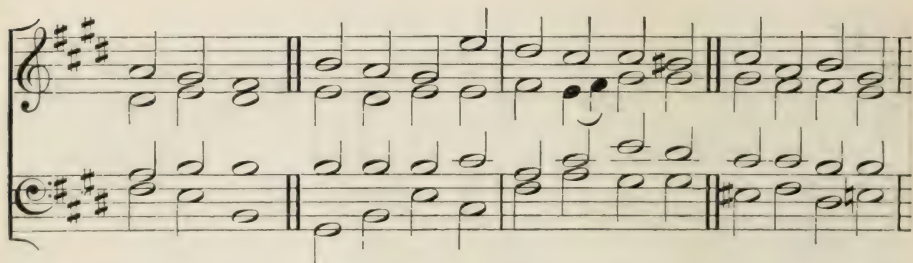
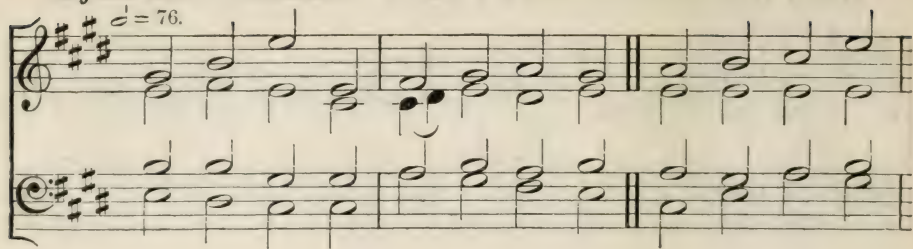
*mf* Stronger His love than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length, and breadth, and height.

God only knows the love of God;  
O that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart!  
For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
This only portion, LORD, be mine,  
Be mine this better part.

For ever would I take my seat  
With Mary at the Master's feet;  
Be this my happy choice;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
*cr* My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

# General Hymns,

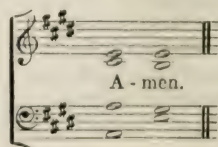
Hymn 196. PILGRIMAGE.—8 7 8 7 4 7.



"This God is our God for ever and ever; He shall be our guide unto death."

*mf* **G**UIDE me, O Thou great Redeemer,  
*p* Pilgrim through this barren land;  
*p* I am weak, but *(f)* Thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand;  
*p* Bread of Heaven,  
*cr* Feed me now and evermore.  
*mf* Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow;  
 Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
 Lead me all my journey through;  
*f* Strong Deliverer,  
 Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

*p* When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside:  
*f* Death of death, and hell's Destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
*ff* Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee.

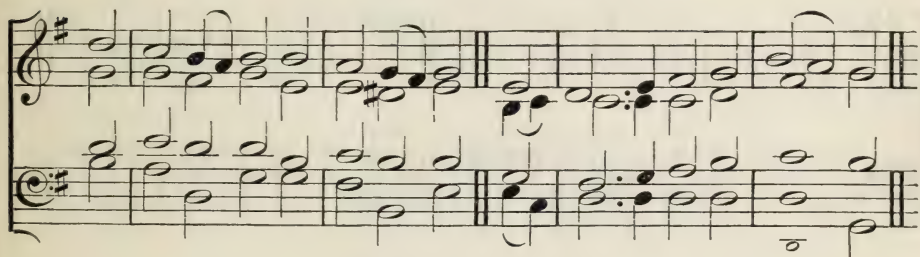
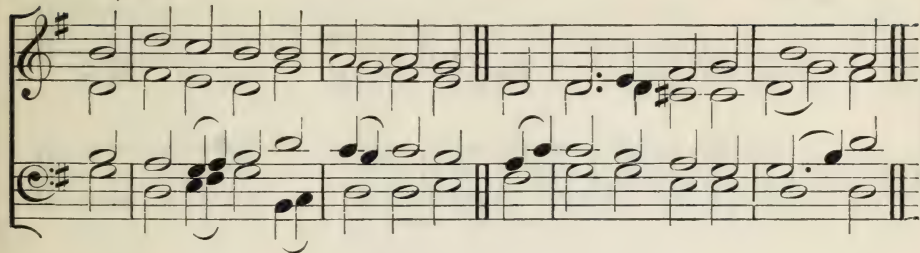




# General Hymns.

Hymn 197. DOMINUS REGIT ME.—8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



"The Lord is my Shepherd."

*mf* **T**HE King of love my Shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never;  
I nothing lack if I am His  
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow  
My ransom'd soul He leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

*p* Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd,  
*cr* But yet in love He sought me,  
*dim* And on His Shoulder gently laid,  
*f* And home, rejoicing, brought me.

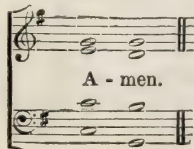
*p* In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
*cr* With Thee, dear LORD, beside me;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy Cross before to guide me.

*mf* Thou spread'st a Table in my sight;  
Thy Unction grace bestoweth;

*f* And oh, what transport of delight  
From Thy pure Chalice floweth!

*mf* And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never:

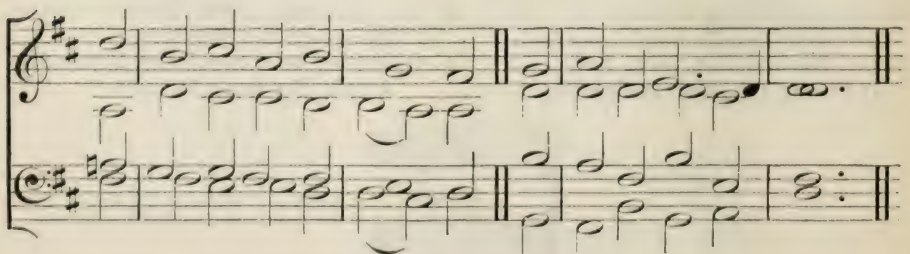
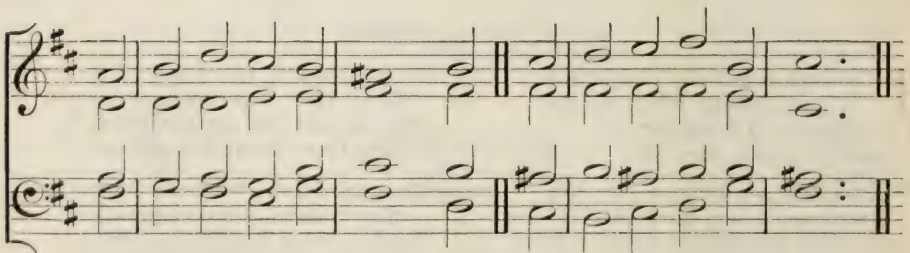
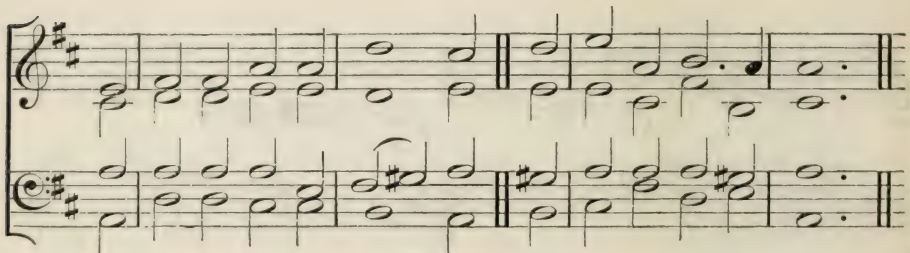
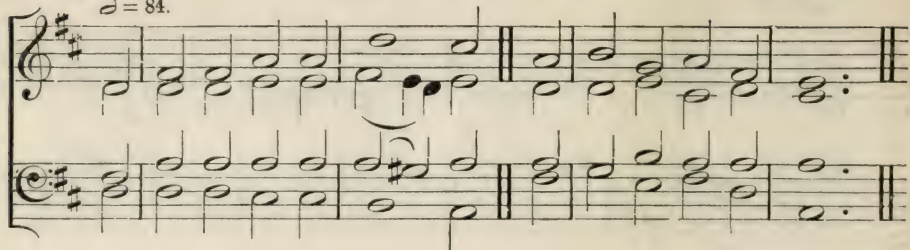
*cr* Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house for ever.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 198. ST. CATHERINE.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

♩ = 84.



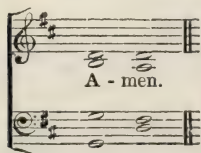
# General Hymns.

*"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."*

*p* **O** JESU, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er :  
*f* Shame on us, Christian brethren,  
His Name and sign who bear,  
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us  
*p* To keep Him standing there !

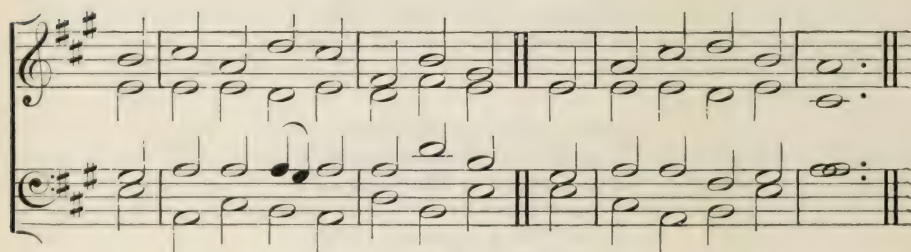
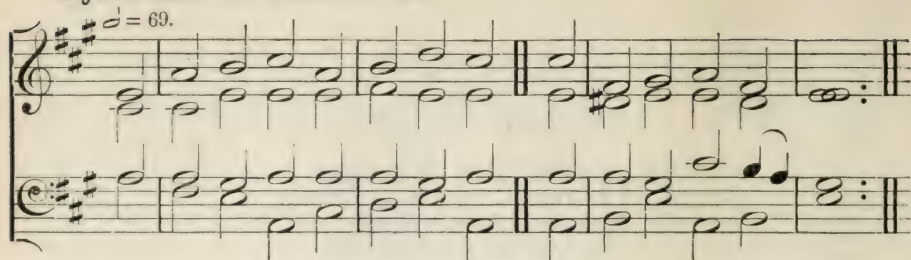
O JESU, Thou art knocking :  
And lo ! that Hand is scarr'd,  
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,  
And tears Thy Face have marr'd :  
*cr* O love that passeth knowledge  
So patiently to wait !  
*dim* O sin that hath no equal  
*p* So fast to bar the gate !

O JESU, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, My children,  
*cr* And will ye treat Me so ?"  
*mf* O LORD, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door :  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us never more.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 199. ST. JAMES.—C.M.



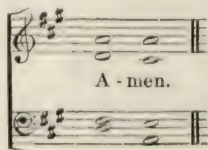
*"Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."*

*mf* **T**HOU art the Way ; by Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee :  
And he who would the FATHER seek  
Must seek Him, LORD, by Thee.

Thou art the Life ; (*f*) the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;  
*mf* And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Truth ; Thy Word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

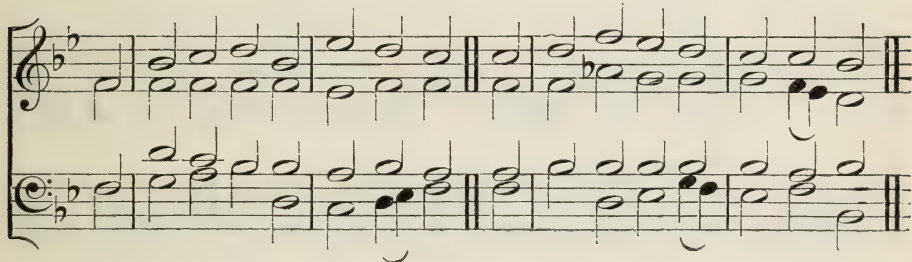
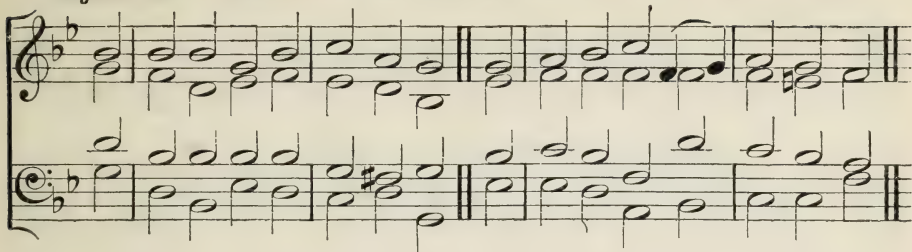
Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
*p* Grant us that Way to know,  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
*mf* Whose joys eternal flow.





# General Hymns.

Hymn 200. BRESLAU.—L.M.  $\text{♩} = 63$ .



*"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."*

*mf* **W**E sing the praise of Him Who died,  
*p* Of Him Who died upon the Cross;  
*cr* The sinner's hope let men deride,  
 For this we count the world but loss.

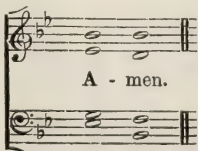
*mf* Inscribed upon the Cross we see  
 In shining letters, "God is Love;"  
*p* He bears our sins upon the Tree;  
*cr* He brings us mercy from above.

*f* The Cross! it takes our guilt away;  
 It holds the fainting spirit up;  
 It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
 And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,  
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight;  
 It takes its terror from the grave,  
 And gilds the bed of death with light;

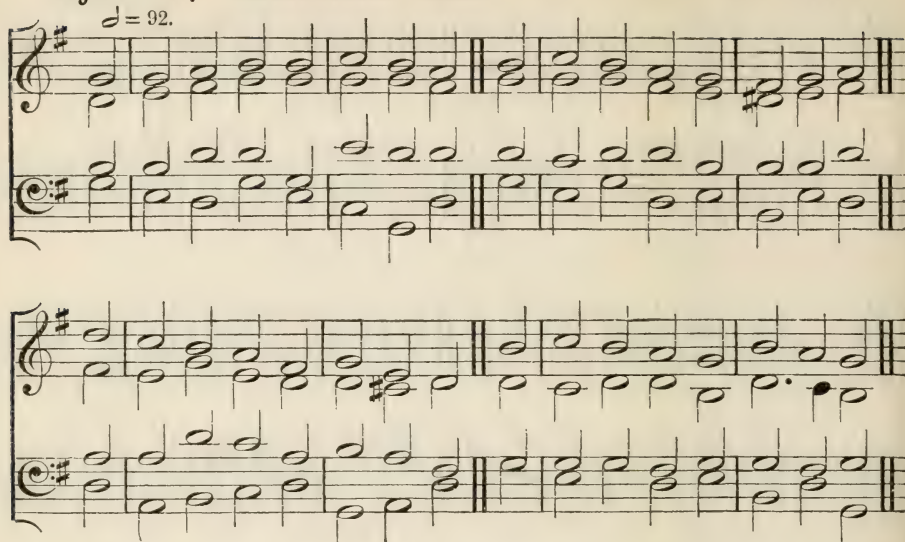
The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
 The measure and the pledge of love,  
 The sinner's refuge here below,  
 The Angels' theme in Heav'n above.

*mf* To CHRIST, Who won for sinners grace  
*p* By bitter grief and anguish sore,  
*f* Be praise from all the ransom'd race  
 For ever and for evermore.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 201. COMMANDMENTS.—L.M.

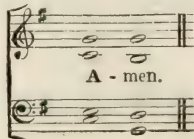


*“ Who also maketh intercession for us.”*

<p><i>mf</i> <b>W</b>HERE high the heavenly temple stands,          The house of God not made with hands,          A great High-Priest our nature wears,          The Guardian of mankind appears.</p>	<p><i>p</i> Our fellow-sufferer yet retains          A fellow-feeling of our pains;          And still remembers in the skies          His Tears, His Agonies, and Cries,</p>
--	---

<p><i>p</i> He Who for men their Surety stood,          And pour'd on earth His precious Blood,  <i>cr</i> Pursues in Heav'n His mighty plan,          The Saviour and the Friend of man.</p>	<p><i>mf</i> In every pang that rends the heart          The Man of Sorrows had a part;          He sympathizes with our grief,          And to the sufferer sends relief.</p>
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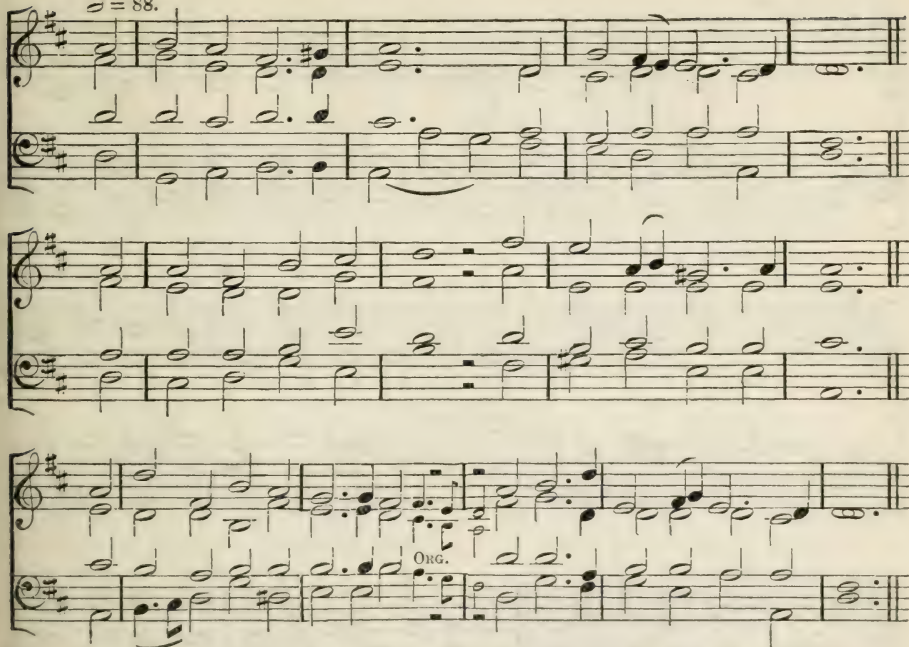
<p><i>mf</i> Though now ascended up on high,          He bends on earth a brother's eye;          Partaker of the human name,          He knows the frailty of our frame.</p>	<p>With boldness therefore at the Throne          Let us make all our sorrows known;          And ask the aid of heavenly power          To help us in the evil hour.</p>
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# General Hymns.

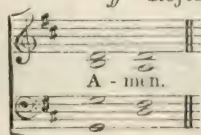
Hymn 202. GOPSAL.—6 6 6 6 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



"Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, rejoice."

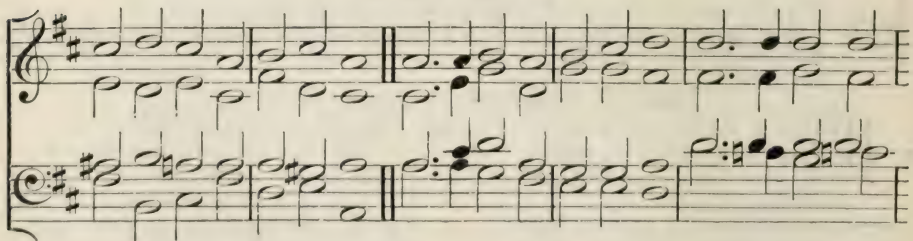
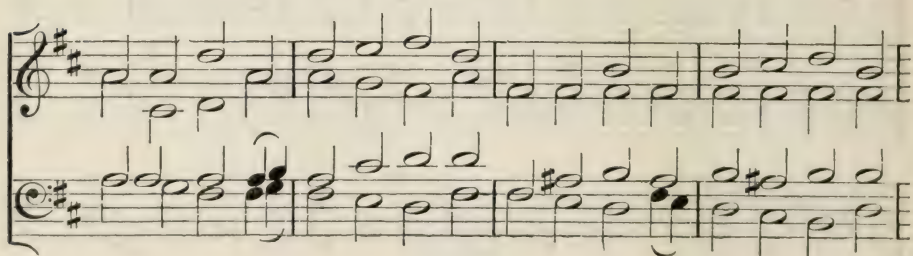
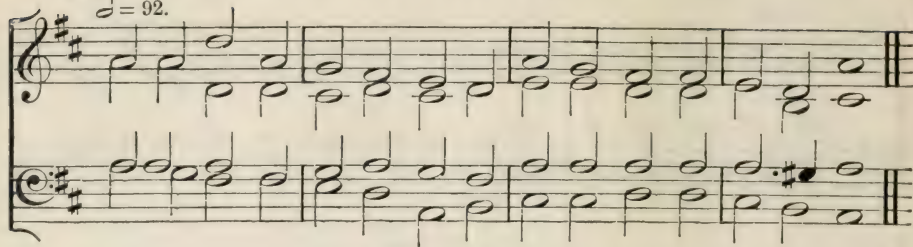
<b>R</b> REJOICE, the LORD is King,	<i>mf</i> His Kingdom cannot fail ;
<i>m</i> Your LORD and King adore ;	He rules o'er earth and Heav'n ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,	The keys of death and hell
And triumph evermore :	Are to our JESUS given :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;	<i>f</i> Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.	Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
<i>f</i> JESUS, the Saviour, reigns,	<i>mf</i> He sits at God's right hand
The God of truth and love :	Till all His foes submit,
When He had purged our stains,	And bow to His command,
He took His seat above :	And fall beneath His feet :
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;	<i>f</i> Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.	<i>ff</i> Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.



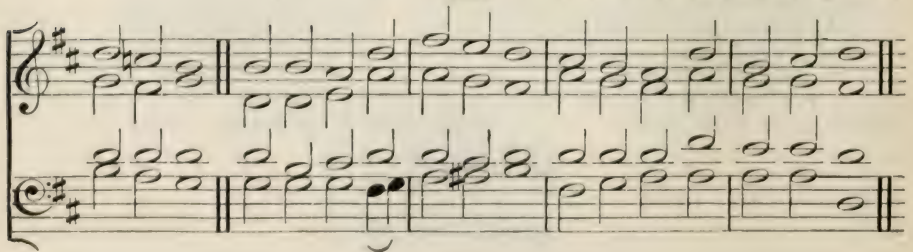
# General Hymns.

Hymn 203. BEVERLEY.—8 7 8 8 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*rall.* . . . . .





# General Hymns.

"He . . . saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

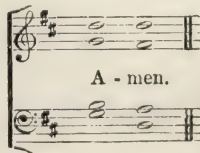
*f* **T**HOU art coming, O my Saviour,  
*f* Thou art coming, O my King,  
*mf* In Thy beauty all-resplendent,  
*cr* In Thy glory all-transcendent;  
*f* Well may we rejoice and sing;  
*p* Coming! (*cr*) In the opening east  
 Herald brightness slowly swells;  
*p* Coming! (*cr*) O my glorious Priest,  
*dim* Hear we not Thy golden bells?

*mf* Thou art coming, Thou art coming;  
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way,  
 We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,  
*cr* We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee  
 All our hearts could never say;  
*mf* What an anthem that will be  
 Ringing out our love to Thee,  
 Pouring out our rapture sweet  
*cr* At Thine own all-glorious Feet.

*mf* Thou art coming; at Thy Table  
 We are witnesses for this;  
*p* While remembering hearts Thou meetest  
 In communion clearest, sweetest,  
*cr* Earnest of our coming bliss,  
*mf* Showing not Thy death alone,  
 And Thy love exceeding great,  
*cr* But Thy coming, and Thy Throne,  
*dim* All for which we long and wait.

*mf* Thou art coming; we are waiting  
 With a hope that cannot fail,  
 Asking not the day or hour,  
 Resting on Thy word of power,  
 Anchor'd safe within the veil.  
*p* Time appointed may be long,  
*cr* But the vision must be sure;  
 Certainty shall make us strong,  
 Joyful patience can endure.

*f* O the joy to see Thee reigning,  
 Thee, my own beloved LORD!  
 Every tongue Thy Name confessing,  
 Worship, honour, glory, blessing  
 Brought to Thee with one accord,  
*p* Thee, my Master, and my Friend,  
*f* Vindicated and enthroned,  
*cr* Unto earth's remotest end  
 Glorified, adored, and own'd!



# General Hymns.

Hymn 204. VENI CITO.—8 8 8 8 8.  $\text{♩} = 84$ .

First system of musical notation for Hymn 204, "VENI CITO". The system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in 8/8 time. The first measure of the treble staff has a *cres.* (crescendo) marking above it. The first measure of the bass staff has a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking above it. The system ends with a double bar line.

Second system of musical notation for Hymn 204, "VENI CITO". The system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in 8/8 time. The first measure of the treble staff has a *cres.* (crescendo) marking above it. The first measure of the bass staff has a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking above it. The system ends with a double bar line.

Third system of musical notation for Hymn 204, "VENI CITO". The system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in 8/8 time. The first measure of the treble staff has a *p* (piano) marking above it. The first measure of the bass staff has a *cres.* (crescendo) marking above it. The system ends with a double bar line.

Fourth system of musical notation for Hymn 204, "VENI CITO". The system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in 8/8 time. The first measure of the treble staff has a *rall.* (rallentando) marking above it. The first measure of the bass staff has a *rall.* (rallentando) marking above it. The system ends with a double bar line.

# General Hymns.

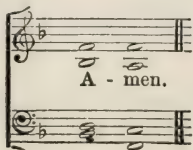
"He . . . saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

*mf* **O** QUICKLY come, dread Judge of all;  
*p* For, awful though Thine Advent be,  
*cr* All shadows from the truth will fall,  
*dim* And falsehood die, in sight of Thee :  
*cr* O quickly come : for doubt and fear  
Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near.

*mf* O quickly come, great King of all ;  
Reign all around us, and within ;  
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
Let pain and sorrow die with sin :  
*cr* O quickly come : for Thou alone  
Canst make Thy scatter'd people one.

*mf* O quickly come, true Life of all ;  
*p* For death is mighty all around ;  
On every home his shadows fall,  
On every heart his mark is found :  
*cr* O quickly come : for grief and pain  
*f* Can never cloud Thy glorious reign.

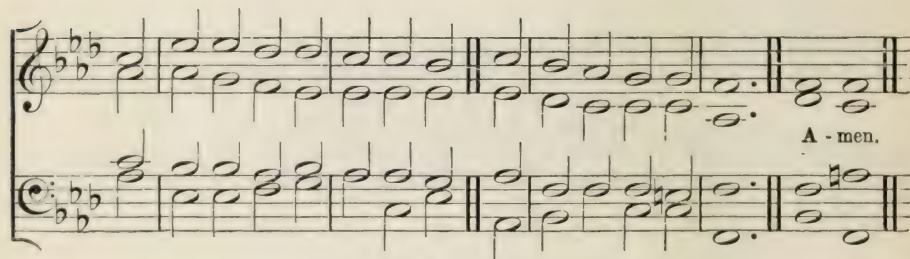
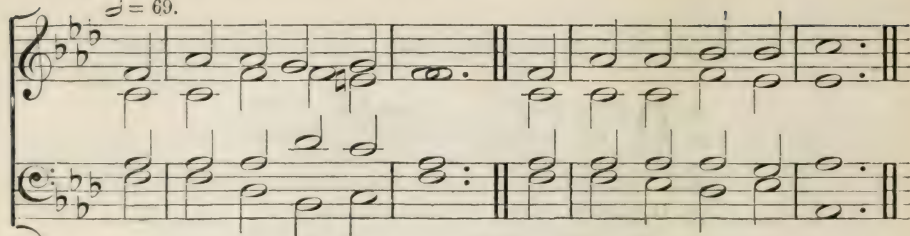
*mf* O quickly come, sure Light of all,  
*p* For gloomy night broods o'er our way ;  
And weakly souls begin to fall  
With weary watching for the day :  
*cr* O quickly come : for round Thy Throne  
*f* No eye is blind, no night is known.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 205. SOUTHWELL.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 69.$



*"Take ye heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is."*

*p* **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,  
Before Whose bar severe  
*mf* With holy joy, or (*p*) guilty dread,  
We all shall soon appear;  
  
*mf* Our waken'd souls prepare  
For that tremendous day,  
And fill us now with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray:  
  
To pray, and wait the hour,  
*p* The awful hour unknown,  
*cr* When, robed in majesty and power,  
Thou shalt from Heav'n come down,  
  
*mf* Th' immortal Son of Man,  
To judge the human race,  
With all Thy FATHER's dazzling train,  
With all Thy glorious grace.

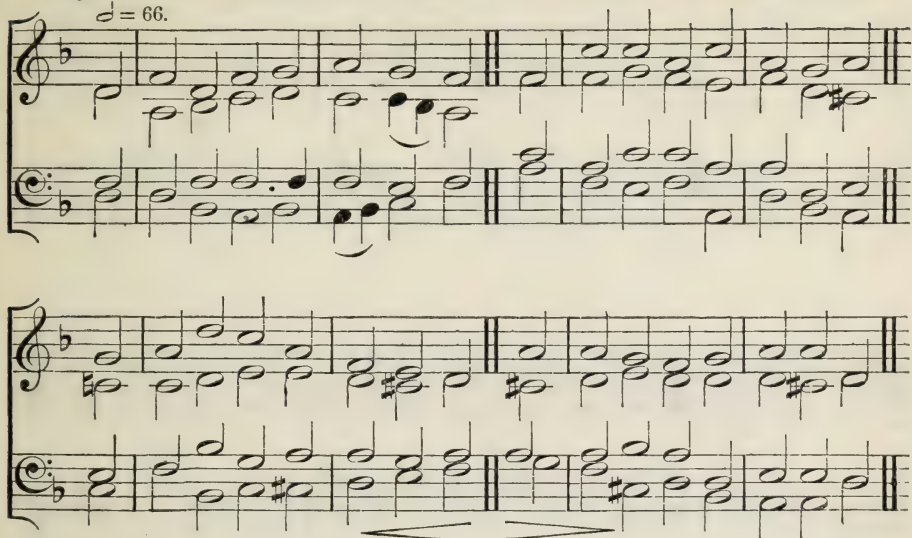
*p* To sober earthly joys,  
To quicken holy fears,  
*cr* For ever let the Archangel's voice  
Be sounding in our ears;  
  
*p* The solemn midnight cry,  
*f* "Ye dead, the Judge is come!  
Arise, and meet Him in the sky.  
And meet your instant doom!"  
  
*p* O may we thus be found  
Obedient to His Word,  
*cr* Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our LORD.  
  
*mf* O may we thus insure  
Our lot among the blest,  
And watch a moment, to secure  
An everlasting rest.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 206. ABBOTSFORD.—I. M.

$\text{♩} = 66.$



*"The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night."*

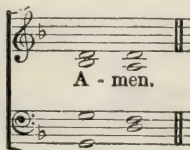
*mf* **T**HAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll;

*cr* When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
*ff* Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

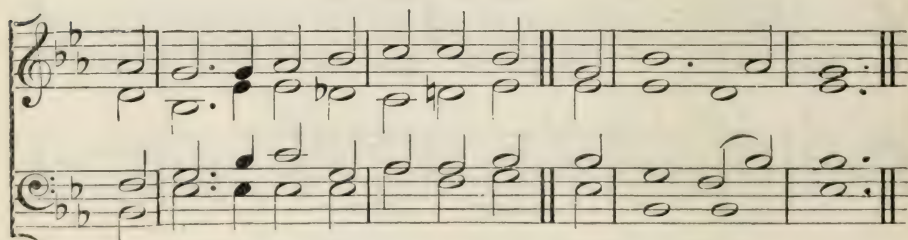
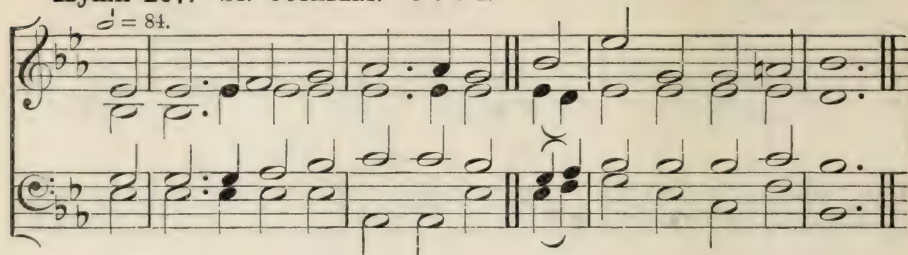
*p* Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgment wakes from clay,

*cr* Be Thou, O CHRIST, the sinner's stay,  
*dim* Though heaven and earth shall pass away.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 207. ST. CUTHBERT.—8 6 8 4.



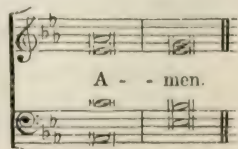
*"If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you."*

*p* OUR Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed *cr* And every virtue we possess,  
His tender last farewell, And every conquest won,  
A Guide, a Comforter, 'neath'd And every thought of holiness,  
With us to dwell. *mf* Are His alone.

*mf* He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

SPIRIT of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see:  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

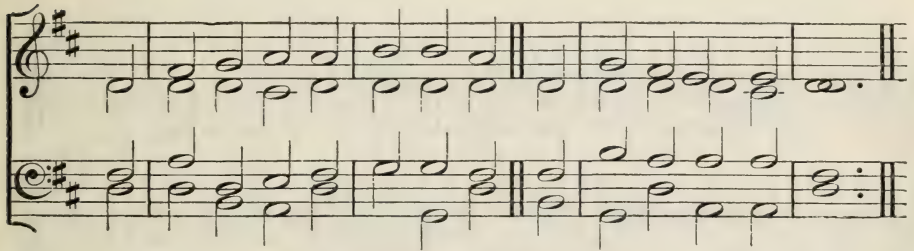
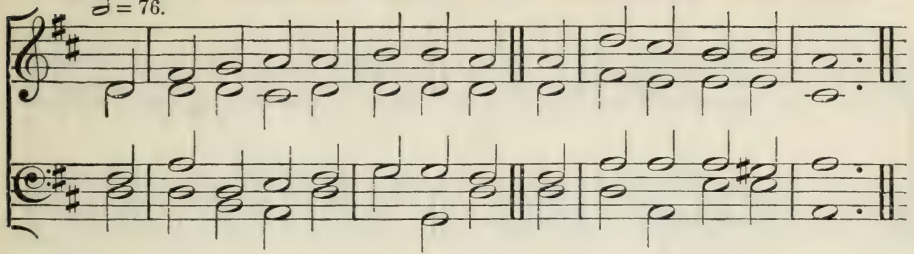
*p* And His that gentle voice we hear.  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of Heav'n.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 208. TALLIS.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

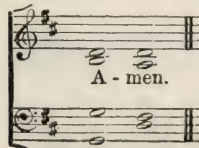


*"The communion of the Holy Ghost."*

*mf* **O** HOLY SPIRIT, LORD of grace,  
Eternal Fount of love,  
Inflame, we pray, our inmost hearts  
With fire from Heav'n above.

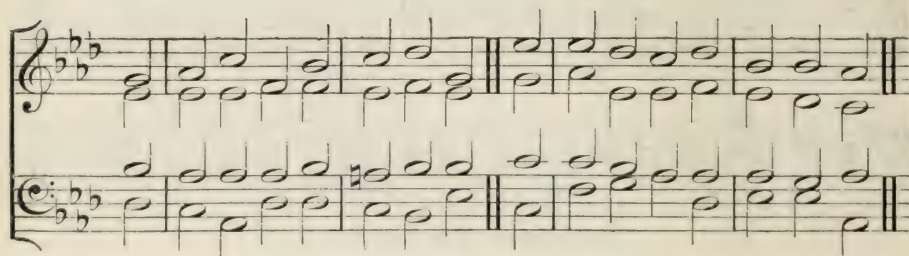
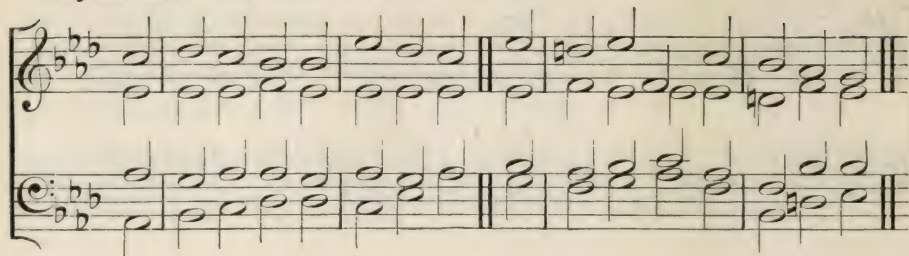
As Thou in bond of love dost join  
The FATHER and the SON,  
So fill us all with mutual love,  
And knit our hearts in one.

*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the SON,  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.



# General Hymns.

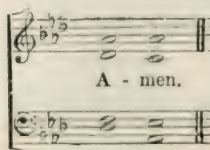
Hymn 209. HAWKHURST.—L.M.  $\text{♩} = 72$ .



*"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."*

*mf* COME, gracious SPIRIT, heavenly Dove, *mf* Lead us to CHRIST, the living Way,  
With light and comfort from above ; Nor let us from His pastures stray ;  
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide, Lead us to holiness, the road  
O'er every thought and step preside. That we must take to dwell with GOD.

*p* The light of truth to us display, *p* Lead us to Heav'n, that we may share  
*c.* And make us know and choose Thy way ; Fulness of joy for ever there ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart, Lead us to GOD, our final rest,  
That we from God may ne'er depart. To be with Him for ever blest.

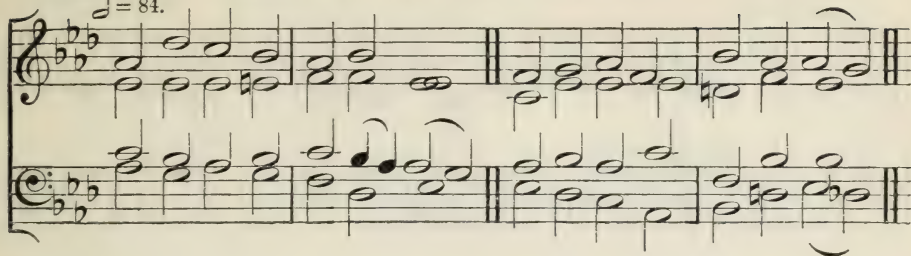




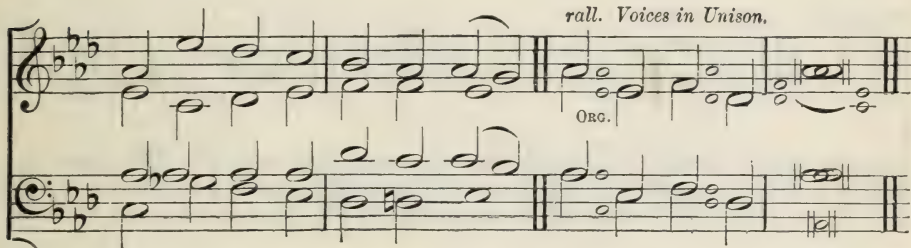
# General Hymns.

Hymn 210. CHARITY.—7 7 7 5.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*rall. Voices in Unison.*



"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity."

*mf* GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST,  
Taught by Thee, we covet most  
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,  
Holy, heavenly love.

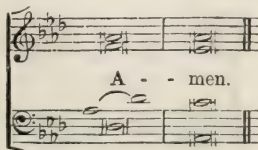
Love is kind, and suffers long,  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,  
Love than death itself more strong ;  
Therefore give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day ;  
Love will ever with us stay ;  
Therefore give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight ;  
Hope be emptied in delight ;  
*cr* Love in Heav'n will shine more bright ;  
Therefore give us love.

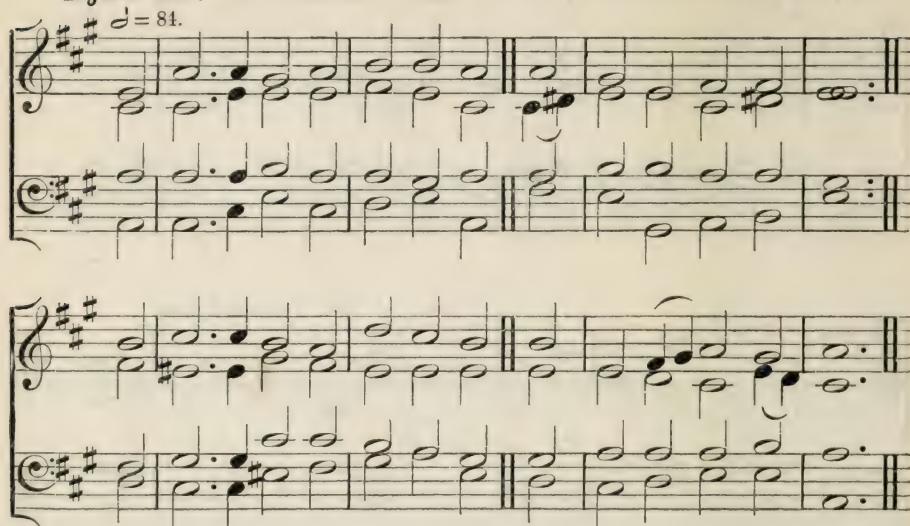
*mf* Faith and hope and love we see  
Joining hand in hand agree ;  
*cr* But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is love.

*p* From the overshadowing  
Of Thy gold and silver wing  
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,  
Holy, heavenly love.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 211. ST. TIMOTHY.—C.M.



"Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

*mf* **O** HOLY GHOST, Thy people bless  
Who long to feel Thy might,  
And fain would grow in holiness  
As children of the light.

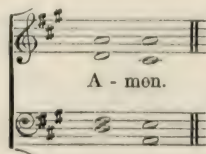
To Thee we bring, Who art the LORD,  
Our selves to be Thy throne;  
Let every thought, and deed, and word  
Thy pure dominion own.

Life-giving SPIRIT, o'er us move,  
*dim* As on the formless deep;  
*cr* Give life and order, light and love,  
*p* Where now is death or sleep.

*f* Great Gift of our ascended King,  
His saving truth reveal;  
Our tongues inspire His praise to sing,  
Our hearts His love to feel.

*mf* True Wind of Heav'n, from south or [north,  
For joy (*dim*) or chastening, blow;  
*cr* The garden-spices shall spring forth  
If Thou wilt bid them flow.

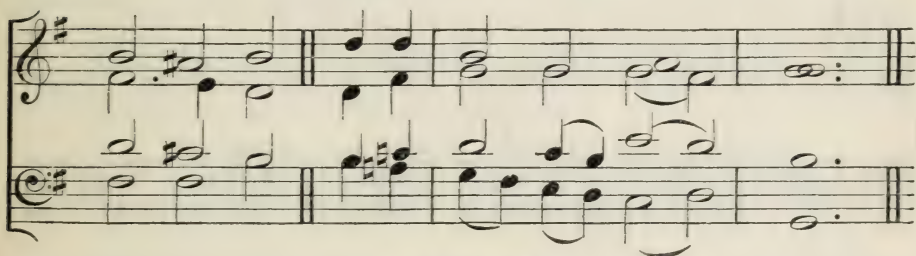
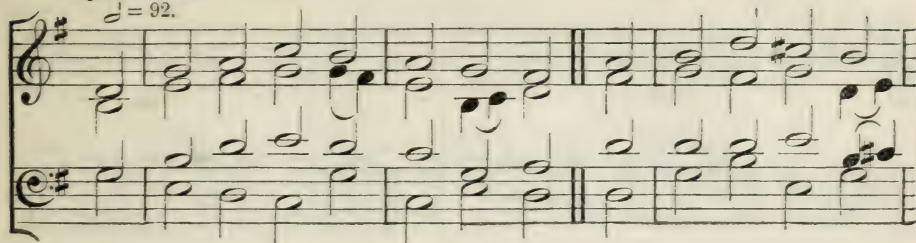
*f* O HOLY GHOST, of sevenfold might,  
All graces come from Thee;  
*p* Grant us to know and serve aright  
ONE GOD in PERSONS THREE.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 212. SALES.—8 8 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"He is faithful."*

*mf* **T**O Thee, O Comforter Divine,  
For all Thy grace and power benign,  
*f* Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, Whose faithful love had place  
In God's great covenant of grace,  
Sing we Alleluia!

*mf* To Thee, Whose faithful voice doth win  
The wandering from the ways of sin,  
*f* Sing we Alleluia!

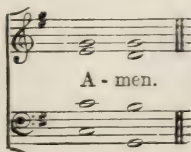
To Thee, Whose faithful power doth heal,  
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,  
Sing we Alleluia!

*mf* To Thee, Whose faithful truth is shown  
By every promise made our own,  
*f* Sing we Alleluia!

To Thee, our Teacher and our Friend,  
Our faithful Leader to the end,  
Sing we Alleluia!

*mf* To Thee, by JESUS CHRIST sent down,  
*f* Of all His gifts the sum and crown,  
*ff* Sing we Alleluia!

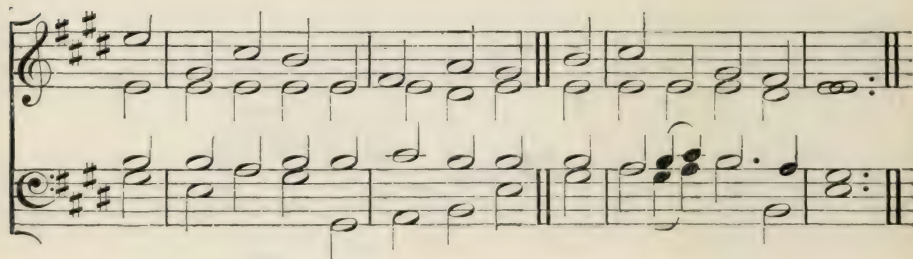
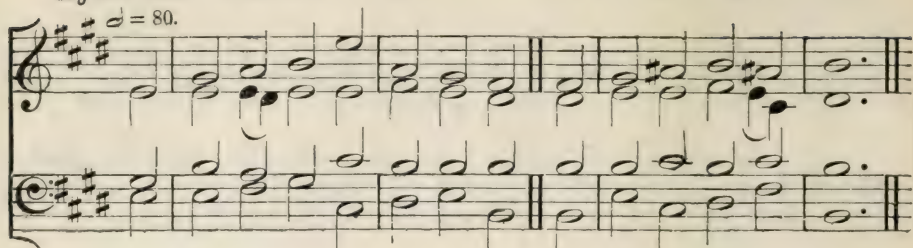
*f* To Thee, Who art with God the Son  
And GOD the FATHER ever ONE,  
*ff* Sing we Alleluia!



A - men.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 213. STOCKTON.—C.M



"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the Throne of God and of the Lamb."

*mf* **A** LIVING stream, as crystal clear,  
Welling from out the Throne  
Of God and of the LAMB on high,  
The LORD to man hath shown.

This stream doth water Paradise,  
It makes the Angels sing :  
*cr* One precious drop within the heart  
Is of all joy the spring :

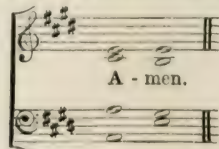
*f* Joy past all speech, of glory full,  
*dim* But stored where none may know,  
As manna hid in dewy heaven,  
As pearls in ocean low.

*p* Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor to man's heart hath come  
What for those loving Thee in truth  
Thou hast in love's own home.

*mf* But by His SPIRIT He to us  
The secret doth reveal :  
*cr* Faith sees and hears : but O for wings  
That we might taste, and feel ;

Wings like a dove to waft us on  
High o'er the flood of sin !  
*p* LORD of the Ark, put forth Thine hand,  
And take Thy wanderers in.

*f* O praise the FATHER, praise the SON,  
The LAMB for sinners given,  
And HOLY GHOST, through Whom alone  
Our hearts are raised to Heav'n.

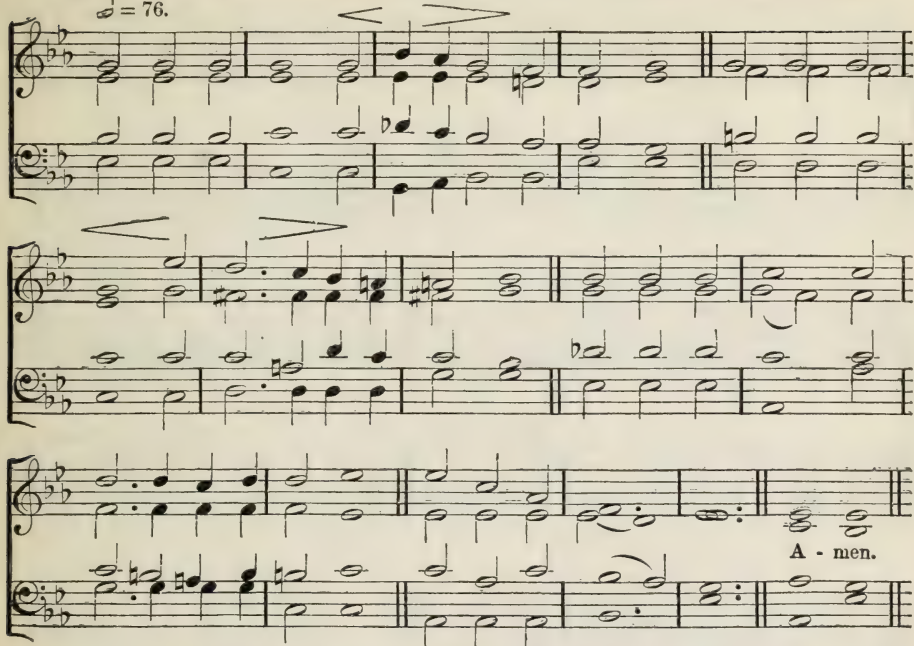




# General Hymns.

Hymn 214. CLOISTERS.—11 11 11 5.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*" Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Thy Name."*

*mf* **L**ORD of our life, and God of our salvation,  
*p* Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,  
*p* Hear and (*cr*) receive Thy Church's supplication,  
*f* LORD God Almighty.

*mf* See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;  
 See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;  
*p* LORD, while their (*cr*) darts envenom'd they are hurling,  
*f* Thou canst preserve us.

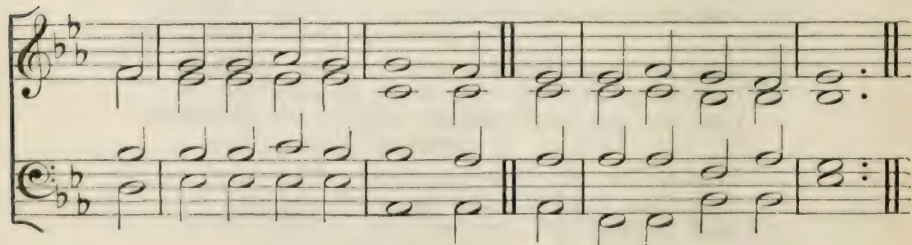
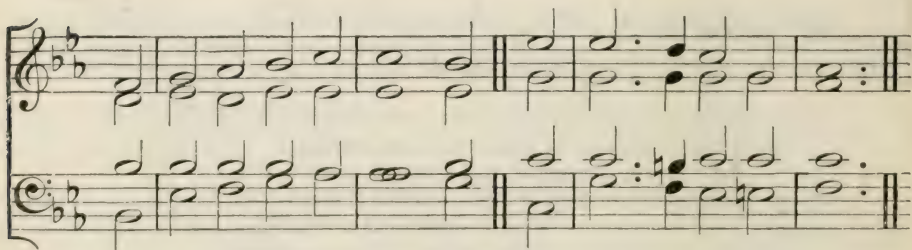
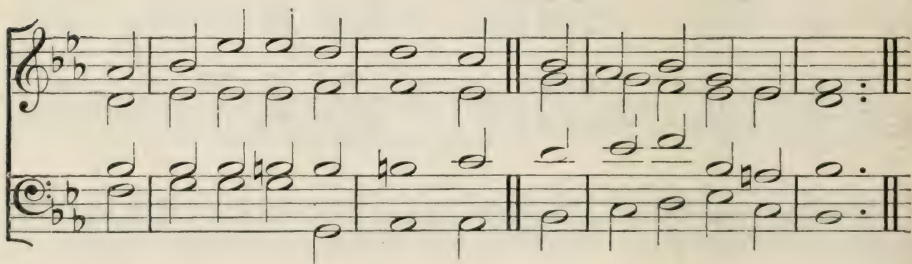
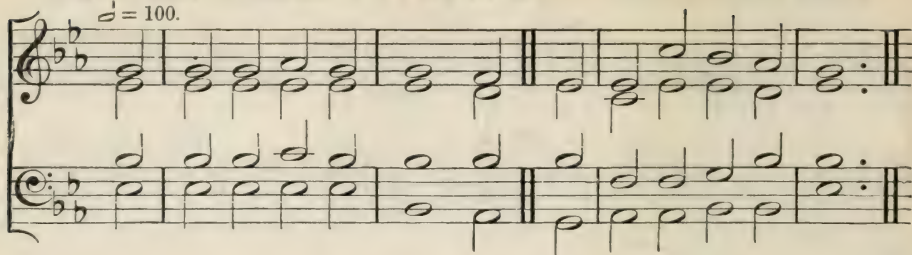
*mf* LORD, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,  
 LORD, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,  
*p* LORD, o'er Thy (*cr*) Church nor death nor hell prevai-leth;  
*p* Grant us Thy peace, LORD.

*mf* Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,  
 Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,  
*p* Grant peace on earth, (*cr*) and, after we have striven,  
*pp* Peace in Thy Heaven.

# General Hymns,

Hymn 215. AURELIA.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



# General Hymns.

"He is the Head of the body, the Church."

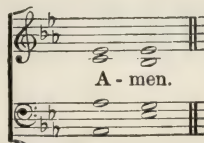
*mf* **T**HE Church's one foundation  
 Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD;  
 She is His new creation  
 By water and the Word:  
 From Heav'n He came and sought her  
 To be His holy Bride;  
*p* With His own Blood He bought her,  
*pp* And for her life He died.

*mf* Mid toil, and tribulation,  
 And tumult of her war,  
 She waits the consummation  
*p* Of peace for evermore;  
*cr* Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
*f* And the great Church victorious  
*dim* Shall be the Church at rest.

*mf* Elect from every nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 Her charter of salvation  
 One LORD, one Faith, one Birth,  
 One Holy Name she blesses,  
 Partakes one Holy Food,  
 And to one hope she presses  
 With every grace endued.

*mf* Yet she on earth hath union  
 With GOD the THREE in ONE,  
 And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won:  
*f* O happy ones and holy!  
*p* LORD, give us grace that we,  
 Like them the meek and lowly,  
*cr* On high may dwell with Thee.

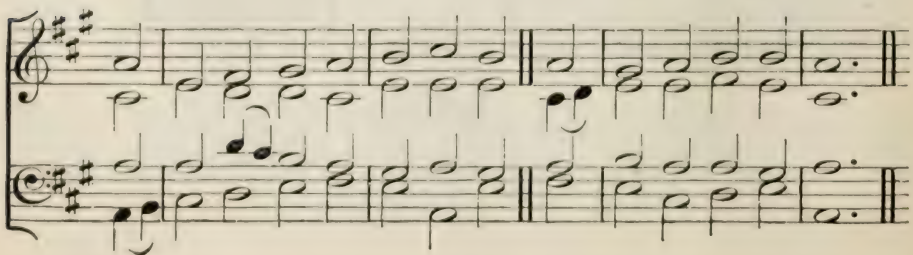
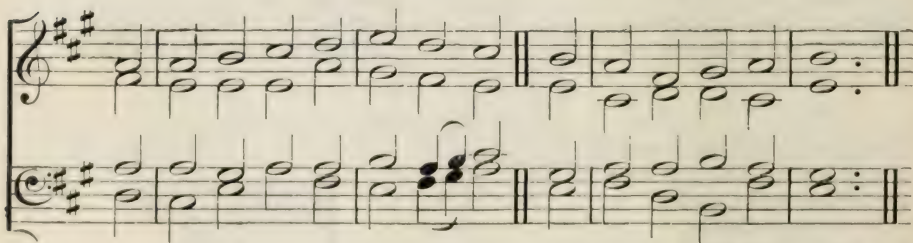
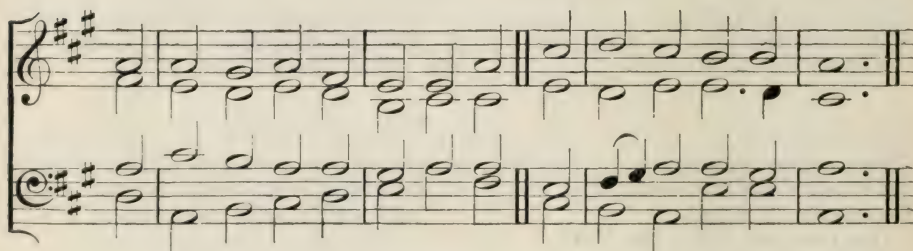
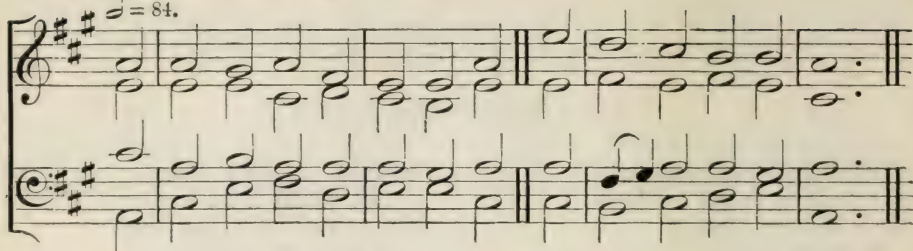
*p* Though with a scornful wonder  
 Men see her sore oppress,  
 By schisms rent asunder,  
 By heresies distrest,  
*cr* Yet Saints their watch are keeping,  
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
*mf* And soon the night of weeping  
*cr* Shall be the morn of song.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 216. OLD 44TH.—D.C.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

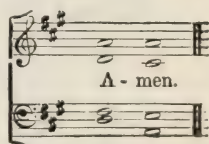




# General Hymns.

"That they all may be one."

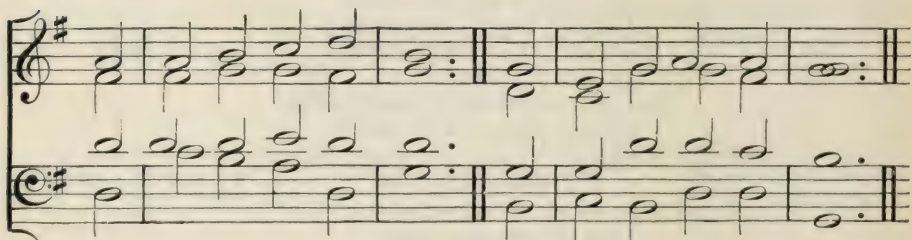
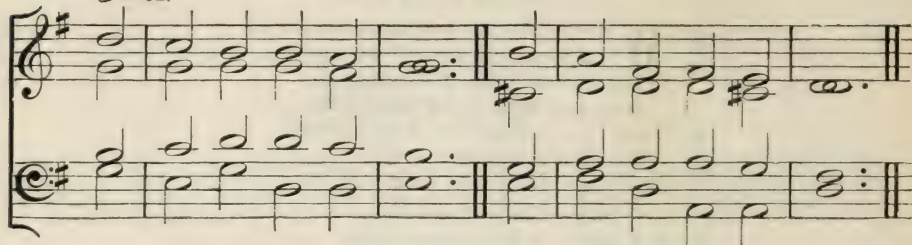
- p* **W**HAT time the evening shadows fall  
 Around the Church on earth,  
 When darker forms of doubt appal,  
 And new false lights have birth;  
*cr* Then closer should her faithful band  
 For Truth together hold,  
 Hell's last devices to withstand,  
 And safely guard her fold.
- p* O **F**ATHER, in that hour of fear  
 The Church of England keep,  
*mf* Thine Altar to the last to rear,  
 And feed Thy fainting sheep;  
 May she the holy truths attest  
 Apostles taught of yore,  
 Nor quit the Faith by saints confest,  
 Though tempted ne'er so sore.
- p* O **C**HRIST, Who for Thy flock didst pray  
 That all might be as one,  
*mf* Unite us all ere fades the day,  
 Thou Sole-Begotten Son;  
 The East, the West, together bind  
 In love's unbroken chain;  
*cr* Give each one hope, one heart, one mind,  
 One glory, and one gain.
- f* O **S**PIRIT, LORD of light and life,  
 The Church with strength renew,  
*p* Compose the angry voice of strife,  
 All jealousies subdue:  
*cr* Do Thou in ever-quickening streams  
 Upon Thy saints descend,  
 And warm them with reviving beams,  
 And guide them to the end.
- mf* Great **T**HREE in ONE, Great ONE in **T**HREE,  
 Our hymns of prayer receive,  
 And teach us all from sin to flee,  
 And live as we believe;  
*cr* So, pure in faith, our thoughts and speech  
 And acts that faith shall own;  
*f* So shall we to Thy Presence reach,  
 And know as we are known.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 217. ST. CECILIA.—6 6 6 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"Thy Kingdom come."*

*mf* **T**HY kingdom come, O God,  
Thy rule, O CHRIST, begin ;  
Break with Thine iron rod  
The tyrannies of sin.

*p* Where is Thy reign of peace,  
And purity, and love ?  
When shall all hatred cease,  
As in the realms above ?

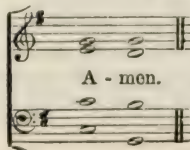
When comes the promised time  
That war shall be no more,  
And lust, oppression, crime  
Shall flee Thy Face before ?

*mf* We pray Thee, LORD, arise,  
And come in Thy great might ;  
Revive our longing eyes,  
Which languish for Thy sight.

*p* Men scorn Thy sacred Name,  
And wolves devour Thy fold ;  
By many deeds of shame  
We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar  
Thick darkness broodeth yet :

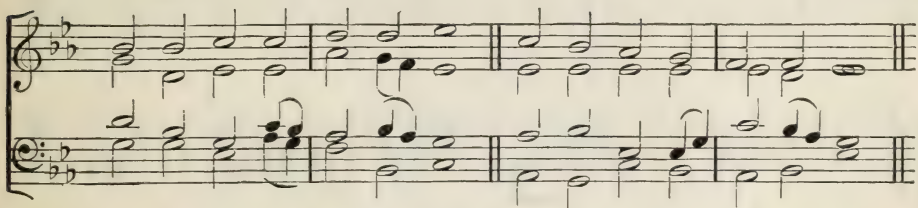
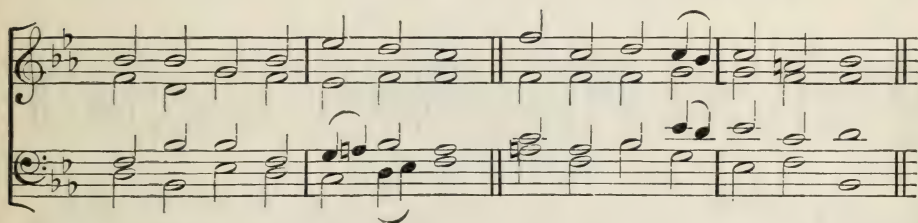
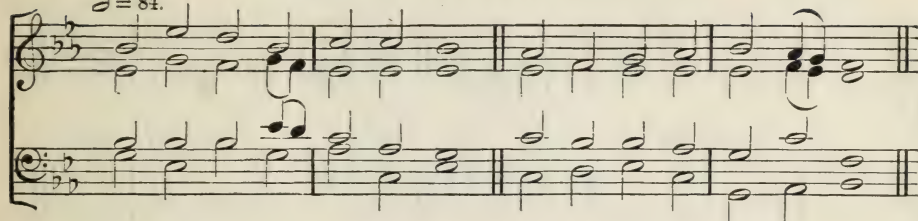
*cr* Arise, O morning Star,  
*f* Arise, and never set.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 218. HEATHLANDS.—7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

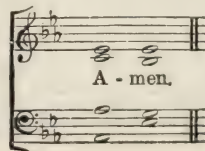


*"God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and shew us the light of His countenance."*

*mf* **G**OD of mercy, God of grace,  
Show the brightness of Thy Face;  
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,  
Fill Thy Church with light Divine;  
And Thy saving health extend  
Unto earth's remotest end.

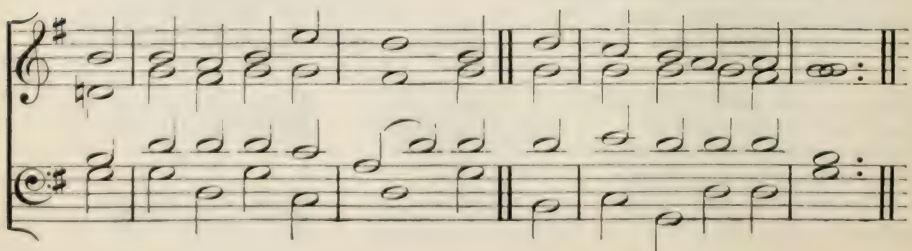
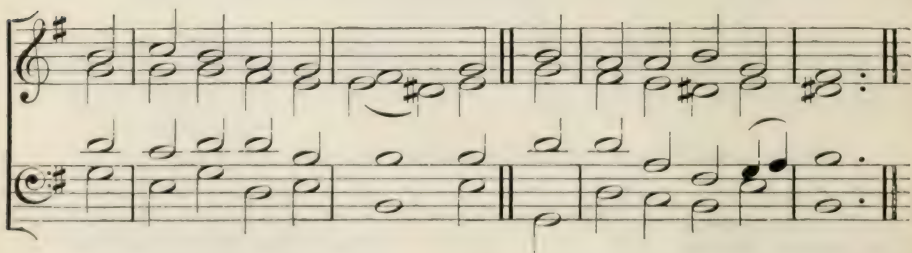
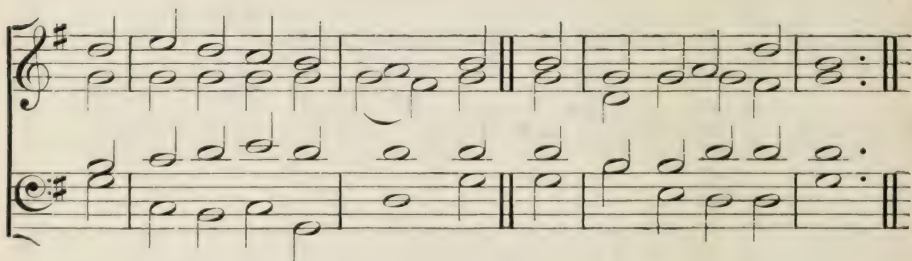
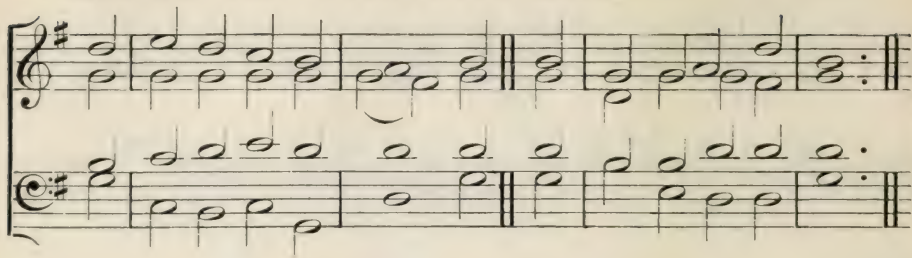
*f* Let the people praise Thee, LORD;  
Earth shall then her fruits afford;  
God to man His blessing give,  
Man to God devoted live;  
All below, and all above,  
One in joy, and light, and love.

*f* Let the people praise Thee, LORD;  
Be by all that live adored;  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to their Saviour King;  
*p* At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
And Thy holy Will obey.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 219. CRÜGER.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6. ♩ = 112.





# General Hymns.

*"All the earth shall be filled with His Majesty."*

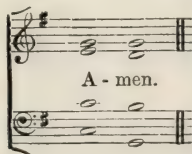
*f* HAIL to the LORD's Anointed,  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.

*mf* He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And joy and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth:  
Before Him on the mountains

*p* Shall peace, the herald, go;  
*cr* From hill to vale the fountains  
Of righteousness o'erflow.

*mf* Kings shall bow down before Him  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing;  
To Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.

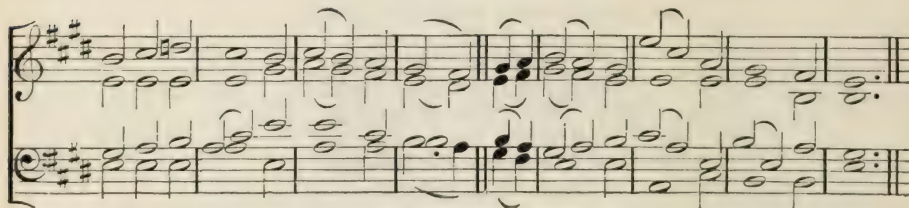
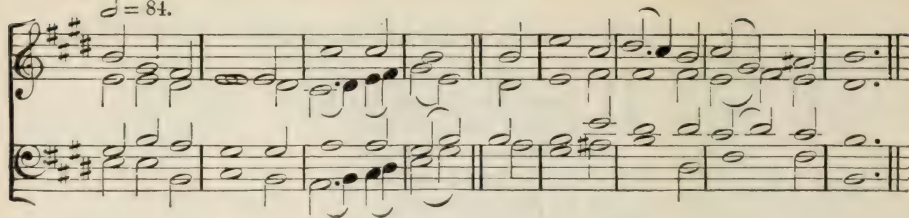
*f* O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His Throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blest:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand for ever,  
*p* His changeless Name of love.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 220. GALILEE.—L. M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



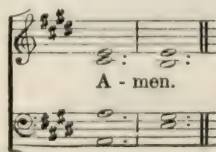
*"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever."*

*f* **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

*f* Blessings abound where'er He reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
*dim* The weary find eternal rest,  
*cr* And all the sons of want are blest.

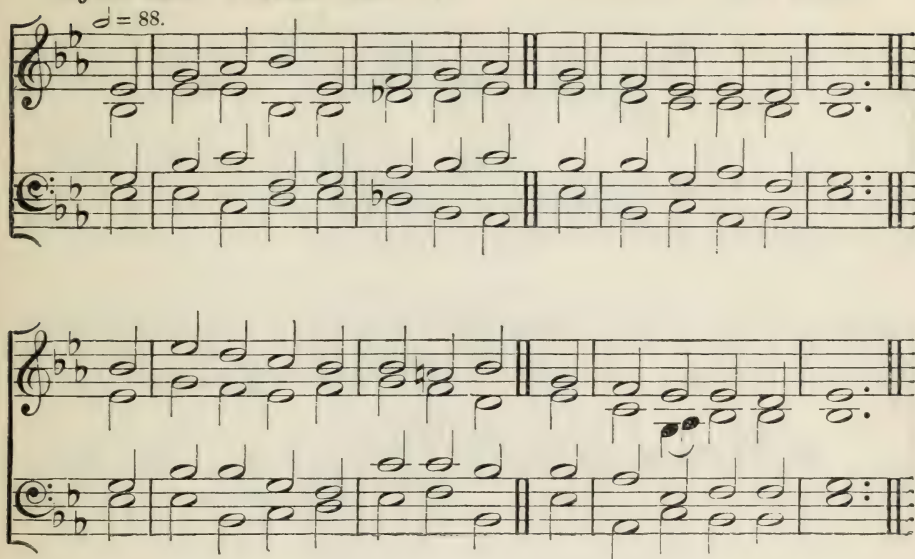
*mf* People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
*p* And infant voices shall proclaim  
*cr* Their early blessings on His Name.

*f* Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 221. DUNDEE.—C.M.



*"Of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."*

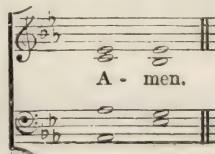
*mf* **L**ET saints on earth in concert sing  
 With those whose work is done;  
 For all the servants of our King  
 In Heav'n and earth are one.

E'en now to their eternal home  
 There pass some spirits blest;  
 While others to the margin come,  
 Waiting their call to rest.

One family, we dwell in Him,  
 One Church, above, beneath;  
*dim* Though now divided by the stream,  
*p* The narrow stream of death.

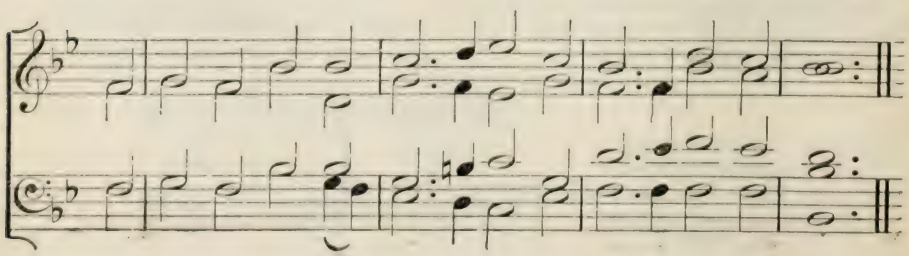
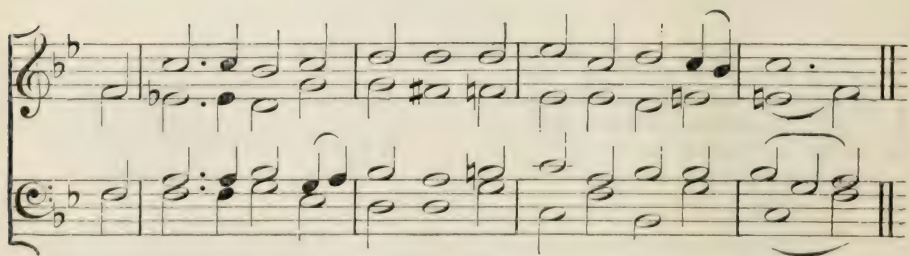
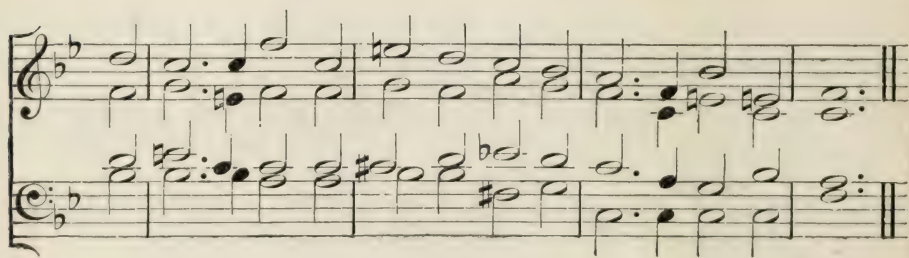
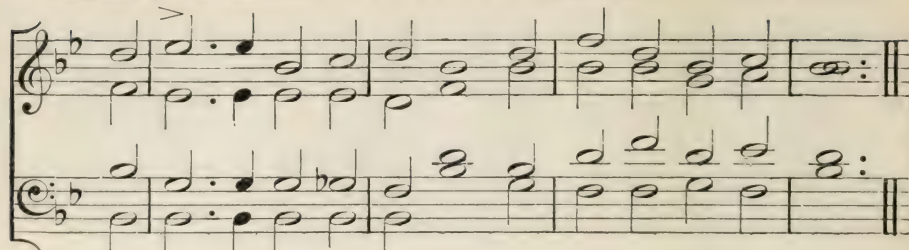
*mf* JESU, be Thou our constant Guide;  
 Then, when the word is given,  
 Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
*or* And bring us safe to Heav'n.

*mf* One army of the living God,  
 To His command we bow;  
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood,  
*p* And part are crossing now.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 222. ALFORD.—7 6 8 6 7 6 8 6.  $\text{♩} = 108.$





# General Hymns.

*"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."*

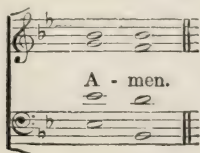
*f* **T**EN thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransom'd Saints  
Throng up the steeps of light:  
*mf* 'Tis finish'd! all is finish'd,  
Their fight with death and sin;  
*f* Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

What rush of Alleluias  
Fills all the earth and sky!  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
O day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made!  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand-fold repaid!

*mf* Oh, then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore,  
What knitting sever'd friendships up,  
Where partings are no more!

*f* Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
*p* That brimm'd with tears of late;  
*cr* Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

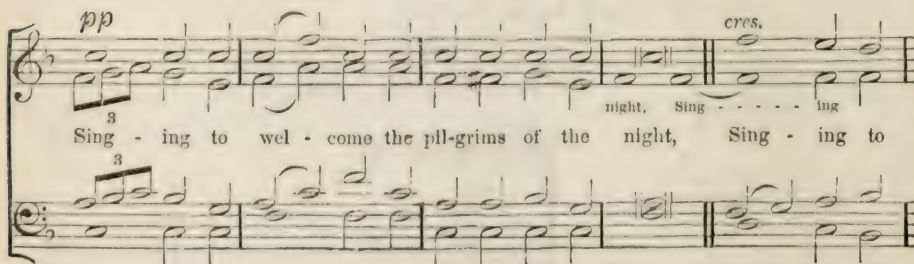
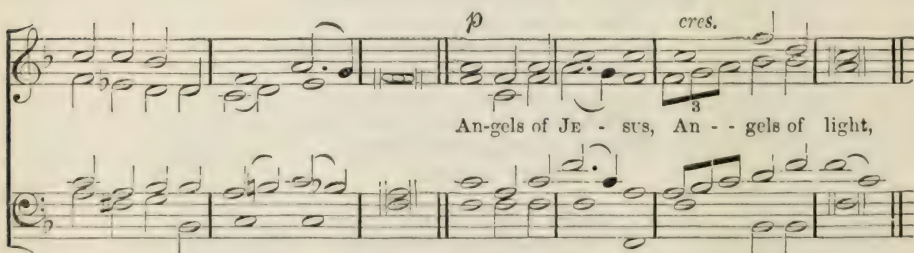
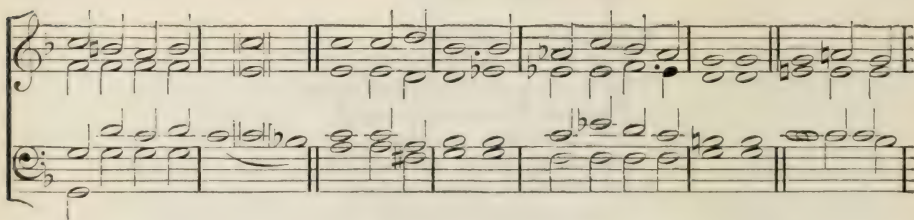
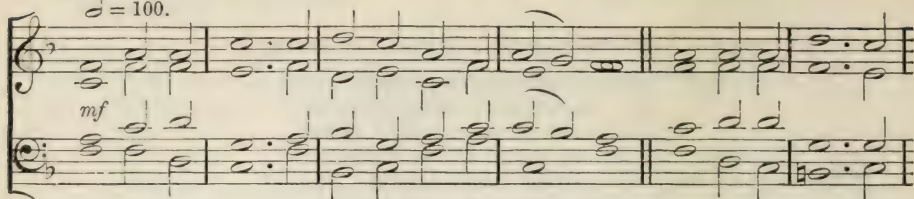
*p* Bring near Thy great Salvation,  
Thou LAMB for sinners slain,  
*cr* Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
*f* Then take Thy power and reign:  
*mf* Appear, Desire of nations,  
*p* Thine exiles long for home;  
*cr* Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;  
*f* Thou Prince and Saviour, come.



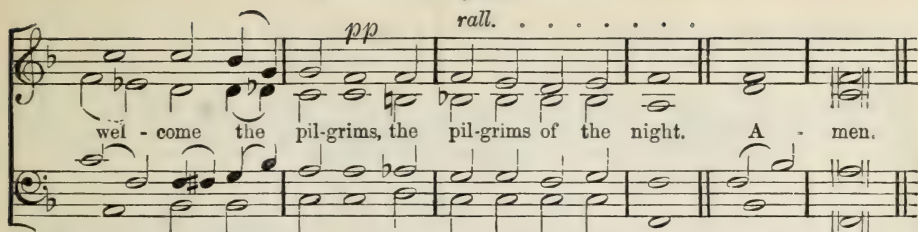
# General Hymns.

Hymn 223. VOX ANGELICA.—10 10 11 10 9 11. (First Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 100.$



# General Hymns.



*"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."*

**H**ARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore:  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come:"  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

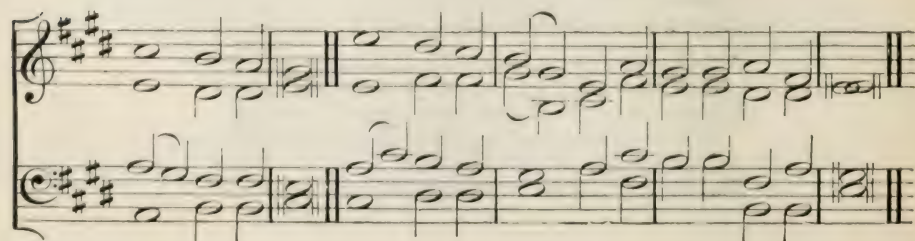
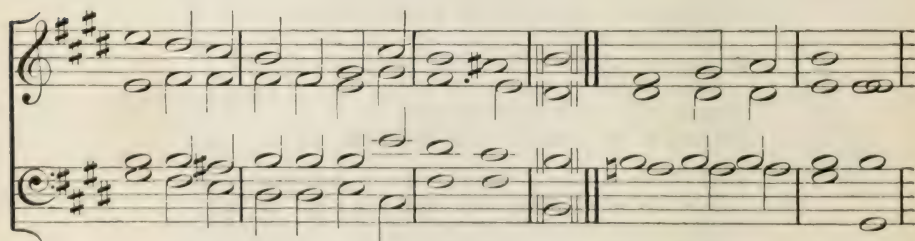
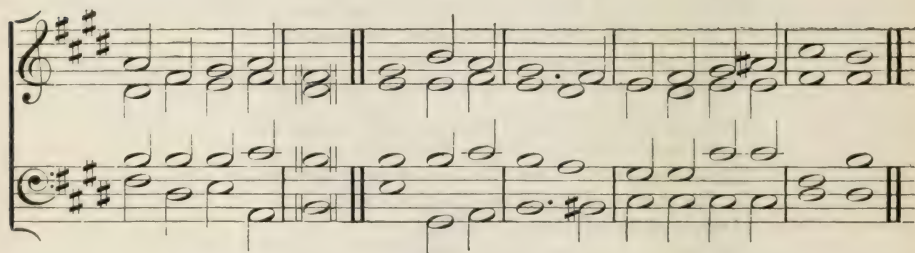
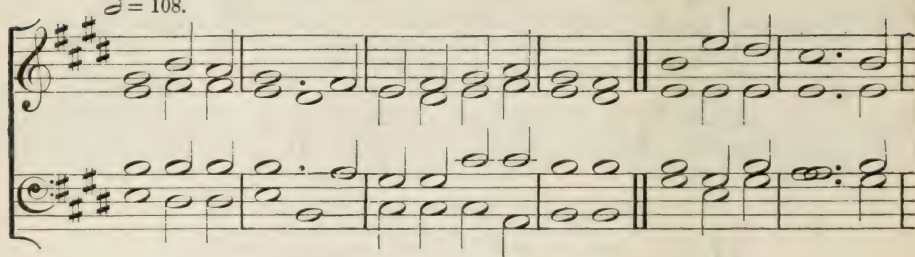
Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
And Heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

# General Hymns.

Hymn 223. PILGRIMS.—11 10 11 10 9 11. (*Second Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 108.$





# General Hymns.

*"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."*

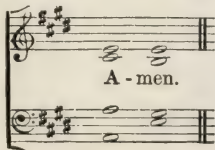
*mf* **H**ARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling  
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore;  
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
*p* Angels of JESUS, (*cr*) Angels of light,  
*f* Singing to welcome (*p*) the pilgrims of the night!

*mf* Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
*p* "Come, weary souls, for JESUS bids you come;"  
*cr* And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
*p* Angels of JESUS, (*cr*) Angels of light,  
*f* Singing to welcome (*p*) the pilgrims of the night!

*p* Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of JESUS sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,  
*cr* Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
*p* Angels of JESUS, (*cr*) Angels of light,  
*f* Singing to welcome (*p*) the pilgrims of the night!

*mf* Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
And Heav'n, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
*p* Angels of JESUS, (*cr*) Angels of light,  
*f* Singing to welcome (*p*) the pilgrims of the night!

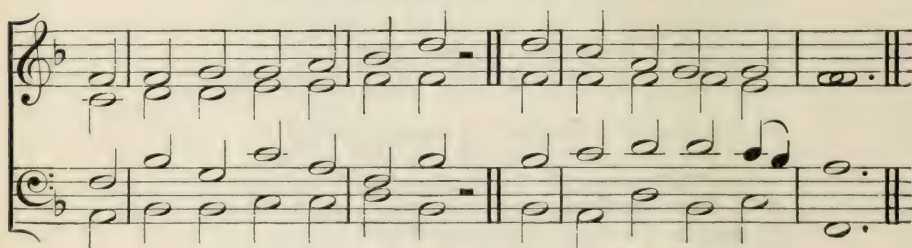
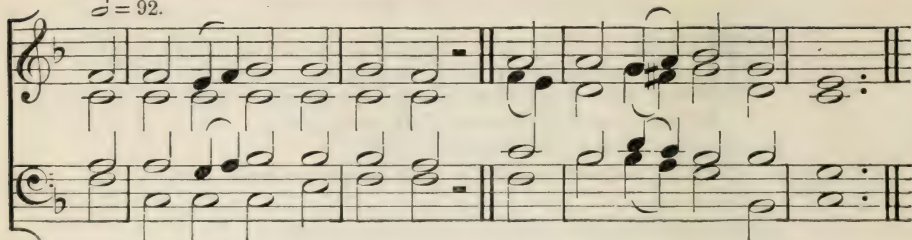
*mf* Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
*cr* And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
*p* Angels of JESUS, (*cr*) Angels of light,  
*f* Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!



# General Hymns.

Hymn 224. KOCHER.—7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*“The fellowship of His sufferings.”*

*mf* **O** HAPPY band of pilgrims,  
If onward ye will tread  
With JESUS as your Fellow  
To JESUS as your Head!

O happy if ye labour  
As JESUS did for men :  
O happy if ye hunger  
As JESUS hunger'd then !

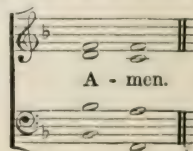
*p* The Cross that JESUS carried  
He carried as your due :  
*f* The Crown that JESUS weareth  
He weareth it for you.

*mf* The faith by which ye see Him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all troubles  
To Him alone will turn,

*p* The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure,

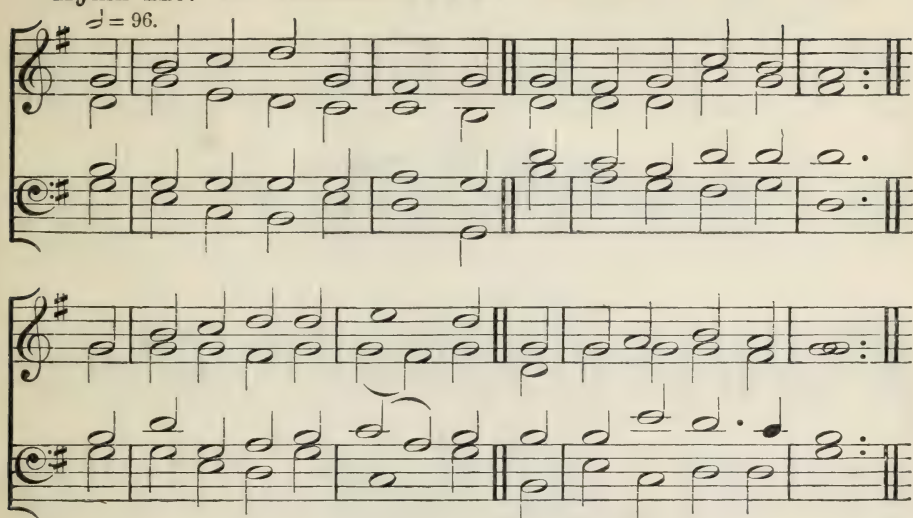
*cr* What are they but His jewels  
Of right celestial worth ?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to Heav'n on earth ?

*f* O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
*dim* Where such a light affliction  
*f* Shall win so great a prize.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 225. ST. ALPHEGE.—7 6 7 6.



*"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."*

*p* **B**RIEF life is here our portion;  
*cr* Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
 The life that knows no ending,  
 The tearless life, is there.

*mf* O happy retribution!  
 Short toil, eternal rest;  
 For mortals and for sinners  
 A mansion with the blest!

*f* And now we fight the battle,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting  
 And passionless renown;

*p* And now we watch and struggle,  
 And now we live in hope,  
 And Sion in her anguish  
 With Babylon must cope;

*mf* But He, Whom now we trust in,  
 Shall then be seen and known;  
 And they that know and see Him  
 Shall have Him for their own.

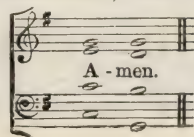
*cr* The morning shall awaken,  
 The shadows shall decay,  
 And each true-hearted servant  
 Shall shine as doth the day.

*f* There God, our King and Portion,  
 In fulness of His grace,  
 Shall we behold for ever,  
*p* And worship face to face.

*mf* O sweet and blessed country,  
 The home of God's elect!  
 O sweet and blessed country  
 That eager hearts expect!

*p* JESU, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest;

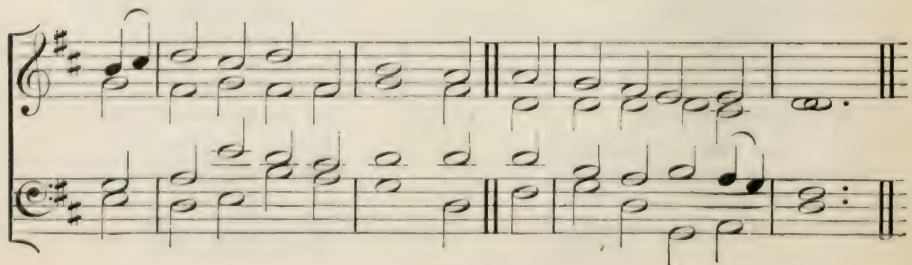
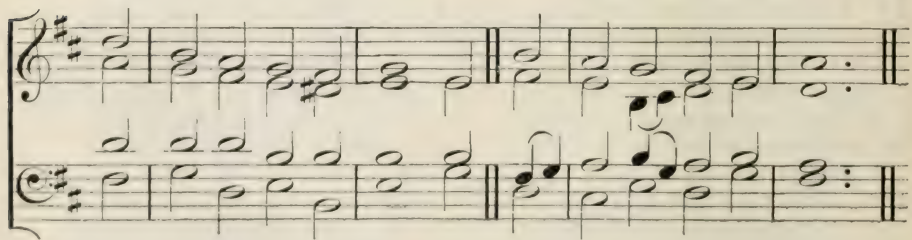
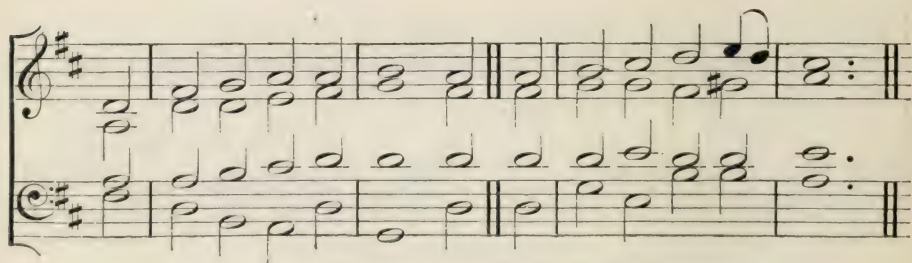
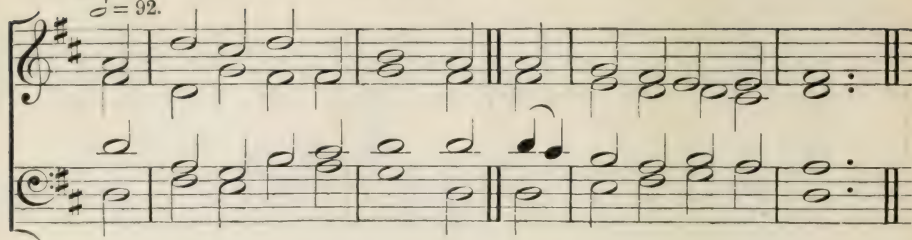
*mf* Who art, with GOD the FATHER  
 And SPIRIT, ever Blest.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 226. PEARSALL.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

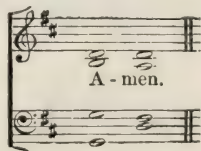




# General Hymns.

*"The nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it."*

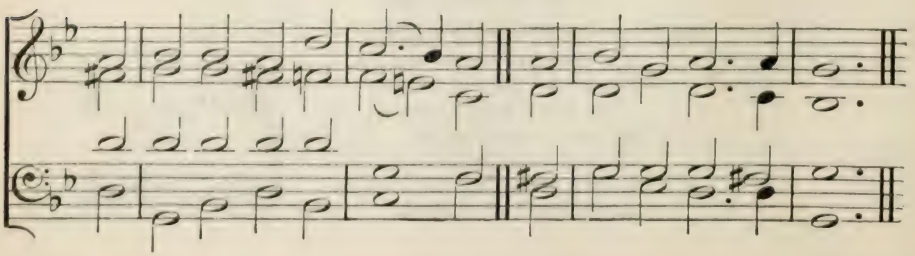
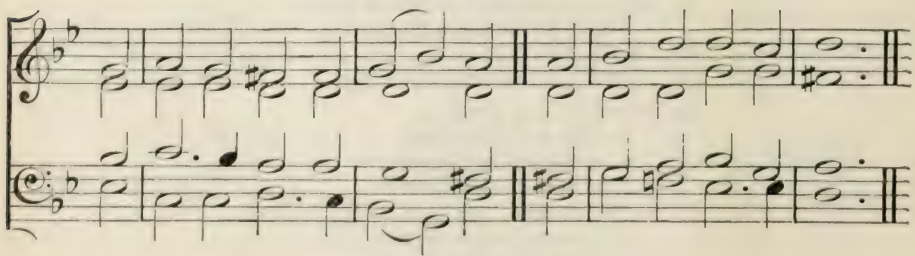
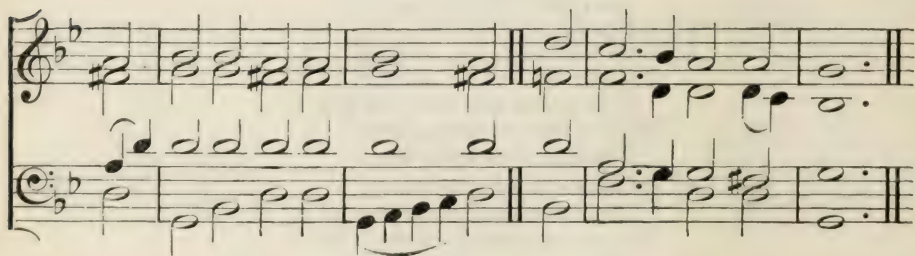
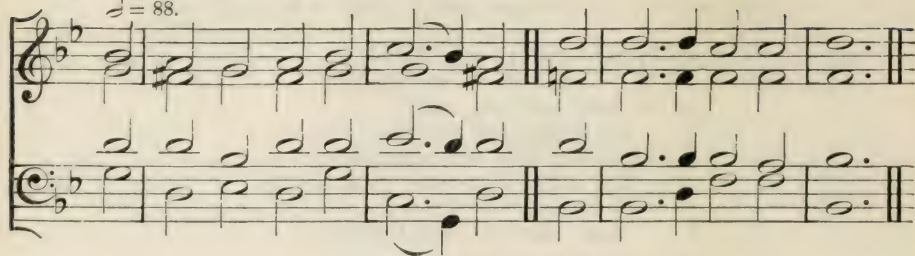
*mf* **T**HE world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late,  
*p* Be sober and keep vigil,  
The Judge is at the gate ;  
The Judge Who comes in mercy,  
*cr* The Judge Who comes with might,  
Who comes to end the evil,  
*f* Who comes to crown the right.  
*mf* Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed ;  
*p* Let penitential sorrow  
*cr* To heavenly gladness lead,  
To light that has no evening,  
That knows nor moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.  
*mf* O home of fadeless splendour,  
Of flowers that bear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
*p* Who here as exiles mourn ;  
*mf* 'Midst power that knows no limit,  
Where wisdom has no bound,  
*p* The Beatific Vision  
*cr* Shall glad the Saints around.  
*mf* O happy, holy portion,  
Refecation for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
True cure of the distrest !  
*f* Strive, man, to win that glory ;  
Toil, man, to gain that light ;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.  
*mf* O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect !  
O sweet and blessed country  
That eager hearts expect !  
*p* JESU, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest ;  
*mf* Who art, with God the FATHER  
And SPIRIT, ever Blest.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 227. JENNER.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



# General Hymns.

*"A better country, that is, an heavenly."*

*mf* **F**OR thee, O dear, dear country,  
Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name, they weep.  
The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion!  
O Paradise of joy!  
Where tears are ever banish'd,  
And smiles have no alloy;

*f* The LAMB is all thy splendour;  
The Crucified thy praise;  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransom'd people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze:  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays;  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced;  
The Saints build up thy fabric,  
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

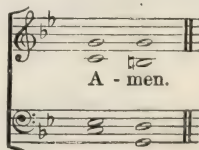
*mf* Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!  
Thou hast no time, bright day!  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away!

*f* Upon the Rock of ages  
They raise thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower.

*mf* O sweet and blessèd country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessèd country  
That eager hearts expect!

*p* JESU, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;

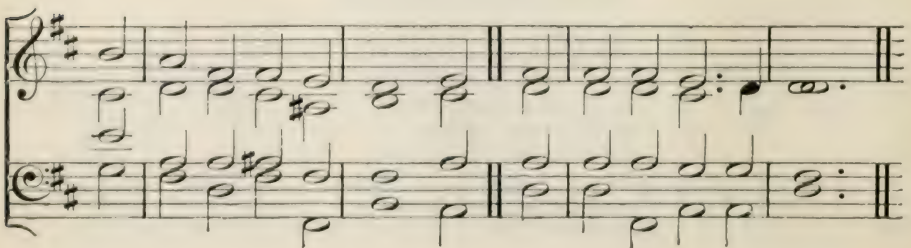
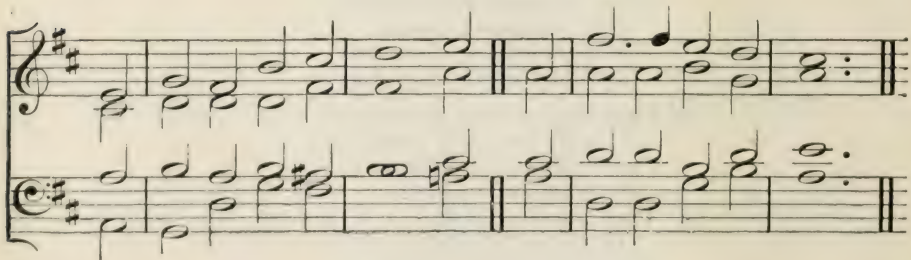
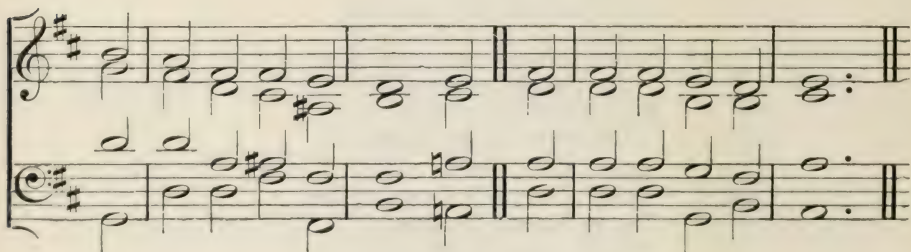
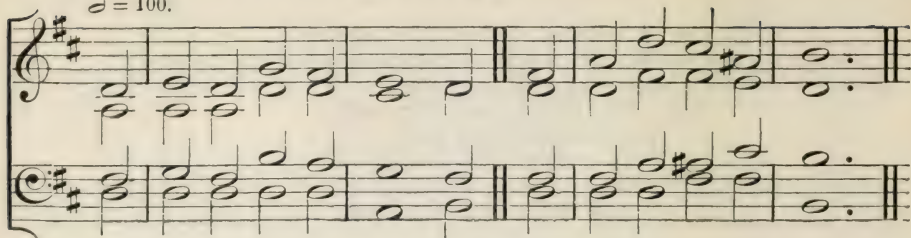
*mf* Who art, with God the FATHER  
And SPIRIT, ever Blest.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 228. EWING.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 100.$





# General Hymns.

*"And the city was pure gold."*

*mf* **J**ERUSALEM the golden,  
With milk and honey blest,  
Beneath thy contemplation

*dim* Sink heart and voice opprest.

*cr* I know not, oh, I know not

What joys await us there,

What radiancy of glory,

*p* What bliss beyond compare.

*f* They stand, those halls of Sion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an Angel,  
And all the Martyr throng ;

The Prince is ever in them,

The daylight is serene :

The pastures of the blessed

*p* Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

*mf* There is the throne of David ;  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast ;

*f* And they, who with their Leader  
Have conquer'd in the fight,  
For ever and for ever

*p* Are clad in robes of white.

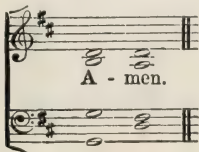
*mf* O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect !

O sweet and blessed country  
That eager hearts expect !

*p* JESU, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest ;

*mf* Who art, with GOD the FATHER

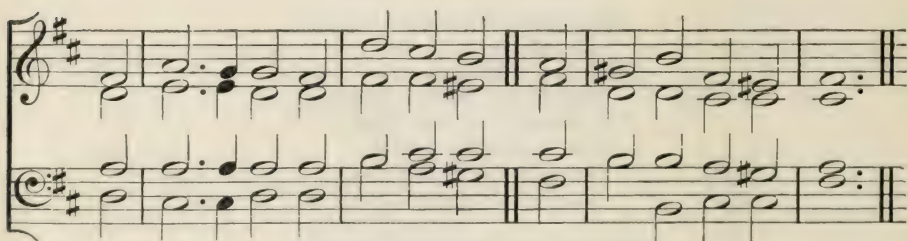
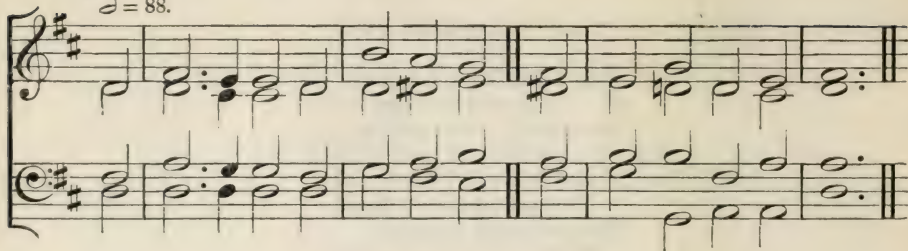
*p* And SPIRIT, ever Blest.



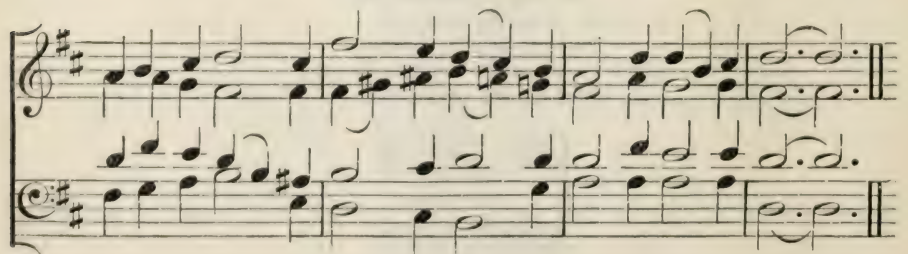
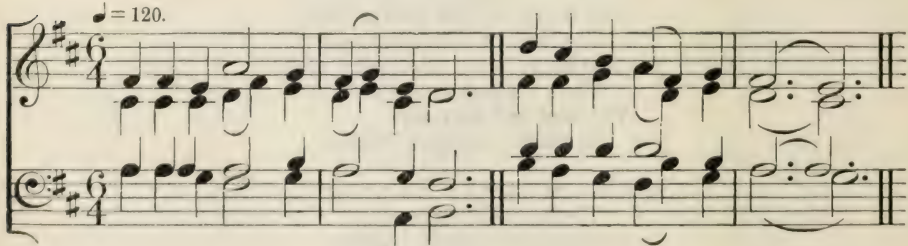
# General Hymns.

Hymn 229. THE ROSEATE HUES.—D.C.M.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



$\text{♩} = 120.$



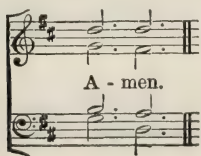
# General Hymns.

*"The things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal."*

*mf* THE roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
*dim* How fast they fade away !  
*cr* Oh, for the pearly gates of Heav'n,  
Oh, for the golden floor,  
Oh, for the Sun of righteousness  
That setteth nevermore !

*p* The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint ;  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint !  
*cr* Oh, for a heart that never sins,  
Oh, for a soul wash'd white,  
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day or night !

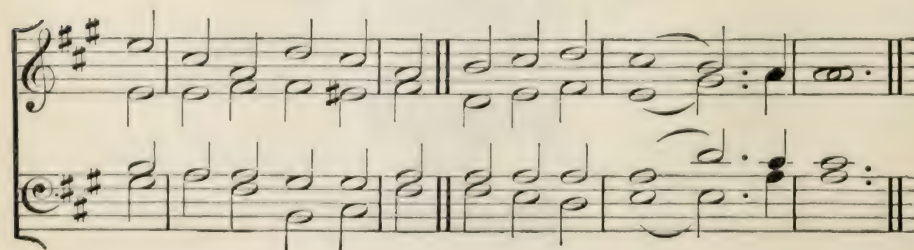
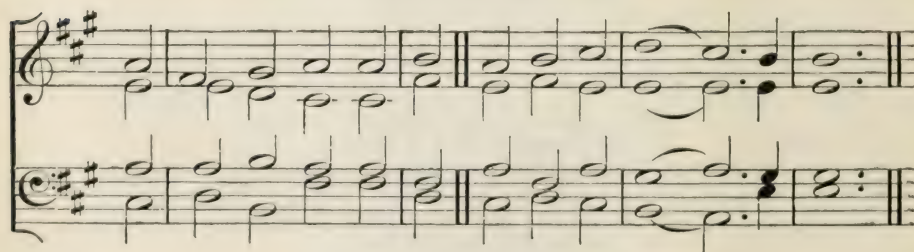
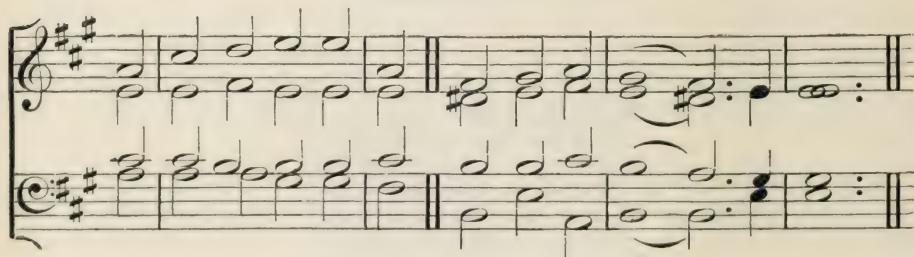
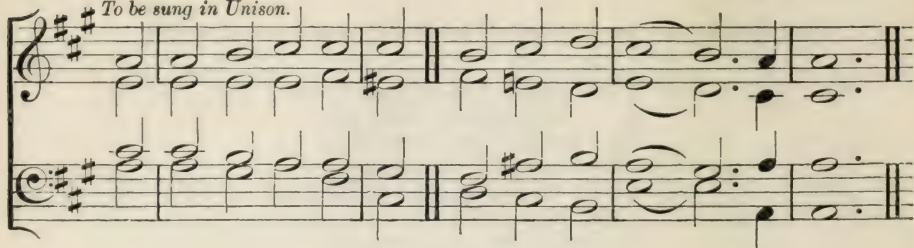
*mf* Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher ;  
*cr* But there are perfectness and peace,  
Beyond our best desire.  
*p* Oh, by Thy love and anguish, LORD,  
And by Thy life laid down,  
*cr* Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 230. ANNUE CHRISTE.—6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6. (*First Tune.*)  $\text{♩} = 100$ .

*To be sung in Unison.*





# General Hymns.

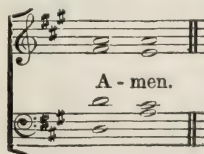
"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

*mf* **T**HERE is a blessèd home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;  
*cr* Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crown'd,  
*f* And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

*p* There is a land of peace,  
Good Angels know it well ;  
*cr* Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell ;  
*mf* Around its glorious Throne  
Ten thousand Saints adore  
CHRIST, with the FATHER ONE  
And SPIRIT, evermore.

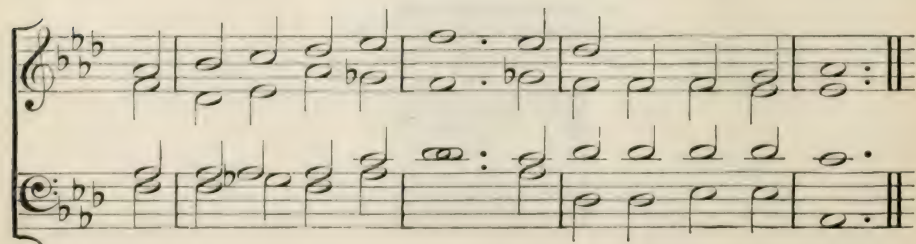
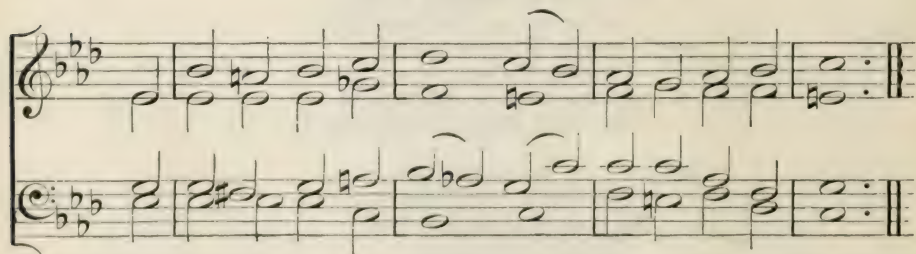
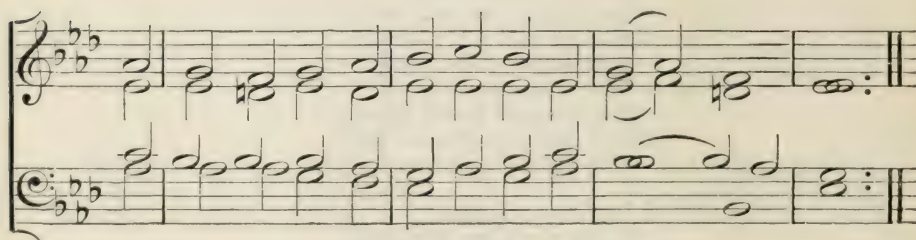
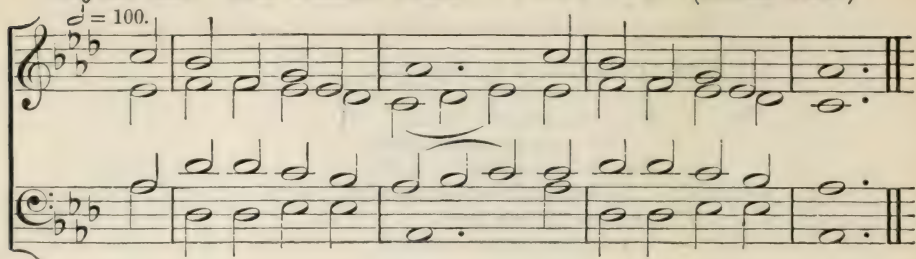
*f* O joy all joys beyond,  
To see the LAMB Who died,  
*p* And count each sacred Wound  
In Hands, and Feet, and Side ;  
*mf* To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
*cr* And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done.

*mf* Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
*p* Of daily toil and woe ;  
*cr* Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
*mf* His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 230. THE BLESSED HOME.—6 6 6 6 6 6 6. (*Second Tune.*)



# General Hymns.

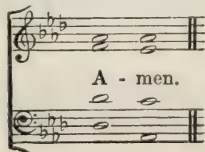
"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

*mf* **T**HERE is a blessèd home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow;  
*cr* Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crown'd,  
*f* And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

*p* There is a land of peace,  
Good Angels know it well;  
*cr* Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell;  
*mf* Around its glorious Throne  
Ten thousand Saints adore  
CHRIST, with the FATHER ONE  
And SPIRIT, evermore.

*f* O joy all joys beyond,  
To see the LAMB Who died,  
*p* And count each sacred Wound  
In Hands, and Feet, and Side;  
*mf* To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
*cr* And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done.

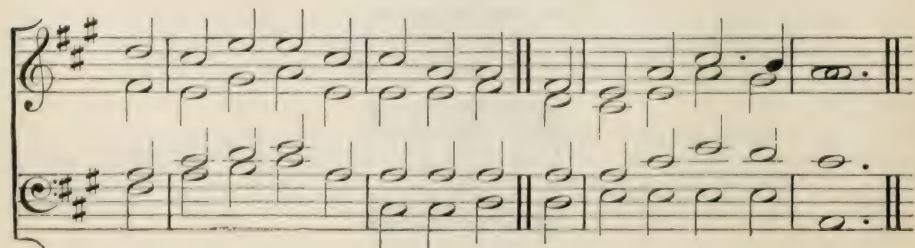
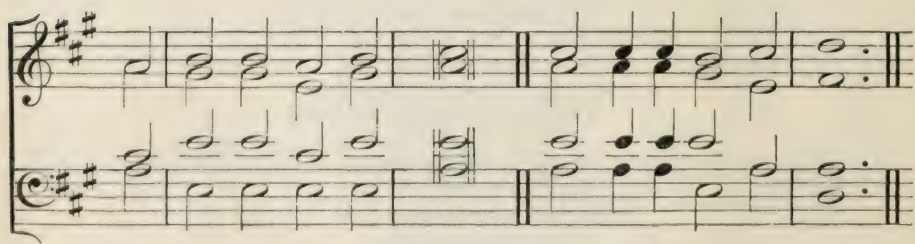
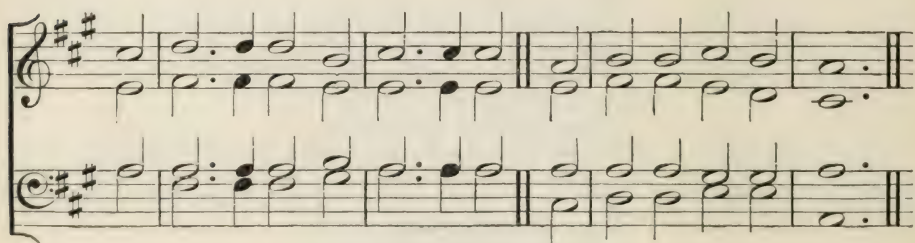
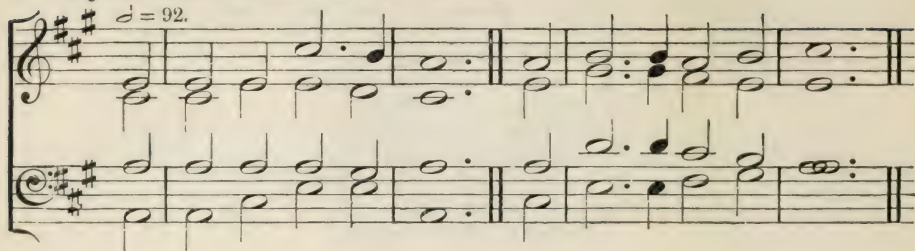
*mf* Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
*p* Of daily toil and woe;  
*cr* Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
*mf* His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 231. NEARER HOME.—D.S.M.

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# General Hymns.

"And so shall we ever be with the Lord."

*mf* "FOR ever with the LORD!"  
*p* Amen; so let it be;  
*cr* Life from the dead is in that word,  
 'Tis immortality.

*p* Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from Him I roam,  
*cr* Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march nearer home.

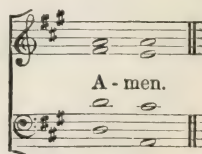
*mf* My FATHER's house on high,  
 Home of my soul, how near  
 At times to faith's foreseeing eye  
 Thy golden gates appear!

*p* \*Ah! then my spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love,  
*cr* The bright inheritance of Saints,  
 Jerusalem above.

*f* "For ever with the LORD!"  
*mf* FATHER, if 'tis Thy Will,  
 The promise of that faithful word  
 Even here to me fulfil.  
 Be Thou at my right hand,  
 Then can I never fail;  
*cr* Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,  
 Fight, and I must prevail.

*p* So when my latest breath  
 Shall rend the veil in twain,  
*cr* By death I shall escape from death,  
*f* And life eternal gain.

*mf* Knowing as I am known,  
 How shall I love that word,  
*cr* And oft repeat before the Throne,  
 "For ever with the LORD!"

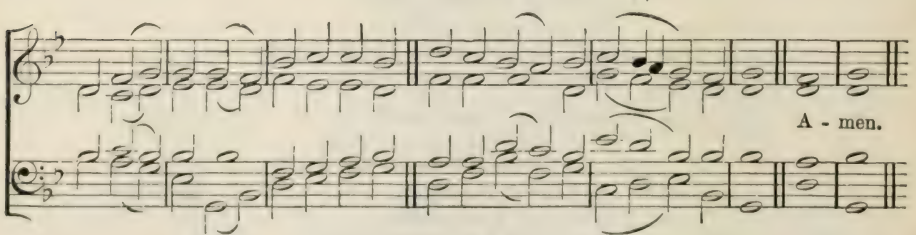
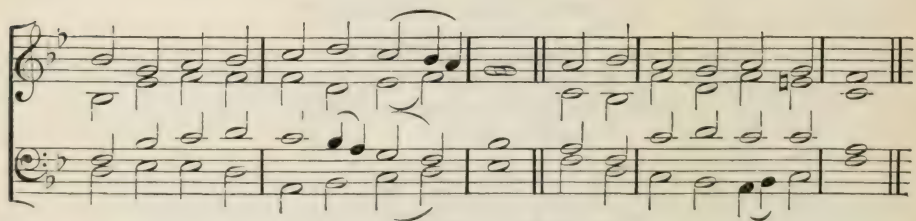
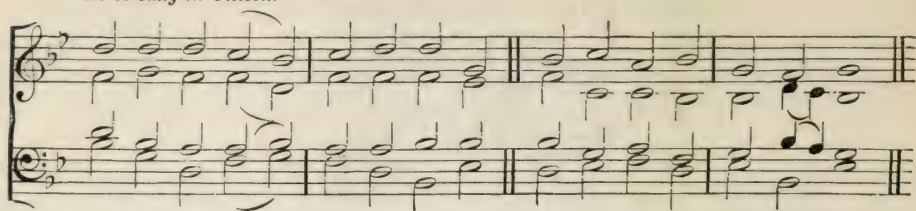


Verse 2, lines 5 and 6.

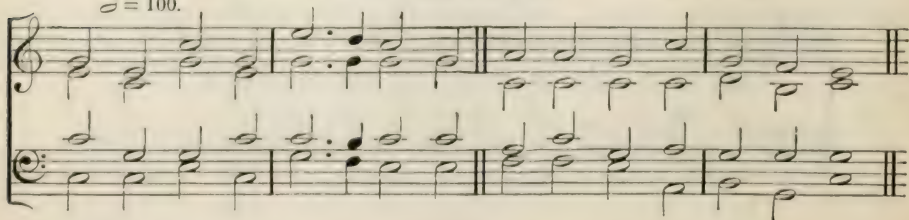


# General Hymns.

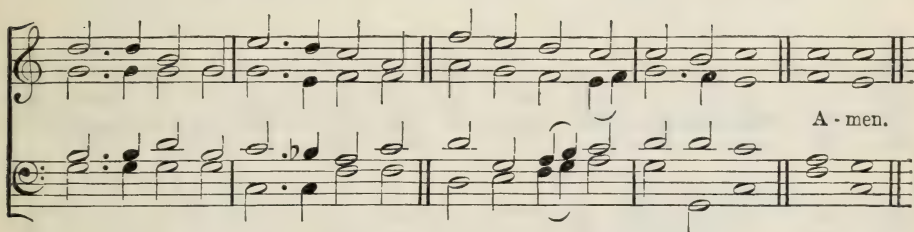
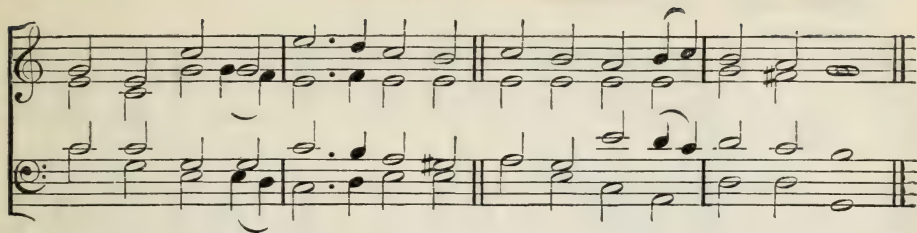
**Hymn 232. URBS BEATA.**—8 7 8 7 8 7. (*First Tune.*)  $\text{♩} = 88$ .  
*To be sung in Unison.*



**Hymn 232. REGENT SQUARE.**—8 7 8 7 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)  
 $\text{♩} = 100$ .



# General Hymns.



*"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."*

*mf* **L**IGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,  
Vision whence true peace doth spring,  
Brighter than the heart can fancy,  
Mansion of the Highest King;  
*f* Oh, how glorious are the praises  
Which of thee the prophets sing!

*f* Oh, how glorious and resplendent,  
Fragile body, shalt thou be,  
When endued with so much beauty,  
Full of health, and strong, and free,  
Full of vigour, full of pleasure  
That shall last eternally!

*mf* There for ever and for ever  
Alleluia is out-pour'd;  
For unending, for unbroken  
Is the feast-day of the Lord;  
*p* All is pure and all is holy  
That within thy walls is stored.

*mf* Now with gladness, now with courage,  
Bear the burden on thee laid,  
*p* That hereafter these thy labours  
May with endless gifts be paid;  
*cr* And in everlasting glory  
Thou with brightness be array'd,

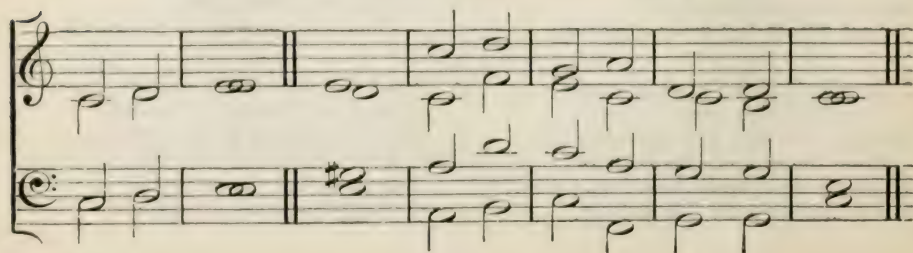
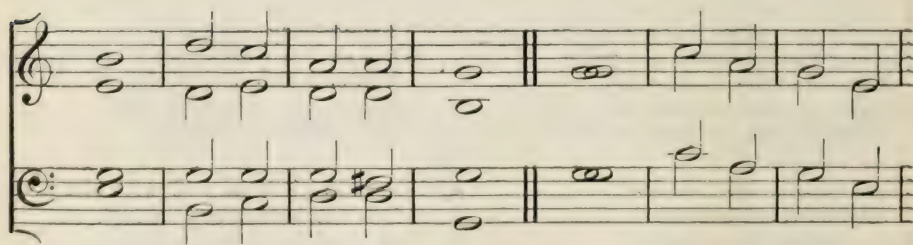
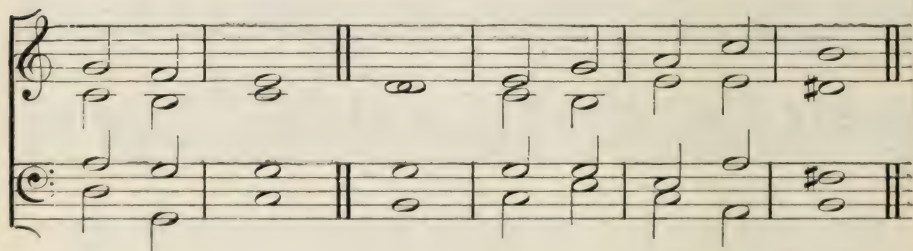
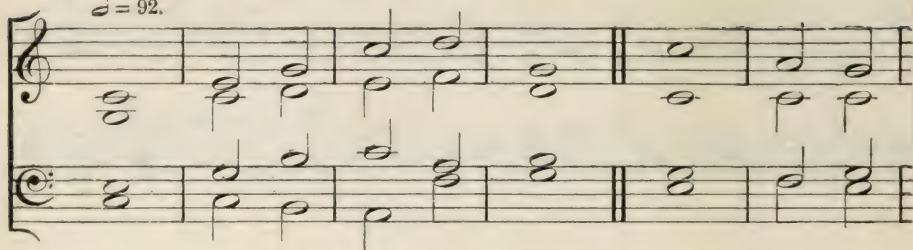
There no cloud nor passing vapour  
Dims the brightness of the air;  
*mf* Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,  
From the Sun of suns is there;  
There no night brings rest from labour,  
For unknown are toil and care.

*f* Laud and honour to the FATHER,  
Laud and honour to the SON,  
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,  
Ever THREE and ever ONE,  
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 233. CHRISTCHURCH.—6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4.

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# General Hymns.

"Our conversation is in heaven."

*mf* **J**ERUSALEM on high  
My song and city is,  
My home whene'er I die,  
The centre of my bliss:

*f* O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,

*p* To see Thy Face?

*mf* The LAMB's Apostles there  
I might with joy behold,  
The harpers I might hear  
Harping on harps of gold:

*f* O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,

*p* To see Thy Face?

*mf* There dwells my LORD, my King,

*p* Judged here unfit to live;

*mf* There Angels to Him sing,  
And lowly homage give:

*f* O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,

*p* To see Thy Face?

*p* The bleeding Martyrs, they  
Within those courts are found,

*cr* Clothèd in pure array,  
Their scars with glory crown'd:

*f* O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,

*p* To see Thy Face?

*mf* The Patriarchs of old  
There from their travels cease;  
The Prophets there behold  
Their longed-for Prince of peace:

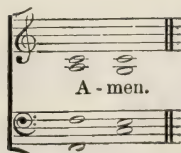
*f* O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,

*p* To see Thy Face?

Ah me! ah me! that I  
In Kedar's tents here stay;  
No place like that on high;

*cr* LORD, thither guide my way:  
*f* O happy place!

When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
*p* To see Thy Face?



# General Hymns.

Hymn 234. PARADISE. No. 1.—8 6 8 6 6 6 6 6. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 100.$

Hymn 234. PARADISE. No. 2.—8 6 8 6 6 6 6 6. (*Second Tune.*)  $\text{♩} = 92.$

# General Hymns.



## "The Paradise of God."

*mf* O PARADISE! O Paradise!  
 Who doth not crave for rest?  
 Who would not seek the happy land  
 Where they that loved are blest;  
*f* Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
*dim* In God's most holy sight?

*mf* O Paradise! O Paradise!  
*p* The world is growing old;  
*cr* Who would not be at rest and free  
 Where love is never cold;  
*f* Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
*dim* In God's most holy sight?

*mf* O Paradise! O Paradise!  
*p* 'Tis weary waiting here;  
*cr* I long to be where JESUS is,  
 To feel, to see Him near;  
*f* Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
*dim* In God's most holy sight.

*mf* O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 I want to sin no more,  
 I want to be as pure on earth  
 As on thy spotless shore;  
*f* Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
*dim* In God's most holy sight.

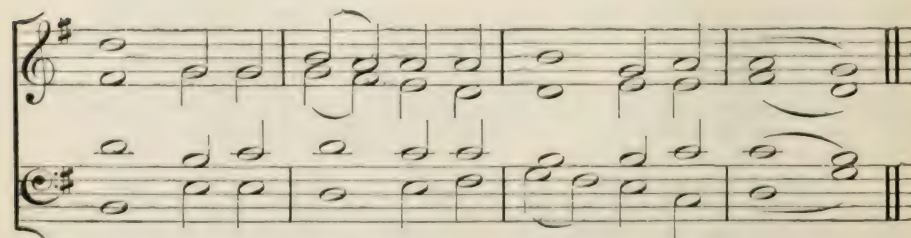
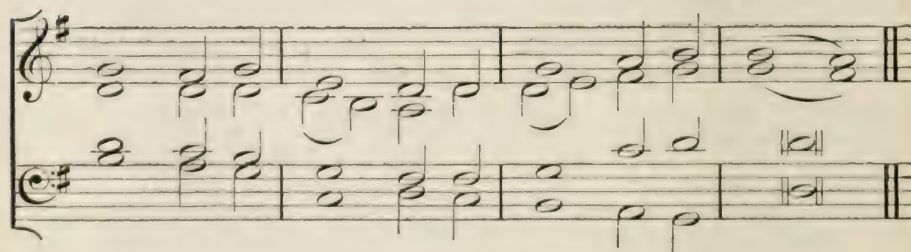
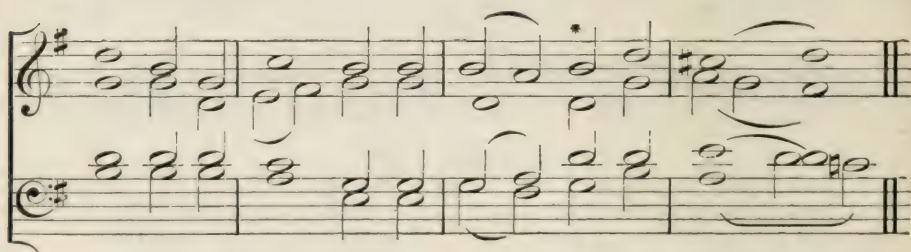
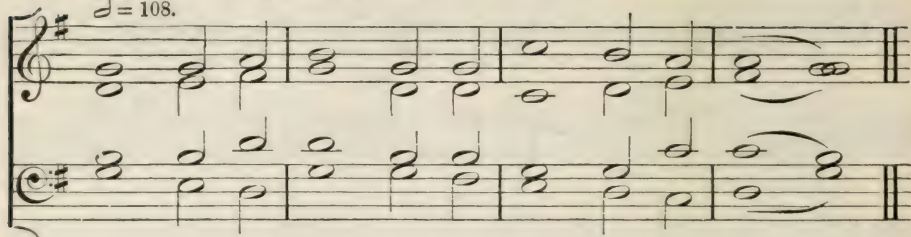
*mf* O Paradise! O Paradise!  
 I greatly long to see  
 The special place my dearest Lord  
 In love prepares for me;  
*f* Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
*dim* In God's most holy sight.

*p* LORD JESU, King of Paradise,  
 O keep me in Thy love,  
*cr* And guide me to that happy land  
 Of perfect rest above;  
*f* Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
*dim* In God's most holy sight.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 235. O QUANTA QUALIA.—10 10 10 10.

$\text{♩} = 108.$



\* For the 1st verse, the slur is better over the 3rd and 4th notes of this bar.



# General Hymns.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

*mf* **O**H, what the joy and the glory must be,  
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see;  
Crown for the valiant, (*p*) to weary ones rest;  
*cr* God shall be All and in all ever Blest.

*mf* What are the Monarch, His Court, and His Throne?  
What are the peace and the joy that they own?  
O that the blest ones, who in it have share,  
All that they feel could as fully declare!

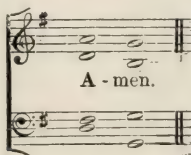
Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,  
*p* Vision of peace, (*cr*) that brings joy evermore;  
*mf* Wish and fulfilment can sever'd be ne'er,  
Nor the thing pray'd for come short of the prayer.

*p* There, where no troubles distraction can bring,  
*cr* We the sweet anthems of Sion shall sing,  
While for Thy grace, LORD, their voices of praise  
Thy blessed people eternally raise.

*mf* There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,  
Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;  
*f* One and unending is that triumph-song  
Which to the Angels and us shall belong.

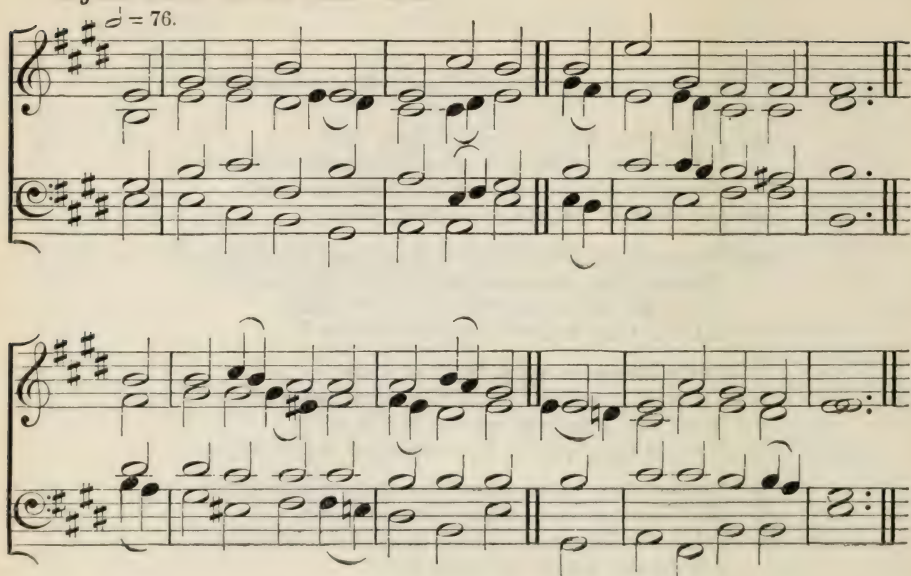
*p* Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,  
We for that country must yearn and must sigh;  
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,  
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

*mf* Low before Him with our praises we fall,  
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;  
*f* Of Whom, the FATHER; and in Whom, the SON;  
Through Whom, the SPIRIT, with Them ever ONE.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 236. SOUTHWELL.—C.M.



*"When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?"*

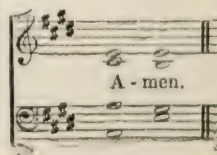
*mf* JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

*mf* Jerusalem, my happy home,  
When shall I come to thee?  
When shall my labours have an end?  
Thy joys when shall I see?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built  
And pearly gates behold? [walls  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

*p* O CHRIST, do Thou my soul prepare  
For that bright home of love;  
*cr* That I may see Thee and adore,  
With all Thy Saints above.

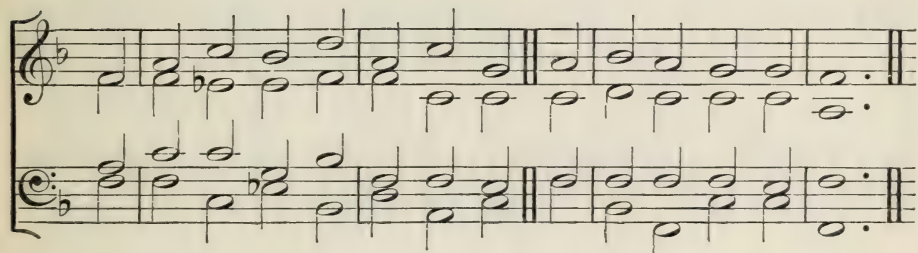
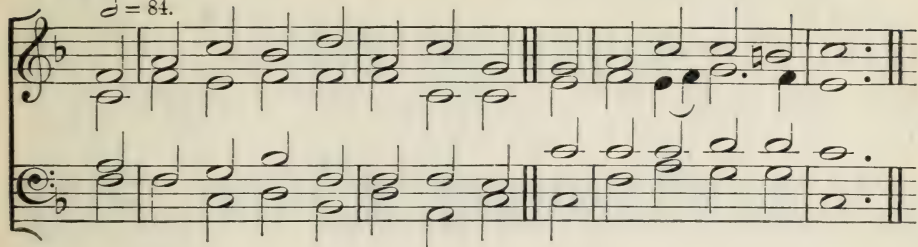
*f* Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And all I love in CHRIST below  
Will join the glorious band.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 237. YORK.--C.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts."*

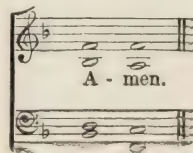
*mf* **O** GOD of hosts, the mighty LORD,  
How lovely is the place,  
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st  
The brightness of Thy Face!

O LORD of hosts, my King and God,  
How highly blest are they  
Who in Thy temple always dwell,  
And there Thy praise display!

*p* My longing soul faints with desire  
To view Thy blest abode;  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For Thee the living God.

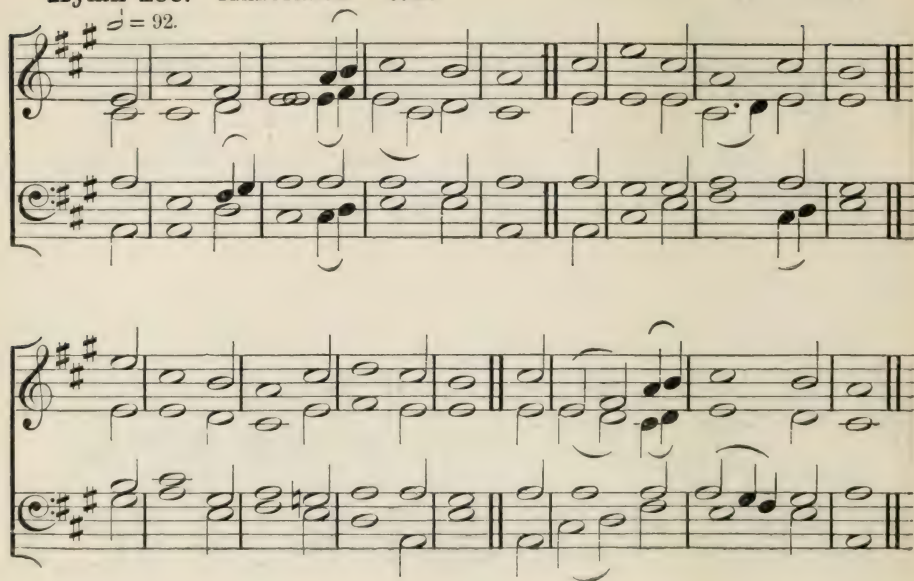
*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The God Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

*mf* For in Thy courts one single day  
'Tis better to attend,  
Than, LORD, in any place besides  
A thousand days to spend.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 238. MARTYRDOM.—C.M.



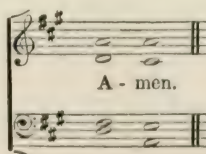
*“ Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks, so longeth my soul after Thee, O God.”*

*p* **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams  
 When heated in the chase,  
 So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
 And Thy refreshing grace.

*p* Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?  
*cr* Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
*f* The praise of Him Who is thy God,  
 Thy health's eternal Spring.

For Thee my God, the living God,  
 My thirsty soul doth pine :  
*cr* O when shall I behold Thy Face,  
 Thou Majesty Divine ?

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
 The God Whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore.

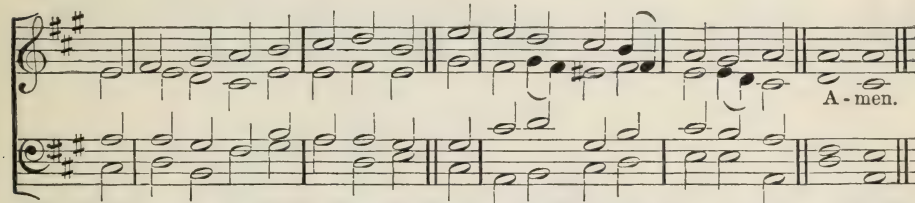
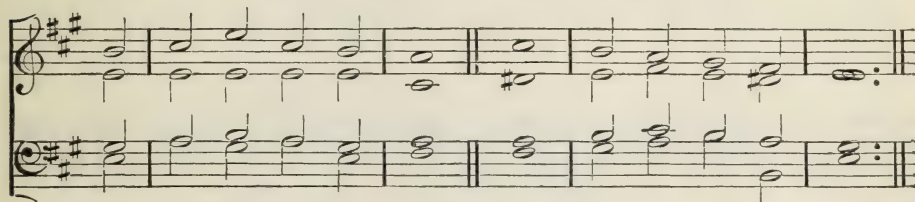
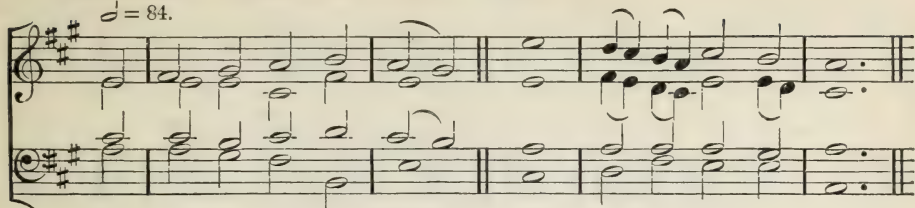




# General Hymns.

Hymn 239. HAREWOOD.—6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4

$\text{♩} = 84.$



A-men.

"The Lord said unto him, . . . I have hallowed this house . . . to put My Name there for ever, and Mine eyes and Mine heart shall be there perpetually."

*mf* CHRIST is our corner-stone,  
On Him alone we build;  
With His true Saints alone  
The courts of Heav'n are fill'd :  
*cr* On His great love  
Our hopes we place  
Of present grace  
And joys above.

*f* Oh, then with hymns of praise  
These hallow'd courts shall ring;  
Our voices we will raise  
The THREE in ONE to sing;  
And thus proclaim  
In joyful song,  
Both loud and long,  
That glorious Name.

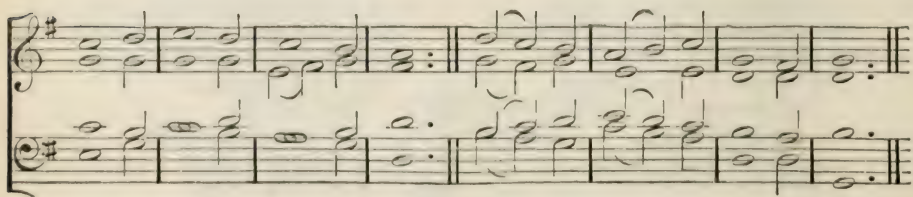
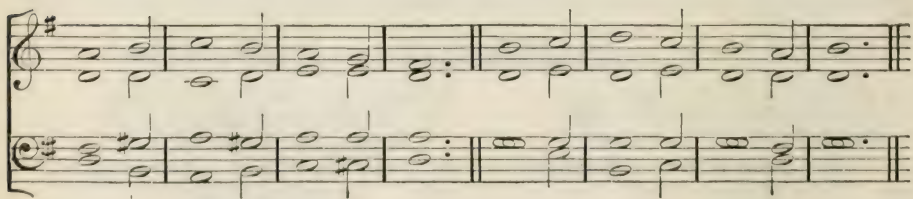
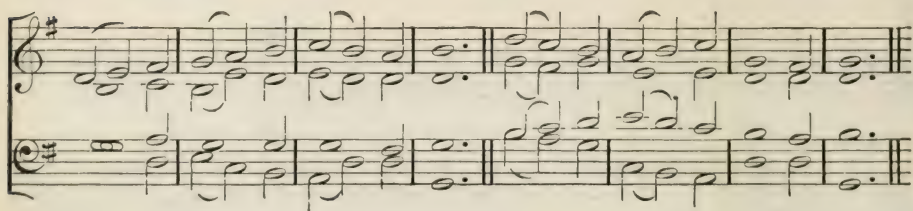
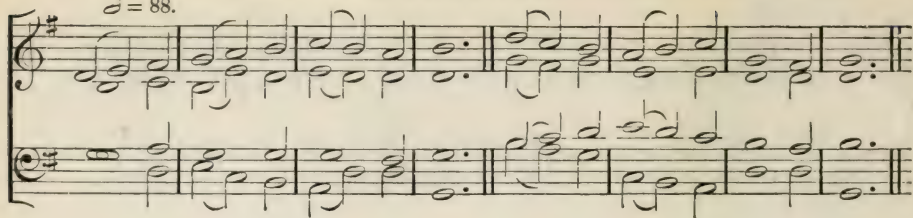
*mf* Here, gracious God, do Thou  
For evermore draw nigh;  
Accept each faithful vow,  
*p* And mark each suppliant sigh;  
*mf* In copious shower  
On all who pray  
Each holy day  
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from Heav'n  
The grace which we implore;  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore,  
*p* Until that day  
When all the blest  
*cr* To endless rest  
*dim* Are call'd away.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 240. MAIDSTONE.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



# General Hymns.

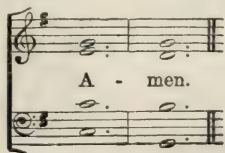
"O how amiable are Thy dwellings, Thou Lord of hosts."

*mf* PLEASANT are Thy courts above  
In the land of light and love ;  
*p* Pleasant are Thy courts below  
In this land of sin and woe :  
*cr* Oh, my spirit longs and fains  
For the converse of Thy Saints,  
For the brightness of Thy Face,  
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

*mf* Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy Altars, O most High ;  
*p* Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heavenly FATHER's breast ;  
Like the wandering dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
*cr* They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.

*mf* Happy souls, their praises flow  
*p* Even in this vale of woe ;  
*cr* Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies ;  
*f* On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy Throne at length,  
*p* At Thy feet adoring fall,  
*mf* Who hast led them safe through all.

*p* LORD, be mine this prize to win,  
Guide me through a world of sin,  
Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
Give me at Thy side a place ;  
*mf* Sun and Shield alike Thou art,  
Guide and guard my erring heart ;  
*f* Grace and glory flow from Thee ;  
*dim* Shower, O shower them, LORD, on me.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 241. HOSANNA.—8 8 8 7.

"Hosanna in the highest."

*mf* **H**OSANNA to the living LORD!  
Hosanna to the Incarnate WORD,  
To CHRIST, Creator, Saviour, King,  
Let earth, let heaven Hosanna sing.

*f* Hosanna in the highest!

*p* O Saviour, with protecting care  
Abide in this Thy house of prayer,  
Where we Thy parting promise claim,  
Assembled in Thy sacred Name.

*f* Hosanna in the highest!

*mf* But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,  
ETERNAL, bid Thy SPIRIT rest;  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure and worthy Thee.

Hosanna in the highest!

*f* To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
*cr* Be honour, praise, and glory given  
By all on earth and all in heaven.

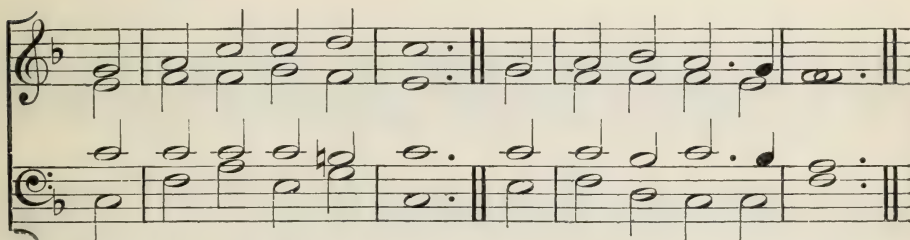
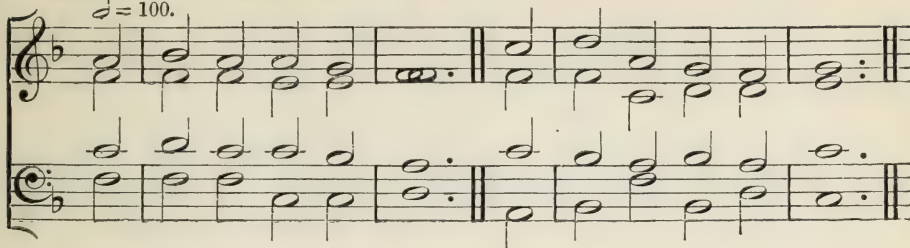
*ff* Hosanna in the highest!



# General Hymns.

Hymn 242. QUAM DILECTA.—6 6 6 6.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



*"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house ; and the place where Thine honour dwelleth."*

*mf* **W**E love the place, O God,  
Wherein Thine honour dwells ;  
The joy of Thine abode  
All earthly joy excels.

*mf* We love the Word of life,  
The Word that tells of peace,  
*p* Of comfort in the strife,  
*cr* And joys that never cease.

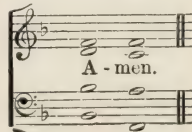
It is the house of prayer,  
Wherein Thy servants meet ;  
And Thou, O LORD, art there  
Thy chosen flock to greet.

*f* We love to sing below  
For mercies freely given ;  
*cr* But, oh, we long to know  
The triumph-song of Heav'n.

We love the sacred Font ;  
For there the HOLY DOVE  
To pour is ever wont  
His blessings from above.

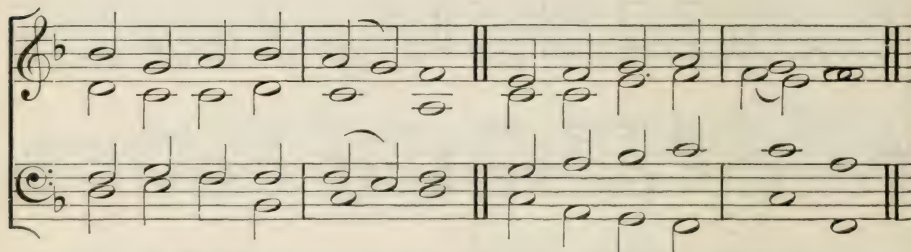
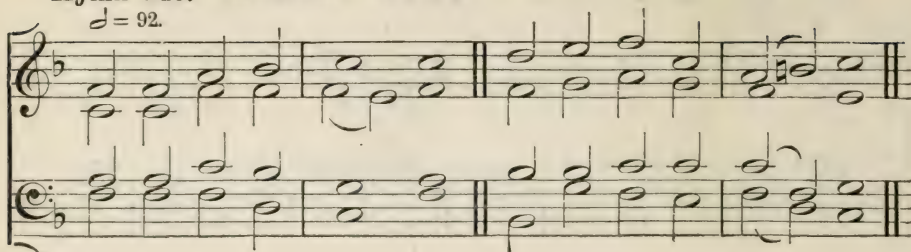
*p* LORD JESUS, give us grace  
On earth to love Thee more,  
*f* In Heav'n to see Thy Face,  
*dim* And with Thy Saints adore.

*p* We love Thine Altar, LORD ;  
*cr* Oh, what on earth so dear ?  
For there, in faith adored,  
We find Thy Presence near.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 243. RAVENSHAW.—6 6 6 6.



*"Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths."*

*mf* **L**ORD, Thy Word abideth,  
And our footsteps guideth;  
Who its truth believeth  
Light and joy receiveth.

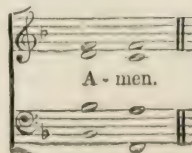
*p* When our foes are near us,  
*cr* Then Thy Word doth cheer us,  
Word of consolation,  
Message of salvation.

*p* When the storms are o'er us,  
And dark clouds before us,  
*cr* Then its light directeth,  
And our way protecteth.

*mf* Who can tell the pleasure,  
Who recount the treasure  
By Thy Word imparted  
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving  
Succour to the living;  
Word of life, supplying  
*p* Comfort to the dying!

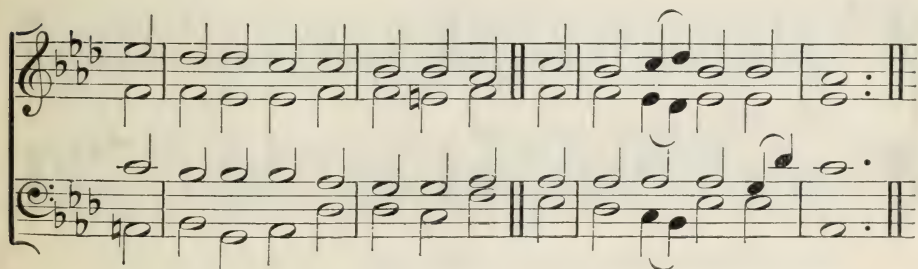
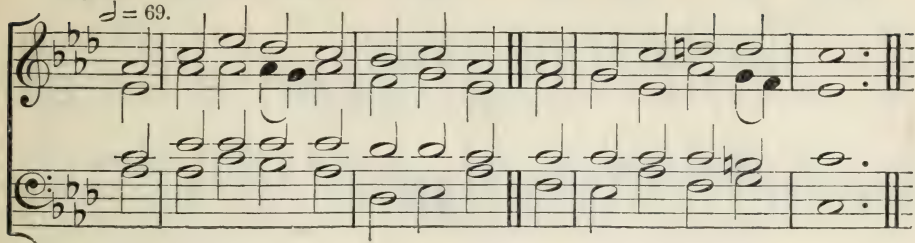
*mf* O that we discerning  
Its most holy learning,  
Lord, may love and fear Thee,  
Evermore be near Thee,



# General Hymns.

Hymn 244. ST. EDMUND.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 69.$

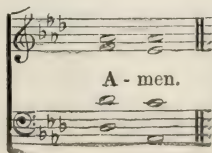


*"A broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt Thou not despise."*

**L**ORD, when we bend before Thy Throne, *mf* When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
And our confessions pour, May we our wills resign,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own, And not a thought our bosoms share  
And hate what we deplore. Which is not wholly Thine.

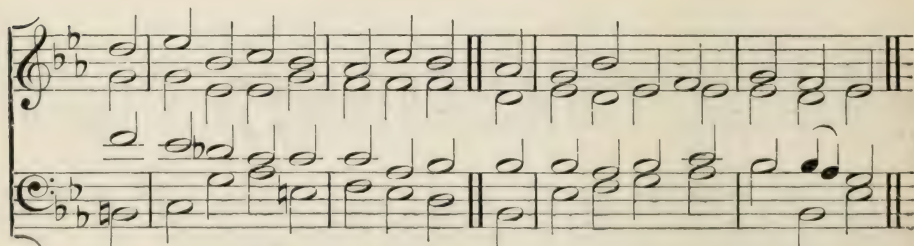
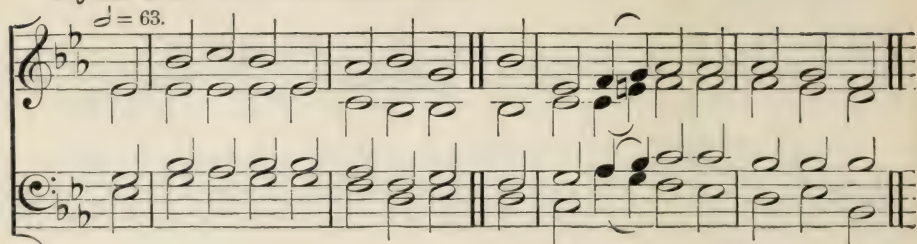
Our broken spirits pitying see;  
True penitence impart;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

May faith each weak petition fill,  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.



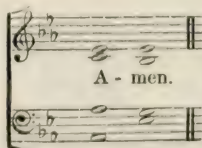
# General Hymns.

Hymn 245. ST. SEPULCHRE.—L. M.



*"If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous."*

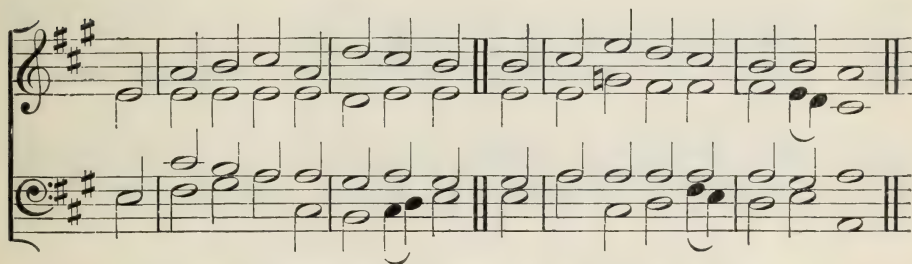
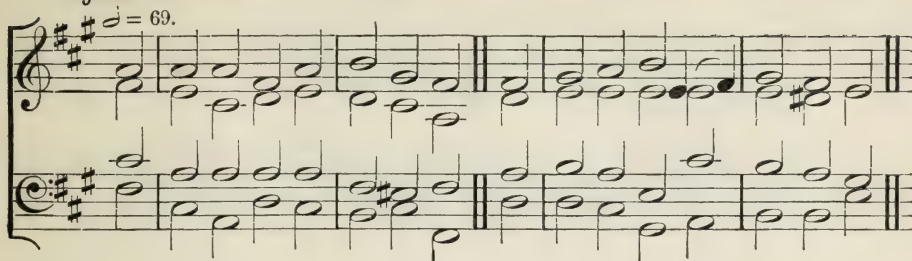
- p* **W**HEN at Thy footstool, LORD, I bend, *mf* O think upon Thy holy Word,  
*cr* And plead with Thee for mercy there, And every plighted promise there ;  
 Think of the sinner's dying Friend, How prayer should evermore be heard,  
 And for His sake receive my prayer. And how Thy glory is to spare.
- p* O think not of my shame and guilt, *p* O think not of my doubts and fears,  
 My thousand stains of deepest dye ; My strivings with Thy grace Divine ;  
*cr* Think of the Blood which JESUS spilt, Think upon JESUS' woes and tears,  
 And let that Blood my pardon buy. *cr* And let His Merits stand for mine.
- mf* Think, LORD, how I am still Thine own, *mf* Thine eye, Thine ear, they are not dull ;  
*p* The trembling creature of Thy hand ; Thine arm can never shorten'd be :  
 Think how my heart to sin is prone, Behold me here ; my heart is full ;  
 And what temptations round me stand. *p* Behold, and spare, and succour me.





# General Hymns.

Hymn 246. BRESLAU.—L. M.



*“Men ought always to pray, and not to faint.”*

*mf* **W**HAT various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the Mercy-seat;  
Yet who, that knows the worth of prayer,  
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,  
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

*p* Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
*cr* Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

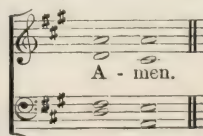
*mf* When Moses stood with arms spread wide,  
Success was found on Israel's side;

*p* But when through weariness they fail'd,  
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

*mf* Have we no words? ah, think again;  
Words flow apace when we complain,  
And fill our fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all our care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent  
To Heav'n in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
*f* “Hear what the Lord hath done for me.”

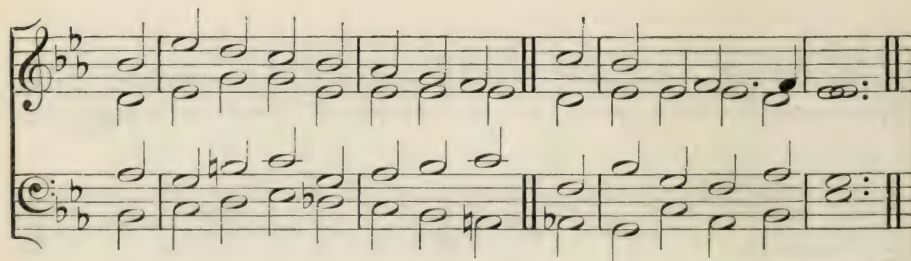
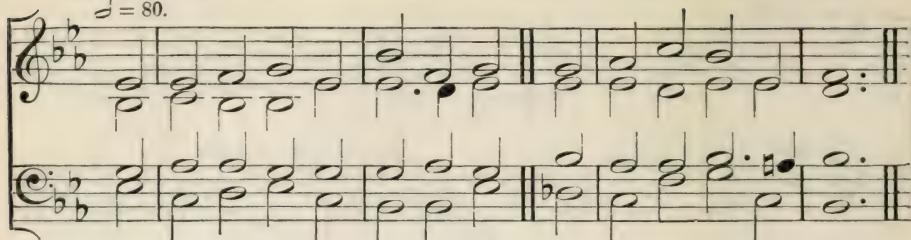
*mf* O LORD, increase our faith and love,  
That we may all Thy goodness prove,  
And gain from Thy exhaustless store  
The fruits of prayer for evermore.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 247. ST. HUGH.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



"Thou preparest their heart, and Thine ear hearkeneth thereto."

*mf* **L**ORD, teach us how to pray aright  
 With reverence and with fear;  
*p* Though dust and ashes in Thy sight,  
*cr* We may, we must draw near.

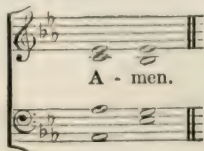
*mf* We perish if we cease from prayer;  
 O grant us power to pray;  
 And, when to meet Thee we prepare,  
 LORD, meet us by the way.

*p* God of all grace, we bring to Thee  
 A broken contrite heart;  
*mf* Give, what Thine eye delights to see,  
 Truth in the inward part;

Faith in the only Sacrifice  
 That can for sin atone;  
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,  
*cr* On CHRIST, on CHRIST alone;

*p* Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,  
 Though mercy long delay;  
*cr* Courage our fainting souls to keep,  
 And trust Thee though Thou slay;

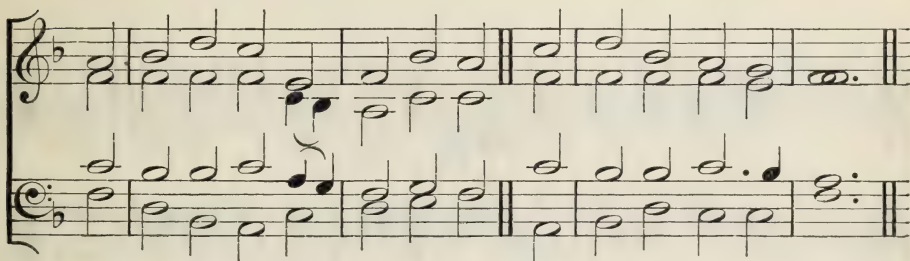
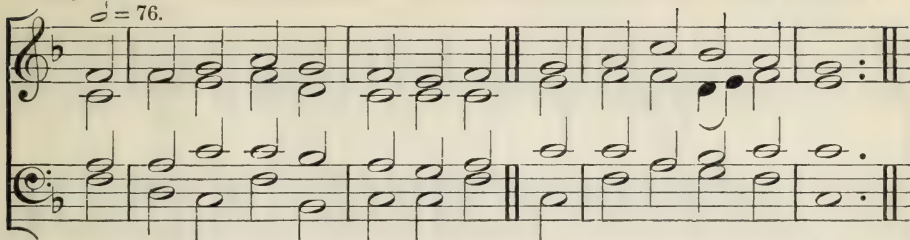
*mf* Give these, and then Thy Will be done;  
 Thus, strengthen'd with all might,  
 We, through Thy SPIRIT and Thy SON,  
 Shall pray, and pray aright.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 248. ST. ETHELDREDA.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."*

*mf* **S**HEPHERD Divine, our wants relieve  
In this our evil day ;  
To all Thy tempted followers give  
The power to watch and pray.

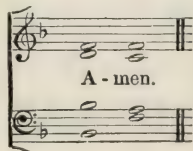
Till Thou Thy perfect love impart,  
Till Thou Thyself bestow,  
Be this the cry of every heart,  
"I will not let Thee go."

*p* Long as our fiery trials last,  
Long as the cross we bear,  
*cr* O let our souls on Thee be cast  
In never-ceasing prayer.

I will not let Thee go, unless  
Thou tell Thy Name to me ;  
With all Thy great Salvation bless,  
And make me all like Thee.

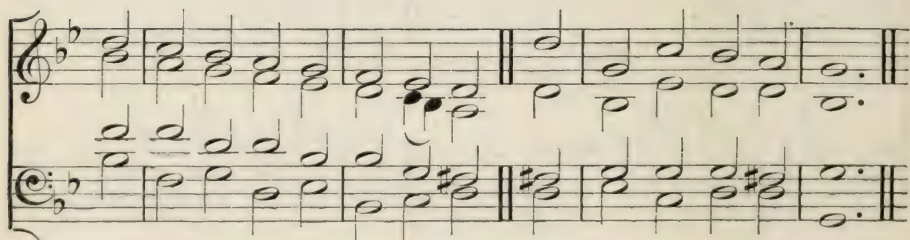
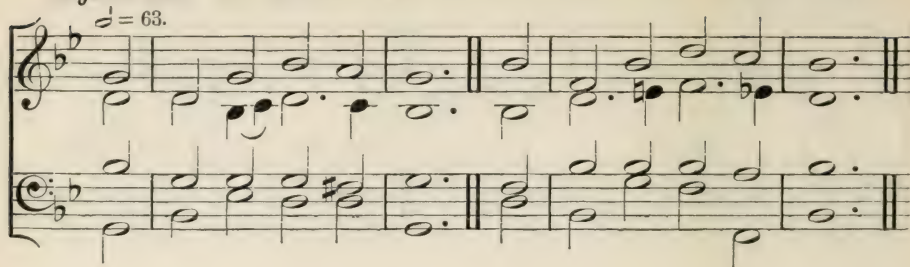
*mf* The Spirit of interceding grace  
Give us in faith to claim ;  
To wrestle till we see Thy Face,  
And know Thy hidden Name.

*f* Then let me on the mountain-top  
Behold Thine open Face ;  
Where faith in sight is swallow'd up,  
And prayer in endless praise.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 249. ST. BRIDE.—S.M.



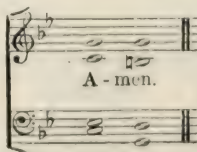
*"Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness: according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences."*

*p* **H**AVE mercy, LORD, on me,  
As Thou wert ever kind;  
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,  
Thy wonted mercy find.

*mf* The joy Thy favour gives  
Let me again obtain,  
And Thy free SPIRIT's firm support  
My fainting soul sustain.

Wash off my foul offence,  
And cleanse me from my sin;  
For I confess my crime, and see  
How great my guilt has been.

*f* To GOD the FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT glory be;  
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
To all eternity.

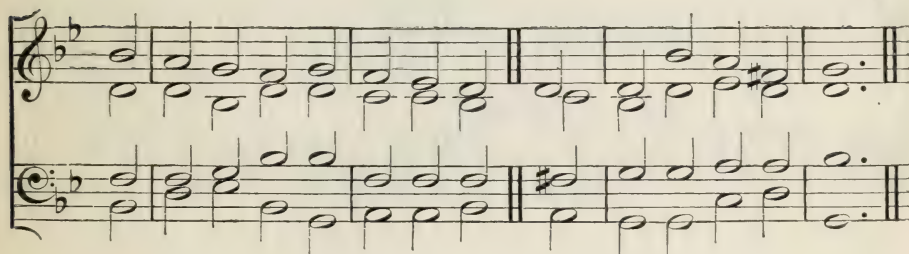
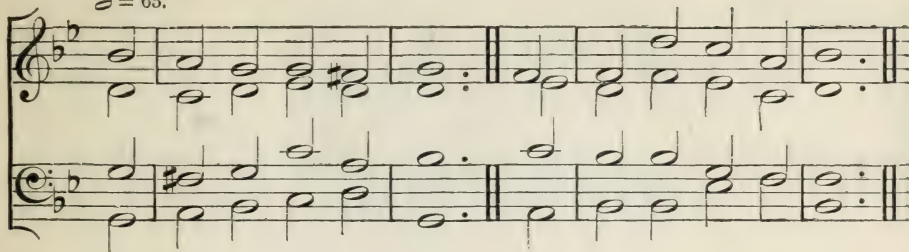




# General Hymns.

Hymn 250. ASTON.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 63.$



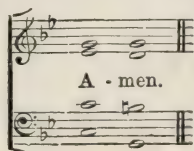
*"Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord."*

*p* **O**UT of the deep I call  
To Thee, O LORD, to Thee ;  
Before Thy Throne of grace I fall ;  
Be merciful to me.

Out of the deep of fear,  
And dread of coming shame,  
From morning watch till night is near  
*cr* I plead the Precious Name.

Out of the deep I cry,  
The woful deep of sin,  
Of evil done in days gone by,  
Of evil now within.

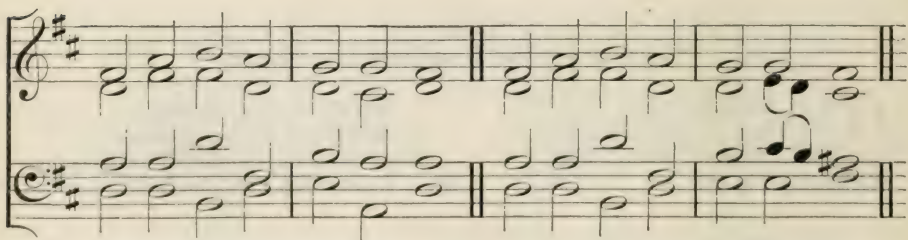
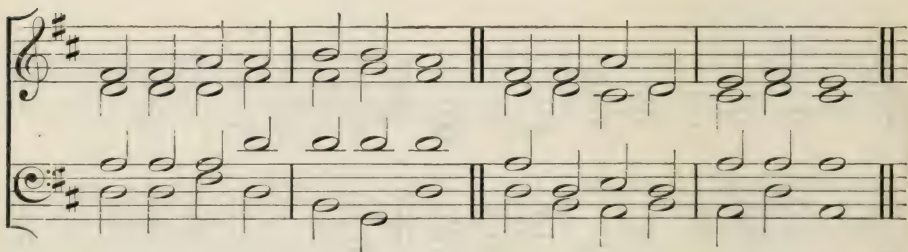
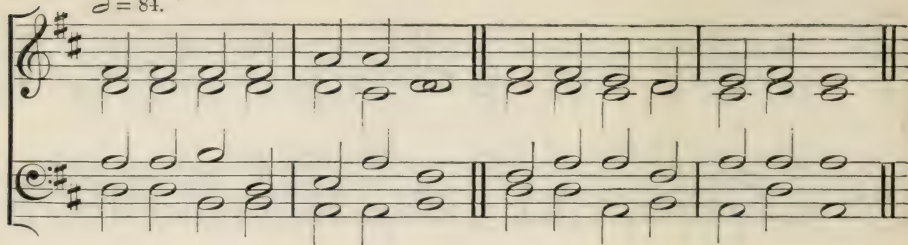
*mf* LORD, there is mercy now,  
As ever was, with Thee ;  
Before Thy Throne of grace I bow ;  
*p* Be merciful to me.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 251. MISERERE.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



# General Hymns.

"Jesus, Master, have mercy on us."

*p* SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
 Low we bow the adoring knee;  
 When, repentant, to the skies  
 Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,  
 Oh, by all Thy pains and woe  
 Suffer'd once for man below,  
 Bending from Thy Throne on high,  
 Hear our solemn litany.

*mf* By Thy helpless infant years,  
 By Thy life of want and tears,  
 By Thy days of sore distress  
 In the savage wilderness;  
 By the dread mysterious hour  
 Of the insulting tempter's power;  
 Turn, O turn a favouring eye;

*p* Hear our solemn litany.

*mf* By the sacred griefs that wept  
 O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
 By the boding tears that flow'd  
 Over Salem's loved abode;  
 By the mournful word that told  
 Treachery lurk'd within Thy fold;  
 From Thy Seat above the sky

*p* Hear our solemn litany.

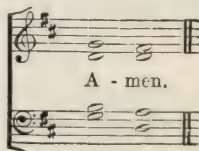
By Thine hour of whelming fear;  
 By Thine agony of prayer;  
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
 Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
 By the gloom that veil'd the skies  
 O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;  
 Listen to our humble cry;  
 Hear our solemn litany.

*pp* By Thy deep expiring groan;  
 By the sad sepulchral stone;  
 By the vault whose dark abode

*cr* Held in vain the rising God,  
*f* Oh, from earth to Heav'n restored,  
 Mighty, re-ascended LORD,

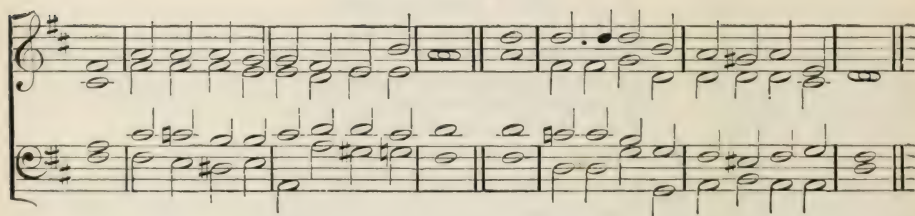
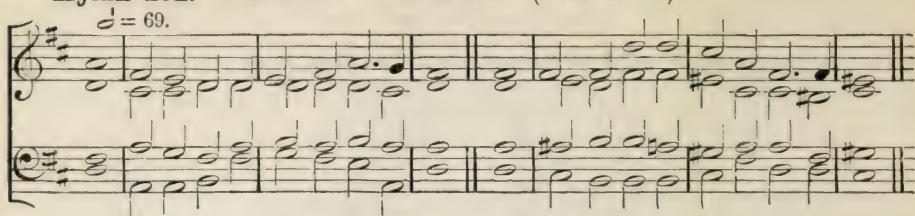
*mf* Listen, listen to the cry

*p* Of our solemn litany.

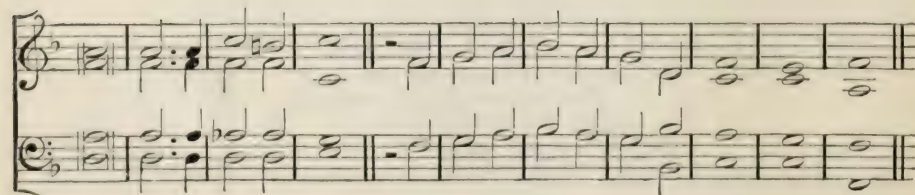
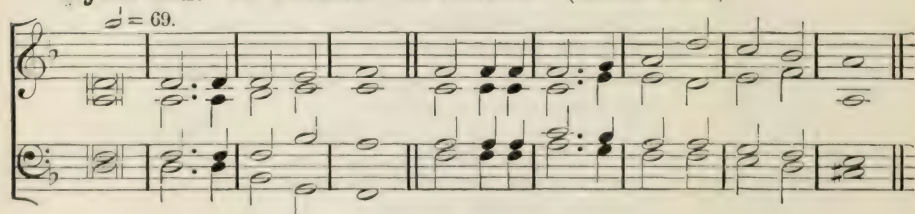


# General Hymns,

Hymn 252. DALKEITH.—10 10 10 10. (*First Tune.*)



Hymn 252. ST. CYPRIAN.—10 10 10 10. (*Second Tune.*)

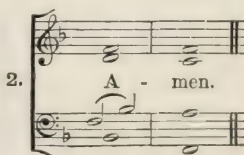
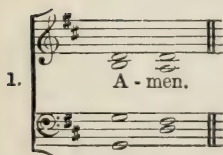




# General Hymns.

"In Whom we have redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins."

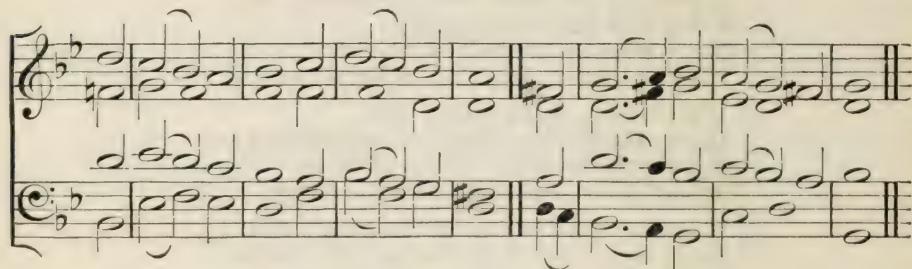
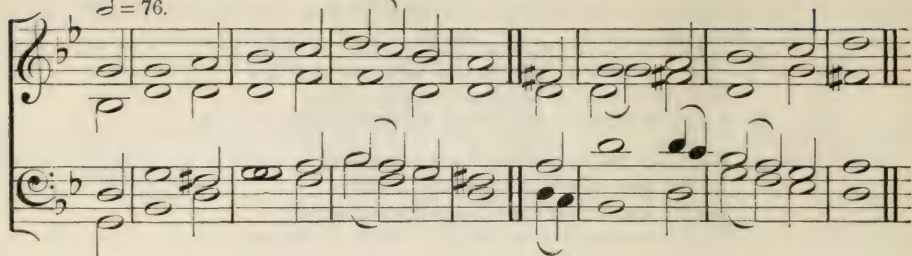
- p* WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,  
I look at Heav'n and long to enter in;  
But there no evil thing may find a home,  
*cr* And yet I hear a voice that bids me, "Come."
- p* So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?  
*cr* Yet there are Hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
- p* The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,  
Evil is ever with me day by day;  
*cr* Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."
- mf* It is the voice of JÉSUS that I hear,  
His are the Hands stretch'd out to draw me near,  
And His the Blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the Throne.
- 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,  
And made me heir of Heav'n, the FATHER's child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- p* O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear  
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
*cr* That in the FATHER's courts my glorious dress  
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.
- mf* Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous LORD;  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;
- p* Thine the sharp thorns, and (*mf*) mine the golden crown;  
Mine the life won, and (*p*) Thine the life laid down.
- mf* Nought can I bring, dear LORD, for all I owe,  
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;  
*cr* Like Mary's gift, let my devotion prove,  
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 253. BURFORD.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



“When he thought thereon, he wept.”

*p* **O** JESU CHRIST, if aught there be  
That, more than all beside,  
In ever-painful memory  
Must in my heart abide,

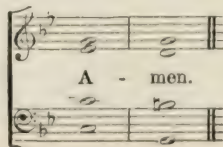
It is that deep ingratitude  
Which I to Thee have shown,  
Who didst for me in Tears and Blood  
Upon the Cross atone.

Alas, how with my actions all  
Has this defect entwined;  
How has it poison'd with its gall  
My spirit, heart, and mind!

*mf* Alas, through this, how many a gem  
I've rudely cast away,  
That might have form'd my diadem  
In everlasting day!

*p* Yet though the time be past and gone,  
Though little more remains;  
Though nought is all that can be done,  
E'en with my utmost pains;

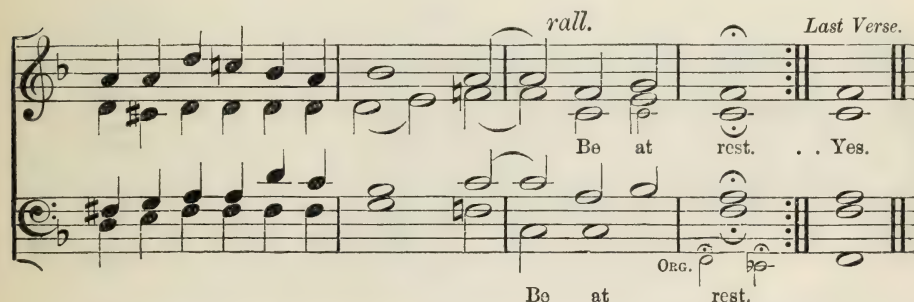
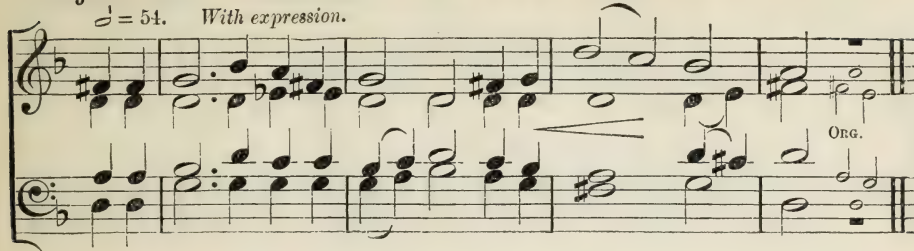
*mf* Still will I strive, O Saviour mine,  
To do what in me lies;  
For never did Thy glance Divine  
A contrite heart despise.



# General Hymns.

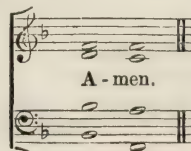
## Hymn 254. CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.—8 5 8 3. (First Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 54.$  With expression.



*"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."*

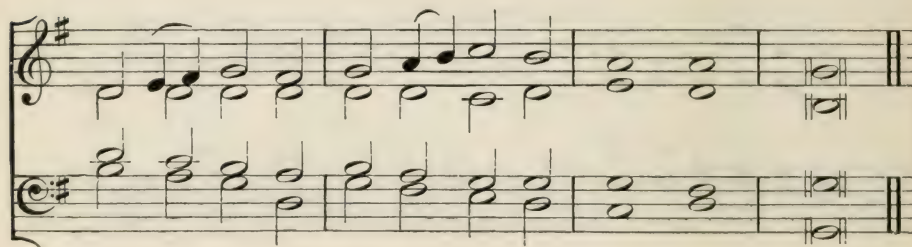
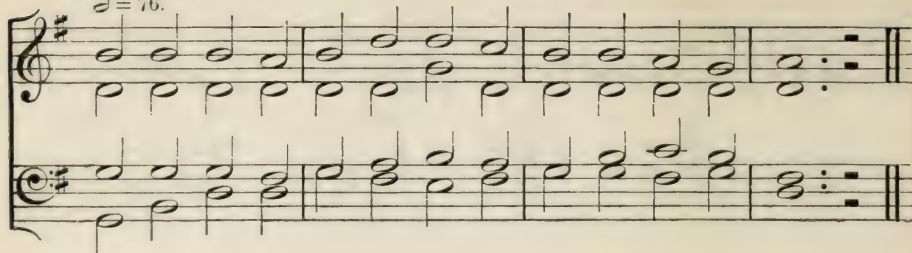
- p* **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid, *mf* If I still hold closely to Him,  
 Art thou sore distrest? What hath He at last?  
*mf* "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming *f* "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,  
*p* Be at rest!" Jordan past."  
*mf* Hath He marks to lead me to Him, *mf* If I ask Him to receive me,  
 If He be my Guide? Will He say me nay?  
*p* "In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints, *f* "Not till earth, and not till Heaven  
 And His Side." Pass away."  
*mf* Hath He diadem as Monarch *mf* Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
 That His Brow adorns? Is He sure to bless?  
 "Yea, a Crown, in very surety, *ff* "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,  
*p* But of thorns." Answer, Yes!"  
*mf* If I find Him, if I follow,  
 What His guerdon here?  
*p* "Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
 Many a tear."



# General Hymns.

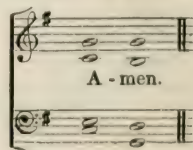
Hymn 254. STEPHANOS.—8 5 8 3. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."*

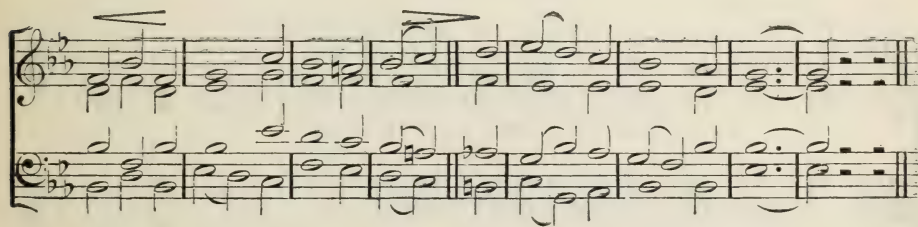
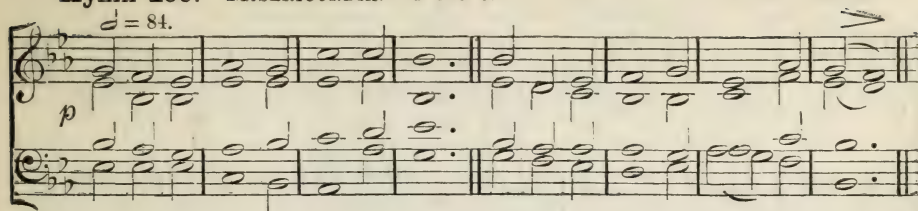
- p* **A**RT thou weary, art thou languid,  
*mf* Art thou sore distrest?  
*mf* "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming  
*p* Be at rest!"
- mf* Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
 If He be my Guide?  
*p* "In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints,  
 And His Side."
- mf* Hath He diadem as Monarch  
 That His Brow adorns?  
 "Yea, a Crown, in very surety,  
*p* But of thorns."
- mf* If I find Him, if I follow,  
 What His guerdon here?  
*p* "Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
 Many a tear."
- mf* If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last?  
*f* "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,  
 Jordan past."
- mf* If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
*f* "Not till earth, and not till Heaven  
 Pass away."
- mf* Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
 Is He sure to bless?  
*ff* "Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,  
 Answer, Yes!"





# General Hymns.

Hymn 255. MISERICORDIA.—8 8 8 6.



*"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."*

**J**UST as I am, without one plea  
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, *cr*  
O LAMB of God, I come.

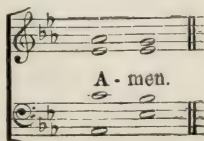
Just as I am, (*mf*) Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe, *cr*  
O LAMB of God, I come.

Just as I am, though toss'd about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O LAMB of God, I come.

*p* Just as I am, (*mf*) (Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down),  
*cr* Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O LAMB of God, I come.

*cr* Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea all I need, in Thee to find,  
*p* O LAMB of God, I come.

*p* Just as I am, (*mf*) of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height  
to prove,  
*cr* Here for a season, then above,  
*p* O LAMB of God, I come.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 256. COME UNTO ME.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

Org. *Pia.*

*p* *cres.*

*mf*

*f* *rall.*

NOTE.—It is suggested that the first two lines of each verse should be sung by Tenors and Basses only, but if necessary they may be sung in Octaves by all the voices.

# General Hymns.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

*mf* "COME unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest."

*p* O blessed voice of Jesus,

*or* Which comes to hearts oppress;

*mf* It tells of benediction,

Of pardon, grace, and peace,

*f* Of joy that hath no ending.

Of love which cannot cease.

*mf* "Come unto Me, ye wanderers,  
And I will give you light."

*p* O loving voice of Jesus,

*or* Which comes to cheer the night;

*p* Our hearts were fill'd with sadness,

And we had lost our way;

*f* But He has brought us gladness

And songs at break of day.

*mf* "Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life."

O cheering voice of Jesus,

*or* Which comes to aid our strife;

*mf* The foe is stern and eager,

The fight is fierce and long;

*f* But He has made us mighty,

And stronger than the strong.

*mf* "And whosoever cometh,  
I will not cast him out."

O welcome voice of Jesus,

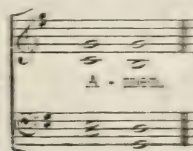
*or* Which drives away our doubt;

*mf* Which calls us very sinners,

*p* Unworthy though we be,

*or* Of love so free and boundless,

*p* To come, dear Lord, to Thee.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 257. VOX DILECTI.—D.C.M.

*p*  $\text{♩} = 69.$  *mf*

*Org.* *rall.* *tempo.*

*cres.*

*p* *cres.*

*cres.* *ff* *A - men.*



# General Hymns.

"He that cometh to Me shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst."

*p* I HEARD the voice of JESUS say,  
*mf* "Come unto Me and rest ;  
*cr* Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
 Thy head upon My Breast :"

*p* I came to JESUS as I was,  
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;  
*cr* I found in Him a resting-place,  
*ff* And He has made me glad.

*p* I heard the voice of JESUS say,  
*mf* "Behold, I freely give  
*cr* The living water, thirsty one,  
 Stoop down, and drink, and live :"  
*\*I* came to JESUS, and I drank  
*cr* Of that life-giving stream ;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
*ff* And now I live in Him.

*p* I heard the voice of JESUS say,  
*mf* "I am this dark world's Light ;  
*cr* Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright :"  
*p* \*I look'd to JESUS, and I found  
*cr* In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
 And in that Light of life I'll walk  
*dim* Till travelling days are done.

\* In verses 2 and 3, for music of lines 5 and 6, substitute the following :—

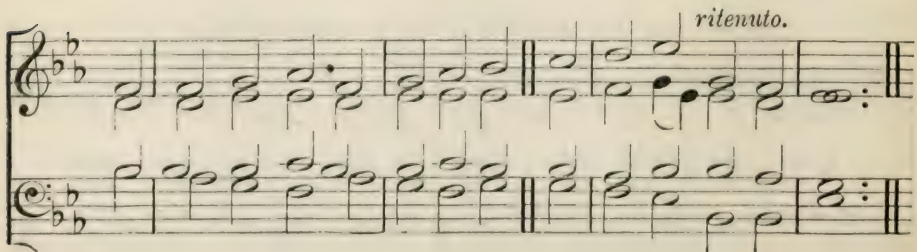
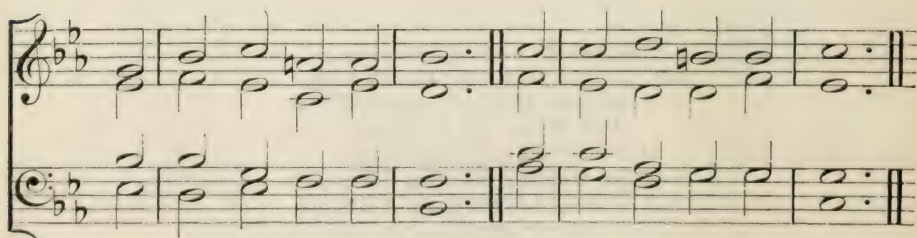
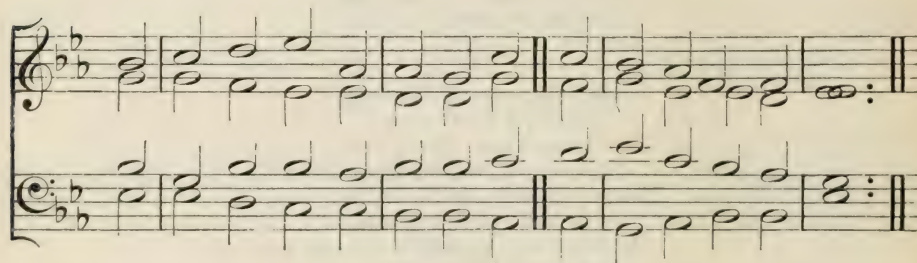
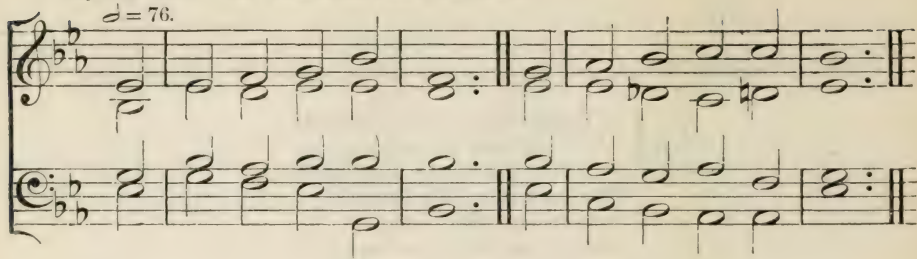
*p* *cres.*

I came to JE - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream.  
 I look'd to JE - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 258. IN VIAM RECTAM.—D.S.M.

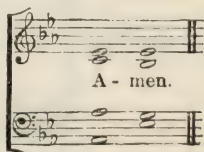
$\text{♩} = 76.$



# General Hymns.

“ When he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing.”

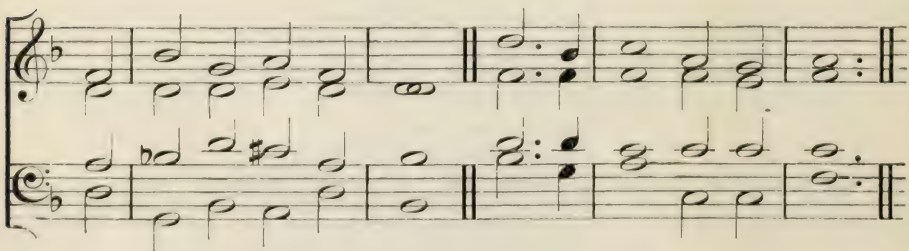
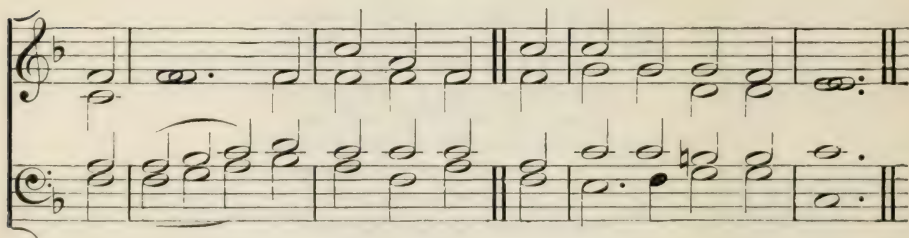
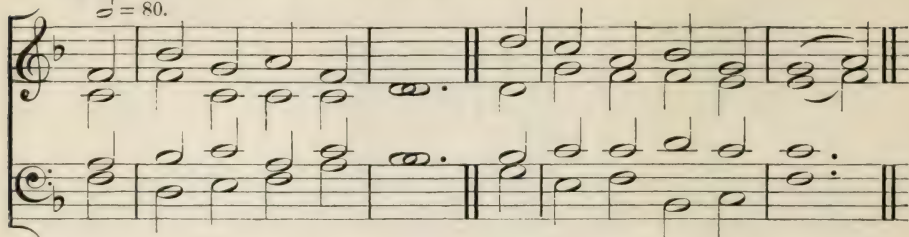
- p* I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold,  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controll'd.  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my FATHER's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.
- mf* The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The FATHER sought His child.  
They follow'd me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild ;  
They found me (*p*) nigh to death,  
Famish'd, and faint, and lone ;
- cr* They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.
- mf* They spoke in tender love,  
They raised my drooping head,  
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,  
My fainting soul they fed ;  
They wash'd my filth away,  
They made me clean and fair ;
- cr* They brought me to my home in peace,  
*dim* The long-sought wanderer.
- f* JESUS my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that wash'd me in His Blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole ;  
'Twas He that sought the lost,  
*dim* That found the wandering sheep ;
- cr* 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.
- p* I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controll'd ;
- f* But now I love my Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold.
- p* I was a wayward child,  
I once prefer'd to roam ;
- f* But now I love my FATHER's voice,  
I love, I love His home.



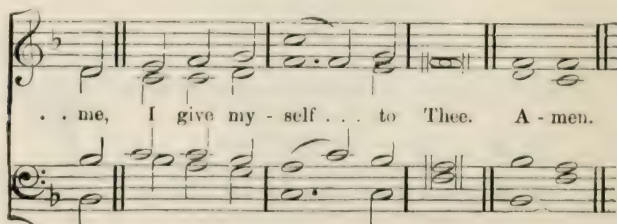
# General Hymns.

Hymn 259. THY LIFE WAS GIVEN FOR ME.—6 6 6 6 6 6.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*For the  
last verse only.*





## General Hymns.

*“ What reward shall I give unto the Lord for all the benefits that He hath done unto me ? ”*

*p* **T**HY Life was given for me,  
Thy Blood, O LORD, was shed,  
*cr* That I might ransom'd be,  
And quicken'd from the dead ;  
*p* Thy Life was given for me ;  
What have I given for Thee ?

Long years were spent for me  
In weariness and woe,  
*cr* That through eternity  
Thy glory I might know ;  
*p* Long years were spent for me ;  
Have I spent one for Thee ?

*mf* Thy FATHER's Home of light,  
Thy rainbow-circled Throne,  
*dim* Were left for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone ;  
*p* Yea, all was left for me ;  
Have I left aught for Thee ?

Thou, LORD, hast borne for me  
More than my tongue can tell  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue me from hell ;  
Thou suff' redst all for me ;  
What have I borne for Thee ?

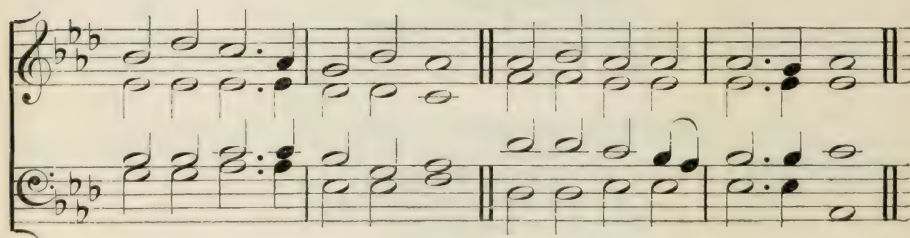
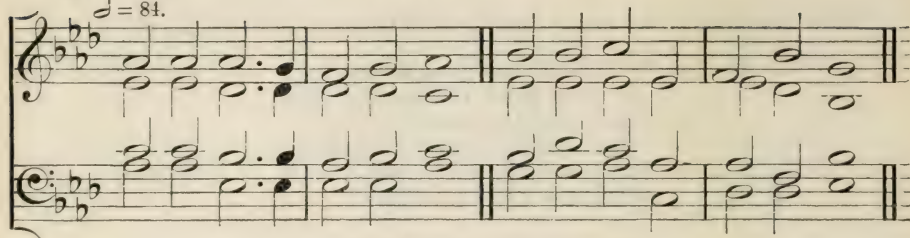
*mf* And Thou hast brought to me  
Down from Thy Home above  
*cr* Salvation full and free,  
Thy pardon and Thy love ;  
*mf* Great gifts Thou broughtest me ;  
*p* What have I brought to Thee ?

*mf* O let my life be given,  
My years for Thee be spent ;  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent ;  
*cr* Thou gav'st Thyself for me,  
I give myself to Thee.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 260. ST. BEES.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



"Lovest thou Me?"

*mf* **H**ARK, my soul! it is the LORD;  
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His Word;  
JESUS speaks, and speaks to thee,  
*p* "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

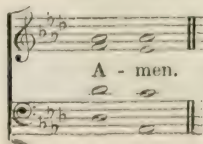
*mf* "I deliver'd thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
*p* Yes, she may forgetful be,  
*cr* Yet will I remember thee.

*mf* "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
*cr* Free and faithful, strong as death.

*f* "Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
*mf* When the work of grace is done;  
*cr* Partner of My Throne shalt be;  
*p* Say, poor sinner, (*cr*) lov'st thou Me?"

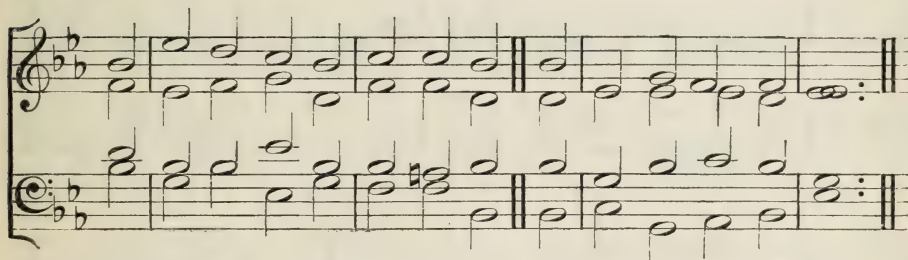
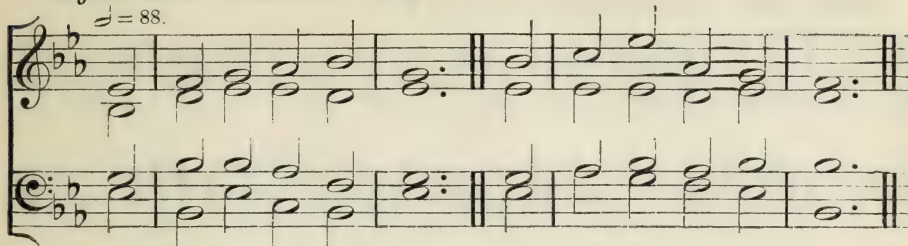
*mf* Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint;  
*cr* Yet I love Thee, (*dim*) and adore;  
*cr* O for grace to love Thee more.



# General Hymns,

Hymn 261. FRANCONIA.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



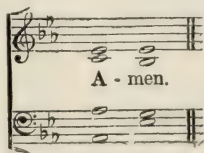
*"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."*

*mf* **B**LESS'D are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our GOD;  
The secret of the LORD is theirs,  
Their soul is CHRIST's abode.

Still to the lowly soul  
He doth Himself impart,  
*cr* And for His dwelling and His Throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

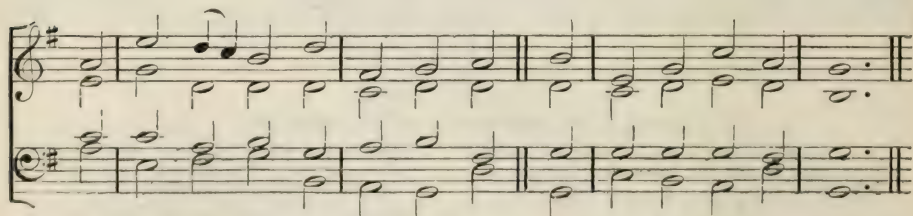
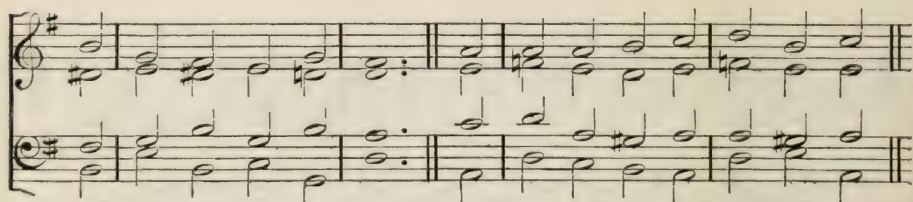
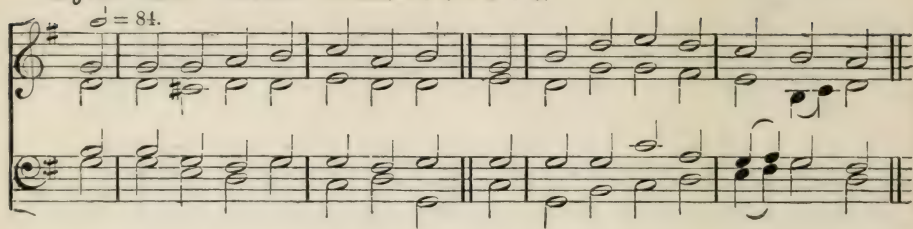
*p* The LORD, Who left the heavens  
Our life and peace to bring,  
To dwell in lowliness with men,  
Their Pattern and their King;

*p* LORD, we Thy Presence seek;  
May ours this blessing be;  
*cr* Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for Thee.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 262. CHAPEL ROYAL.—8 8 6 8 8 6.



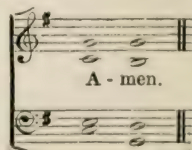
"Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity."

*mf* **G**REAT Mover of all hearts, Whose Hand  
Doth all the secret springs command  
Of human thought and will,  
Thou, since the world was made, dost bless  
Thy Saints with fruits of holiness,  
Their order to fulfil.

*p* We sow 'mid perils here and tears ;  
*cr* There the glad hand the harvest bears,  
*dim* Which here in grief hath sown :  
*mf* Great THREE in ONE, the increase give ;  
Thy gifts of grace, by which we live,  
*cr* With heavenly glory crown.

Faith, hope, and love here weave one chain ;  
But love alone shall then remain

When this short day is gone :  
*f* O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,  
When shall we see Thy Sabbath bright  
With all our labours done ?

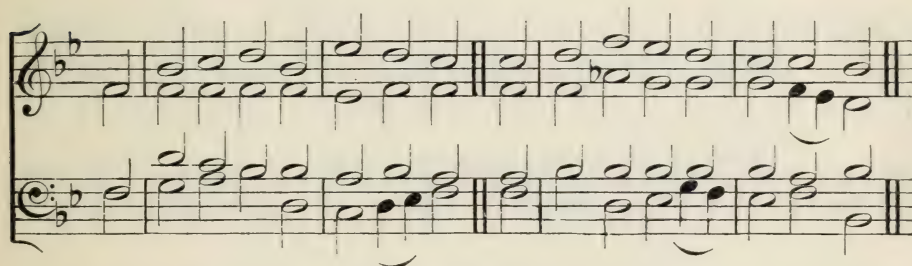
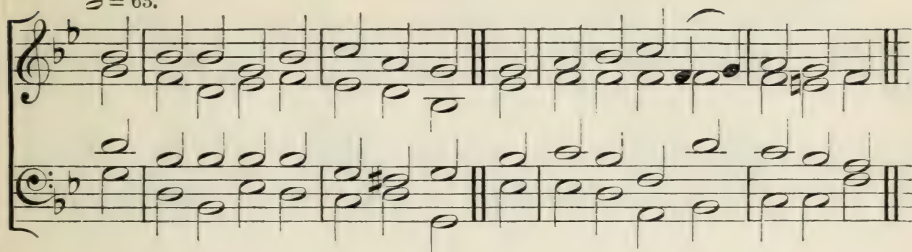




# General Hymns.

Hymn 263. BRESLAU.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 63.$



*"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me."*

*mf* **T**AKE up thy cross, the Saviour said,  
If thou wouldst My disciple be;  
Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
And humbly follow after Me.

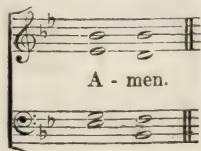
*mf* Take up thy cross then in His strength,  
And calmly every danger brave;  
'Twill guide thee to a better home,  
*cr* And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

*mf* Take up thy cross, and follow CHRIST,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross  
*cr* May hope to wear the glorious crown.

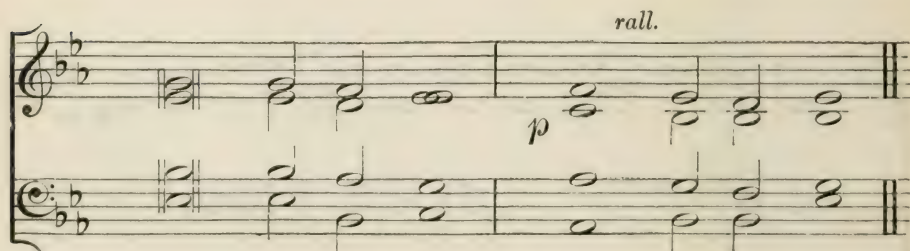
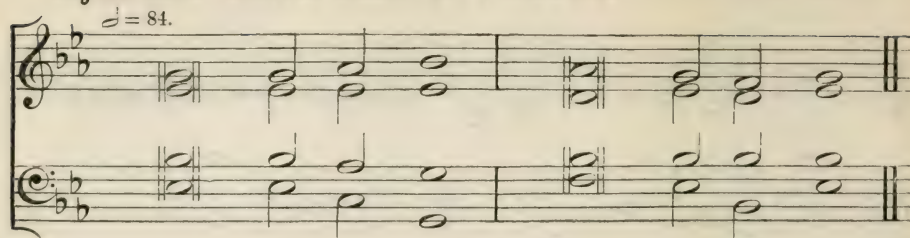
*p* Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,  
*cr* Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;  
Thy LORD for thee the Cross endured,  
To save thy soul from death and hell.

*f* To Thee, Great LORD, the ONE in THREE,  
All praise for evermore ascend;  
*dim* O grant us in our Home to see  
*f* The heavenly life that knows no end.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 264. TROYTE'S CHANT. No. 1.—8 8 8 4.



*“Thy will be done.”*

*mf* MY GOD, my FATHER, while I stray,  
Far from my home, on life's rough  
O teach me from my heart to say, [way,  
*p* “Thy Will be done.”

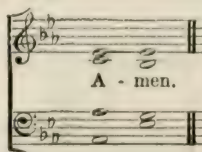
If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what is Thine;  
*p* “Thy Will be done.”

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
*p* “Thy Will be done.”

*mf* Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
*p* “Thy Will be done.”

What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh,  
Submissive would I still reply,  
*p* “Thy Will be done.”

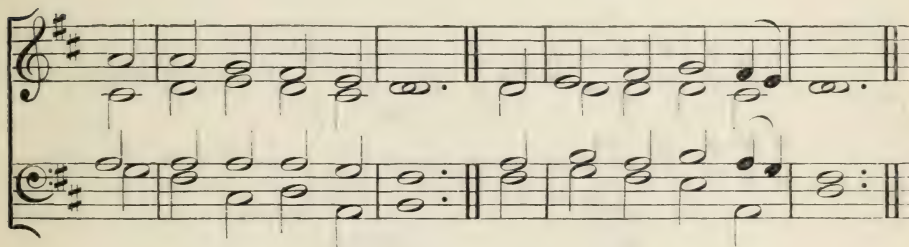
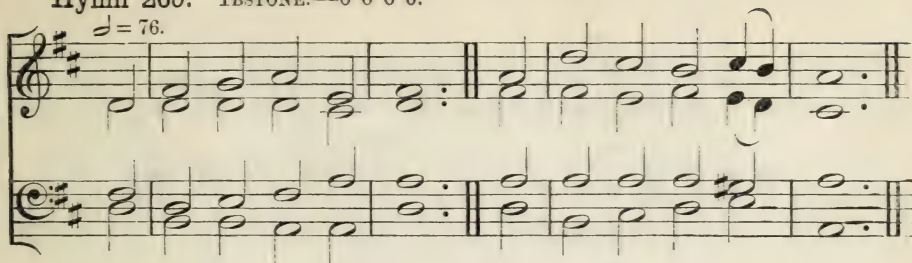
*mf* Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
*p* “Thy Will be done.”



# General Hymns,

Hymn 265. IBSTONE.—6 6 6 6.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."*

*mf* **T**HY way, not mine, O LORD,  
However dark it be;  
Lead me by Thine own Hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.

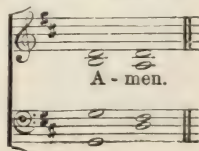
*p* I dare not choose my lot;  
I would not if I might;  
*mf* Choose Thou for me, my GOD,  
So shall I walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine, so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
*p* Else I must surely stray.

*mf* Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

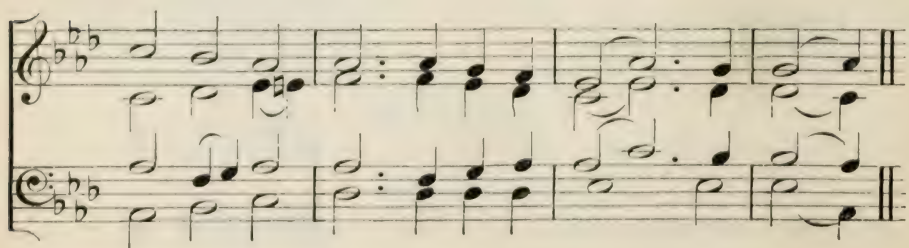
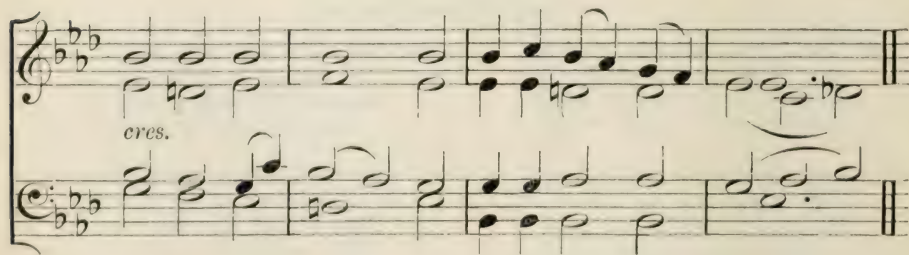
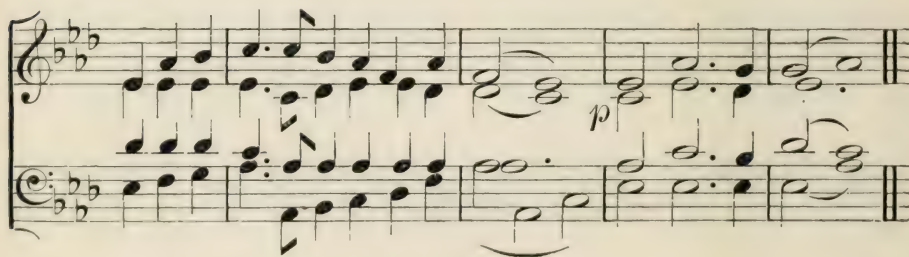
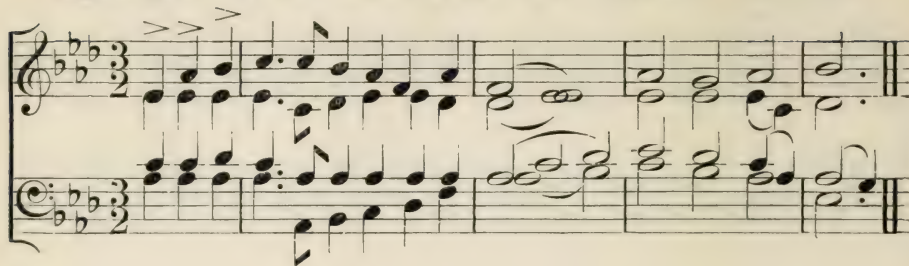
Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
*p* Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

*mf* Not mine, not mine the choice  
In things or great or small;  
*cr* Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,  
*f* My Wisdom, and my All.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 266. LUX BENIGNA.—10 4 10 4 10 10.  $\text{♩} = 63$ .





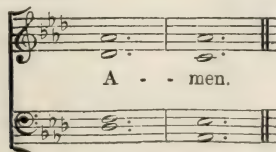
# General Hymns.

*"In the day time also He led them with a cloud, and all the night through with a light of fire."*

*mf* **L**EAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on ;  
*p* The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on.  
*cr* Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene ; (*p*) one step enough for me.

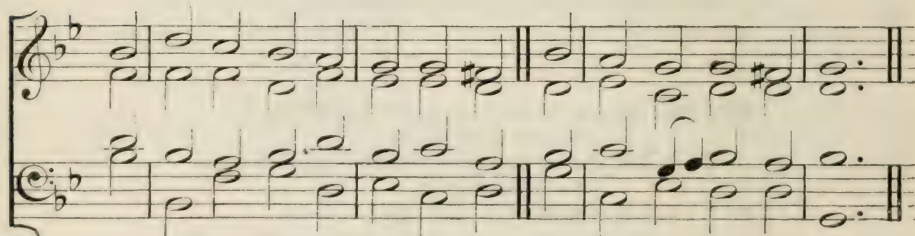
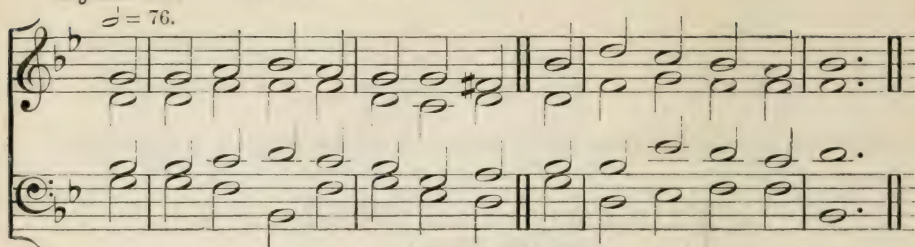
*mf* I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on ;  
I loved to choose and see my path ; (*p*\*) but now  
Lead Thou me on.  
*cr* I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : (*p*) remember not past years.

*mf* So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, (*p*) till  
The night is gone ;  
*cr* And with the morn those Angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, (*p*) and lost awhile.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 267. WINDSOR.—C.M.



*"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."*

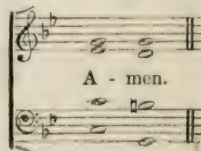
*p* **L**ORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,  
And plead to be forgiven,  
*cr* So let Thy Life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for Heav'n.

*p* If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We in our turn would meekly cry,  
*pp* "FATHER, Thy Will be done."

*mf* Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear;  
Like Thee, to do our FATHER's Will,  
*p* Our brethren's griefs to share.

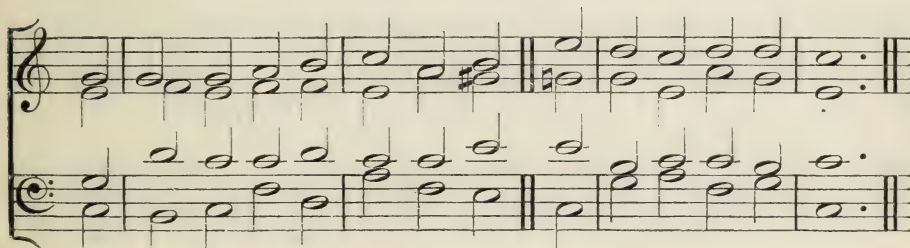
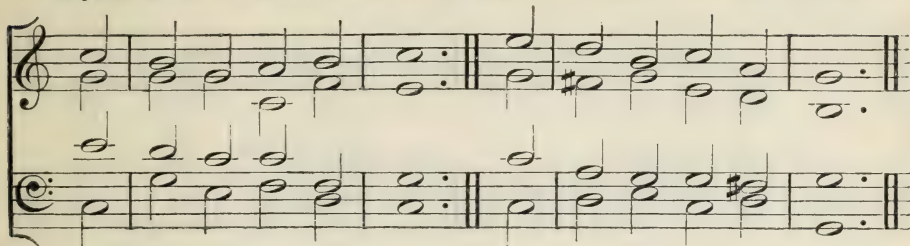
*mf* Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
*cr* O may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to Heav'n.

*mf* Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine;  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as Thine.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 268. NARENZA.—S.M.  $\text{♩} = 84$ .



*"Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching."*

*mf*

**Y**E servants of the LORD,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of His heavenly Word,  
And watchful at His gate.

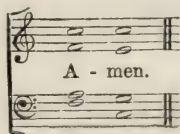
Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame;  
Gird up your loins as in His sight,  
For awful is His Name.

Watch! 'tis your LORD's command,  
And while we speak, He's near;  
Mark the first signal of His Hand,  
And ready all appear.

Oh, happy servant he,  
In such a posture found!  
He shall his LORD with rapture see,  
And be with honour crown'd.

CHRIST shall the banquet spread  
With His own royal Hand,  
And raise that faithful servant's head  
Amid the Angelic band.

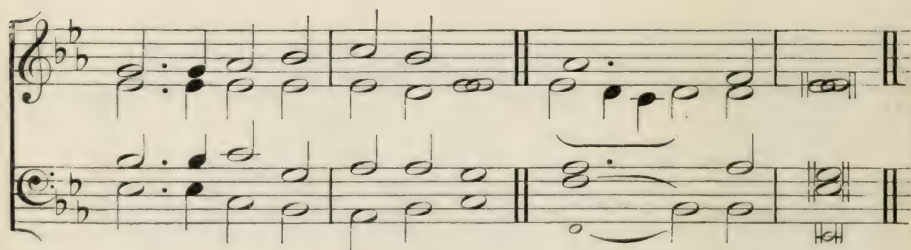
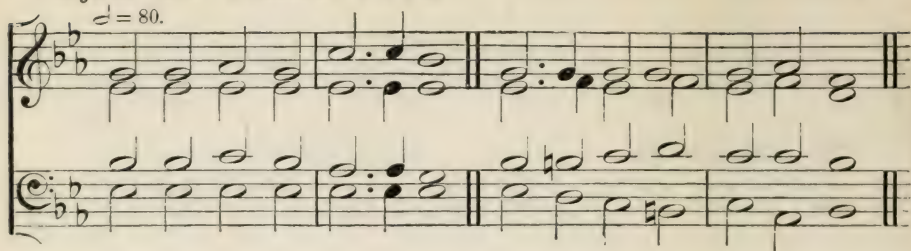
*f* All glory, LORD, to Thee,  
Whom Heav'n and earth adore,  
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
ONE GOD for evermore.



# General Hymns.

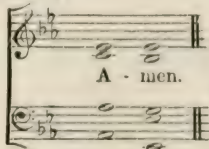
Hymn 269. VIGILATE.—7 7 7 3.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



“ Watch and pray.”

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <i>mf</i> “CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose;” | <i>f</i> Hear the victors who o’ercame;        |
| <i>p</i> Hear thy guardian Angel say;       | <i>dim</i> Still they mark each warrior’s way; |
| <i>mf</i> Thou art in the midst of foes;    | <i>cr</i> All with one sweet voice exclaim,    |
| <i>p</i> “ Watch and pray.”                 | “ Watch and pray.”                             |
| <i>mf</i> Principalities and powers,        | <i>mf</i> Hear, above all, hear thy LORD,      |
| Mustering their unseen array,               | Him thou lovest to obey;                       |
| Wait for thy unguarded hours:               | <i>p</i> Hide within thy heart His Word,       |
| <i>p</i> “ Watch and pray.”                 | “ Watch and pray.”                             |
| <i>mf</i> Gird thy heavenly armour on,      | <i>mf</i> Watch, as if on that alone           |
| Wear it ever night and day;                 | Hung the issue of the day;                     |
| <i>cr</i> Ambush’d lies the evil one;       | Pray, that help may be sent down;              |
| <i>p</i> “ Watch and pray.”                 | “ Watch and pray.”                             |

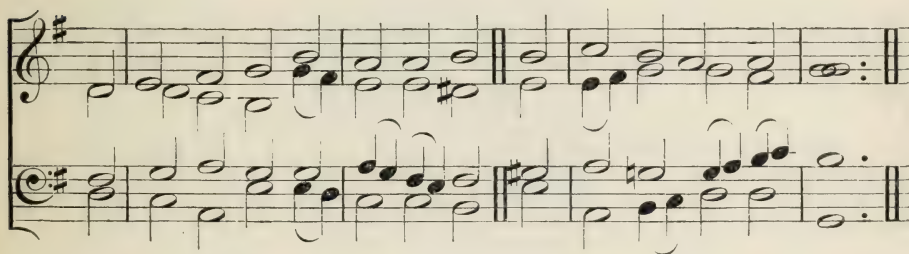
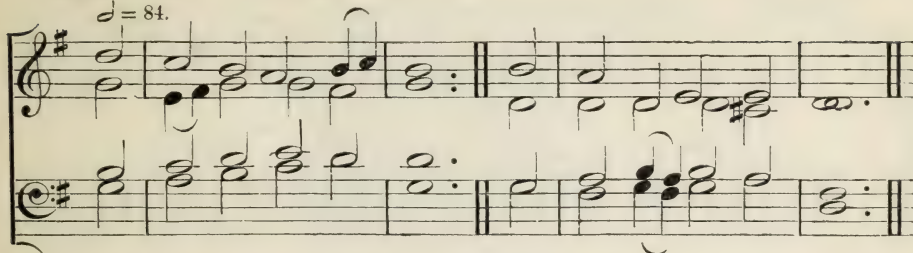




# General Hymns.

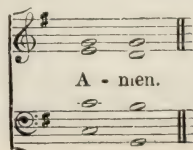
Hymn 270. ST. ETHELWALD.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"Put on the whole armour of God."*

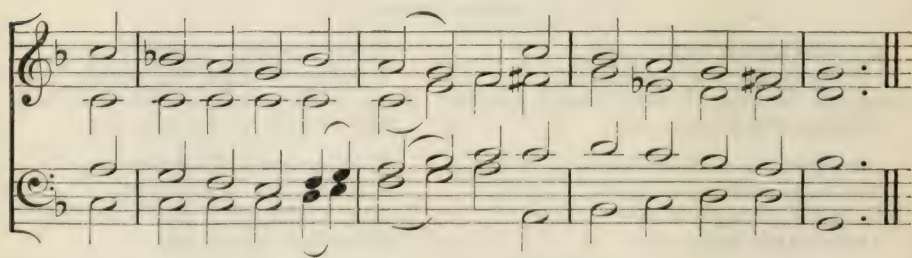
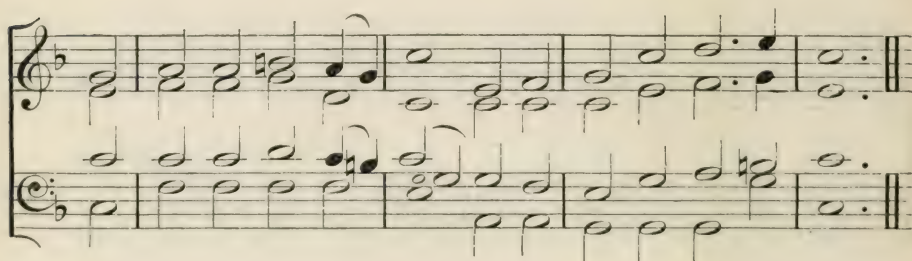
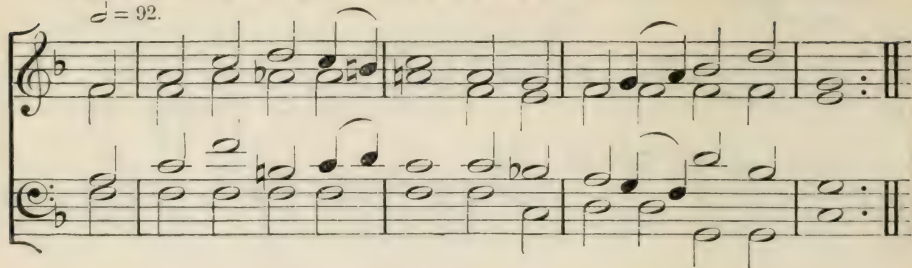
<i>f</i>	<b>S</b> OLDIERS of CHRIST, arise, And put your armour on ; Strong in the strength which God supplies, <i>cr</i> Through His Eternal Son ;	<i>ff</i>	From strength to strength go on, Wrestle, and fight, and pray ; Tread all the powers of darkness down, And win the well-fought day.
	Strong in the LORD of Hosts, And in His mighty power ;	<i>mf</i>	That having all things done, And all your conflicts past,
<i>p</i>	Who in the strength of JESUS trusts		Ye may obtain, through CHRIST alone,
<i>cr</i>	Is more than conqueror.	<i>cr</i>	A crown of joy at last.
<i>f</i>	Stand then in His great might, With all His strength endued ;	<i>p</i>	JESU, Eternal SON,
<i>mf</i>	And take, to arm you for the fight,	<i>cr</i>	We praise Thee and adore,
	The panoply of God.	<i>f</i>	Who art with GOD the FATHER ONE And SPIRIT evermore.



# General Hymns.

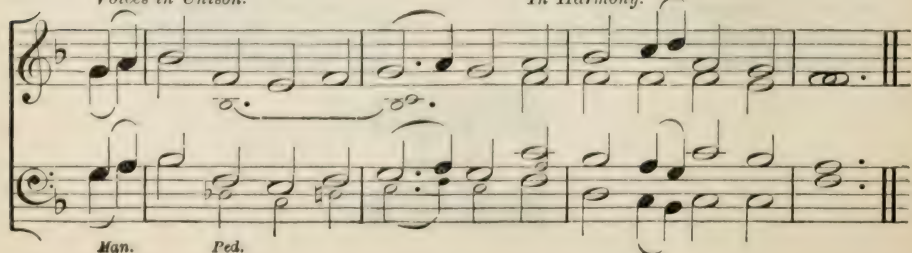
Hymn 271. DAY OF REST.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*Voices in Unison.*

*In Harmony.*



# General Hymns.

*"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me ; and where I am, there shall also My servant be."*

*mf* **O** JESUS, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end ;  
Be Thou for ever near me,  
My Master and my Friend ;  
I shall not fear the battle  
If Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway,  
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

O let me feel Thee near me :  
The world is ever near ;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear ;

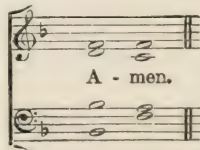
*p* My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within ;  
*cr* But, JESUS, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

*mf* O let me hear Thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will ;  
O speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten or control ;  
O speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul.

O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be ;  
And, JESUS, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end ;  
O give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend.

*p* O let me see Thy foot-marks,  
And in them plant mine own ;  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone.

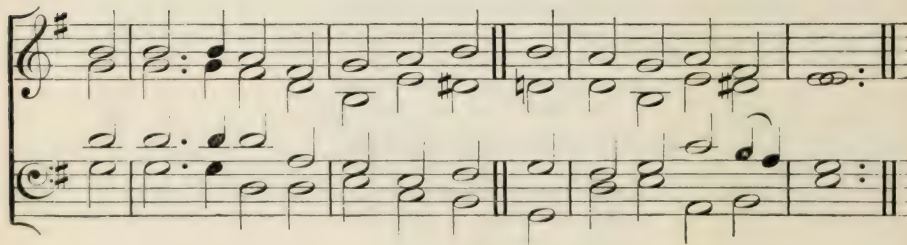
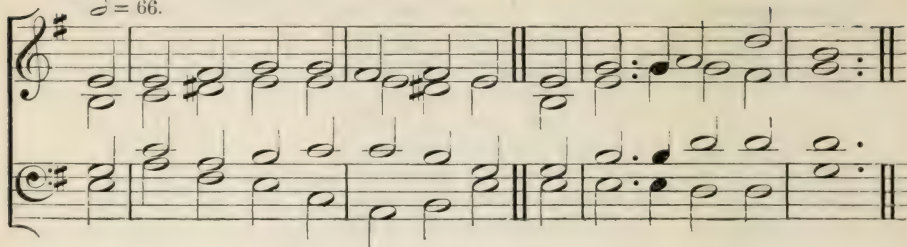
*cr* O guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end ;  
And then in Heav'n receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 272. CHESHIRE.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 66.$



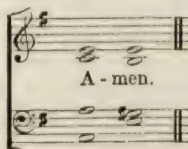
*"Christ in you, the hope of glory."*

*mf* **O** SAVIOUR, may we never rest  
Till Thou art form'd within,  
Till Thou hast calm'd our troubled breast,  
And crush'd the power of sin.

*mf* Until, released from carnal ties,  
Our spirit upward springs,  
And sees true peace above the skies,  
True joy in heavenly things.

*p* O may we gaze upon Thy Cross,  
*cr* Until the wondrous sight  
Makes earthly treasures seem but dross,  
*p* And earthly sorrows light :

*p* There as we gaze, may we become  
United, LORD, to Thee,  
*cr* And, in a fairer, happier home,  
Thy perfect beauty see.

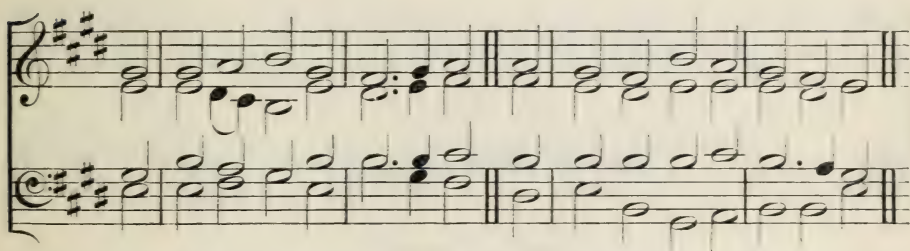
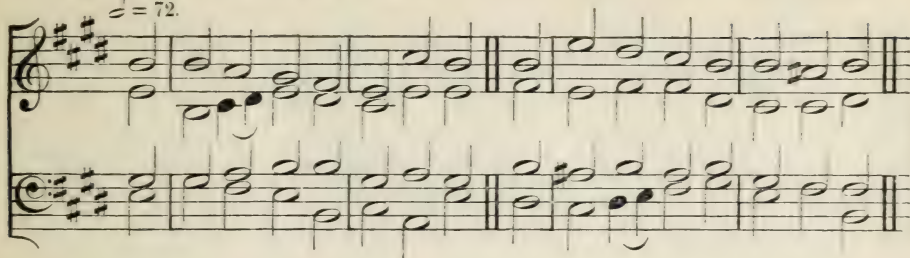




# General Hymns.

Hymn 273. MELCOMBE.—L. M.

$\text{♩} = 72$ .



*"Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity!"*

*mf* **O** LORD, how joyful 'tis to see  
The brethren join in love to Thee!  
On Thee alone their heart relies,  
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

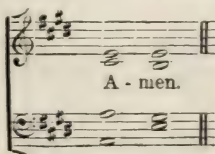
*mf* The world without may rage, but we  
Will only cling more close to Thee,  
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,  
More wean'd from earth, more fix'd on  
Heav'n.

How sweet within Thy holy place,  
With one accord to sing Thy grace,  
Besieging Thine attentive ear  
With all the force of fervent prayer!

*p* LORD, shower upon us from above  
The sacred gift of mutual love;  
Each other's wants may we supply,  
*cr* And reign together in the sky.

*p* *cr* O may we love the House of God,  
Of peace and joy the blest abode;  
O may no angry strife destroy  
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

*f* Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, Angelic host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

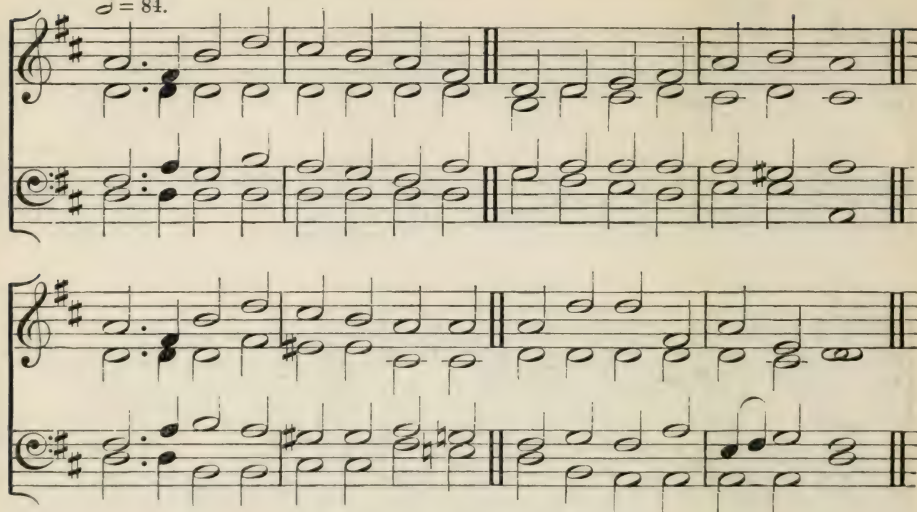


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# General Hymns.

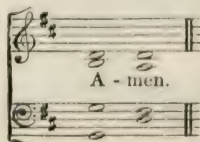
Hymn 274. ST. OSWALD.—8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 8\frac{1}{2}$ .



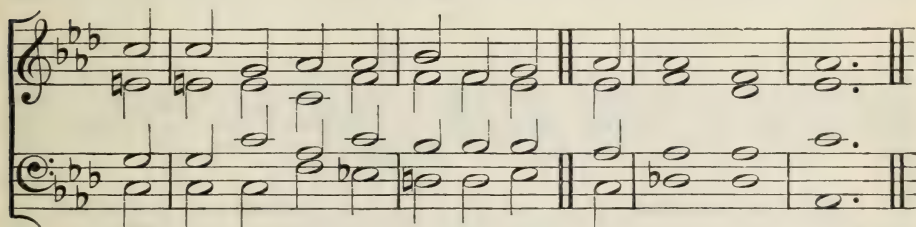
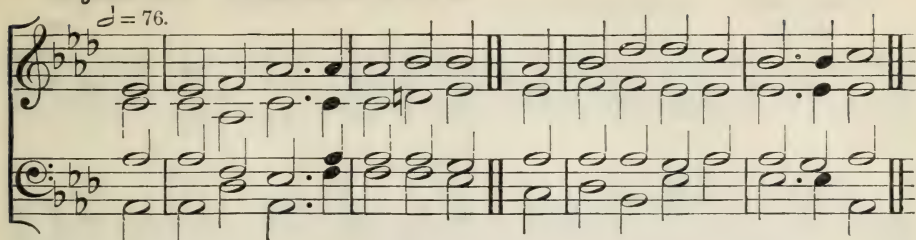
"One hope of your calling."

- mf* **T**HROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow  
Onward goes the pilgrim band,  
Singing songs of expectation,  
Marching to the Promised Land.  
Clear before us through the darkness  
Gleams and burns the guiding Light;  
Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Stepping fearless through the night.  
One the Light of God's own Presence  
O'er His ransom'd people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread:  
One the object of our journey,  
One the faith which never tires,  
One the earnest looking forward,  
One the hope our God inspires:
- f* One the strain that lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One the march in God begun:  
*f* One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty FATHER  
Reigns in love for evermore.  
*mf* Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
Onward with the Cross our aid;  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
*p* Till we rest beneath its shade.  
*cr* Soon shall come the great awaking,  
Soon the rending of the tomb;  
*f* Then the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 275. RISEHOLME.—8 8 8 4.



"That they all may be one."

*mf* **F**ATHER of all, from land and sea  
The nations sing, "Thine, LORD, are we,  
Countless in number, but in Thee  
May we be one."

*p* O SON of GOD, Whose love so free  
*cr* For men did make Thee Man to be,  
United to our GOD in Thee  
May we be one.

*p* Thou, LORD, didst once for all atone ;  
*mf* Thee may both Jew and Gentile own  
Of their two walls the Corner Stone,  
Making them one.

In Thee we are God's Israel,  
Thou art the world's Emmanuel,  
In Thee the Saints for ever dwell,  
Millions, but one.

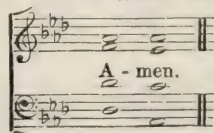
Thou art the Fountain of all good,  
*p* Cleansing with Thy most precious Blood,  
*cr* And feeding us with Angels' Food,  
Making us one.

*mf* Join high and low, join young and old  
In love that never waxes cold ;  
*cr* Under one Shepherd, in one Fold,  
Make us all one.

*p* O SPIRIT Blest, Who from above  
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,  
Calm all our strife, give faith and love ;  
O make us one.

*mf* O TRINITY in UNITY,  
ONE only GOD, in Persons THREE,  
Dwell ever in our hearts ; like Thee  
May we be one.

*f* So, when the world shall pass away,  
May we awake with joy and say,  
"Now in the bliss of endless day  
We all are one."

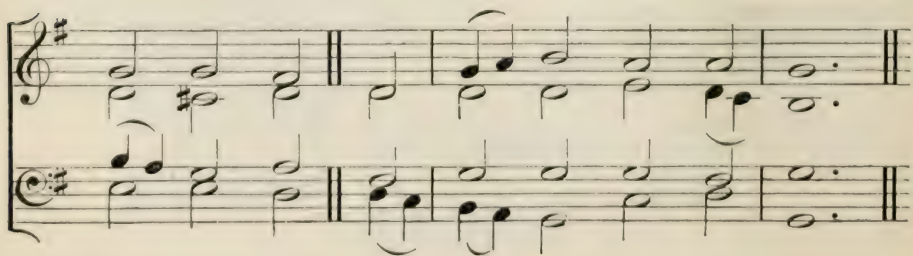
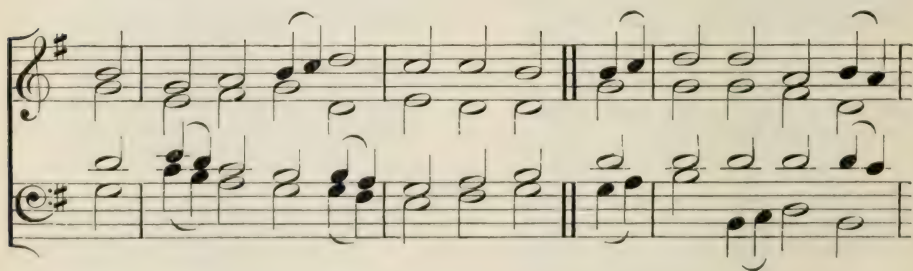
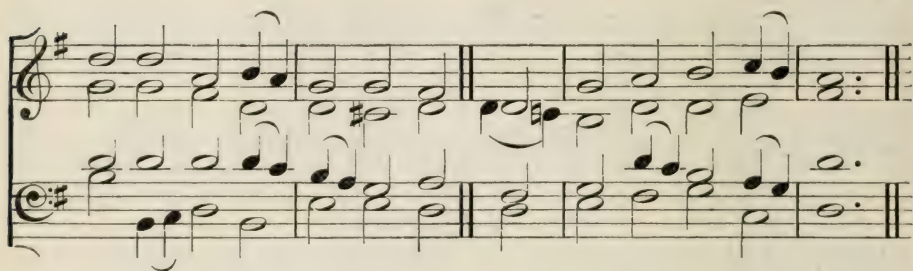
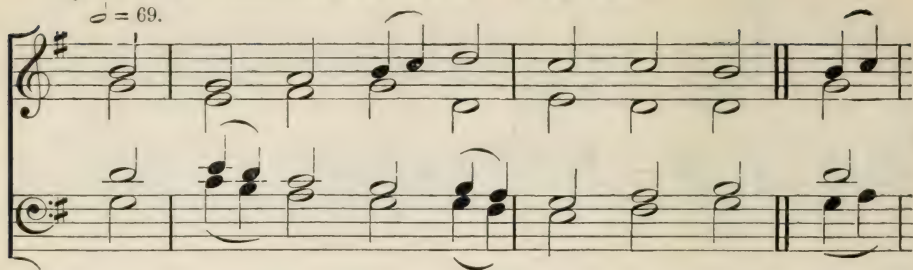




# General Hymns.

Hymn 276. INSBROCK.—8 8 6 8 8 6. (*First Tune.*)

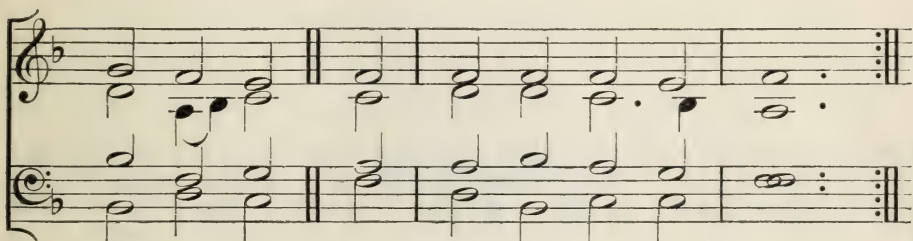
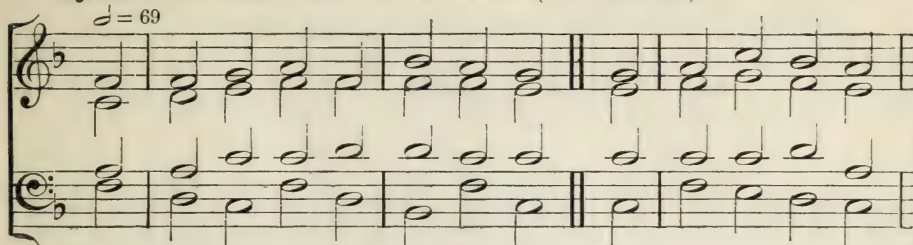
$\text{♩} = 69.$





# General Hymns.

Hymn 276. BRIDEHEAD.—8 8 6 8 8 6. (Second Tune.)



*"Casting all your care upon Him ; for He careth for you."*

*mf* **O** LORD, how happy should we be  
If we could cast our care on Thee,  
If we from self could rest ;  
And feel at heart that One above,  
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,  
Is working for the best.

*p* How far from this our daily life,  
How oft disturb'd by anxious strife,  
By sudden wild alarms ;

*cr* Oh, could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On Thy Almighty arms !

*p* Could we but kneel, and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,

*cr* Then rise with lighten'd cheer ;

*mf* Sure that the FATHER, Who is nigh  
To still the famish'd raven's cry,  
Will hear in that we fear.

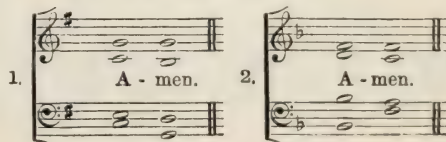
*p* We cannot trust Him as we should ;  
So chafes weak nature's restless mood  
To cast its peace away ;

*cr* But birds and flowerets round us preach,  
All, all the present evil teach  
Sufficient for the day.

*mf* LORD, make these faithless hearts of ours  
Such lessons learn from birds and  
flowers ;

Make them from self to cease ;  
Leave all things to a FATHER'S Will,  
And taste, before Him lying still,

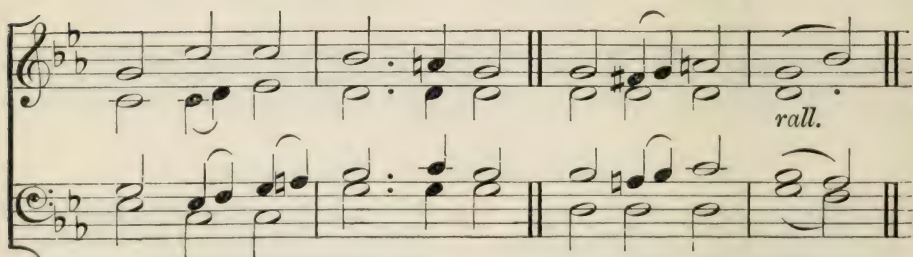
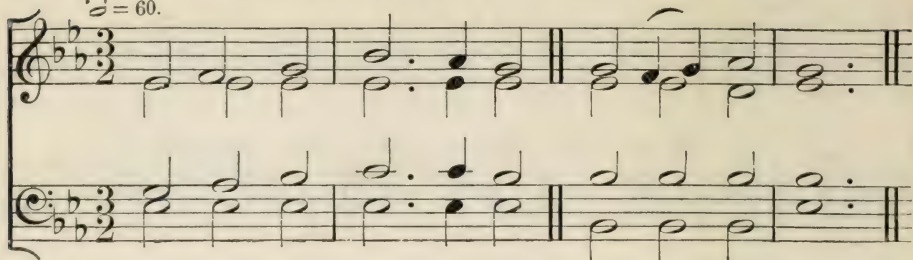
*p* E'en in affliction, peace.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 277. HORBURY.—6 4 6 4 6 6 4.

$\text{♩} = 60.$



# General Hymns.

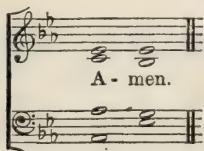
*"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee."*

*mf* **N**EARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee;  
*p* E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
*cr* Still all my song shall be,  
*dim* Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

*p* Though, like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
*cr* Yet in my dreams I'd be  
*dim* Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

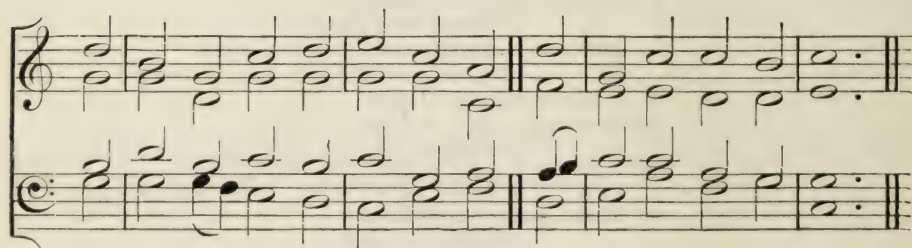
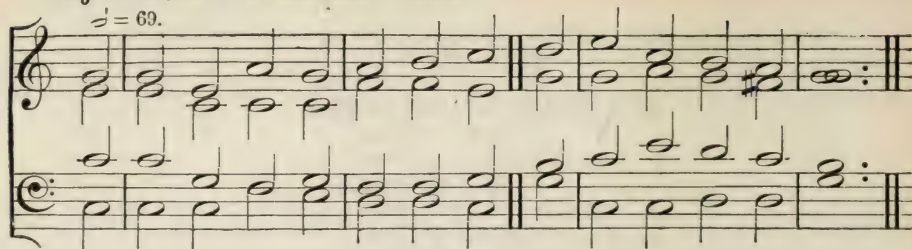
*mf* There let my way appear  
Steps unto Heav'n,  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given,  
*cr* Angels to beckon me  
*dim* Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

*mf* Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Beth-el I'll raise;  
*cr* So by my woes to be  
*dim* Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 278. ST. LEONARD.—C.M.



*"And the Apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith."*

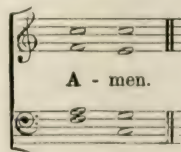
*mf* **O** FOR a faith that will not shrink,  
Though press'd by many a foe;  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of poverty or woe;

A faith that keeps the narrow way  
Till life's last spark is fled,  
And with a pure and heavenly ray  
Lights up the dying bed.

*p* That will not murmur nor complain  
Beneath the chastening rod;  
*cr* But in the hour of grief or pain  
Can lean upon its God;

*p* LORD, give me such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come.  
*cr* I taste e'en now the hallow'd bliss  
Of an eternal home.

*mf* A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear.  
In darkness feels no doubt

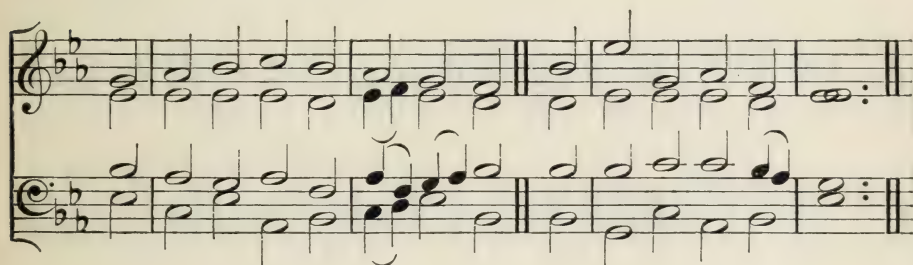
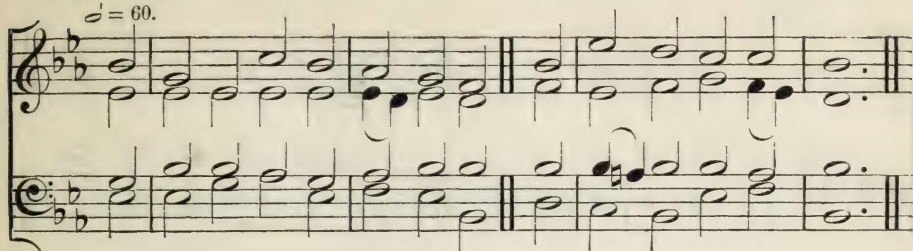




# General Hymns.

## Hymn 279. BEDFORD.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 60.$



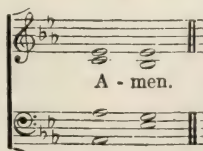
“ Lord, help me.”

*p* **O** HELP us, LORD ; each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succour give ;  
*mf* Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.

*mf* O help us, through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe ;  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.

*p* O help us, when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore ;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
*cr* O help us, LORD, the more.

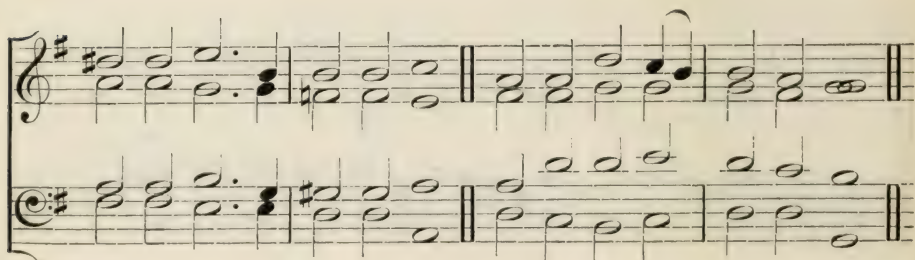
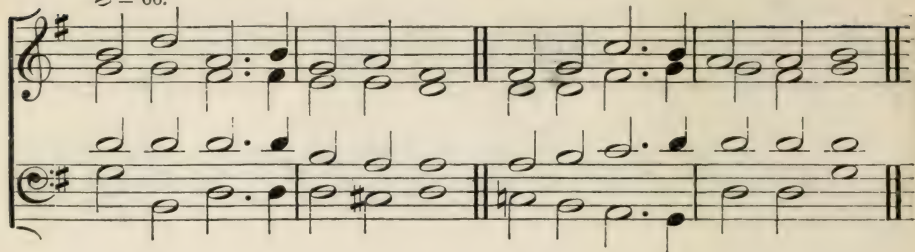
O help us, JESU, from on high,  
We know no help but Thee ;  
O help us so to live and die  
*cr* As Thine in Heav'n to be.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 280. EVERMORE.—7 7 7 7. (First Tune.)

♩ = 66.



*"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."*

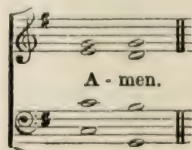
*mf* **T**HINE for ever ! God of love,  
Hear us from Thy Throne above ;  
Thine for ever may we be  
Here and in eternity.

*p* Thine for ever ! Saviour, keep  
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep ;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
*cr* Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever ! LORD of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife ;  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

*mf* Thine for ever ; Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
*cr* Lead us, LORD, from earth to Heav'n.

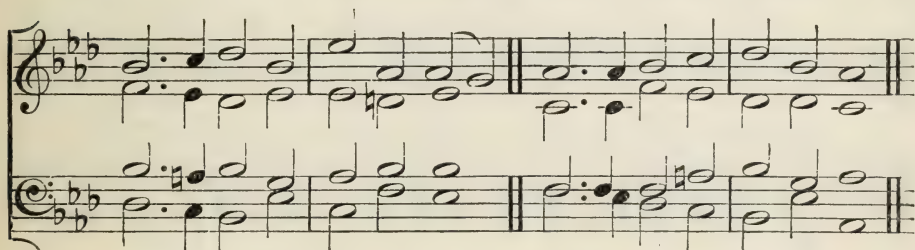
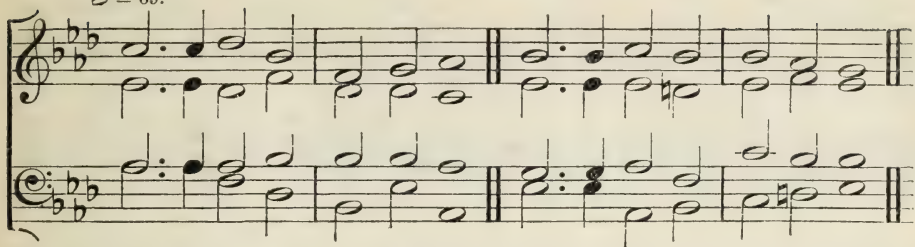
Thine for ever ! oh, how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest !  
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 280. NEWINGTON.—7 7 7 7. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 69.$



*"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."*

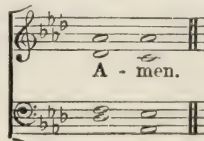
*mf* **T**HINE for ever! God of love,  
Hear us from Thy Throne above;  
Thine for ever may we be  
Here and in eternity.

*p* Thine for ever! Saviour, keep  
Us Thy frail and trembling sheep;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
*cr* Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever! **L**ORD of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife;  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

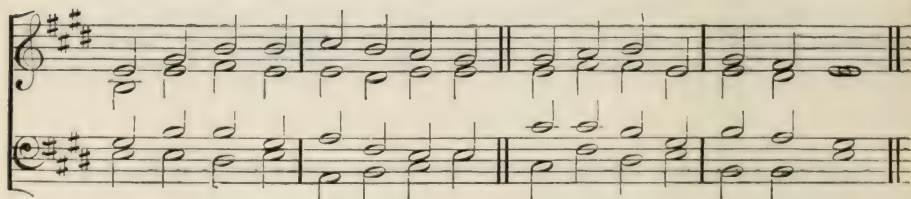
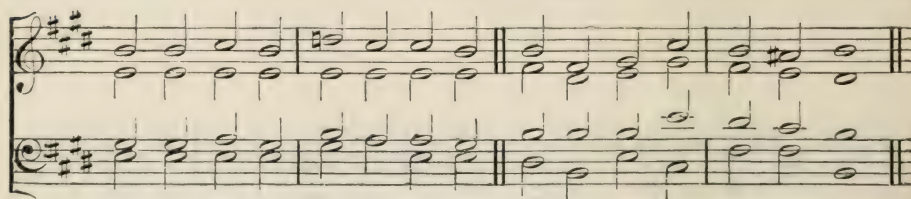
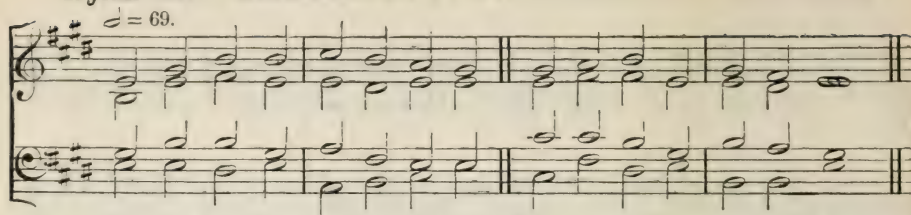
*mf* Thine for ever; Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
*cr* Lead us, **L**ORD, from earth to Heav'n.

Thine for ever! oh, how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest!  
Saviour, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 281. MANNHEIM.—8 7 8 7 8 7.

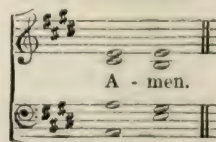


"I am the Lord thy God . . . Which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go."

*mf* **L**EAD us, Heavenly FATHER, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee;  
Yet possessing every blessing,  
If our God our FATHER be.

*mf* SPIRIT of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy;  
Thus provided, pardon'd, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

*p* SAVIOUR, breathe forgiveness o'er us,  
All our weakness Thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

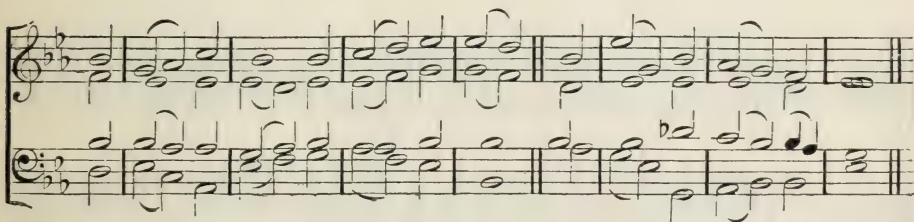
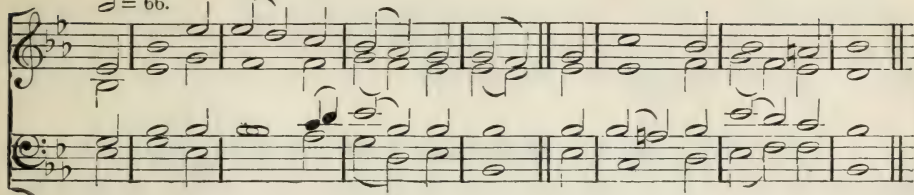




# General Hymns.

## Hymn 282. ABRIDGE.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 66.$



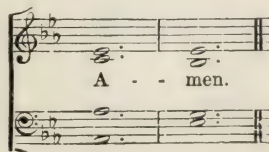
*"O hold Thou up my goings in Thy paths; that my footsteps slip not."*

*mf* **B**E Thou my Guardian and my Guide,  
And hear me when I call;  
Let not my slippery footsteps slide,  
And hold me lest I fall.

*p* And if I tempted am to sin,  
And outward things are strong,  
*cr* Do Thou, O LORD, keep watch within,  
And save my soul from wrong.

*p* The world, the flesh, and Satan dwell  
Around the path I tread;  
*cr* O save me from the snares of hell,  
*f* Thou Quickener of the dead.

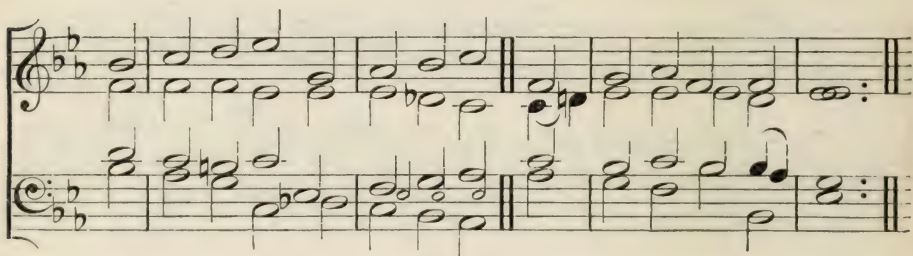
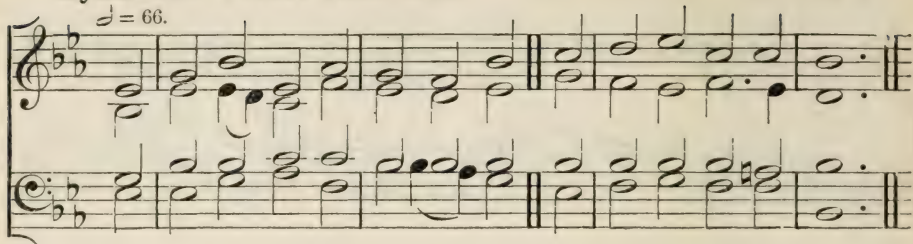
*mf* Still let me ever watch and pray,  
*p* And feel that I am frail;  
That if the Tempter cross my way;  
*cr* Yet he may not prevail.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 283. PUTNEY HILL.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 66.$

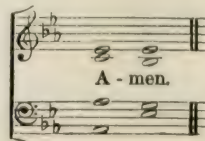


“Lord, remember me.”

<i>mf</i>	<b>O</b> THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,	If worn with pain, disease, and grief
	I lift my heart to Thee ;	This feeble frame should be,
<i>p</i>	In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,	<i>cr</i> Grant patience, rest, and kind relief ;
	Good LORD, remember me.	<i>p</i> Good LORD, remember me.

	When on my aching burden'd heart	And, oh, when in the hour of death
	My sins lie heavily,	I bow to Thy decree,
<i>cr</i>	Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart ;	Jesu, receive my parting breath ;
<i>p</i>	Good LORD, remember me.	<i>pp</i> Good LORD, remember me.

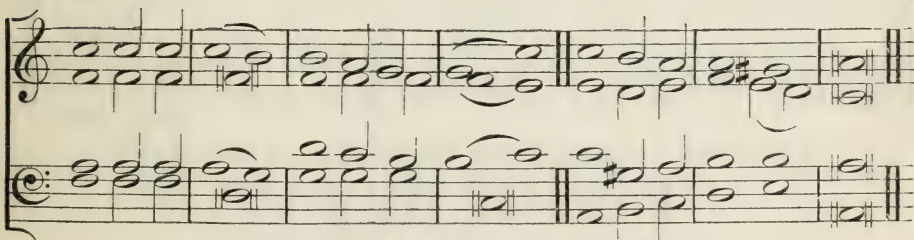
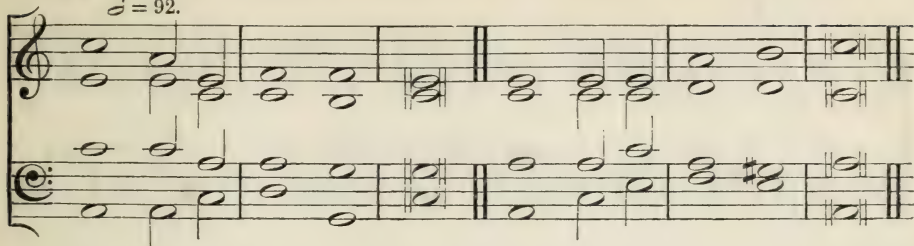
When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
*mf* Then let my strength be as my day ;  
*p* Good LORD, remember me.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 284. LYTE.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



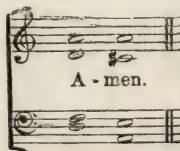
*"My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee; in a barren and dry land where no water is."*

*p* FAR from my heavenly home,  
Far from my FATHER's breast.  
Fainting I cry, "Blest SPIRIT, come,  
And speed me to my rest."

*mf* To thee, to thee I press,  
*p* A dark and toilsome road;  
When shall I pass the wilderness,  
*cr* And reach the Saints' abode?

*mf* My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee;  
*dim* My heart, O Sion, droops and yearns,  
When I remember thee.

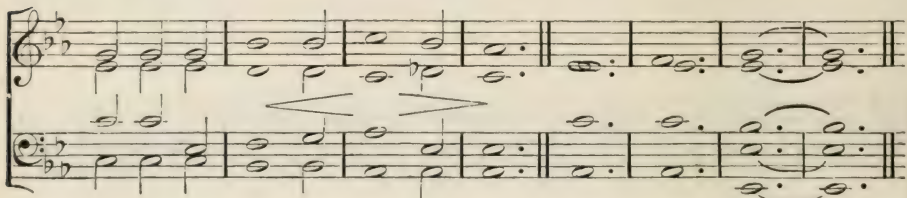
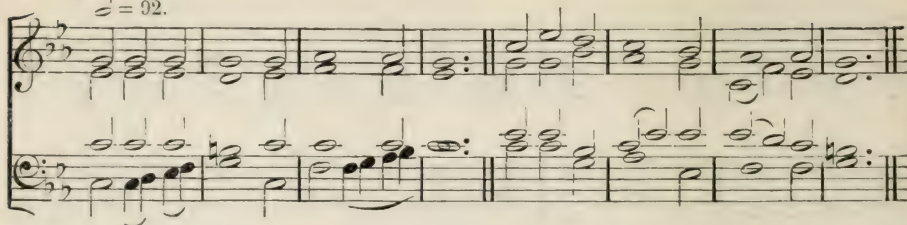
*mf* God of my life, be near;  
On Thee my hopes I cast;  
*p* O guide me through the desert here,  
*cr* And bring me home at last.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 285. ST. AÆLRED.—8 8 8 3.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"And He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still."*

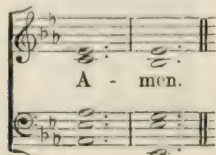
*f* **F**IERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,  
*dim* Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,  
 But Thou wast wrapp'd in guileless sleep,  
*pp* Calm and still.

*mf* "Save, LORD, we perish," was their cry,  
 "O save us in our agony!"

*cr* Thy Word above the storm rose high,  
*p* "Peace, be still."

*pp* The wild winds hush'd; (*f*) the angry deep  
*dim* Sank, like a little child, to sleep;  
 The sullen billows ceased to leap,  
*cr* At Thy Will.

*mf* So, when our life is clouded o'er,  
 And storm-winds drift us from the shore,  
 Say, lest we sink to rise no more,  
*pp* "Peace, be still."

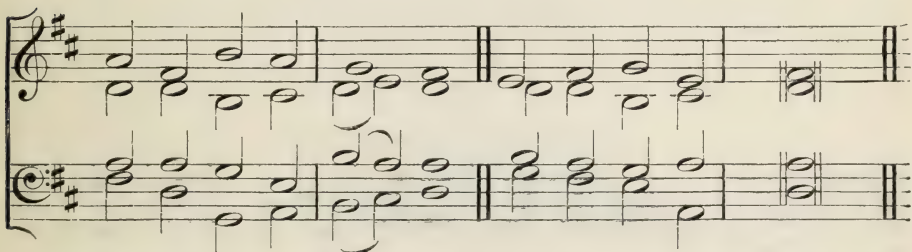
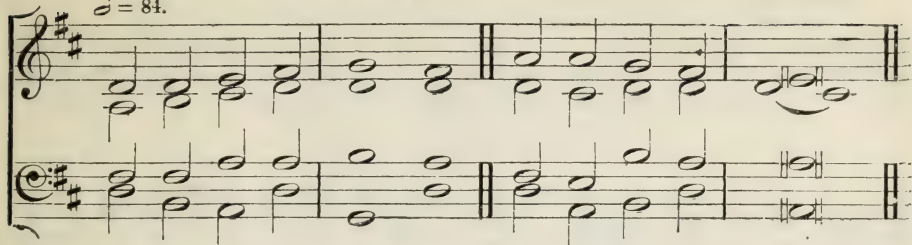




# General Hymns.

Hymn 286. CLEWER.—6 5 6 5.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."*

*mf* **O** LET him, whose sorrow  
No relief can find,  
Trust in God, and borrow  
Ease for heart and mind.

*p* Where the mourner weeping  
Sheds the secret tear,  
*cr* God His watch is keeping,  
*dim* Though none else be near.

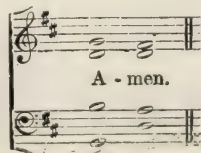
*mf* God will never leave thee,  
All thy wants He knows,  
Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to Heav'n  
When thy spirits quail,  
When, by tempests driven,  
Heart and courage fail.

*p* When in grief we languish,  
*cr* He will dry the tear,  
Who His children's anguish  
Soothes with succour near.

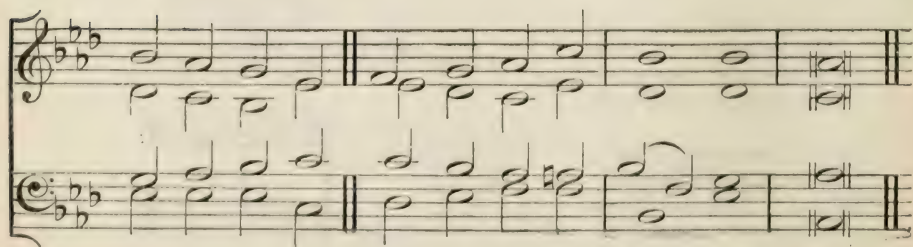
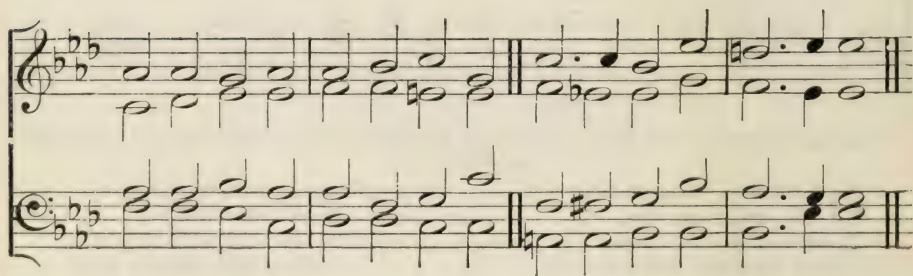
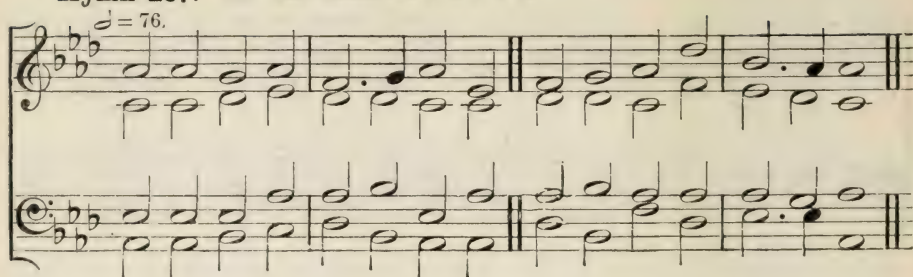
*p* All our woe and sadness,  
In this world below,  
*cr* Balance not the gladness  
We in Heav'n shall know.

*p* JEST, Holy Saviour,  
*cr* In the realms above  
*mf* Crown us with Thy favour,  
Fill us with Thy love.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 287. ST. RAPHAEL.—8 7 8 7 4 7.



# General Hymns.

*"Let my supplication come before Thee; deliver me, according to Thy Word."*

*mf* JESUS, LORD of life and glory,  
 Bend from Heav'n Thy gracious ear;  
 While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
 Friend of helpless sinners, hear:  
*p* By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good LORD.

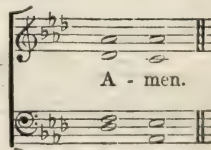
*mf* From the depths of nature's blindness,  
 From the hardening power of sin,  
 From all malice and unkindness,  
 From the pride that lurks within,  
*p* By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good LORD.

When temptation sorely presses,  
 In the day of Satan's power,  
 In our times of deep distresses,  
 In each dark and trying hour,  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good LORD.

*mf* When the world around is smiling,  
 In the time of wealth and ease,  
 Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
 In the day of health and peace,  
*p* By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good LORD.

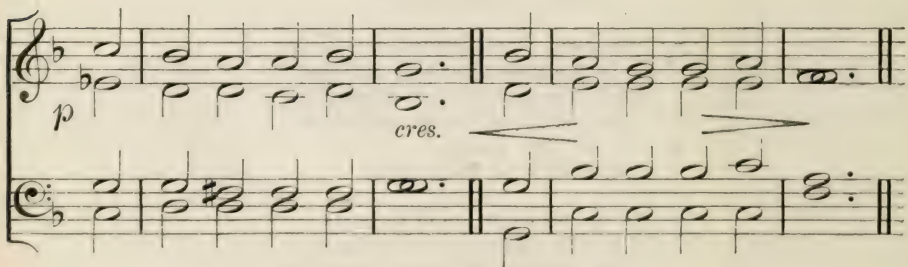
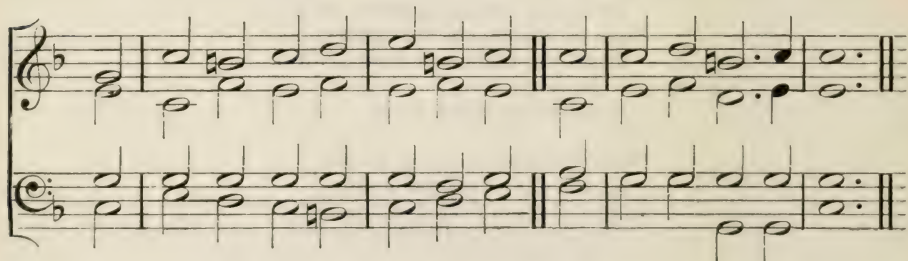
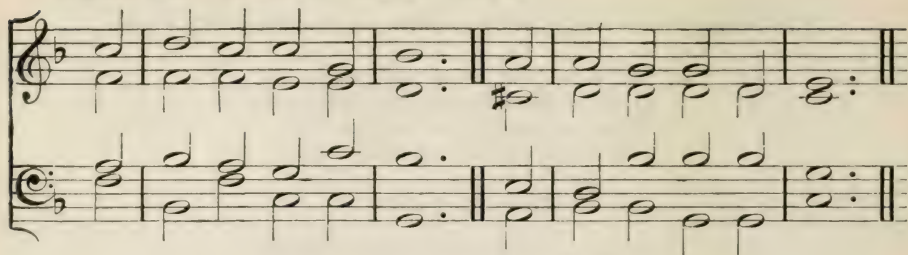
In the weary hours of sickness,  
 In the times of grief and pain,  
 When we feel our mortal weakness,  
 When the creature's help is vain,  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good LORD.

*cr* In the solemn hour of dying,  
 In the awful judgment day,  
 May our souls, on Thee relying,  
 Find Thee still our Hope and Stay:  
*p* By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good LORD.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 288. CHALVEY.—D.S.M. ♩ = 92.

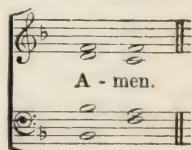




# General Hymns.

"The time is short."

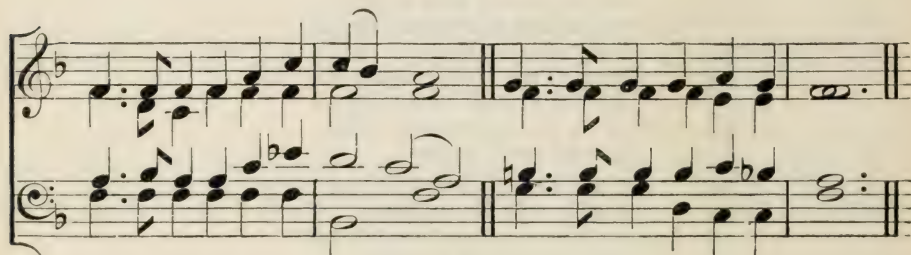
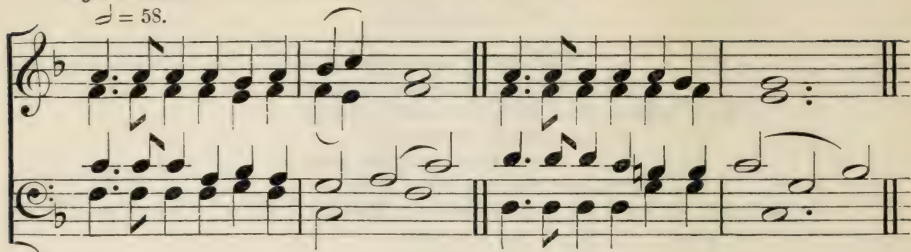
*mf*     **A** FEW more years shall roll,  
                     A few more seasons come,  
*dim* And we shall be with those that rest  
        *p* Asleep within the tomb :  
                     Then, O my LORD, prepare (*cr*)  
                     My soul for that great day ;  
*cr e dim* O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
        *p* And take my sins away.  
        *mf*     A few more suns shall set  
                     O'er these dark hills of time,  
                     And we shall be where suns are not,  
                     A far serener clime :  
        *p*     Then, O my LORD, prepare (*cr*)  
                     My soul for that bright day ;  
*cr e dim* O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
        *p* And take my sins away.  
        *mf*     A few more storms shall beat  
                     On this wild rocky shore,  
        *cr* And we shall be where tempests cease,  
                     And surges swell no more :  
        *p*     Then, O my LORD, prepare (*cr*)  
                     My soul for that calm day ;  
*cr e dim* O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
        *p* And take my sins away.  
                     A few more struggles here,  
                     A few more partings o'er,  
                     A few more toils, a few more tears,  
        *cr*     And we shall weep no more :  
        *p*     Then, O my LORD, prepare (*cr*)  
                     My soul for that blest day ;  
*cr e dim* O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
        *p* And take my sins away.  
        *mf*     'Tis but a little while  
                     And He shall come again,  
        *p*     Who died that we might live, (*f*) Who lives  
                     That we with Him may reign :  
        *p*     Then, O my LORD, prepare (*cr*)  
                     My soul for that glad day ;  
*cr e dim* O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
        *p* And take my sins away.



General Hymns.

**Hymn 289.** ST. SYLVESTER.—8 7 8 7 and 8 8 8 9.

$d = 58.$



*"So soon passeth it away, and we are gone."*

*mf* DAYS and moments quickly flying  
Blend the living with the dead;  
*p* Soon will you and I be lying  
Each within our narrow bed.

Soon our souls to God Who gave them  
Will have sped their rapid flight :  
*cr* Able now by grace to save them,  
Oh, that while we can we might !

*mf* JESU, Infinite Redeemer,  
 Maker of this mighty frame,  
*dim* Teach, O teach us to remember  
 What we are, and whence we came;

Whence we came, and whither wending;  
*p* Soon we must through darkness go,  
*f* To inherit bliss unending,  
*p* Or eternity of woe.

# General Hymns.

After the 4th verse.

*mf* O by Thy power grant, LORD, that we *dim.* At our last

hour *p* fall not from Thee; *cres.* Saved by Thy grace,

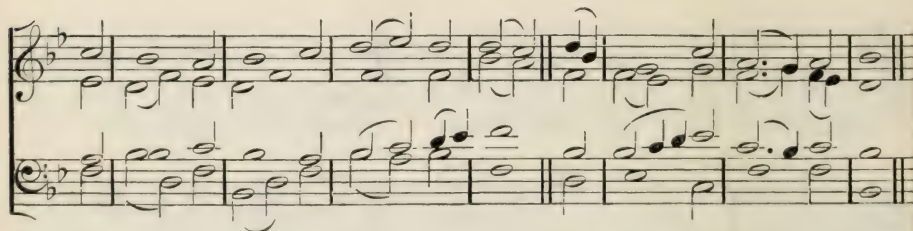
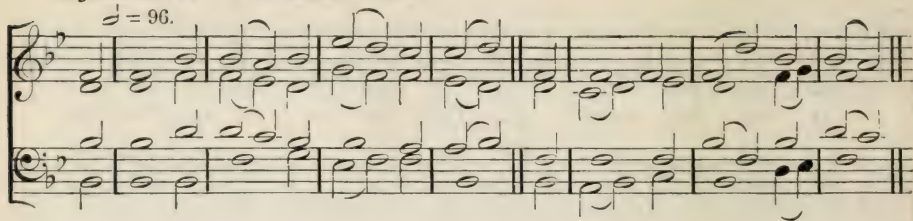
Thine may we be All through the days of e -

*dim.* ter - - - ni - ty. A - - men.

# General Hymns.

## Hymn 290. WILTSHIRE.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 96.$



*"I will always give thanks unto the Lord: His praise shall ever be in my mouth."*

*mf* **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

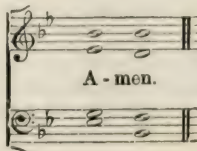
O make but trial of His love,  
Experience will decide  
How bless'd are they, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

*p* O magnify the LORD with me,  
*f* With me exalt His Name;  
*p* When in distress to Him I call'd,  
*f* He to my rescue came.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you His service your delight,  
Your wants shall be His care.

*mf* The Hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
Deliverance He affords to all  
Who on His succour trust.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The God Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

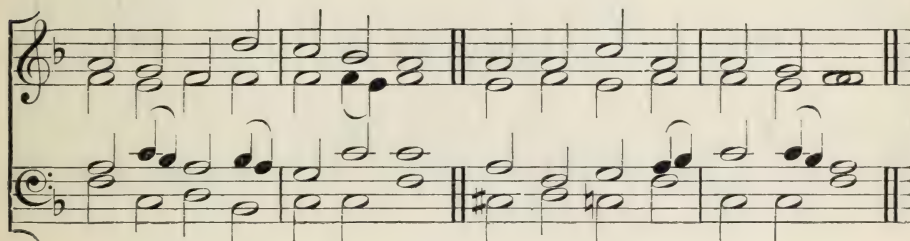
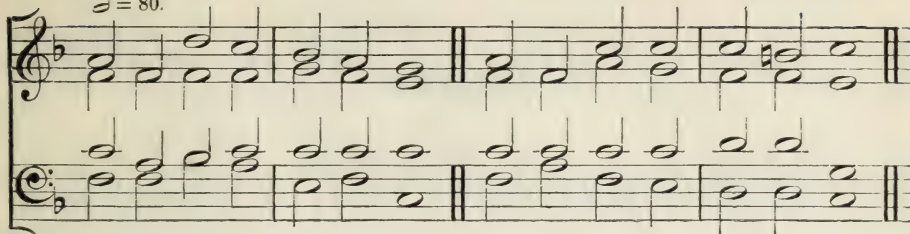




# General Hymns.

Hymn 291. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."*

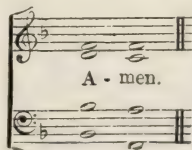
*mf* **O**FT in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go;  
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,  
Strengthen'd with the Bread of Life!

Onward then in battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
*dim* Though opposed by many a foe,  
*f* Christian soldiers, onward go!

*er* Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
*mf* Soon shall every tear be dry;  
*mf* Let not fears your course impede,  
*f* Great your strength, if (*dim*) great your need.

*mf* Hymns of glory and of praise,  
FATHER, unto Thee we raise:  
Holy JESUS, praise to Thee  
With the SPIRIT ever be.

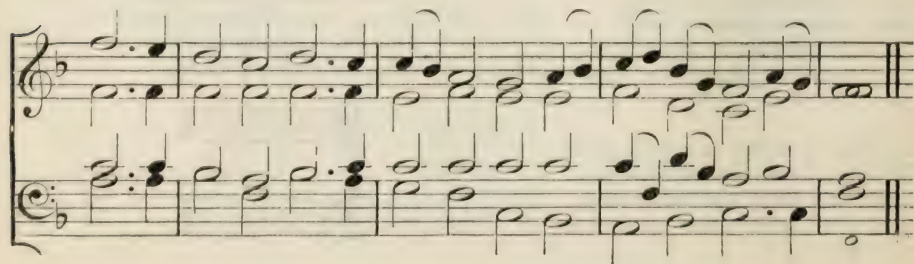
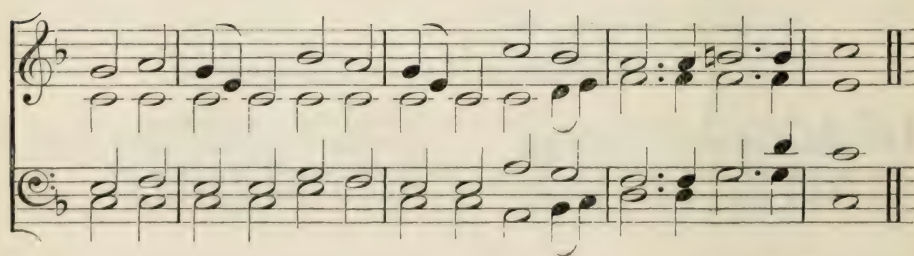
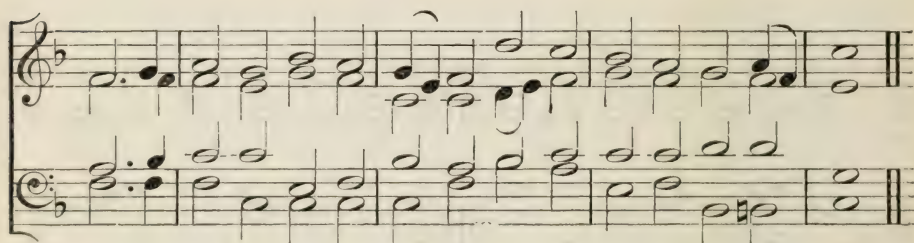
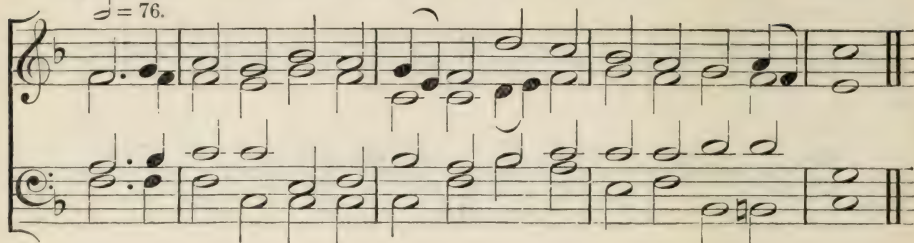
*mf* Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
March in heavenly armour clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
*f* Soon shall victory wake your song.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 292. AUSTRIA.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7. (*First Tune.*)

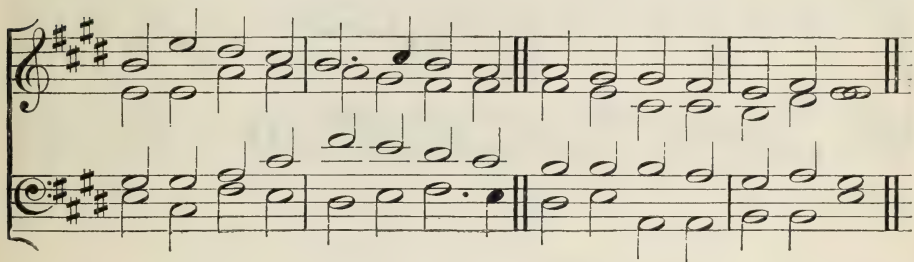
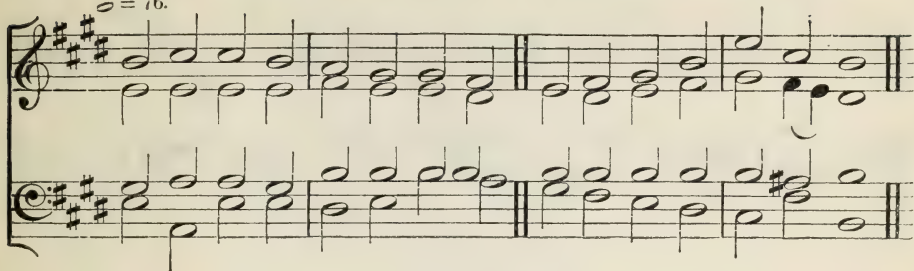
$\text{♩} = 76.$



# General Hymns.

Hymn 292. REDHEAD. No. 143.—8 7 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)

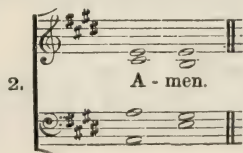
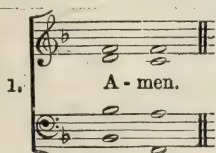
$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"O praise the Lord of heaven, praise Him in the height."*

***f*** PRAISE the LORD! ye heavens, adore  
Him,  
Praise Him, Angels, in the height;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,  
Praise Him, all ye stars and light :  
***f*** Praise the LORD! for He hath spoken,  
Worlds His mighty voice obey'd;  
***f*** Laws, which never shall be broken,  
For their guidance He hath made.

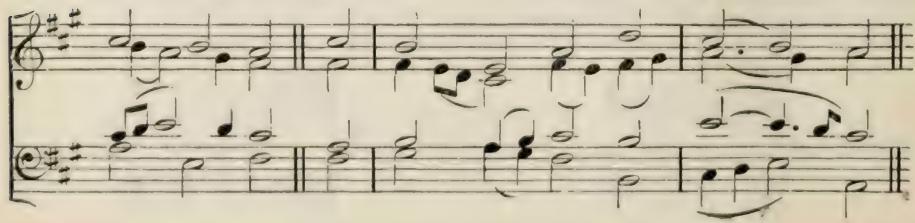
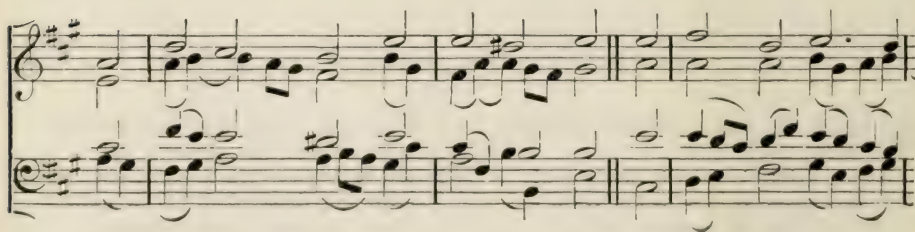
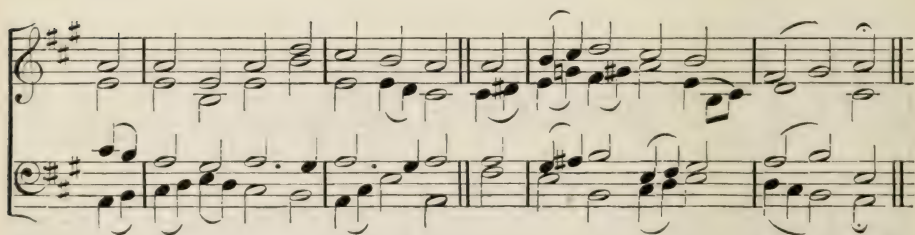
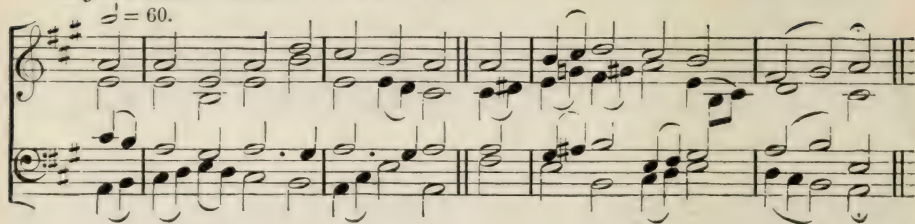
***f*** Praise the LORD! for He is glorious;  
Never shall His promise fail;  
***f*** God hath made His Saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation;  
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;  
Heav'n and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His Name!



# General Hymns.

Hymn 293. ERK.—8 7 8 7 8 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 60.$

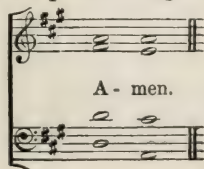




# General Hymns.

"O that men would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness."

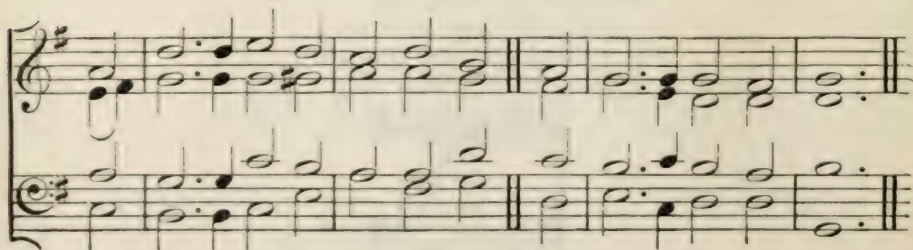
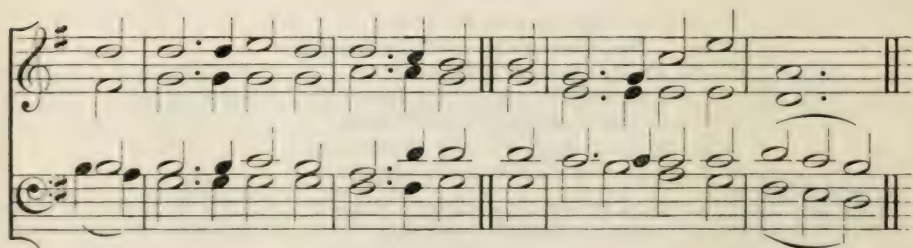
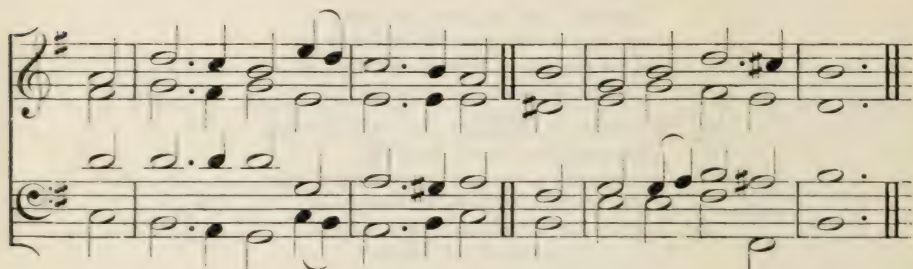
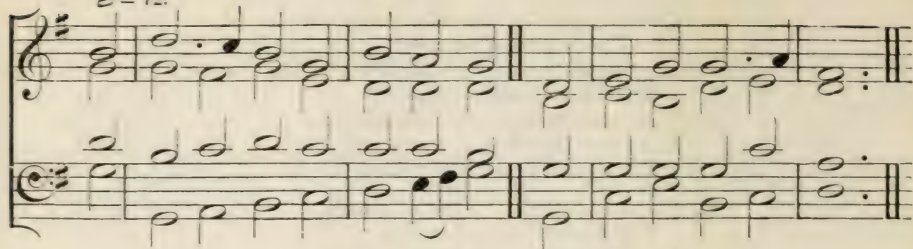
- f* SING praise to God Who reigns above,  
The God of all creation,  
The God of power, (*p*) the God of love,  
*f* The God of our salvation;  
*mf* With healing balm my soul He fills,  
And every faithless murmur stills;  
*f* To God all praise and glory.
- mf* The Angel-host, O King of kings,  
Thy praise for ever telling,  
In earth and sky all living things  
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,  
Adore the wisdom which could span,  
And power which form'd creation's plan:  
*f* To God all praise and glory.
- mf* What God's Almighty power hath made  
His gracious mercy keepeth;  
*cr* By morning glow (*p*) or evening shade  
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;  
*mf* Within the kingdom of His might  
Lo! all is just and all is right;  
*f* To God all praise and glory.
- mf* The Lord is never far away,  
*p* But, through all grief distressing,  
*cr* An ever-present help and stay,  
Our peace and joy and blessing;  
*dim* As with a mother's tender hand,  
*cr* He leads His own, His chosen band;  
*f* To God all praise and glory.
- mf* Thus all my toilsome way along  
*cr* I sing aloud Thy praises,  
That men may hear the grateful song  
My voice unwearied raises:  
*f* Be joyful in the Lord, my heart;  
Both soul and body bear your part:  
*ff* To God all praise and glory.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 294. ST. URSULA.—D.C.M.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



# General Hymns.

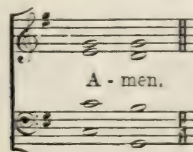
“ Who led His people through the wilderness ; for His mercy endureth for ever.”

*f*     **O** PRAISE our Great and Gracious Lord,  
         And call upon His Name ;  
         To strains of joy tune every chord,  
         His mighty acts proclaim ;  
*mf* Tell how He led His chosen race  
         To Canaan's promised land ;  
         Tell how His covenant of grace  
*f*     Unchanged shall ever stand.

*mf* He gave the shadowing cloud by day,  
         The moving fire by night ;  
         To guide His Israel on their way,  
         He made their darkness light ;  
         And have not we a sure retreat,  
         A Saviour ever nigh,  
         The same clear light to guide our feet,  
         The Day-spring from on high ?

*mf* We too have Manna from above,  
         The Bread that came from Heav'n ;  
         To us the same kind hand of love  
         Hath living waters given ;  
         A Rock we have, from whence the spring  
         In rich abundance flows ;  
*f*     That Rock is CHRIST, our Priest, our King,  
         Who life and health bestows.

*mf* O may we prize this blessed Food,  
         And trust our heavenly Guide ;  
*p*     So shall we find death's fearful flood  
         Serene as Jordan's tide,  
*cr* And safely reach that happy shore,  
*p*     The land of peace and rest,  
*cr* Where Angels worship and adore  
         In God's own Presence blest.

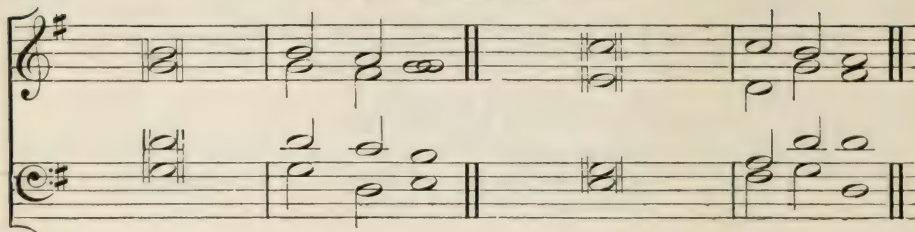


# General Hymns.

## Hymn 295. TROYTE'S CHANT. No. 2.—Irregular.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

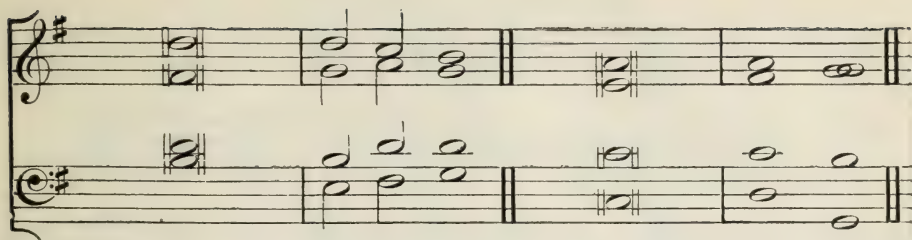
"All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord."



<i>f</i> The strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle-	-lu - - - ia!	To the glory of their King Let the ransom'd	peo - ple sing
And the choirs that . . .	dwelt on high	Swell the chorus	in the sky,
<i>mf</i> Ye, through the fields of .	Paradise that roam,	Ye bless'd ones, repeat	that bright home
(Unison.) Ye planets glittering on	heaven - ly way,	Ye shining constellations,	join and say
(Harmony.) <i>p</i> Ye clouds that onward	pin - ions light,	<i>f</i> Ye thunders, echoing loud	wild - ly bright,
sweep, Ye winds on	win - ter snow,	and deep, Ye lightnings,	sum - mer glow,
<i>mf</i> Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and	plum - age gay,	Ye days of cloudless beauty, Hoar frost and	praise, and say
(Trebles only.) <i>P</i> First let the birds, with	vary - ing strain,	Exalt their great Creator's	cry a - gain
(Men only.) painted	-nor - - - ous	and	-lu - - ia!
Then let the beasts of earth, with	o - cean, cry	Alle - - - - -	lu - - ia!
(Men only.) <i>f</i> Here let the mountains	-a - tion made,	The frequent hymn be	du - ly paid,
thunder forth so-	all things loves,	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
(Men only.) <i>mf</i> 'Thou jubilant abyss of . .	-wak - - ing,	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
(Harmony.) To God, Who all cre - -	be out-pour'd	Alleluia . . . .	to the LORD;
This is the strain, the eter- nal strain, the LORD of	THREE in ONE.	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a-			
(Unison.) Now from all men . . .			
(Harmony.) <i>f</i> Praise be done to the . .			



# General Hymns.



Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
<i>f</i> Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
<i>p</i> In sweet con- - - -	-sent u - nite	your Alle - - - -	-lu - - ia!
Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious	fo - rests, sing	<i>f</i> Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
<i>f</i> Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
( <i>Trebles only.</i> )		Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
<i>p</i> There let the valleys sing in ( <i>Trebles only.</i> ) gentler	cho - - rus	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
Ye tracts of earth and conti-	-nents, re - ply	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
<i>f</i> Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that CHRIST Him-	-self ap - proves,	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
( <i>Trebles only.</i> )		Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
<i>p</i> And children's voices echo, answer	mak - - ing,	The SON and SPIRIT	we - - adore,
With Alleluia . . .	e - ver - more	Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!
Alle - - - - -	-lu - - ia!		A - - men.

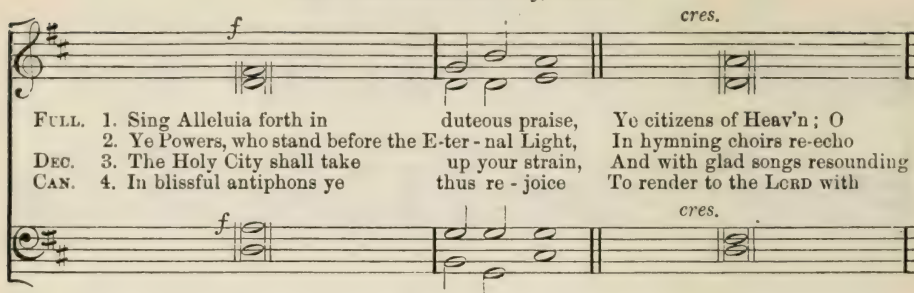
# General Hymns.

## Hymn 296. ENDLESS ALLELUIA.—10 10 7. (First Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 80.$

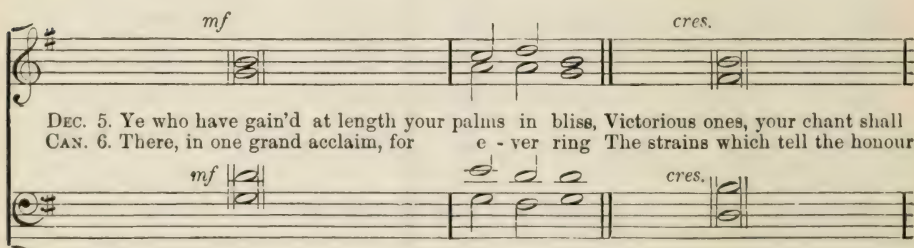
"And all her streets shall say, Alleluia."

*f* *cres.*



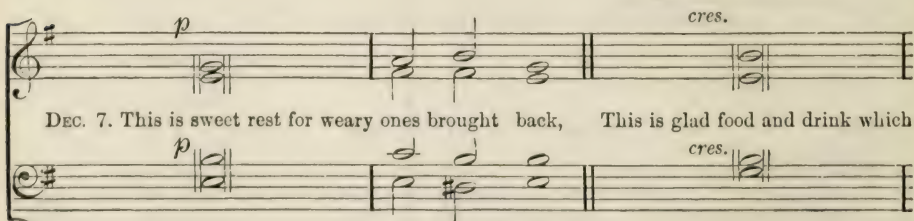
FULL. 1. Sing Alleluia forth in  
 DEC. 2. Ye Powers, who stand before the E-ter-nal Light,  
 CAN. 3. The Holy City shall take  
 4. In blissful antiphons ye  
 duteous praise,  
 up your strain,  
 thus re-joice  
 Ye citizens of Heav'n; O  
 In hymning choirs re-echo  
 And with glad songs resounding  
 To render to the LORD with

*mf* *cres.*



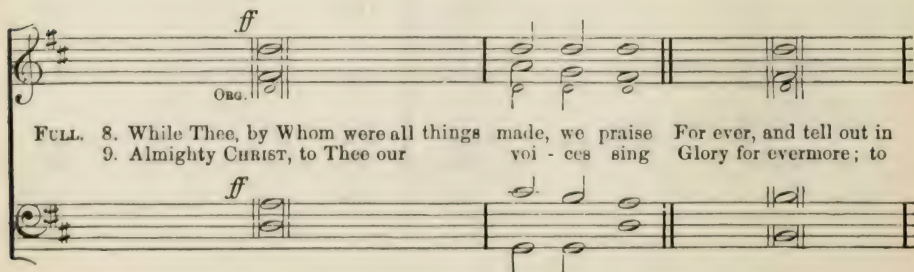
DEC. 5. Ye who have gain'd at length your palms in bliss, Victorious ones, your chant shall  
 CAN. 6. There, in one grand acclaim, for e-ver ring The strains which tell the honour

*p* *cres.*



DEC. 7. This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back, This is glad food and drink which

*ff* *OBG.* *cres.*



FULL. 8. While Thee, by Whom were all things made, we praise For ever, and tell out in  
 9. Almighty CHRIST, to Thee our voi-ces sing Glory for evermore; to

# General Hymns.

*f*

sweet - ly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.  
 to the height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.  
 wake a - gain An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.  
 thank - ful voice An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.

*f*

still be this, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.  
 of your King, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.

*mf*

ne'er shall lack, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.

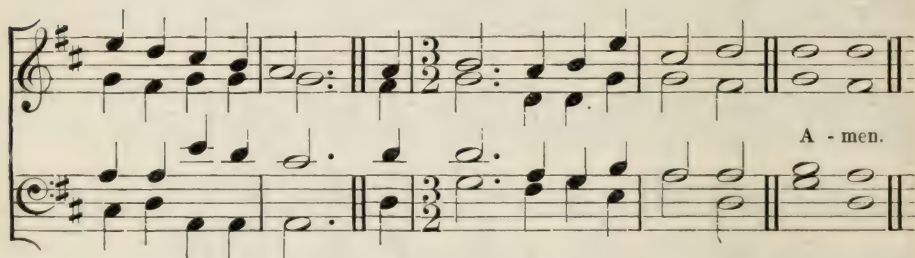
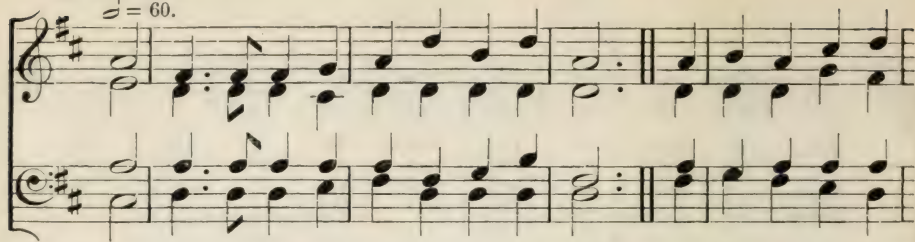
*mf*

sweet - est lays An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.  
 Thee we bring An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 296. ALLELUIA PERENNE.—10 10 7. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 60.$



"And all her streets shall say, Alleluia."

*f* SING Alleluia forth in duteous praise,  
Ye citizens of Heav'n ; O sweetly raise  
*ff* An endless Alleluia.

*mf* Ye Powers, who stand before the Eternal  
Light,

*cr* In hymning choirs re-echo to the height *p*  
*f* An endless Alleluia.

*mf* The Holy City shall take up your strain,  
*cr* And with glad songs resounding wake again  
*f* An endless Alleluia.

*mf* In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice  
To render to the Lord with thankful voice  
*f* An endless Alleluia.

*mf* Ye who have gain'd at length your palms  
in bliss,  
*cr* Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,  
*f* An endless Alleluia.

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring  
The strains which tell the honour of  
your King,  
*ff* An endless Alleluia.

This is sweet rest for weary ones brought  
back,  
This is glad food and drink which ne'er  
shall lack,  
*mf* An endless Alleluia.

While Thee, by Whom were all things  
made, we praise  
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays  
*f* An endless Alleluia.

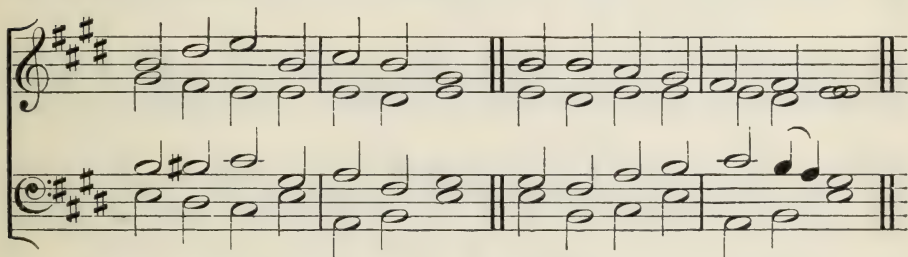
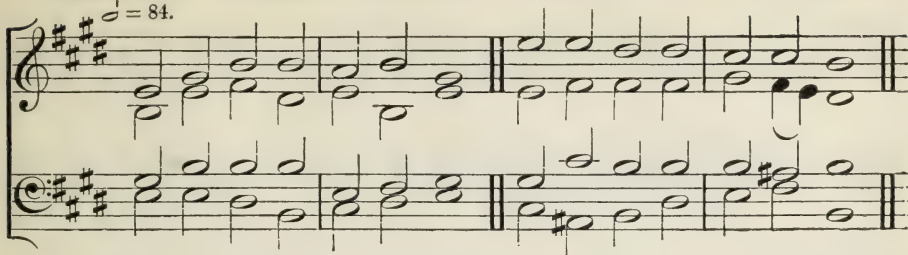
Almighty CHRIST, to Thee our voices sing  
Glory for evermore ; to Thee we bring  
*ff* An endless Alleluia.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 297. CULBACH.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"When I laid the foundations of the earth . . . when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."*

*mf* SONGS of praise the Angels sang,  
Heav'n with Alleluias rang,  
When creation was begun,  
When God spake and it was done.

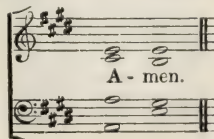
*p* Songs of praise awoke the morn  
*p* When the Prince of peace was born;  
*cr* Songs of praise arose when He  
*f* Captive led captivity.

*p* Heav'n and earth must pass away,  
*mf* Songs of praise shall crown that day;  
God will make new heavens and earth,  
*f* Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

*p* And will man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
*cr* No, the Church delights to raise  
*f* Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

*mf* Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice;  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

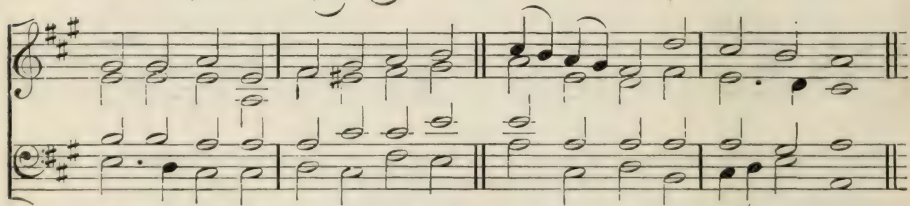
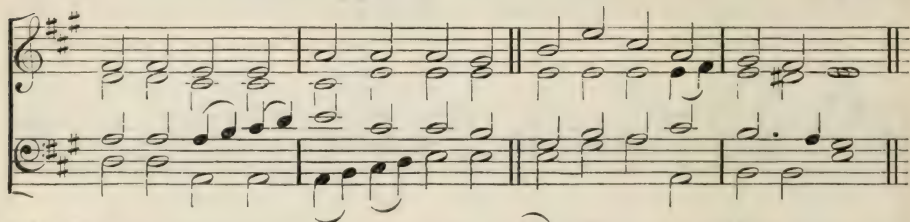
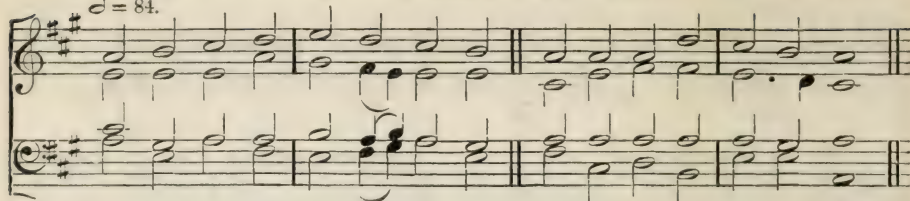
*f* Hymns of glory, songs of praise,  
FATHER, unto Thee we raise,  
JESU, glory unto Thee,  
With the SPIRIT, ever be.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 298. ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN.—8 7 8 7 8 7.

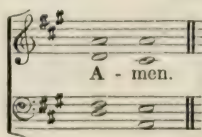
$\text{♩} = 84.$



"Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise His Holy Name."

*mf* **P**RAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven, *p* Father-like, He tends and spares us,  
To His feet thy tribute bring; Well our feeble frame He knows;  
Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven, In His hands He gently bears us,  
Evermore His praises sing; 'Rescues us from all our foes;  
*f* Alleluia! Alleluia! *f* Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Praise the everlasting King. Widely yet His mercy flows.

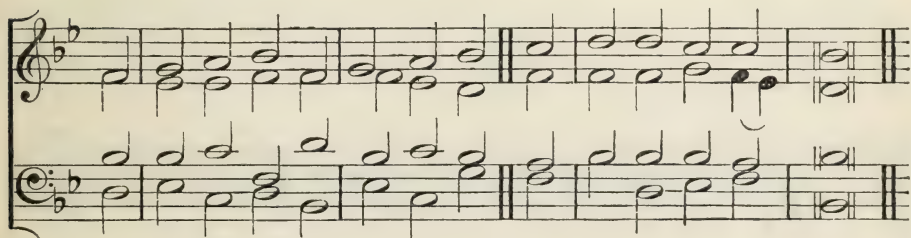
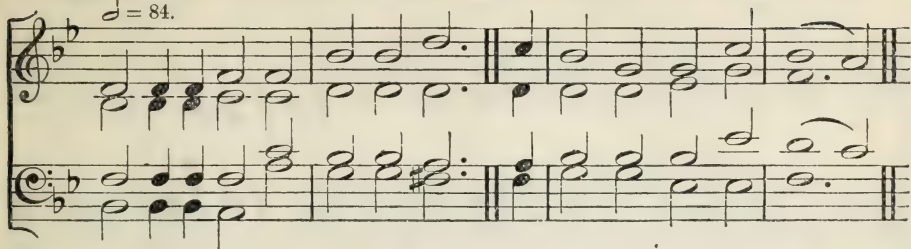
*mf* Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him still the same as ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;  
*f* Alleluia! Alleluia! *f* Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glorious in His faithfulness. Praise with us the God of grace.



Hymn 299. NATIVITY.—C.M.

Hymn 299. NATIVITY.—C.M.

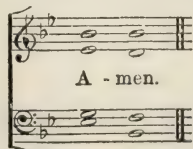
$d = 84$ .



*f* COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With Angels round the Throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

*mf* JESUS is worthy to receive  
Honour and power Divine;  
*cr* And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, LORD, for ever Thine.

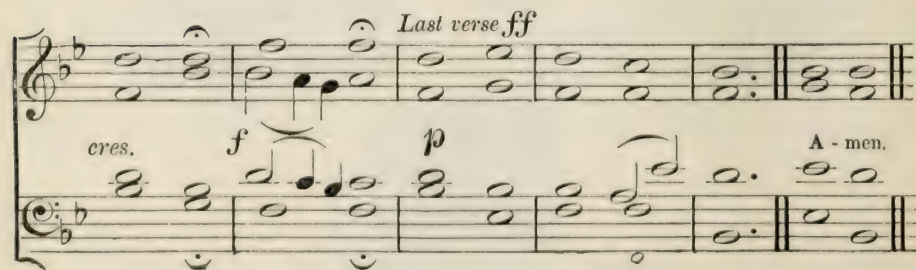
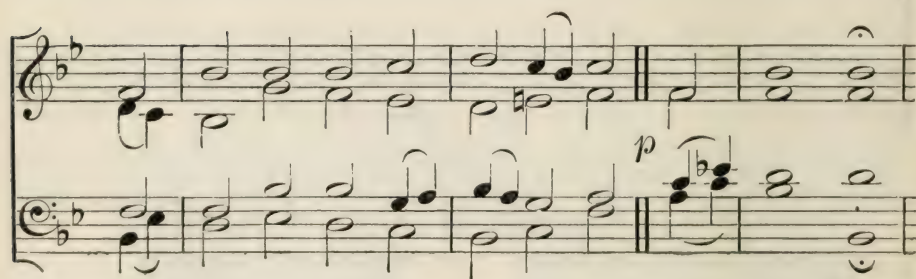
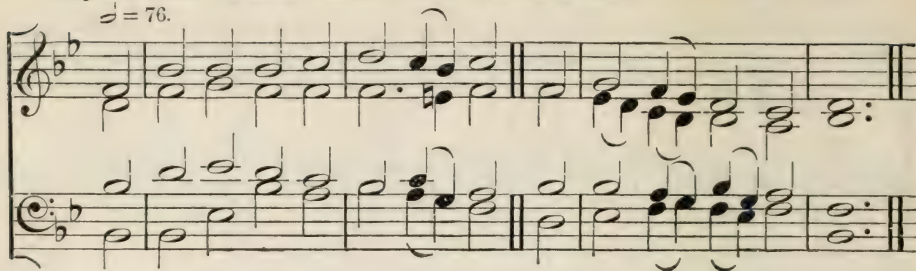
<p>“Worthy the LAMB that died,” they cry, <i>f</i>          “To be exalted thus;”          “Worthy the LAMB,” our lips reply,          “For He was slain for us.” <i>p</i></p>	<p>Let all creation join in one          To bless the sacred Name          Of Him that sits upon the Throne,          And to adore the LAMB.</p>
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# General Hymns.

Hymn 300. MILES' LANE.—C.M. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 76.$

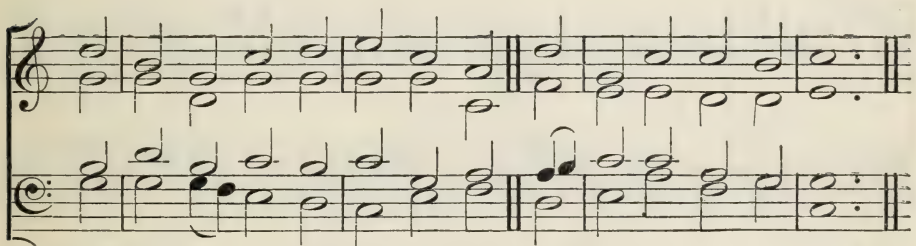
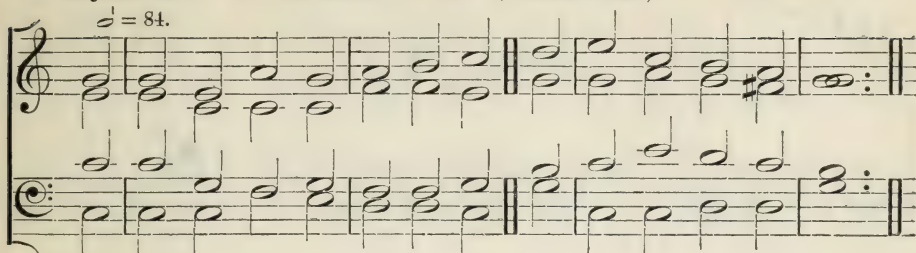




# General Hymns.

Hymn 300. ST. LEONARD.—C.M. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 84.$



"King of kings, and Lord of lords."

*f* **A**LL hail the power of Jesus' Name ;  
*dim* Let Angels prostrate fall ;  
*cr* Bring forth the royal diadem  
And crown Him LORD of all.

*mf* Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David LORD did call,  
*p* The God Incarnate, Man Divine,  
And crown Him LORD of all.

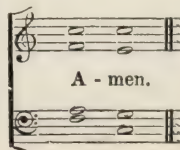
*mf* Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fix'd this floating ball ;  
*f* Now hail the Strength of Israel's might,  
And crown Him LORD of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
*cr* Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him LORD of all.

*mf* Crown Him, ye Martyrs of your God,  
Who from His Altar call ;  
Extol the Stem-of-Jesse's Rod,  
And crown Him LORD of ali.

*f* Let every tribe and every tongue  
Before Him prostrate fall,  
And shout in universal song  
The crown'd LORD of all.

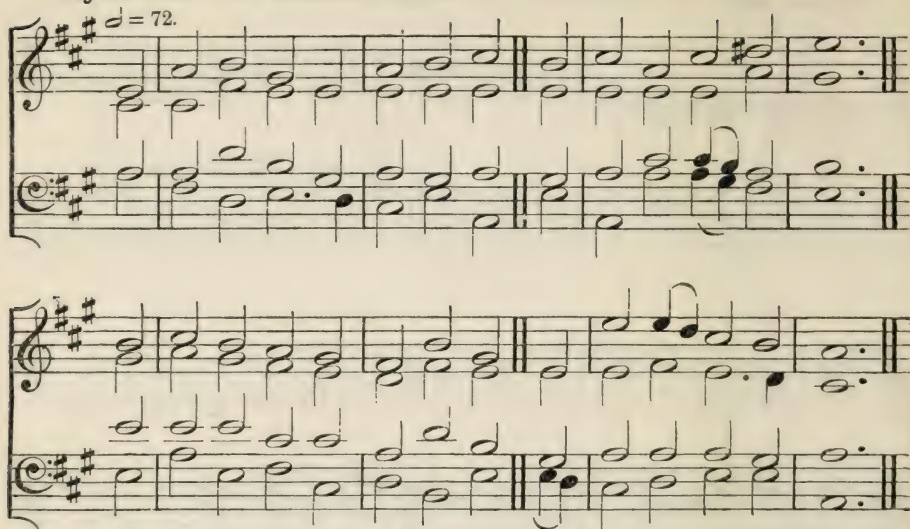
Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransom'd of the fall,  
*w* Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him LORD of all.



The last line of every verse is to be sung as marked in the music.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 301. ST. MAGNUS.—C.M.

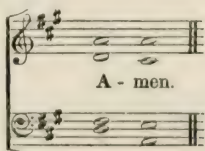


*"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne."*

*p* THE Head that once was crown'd with *p* To them the Cross, with all its shame,  
*f* Is crown'd with glory now: [thorns *cr* With all its grace, is given:  
 A royal diadem adorns *f* Their name an everlasting name,  
 The mighty Victor's Brow. Their joy the joy of Heav'n.

The highest place that Heav'n affords *p* They suffer with their Lord below.  
 Is His, is His by right, *f* They reign with Him above;  
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords, *mf* Their profit and their joy to know  
 And Heav'n's eternal Light. The mystery of His love.

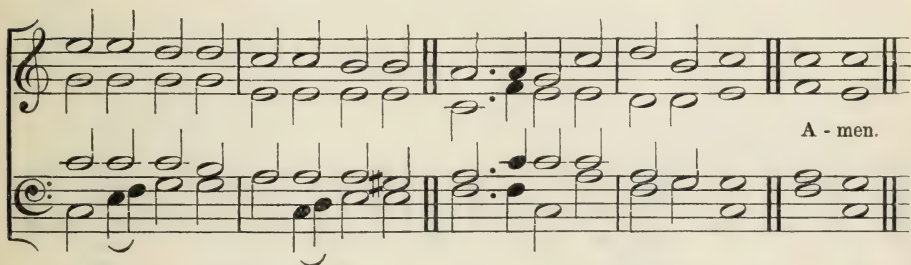
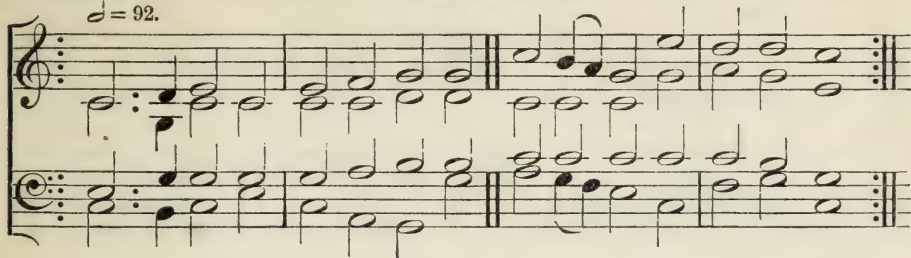
*mf* The Joy of all who dwell above, The Cross He bore is life and health,  
 The Joy of all below, Though shame and death to Him;  
 To whom He manifests His love, His people's hope, His people's wealth,  
 And grants His Name to know. *f* Their everlasting theme.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 302. UNSER HERSCHER.—8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"The four beasts and four and twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps, and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of saints."*

- f* COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem, *f* High on yon celestial mountains  
*f* Cleave the skies with shouts of praise; Stands His gem-built Throne, all  
*cr* Sing to Him Who found the ransom, Midst unending Alleluias [bright,  
Ancient of eternal days, Bursting from the sons of light;  
God of God, the WORD Incarnate, Sion's people tell His praises,  
Whom the Heav'n of Heav'n obeys. *ff* Victor after hard-won fight.
- mf* Ere He raised the lofty mountains, *mf* Bring your harps, and bring your odours,  
Form'd the seas, or built the sky, Sweep the string and pour the lay;  
Love eternal, free, and boundless, *f* Let the earth proclaim His wonders,  
*p* Moved the LORD of Life to die, King of that celestial day;  
*cr* Fore-ordain'd the Prince of princes *p* He the LAMB once slain is worthy,  
*p* For the Throne of Calvary. Who was dead, (*f*) and lives for aye.
- There, for us and our redemption, *ff* Laud and honour to the FATHER,  
See Him all His Life-blood pour! Laud and honour to the SON,  
*cr* There He wins our full salvation, Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,  
Dies that we may die no more; Ever THREE and ever ONE,  
*f* Then, arising, lives for ever, Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
*ff* Reigning where He was before. While unending ages run.

**Hymn 303.** LAUDES DOMINI.—6 6 6 6 6 6.

**Hymn 303.** LAUDES DOMINI.—6 6 6 6 6 6.

$\text{♩} = 100.$

*mf*

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 100. The first system contains 8 measures. The second system also consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second system contains 8 measures. The piece concludes with a double bar line. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed at the beginning of the first system.

The musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is presented in two systems. The first system contains the first two lines of music, and the second system contains the next two lines. The music is written for a piano, with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The first line of music starts with a forte (f) dynamic, followed by a decrescendo (dim.) and then a piano (p) dynamic. The second line of music continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line. The third line of music starts with a piano (p) dynamic and continues the melody and accompaniment. The fourth line of music continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

Handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), indicating the key of D major. The time signature is 2/4. The music consists of two measures, each followed by a double bar line. The first measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass. The second measure contains a half note in the treble and a half note in the bass. The word "cres." is written below the first measure of the bass staff. The score ends with a double bar line.



# General Hymns.

"In everything give thanks."

*mf* **W**HEN morning gilds the skies,  
My heart awaking cries,  
*f* May JESUS CHRIST be praised :  
*p* Alike at work and prayer  
*cr* To JESUS I repair ;  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

*p* Does sadness fill my mind ?  
*cr* A solace here I find,  
*mf* May JESUS CHRIST be praised :  
*p* Or fades my earthly bliss ?  
*cr* My comfort still is this,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

*mf* Whene'er the sweet church bell  
Peals over hill and dell,  
*f* May JESUS CHRIST be praised :  
*p* O hark to what it sings,  
*cr* As joyously it rings,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

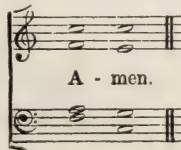
*mf* The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say,  
*f* May JESUS CHRIST be praised :  
*p* The powers of darkness fear,  
*cr* When this sweet chant they hear,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

*mf* My tongue shall never tire  
Of chanting with the choir,  
*f* May JESUS CHRIST be praised :  
*p* This song of sacred joy,  
*cr* It never seems to cloy,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

*f* In Heav'n's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,  
*ff* May JESUS CHRIST be praised :  
*f* Let earth, and sea, and sky  
*cr* From depth to height reply,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

*p* When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs,  
*mf* May JESUS CHRIST be praised :  
*p* When evil thoughts molest,  
*cr* With this I shield my breast,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

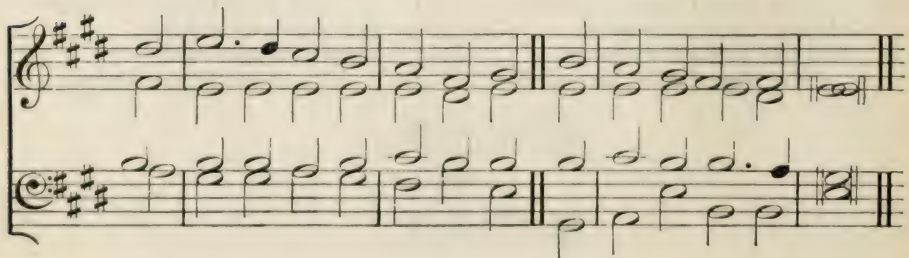
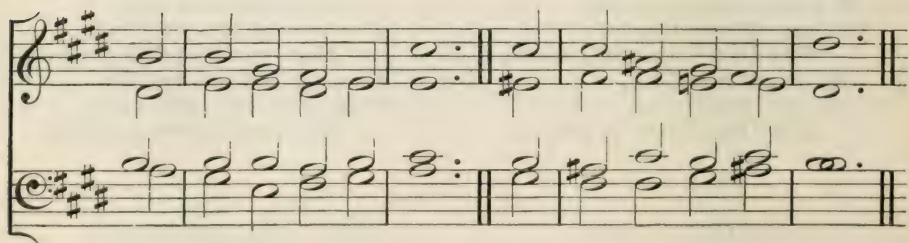
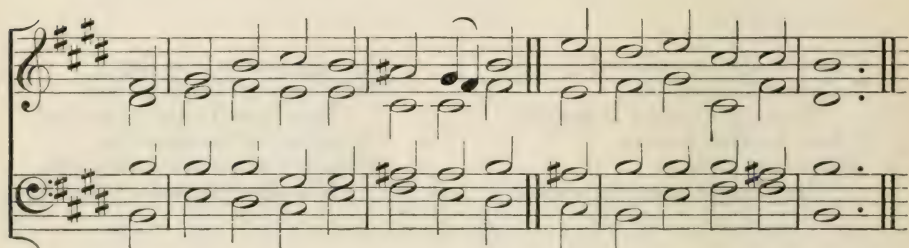
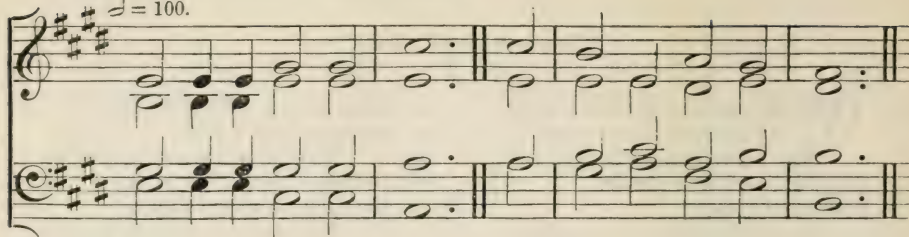
*mf* Be this, while life is mine,  
My canticle Divine,  
*f* May JESUS CHRIST be praised :  
Be this the eternal song  
Through ages all along,  
*cr* May JESUS CHRIST be praised.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 304. DIADEMATA.—D.S.M.

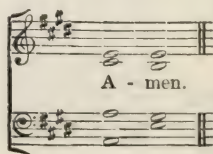
$\text{♩} = 100.$



# General Hymns.

"And on His Head were many crowns."

- f* CROWN Him with many crowns,  
The LAMB upon His Throne ;  
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own :  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
*p* Of Him Who died for thee,  
*cr* And hail Him as thy matchless King  
Through all eternity.
- f* Crown Him the Virgin's Son,  
*p* The God Incarnate born,  
*cr* Whose Arm those crimson trophies won  
Which now His Brow adorn :  
*p* Fruit of the mystic Rose,  
*cr* As of that Rose the Stem ;  
*mf* The Root whence mercy ever flows,  
*p* The Babe of Bethlehem.
- mf* Crown Him the LORD of love :  
*p* Behold His Hands and Side,  
*cr* Those Wounds yet visible above  
In beauty glorified :  
*p* No Angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
*pp rit.* But downward bends his burning eye  
At mysteries so bright.
- mf* Crown Him the LORD of peace,  
*cr* Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise :  
*f* His reign shall know no end,  
*p* And round His pierced Feet  
Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
*cr* Their fragrance ever sweet.
- f* Crown Him the LORD of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably Sublime :  
All hail, Redeemer, hail !  
*p* For Thou hast died for me ;  
*f* Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 305. EDINA.—6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5.

$\text{♩} = 108.$



# General Hymns.

"Every day will I give thanks unto Thee, and praise Thy Name for ever and ever."

*mf* SAVIOUR, Blessèd Saviour,  
Listen whilst we sing,  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King;  
*p* All we have we offer;  
All we hope to be,  
*f* Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.

*p* Nearer, ever nearer,  
CHRIST, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee;  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die;  
*f* Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

*mf* Great and ever greater  
Are Thy mercies here;  
*f* True and everlasting  
Are the glories there;  
*p* Where no pain, nor sorrow,  
Toil, nor care, is known,  
*f* Where the Angel-legions  
Circle round Thy Throne.

*p* Dark and ever darker  
Was the wintry past,  
*cr* Now a ray of gladness  
O'er our path is cast;  
*p* Every day that passeth,  
Every hour that flies,  
*f* Tells of love unfeignèd,  
Love that never dies.

*mf* Clearer still and clearer  
Dawns the light from Heav'n,  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sin forgiven;  
Life has lost its shadows,  
Pure the light within;  
*f* Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin.

Brighter still and brighter  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done;  
*p* Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
*mf* May we, Blessèd Saviour,  
Find a rest at last.

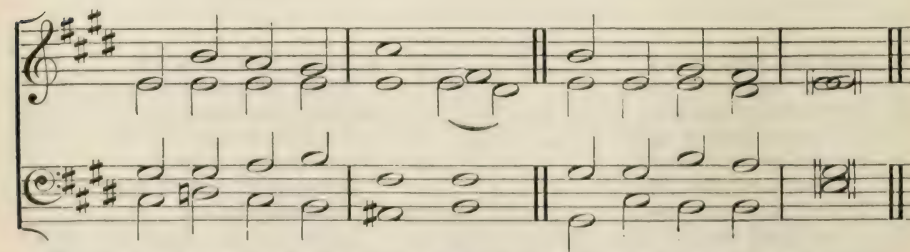
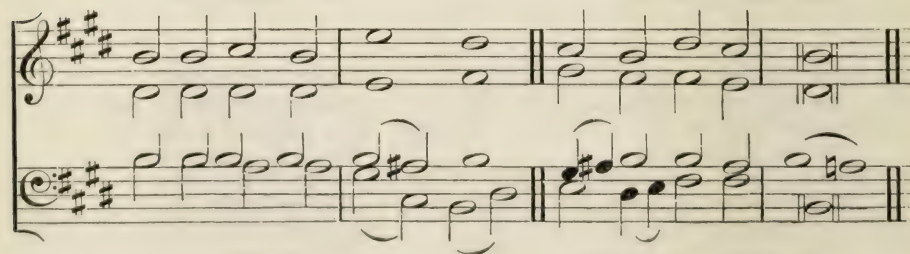
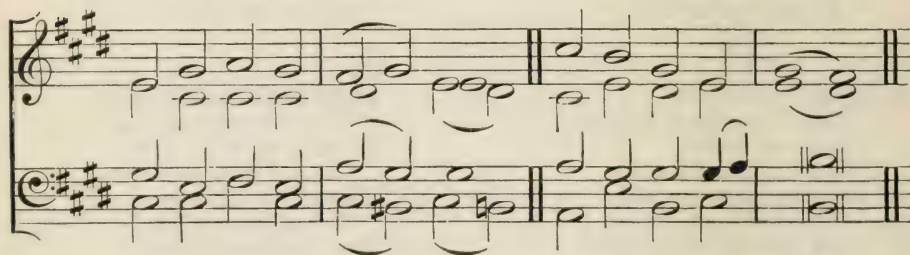
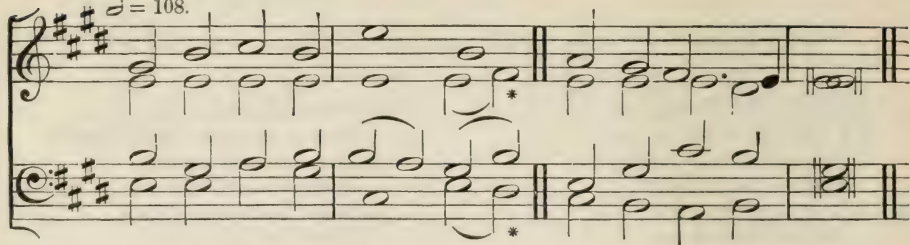
Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
*cr* Worn by Saints before us,  
Journeying on to God;  
*p* Leaving all behind us,  
*cr* May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.

*f* Bliss, all bliss excelling,  
When the ransom'd soul,  
Earthly toils forgetting,  
Finds its promised goal;  
*p* Where in joys unheard of  
*cr* Saints with Angels sing,  
*f* Never weary raising  
Praises to their King.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 306. EVELYNS.—6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5.

$\text{♩} = 108.$



\* In verse 5 sing this chord to the first word of line 2, and divide the  $\circ$  of the melody to the same,

# General Hymns.

*"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is above every name :  
that at the Name of Jesus every knee should bow."*

*mf* **A**T the Name of JESUS  
Every knee shall bow,  
*cr* Every tongue confess Him  
*f* King of glory now ;  
*mf* 'Tis the FATHER's pleasure  
We should call Him LORD,  
*cr* Who from the beginning  
Was the Mighty WORD.

*f* At His voice creation  
Sprang at once to sight,  
All the Angel faces,  
All the hosts of light,  
Thrones and Dominations,  
Stars upon their way,  
All the heavenly Orders,  
In their great array.

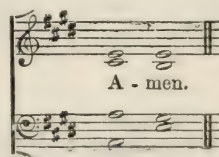
*p* Humbled for a season,  
To receive a Name  
From the lips of sinners  
Unto whom He came,  
*cr* Faithfully He bore it  
Spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious,  
When from death He pass'd :

*f* Bore it up triumphant,  
*p* With its human light,  
*cr* Through all ranks of creatures,  
To the central height ;  
*f* To the Throne of GODHEAD,  
To the FATHER's breast,  
Fill'd it with the glory  
*dim* Of that perfect rest.

*f* Name Him, brothers, name Him,\*  
With love as strong as death,  
*p* But with awe and wonder,  
*pp* And with bated breath ;  
*p* He is GOD the Saviour,  
He is CHRIST the LORD,  
*cr* Ever to be worshipp'd,  
Trusted, and adored.

*mf* In your hearts enthrone Him ;  
There let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
All that is not true :  
*cr* Crown Him as your Captain  
In temptation's hour ;  
Let His Will enfold you  
In its light and power.

*f* Brothers, this LORD JESUS  
Shall return again,  
With His FATHER's glory,  
With His Angel train ;  
*ff* For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His Brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
*rall* King of glory now.

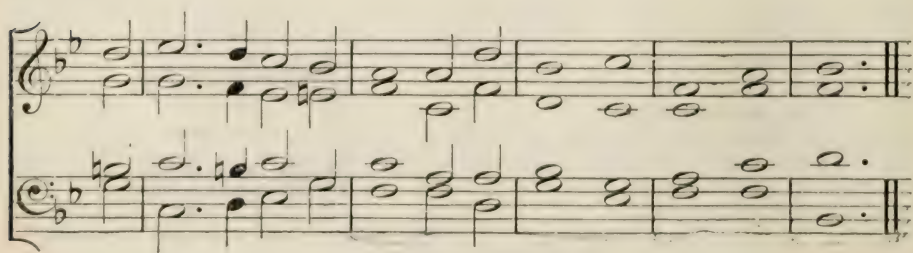
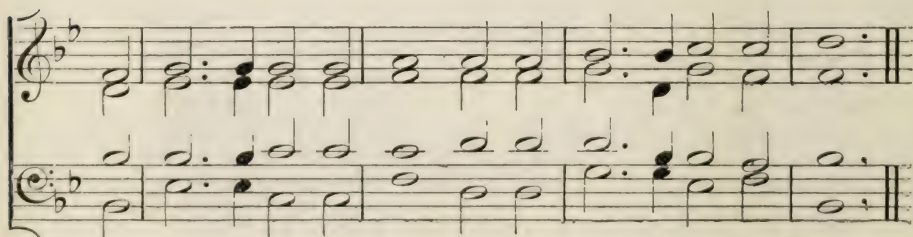
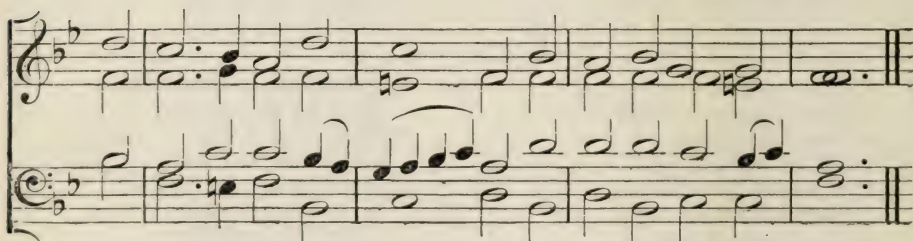
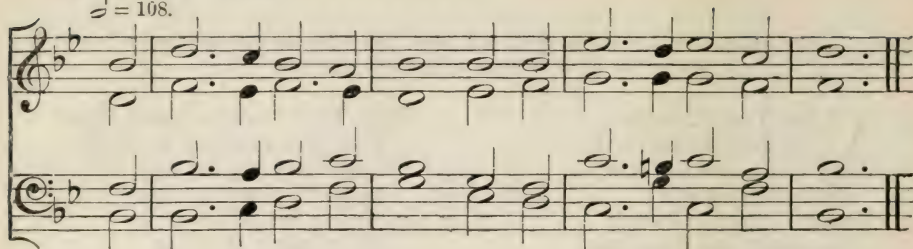


\* See note on opposite page.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 307. ZOAN.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 108.$





# General Hymns.

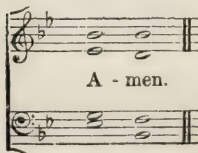
"So shall the King have pleasure in thy beauty : for He is thy Lord God, and worship thou Him."

*mf* **O** SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,  
Whom yet unseen we love,  
*cr* O Name of might and favour,  
All other names above !  
*p* We worship Thee, (*cr*) we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing ;  
*f* We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our holy LORD and King.

*mf* O Bringer of salvation,  
Who wondrously hast wrought,  
Thyself the revelation  
Of love beyond our thought ;  
*p* We worship Thee, (*cr*) we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing ;  
*f* We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
*dim* Our gracious LORD and King.

*f* In Thee all fulness dwelleth,  
All grace and power Divine ;  
The glory that excelleth,  
O SON of GOD, is Thine ;  
*p* We worship Thee, (*cr*) we bless Thee,  
To Thee alone we sing ;  
*f* We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our glorious LORD and King.

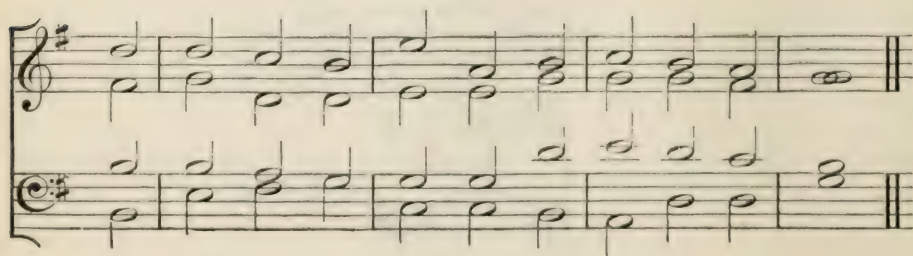
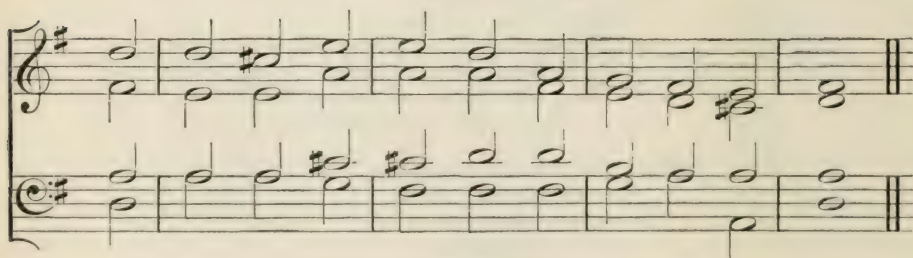
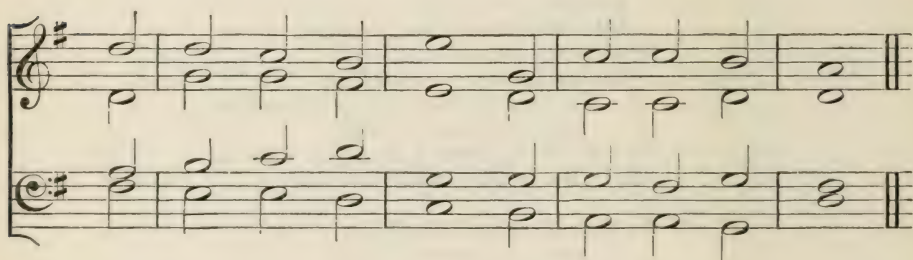
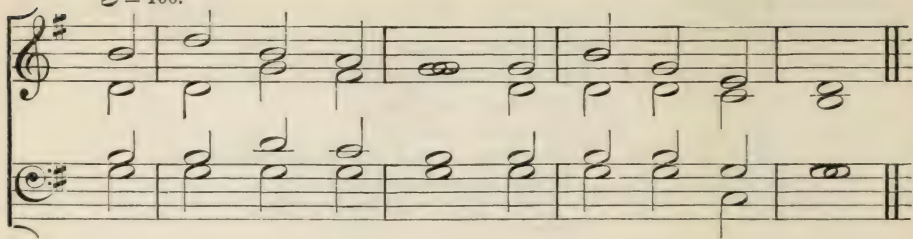
*mf* O grant the consummation  
Of this our song above  
In endless adoration,  
And everlasting love ;  
*f* Then shall we praise and bless Thee  
Where perfect praises ring,  
And evermore confess Thee  
Our Saviour and our King.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 308. LAUDATE DOMINUM.—5 5 5 5 6 5 6 5.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



# General Hymns.

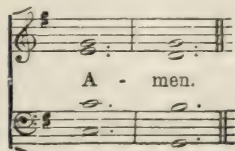
"O praise the Lord."

*f* **O** PRAISE ye the LORD:  
Praise Him in the height;  
Rejoice in His Word,  
Ye Angels of light;  
Ye heavens, adore Him  
By Whom ye were made,  
*p* And worship before Him,  
*cr* In brightness array'd.

*f* O praise ye the LORD!  
Praise Him upon earth,  
*mf* In tuneful accord,  
Ye sons of new birth;  
*f* Praise Him Who hath brought you  
His grace from above,  
Praise Him Who hath taught you  
To sing of His love.

O praise ye the LORD,  
All things that give sound;  
Each jubilant chord,  
Re-echo around;  
Loud organs, His glory  
Forth tell in deep tone,  
*p* And sweet harp, the story  
Of what He hath done.

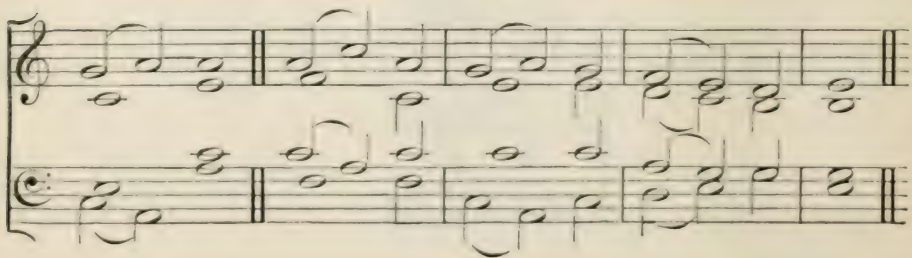
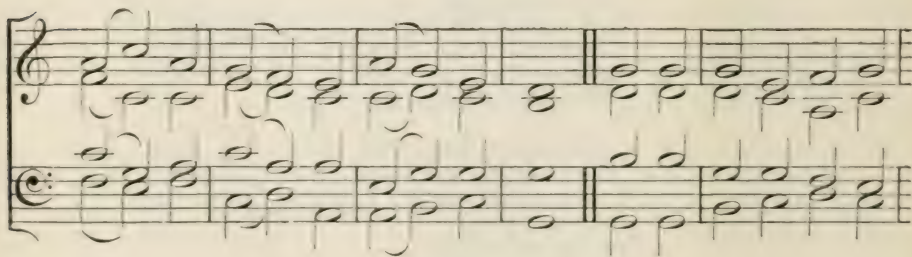
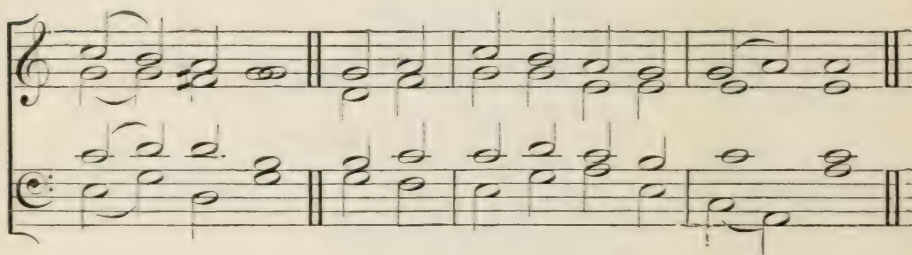
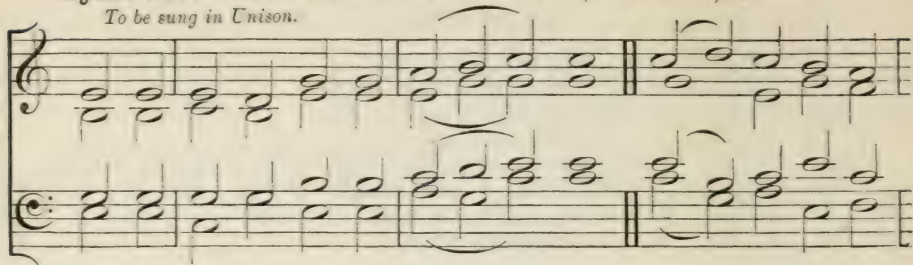
*f* O praise ye the LORD!  
Thanksgiving and song  
To Him be outpour'd  
All ages along:  
*mf* For love in creation,  
*cr* For heaven restored,  
*f* For grace of salvation  
O praise ye the LORD!



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 309. PANGE LINGUA.—8 7 8 7 8 7. (First Tune.) ♩ = 92.

To be sung in Unison.





# Holy Communion.

*"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ?"*

*mf* **N**OW, my tongue, the mystery telling  
Of the glorious Body sing,  
And the Blood, all price excelling,  
Which the Gentiles' LORD and King,  
*p* In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,  
Shed for this world's ransoming.

*mf* Given for us and condescending  
*p* To be born for us below,  
*cr* He, with men in converse blending,  
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,  
Till He closed with wondrous ending  
*p* His most patient life of woe.

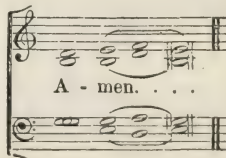
*mf* That last night, at supper lying,  
'Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,  
JESUS, with the law complying,  
Keeps the feast its rites demand;  
Then, more precious Food supplying,  
Gives Himself with His own Hand.

*p* Word-made-Flesh true bread He maketh  
*cr* By His Word His Flesh to be;  
*p* Wine His Blood; (*mf*) which whoso taketh  
Must from carnal thoughts be free;  
*f* Faith alone, though (*dim*) sight forsaketh,  
*mf* Shows true hearts the mystery.

## PART 2.

*p* Therefore we, before Him bending,  
This great Sacrament revere;  
*cr* Types and shadows have their ending,  
For the newer rite is here;  
*mf* Faith, our outward sense befriending,  
Makes our inward vision clear.

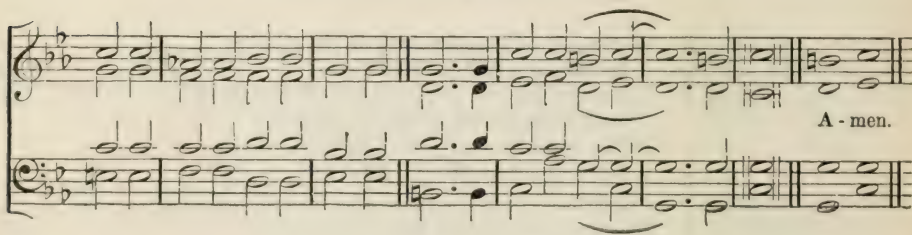
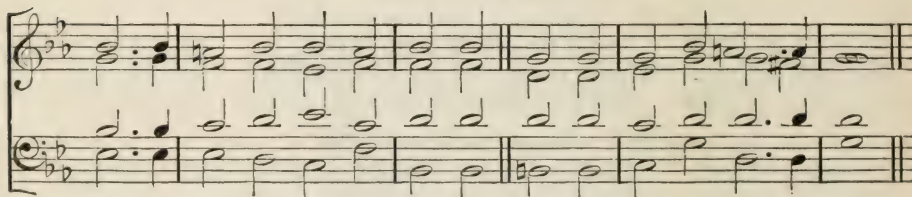
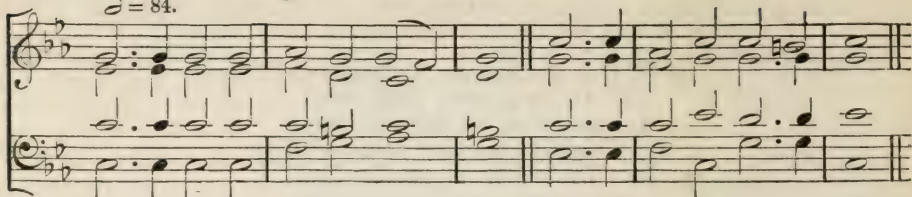
*f* Glory let us give, and blessing  
To the FATHER, and the SON,  
Honour, might, and praise addressing,  
While eternal ages run;  
Ever too His love confessing,  
Who from Both with Both is ONE.



# Holy Communion.

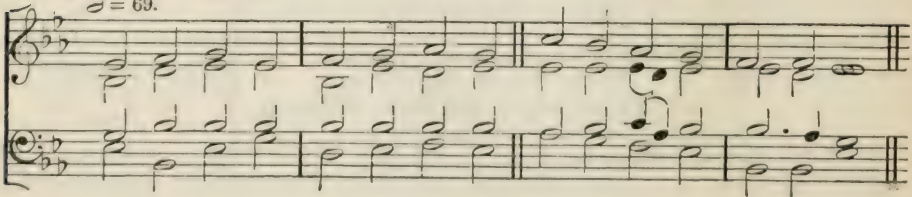
Hymn 309. MILANO.—8 7 8 7 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 84.$

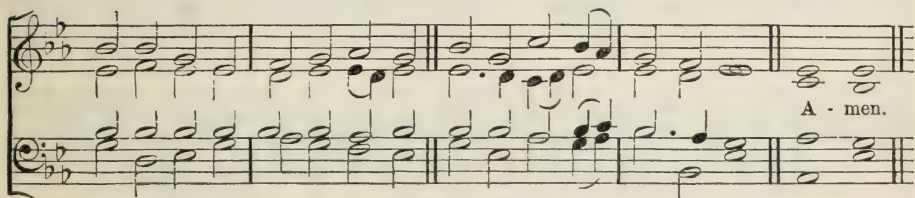
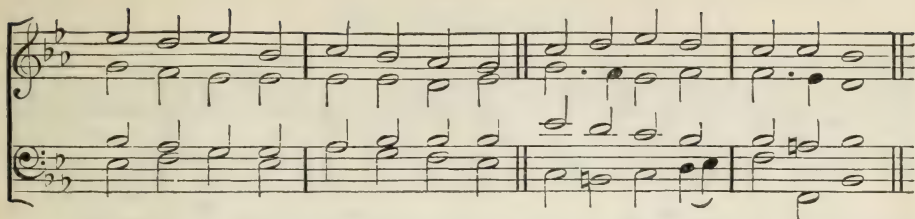


Hymn 309. ST. THOMAS.—8 7 8 7 8 7. (*Third Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 69.$



# Holy Communion.



*"The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ?"*

*mf* NOW, my tongue, the mystery telling  
Of the glorious Body sing,  
And the Blood, all price excelling,  
Which the Gentiles' LORD and King,  
*p* In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,  
Shed for this world's ransoming.

*mf* Given for us, and condescending  
*p* To be born for us below,  
*cr* He, with men in converse blending,  
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow.  
Till He closed with wondrous ending  
*p* His most patient life of woe.

*mf* That last night, at supper lying,  
'Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,  
Jesus, with the law complying,  
Keeps the feast its rites demand;  
Then, more precious Food supplying,  
Gives Himself with His own Hand.

*p* WORD-made-Flesh true bread Hemaketh  
*cr* By His Word His Flesh to be;  
*p* Wine His Blood; (*mf*) which whoso  
taketh  
Must from carnal thoughts be free;  
*f* Faith alone, tho' (*dim*) sight forsaketh,  
*mf* Shows true hearts the mystery.

## PART 2.

*p* Therefore we, before Him bending,  
This great Sacrament revere;  
*cr* Types and shadows have their ending,  
For the newer rite is here;  
*mf* Faith, our outward sense befriending,  
Makes our inward vision clear.

*f* Glory let us give, and blessing  
To the FATHER, and the SON,  
Honour, might, and praise addressing,  
While eternal ages run;  
Ever too His love confessing,  
Who from Both with Both is ONE.

# Holy Communion.

Hymn 310. ECCE PANIS.—Irregular. ♩ = 50.

"So man did eat angels' food."

*With expression.*

*mf* 1. Lo! the An-gels' Food is giv - en To the pil-grim who hath stri - ven;  
2. Truth the an-cient types ful - fill - ing, I - saac bound, a vic-tim will - ing,

See the children's Bread from Hea - ven, Which on dogs may ne'er be spent:  
Paschal Lamb its life-blood spill - ing, Man - na to the fa - thers sent. *Obo.*

*pp* Ve - ry Bread, Good Shep-herd, tend . . . us; Je - su, of Thy love be -

. . friend . . us, Thou re-fresh us, Thou de - fend us, *cres.*



# Holy Communion.

*cres.* *f* *Cul.*

Thine e - ter - nal goodness send us In the land of life to see: Org.

*p*

Thou Who all things canst and know - est, Who on earth such Food be - stow - est,

*cres.*

Grant us with Thy Saints, though low - est, Where the heav'n-ly Feast Thou show-est,

*cres.*

*dim.* *rall.* *>*

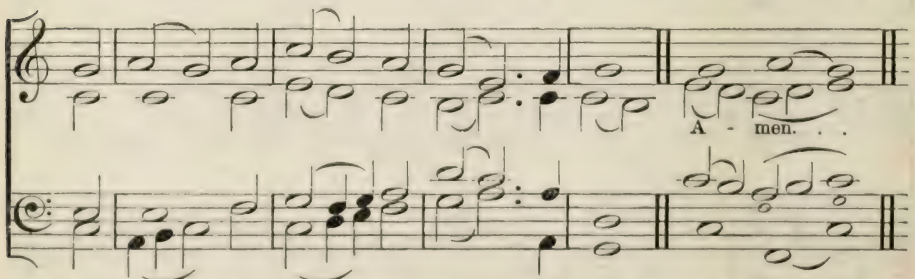
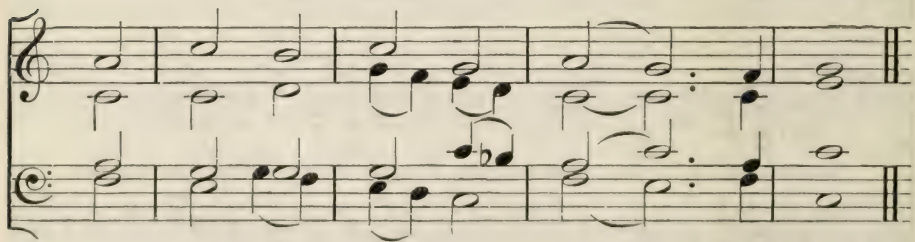
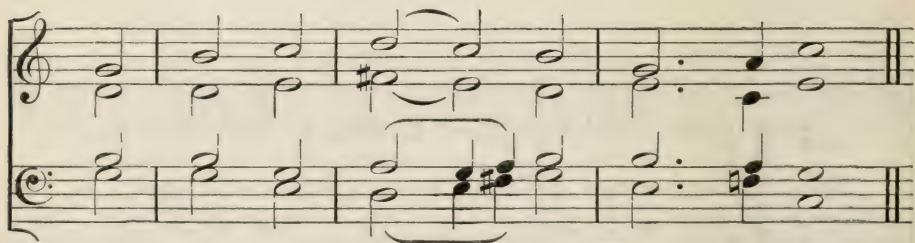
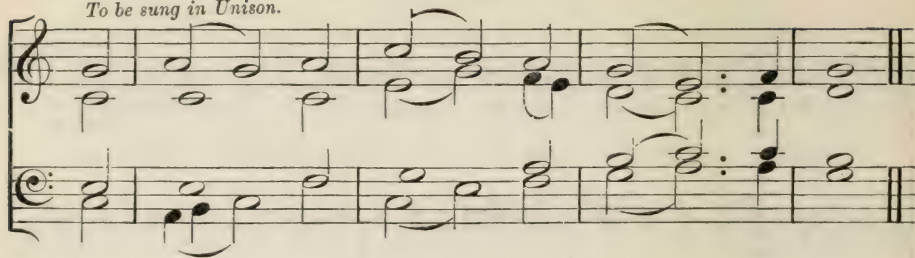
Fel-low heirs and guests . . . to be. A men.

*dim.* *rall.*

# Holy Communion.

Hymn 311.\* O SALUTARIS.—L.M. (First Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 84$ .

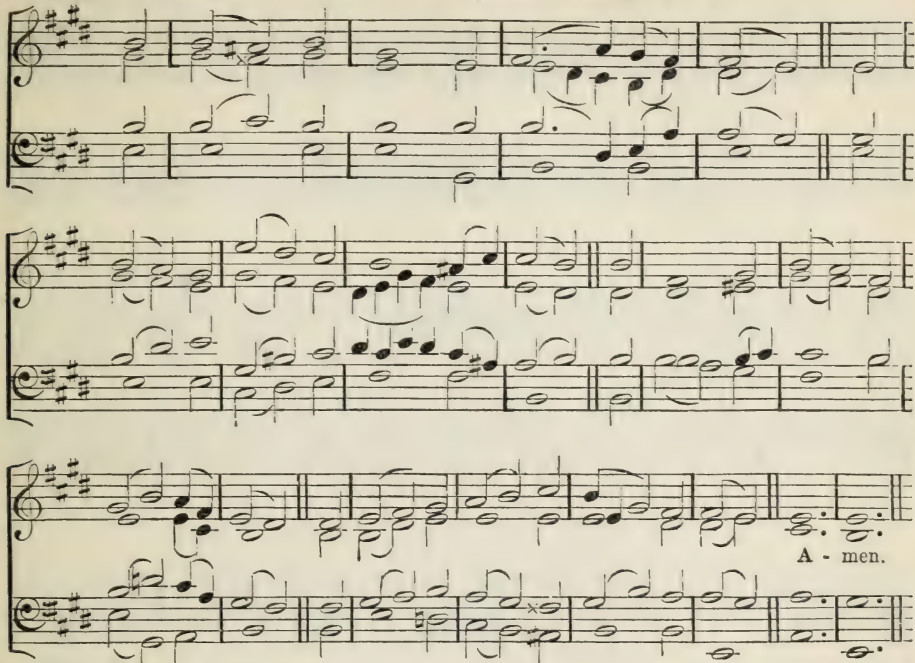
*To be sung in Unison.*



\* The Tune "Melcombe" (Hymn 4) may also be sung to this Hymn, for which it was composed.

# Holy Communion,

Hymn 311. ST. VINCENT.—L.M. (Second Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 54.$



"As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me."

*mf* **T**HE Heavenly Word proceeding forth, *p* By Birth their Fellow-man was He;  
*cr* Yet leaving not the FATHER's side, *cr* Their Meat, when sitting at the Board;  
 Accomplishing His work on earth *p* He died, their Ransomer to be;  
*p* Had reach'd at length life's eventide. *f* He ever reigns, their great Reward.

## PART 2.

*mf* By false disciple to be given  
 To foemen for His life athirst,  
 Himself, the very Bread of Heav'n,  
 He gave to His disciples first.

*p* O Saving Victim, (*cr*) opening wide  
*mf* The gate of heaven to (*dim*) man below,  
*cr* Our foes press on from every side,  
*mf* Thine aid supply, Thy strength (*dim*) be-  
 [stow.

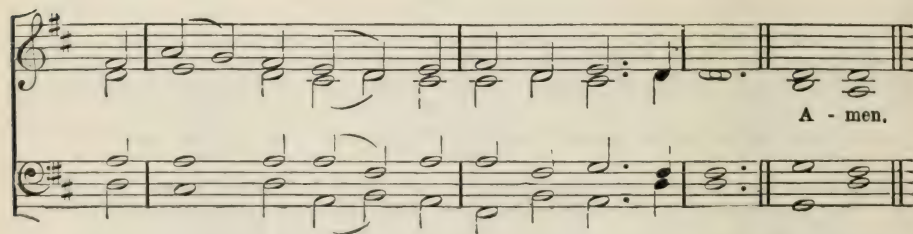
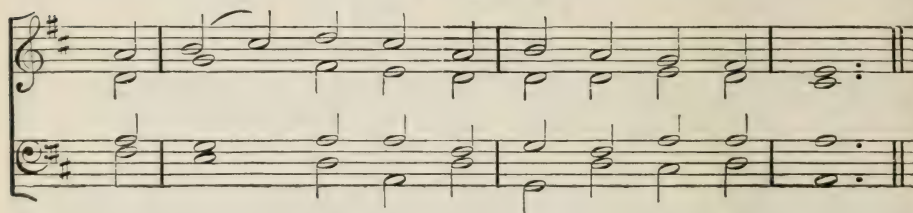
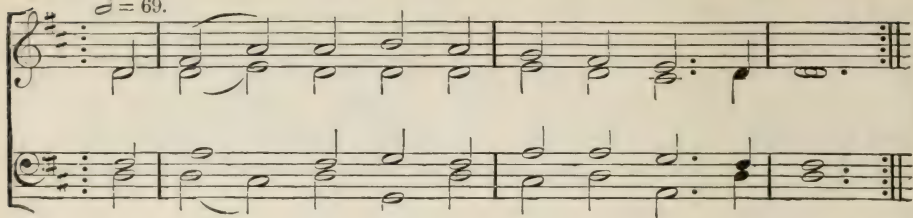
He gave Himself in either kind,  
 His precious Flesh, His precious Blood;  
*cr* In love's own fulness thus design'd  
 Of the whole man to be the Food.

*mf* All praise and thanks to Thee ascend  
 For evermore, Blest ONE in THREE;  
*p* O grant us life that shall not end  
*cr* In our true native land with Thee.

# Holy Communion.

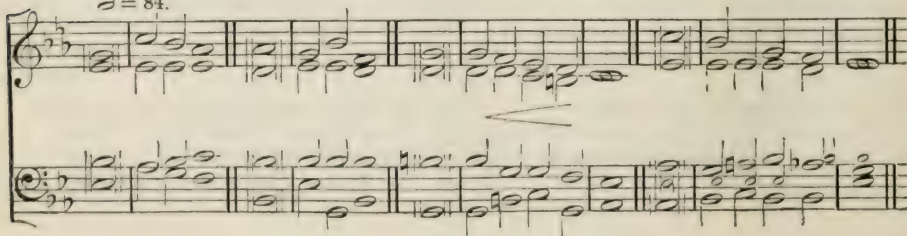
Hymn 312. ADORO TE DEVOTE.—10 10 10 10. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 69.$



Hymn 312. EUCHARISTIC CHANT.—10 10 10 10. (*Second Tune.*)

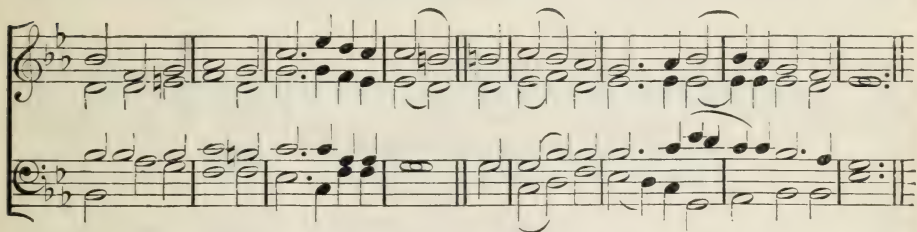
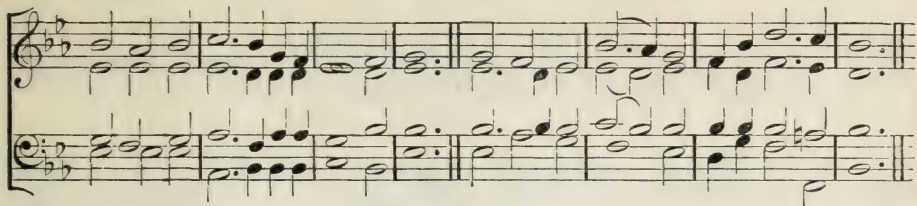
$\text{♩} = 84.$





# Holy Communion.

Hymn 312. ST. SACRAMENT.—10 10 10 10. (Third Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 60$ .



*"Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life."*

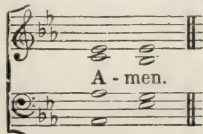
*p* **T**HEE we adore, O hidden Sáviour, Thee,  
Who in Thy Sacrament dost déign to be;  
Both flesh and spirit át Thy Presence fail,  
Yet here Thy Presence wé devoutly hail.

*mf* O blest Memorial of our dýing LORD,  
Who living Bread to men doth hère afford!  
O may our souls for éver feed on Thee,  
And Thou, O CHRIST, for éver precious be.

Fountain of goodness, JESU, LÓRD and GOD,  
*p* Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cléansing Blood;  
*cr* Increase our faith and lóve, that we may know  
The hope and peace which fróm Thy Presence flow.

*p* O CHRIST, Whom now beneath a véil we see,  
May what we thirst for soon our pórtion be,  
*cr* To gaze on Thee unvéil'd, and see Thy Face,  
*f* The vision of Thy glóry and Thy grace.

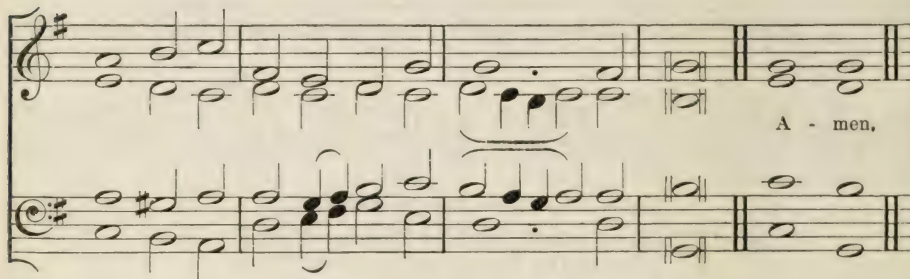
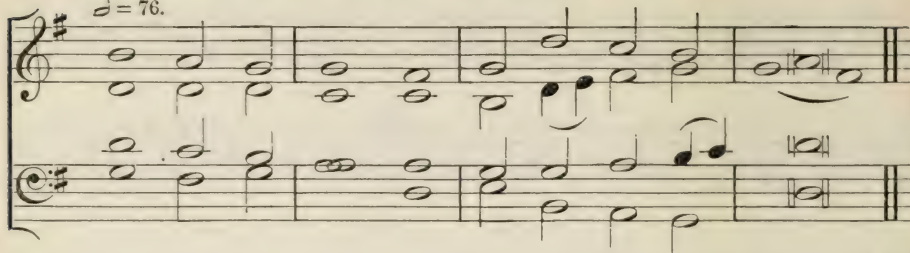
2 and 3.



# Holy Communion.

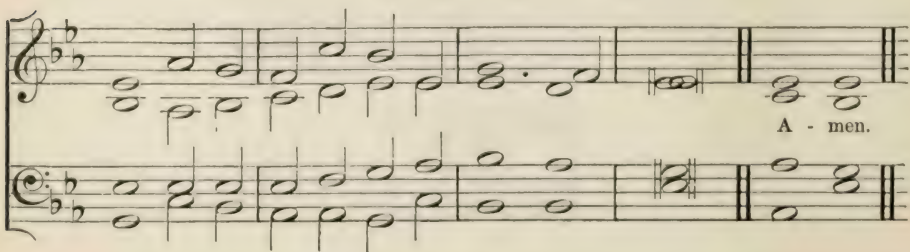
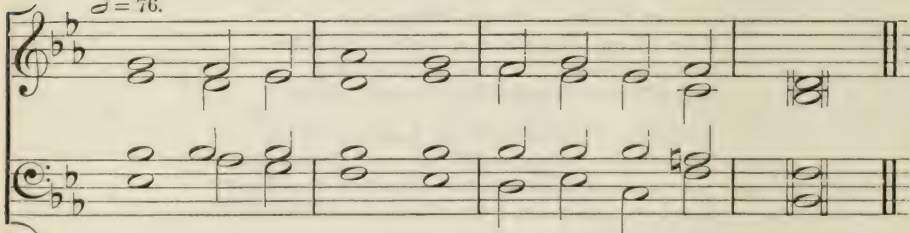
Hymn 313. LAMMAS.—10 10. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 76.$



Hymn 313. CENA DOMINI.—10 10. (*Second Tune.*)

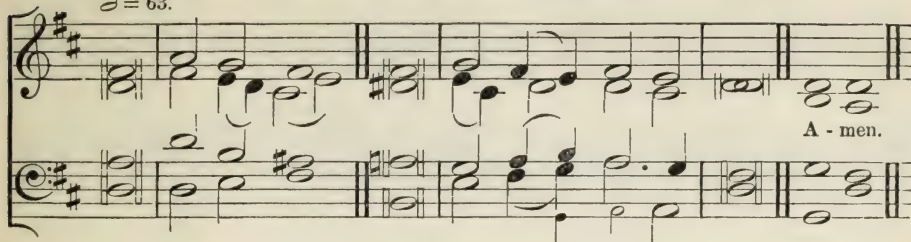
$\text{♩} = 76.$



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 313. SANCTI VENITE.—10 10. (Third Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 63.$



*"Wisdom saith, Come eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled."*

*p* **D**RAW nigh and take the Body óf the LORD,  
And drink the holy Blóod for you out-pour'd.

Saved by that Body and that hólý Blood,  
*cr* With souls refresh'd, we rénder thanks to GOD.

Salvation's Giver, CHRIST, the Ónly Son,  
By His dear Cross and Blóod the victory won.

*p* Offer'd was He for greatest ánd for least,  
Himself the Victim, ánd Himself the Priest.

Victims were offer'd by the láw of old,  
Which in a type this héavenly mystery told.

*mf* He, Ransomer from death, and Líght from shade,  
Now gives His holy gráce His saints to aid.

*p* Approach ye then with faithful héarts sincere,  
*cr* And take the safeguard óf salvation here.

*mf* He, that His saints in this world rúles and shields,  
To all believers life eternal yields;

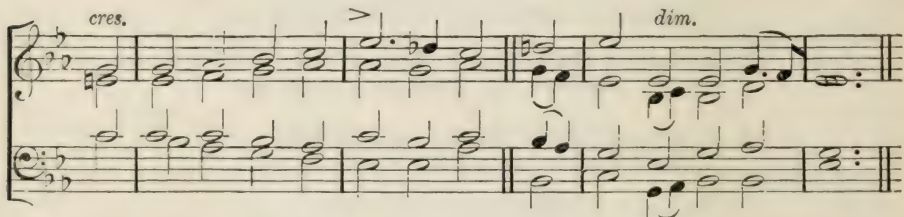
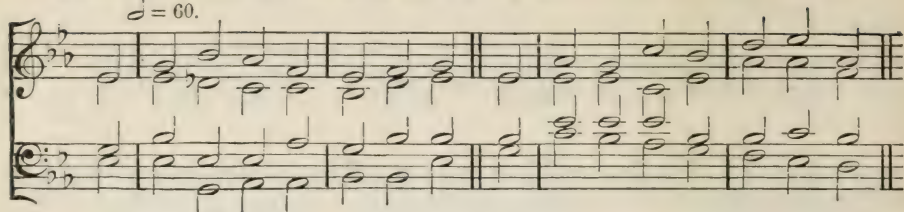
With heavenly bread makes them that húngr whole,  
Gives living waters tó the thirsting soul.

*p* Alpha and Omega, to Whóm shall bow  
All nations at the Dóom, is with us now.

# Holy Communion.

Hymn 314. ESCA VIATORUM.—8 8 6 8 8 6.

$\text{♩} = 60.$

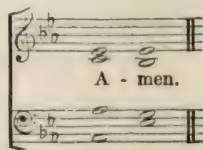


"He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him."

*mf* **O** FOOD that weary pilgrims love,  
*cr* O Bread of Angel-hosts above,  
 O Manna of the Saints,  
 The hungry soul would feed on Thee;  
*cr* Ne'er may the heart unsolaced be  
 Which for Thy (*dim*) sweetness faints.

*p* LORD JESU, Whom, by power Divine  
 Now hidden 'neath the outward sign,  
 We worship and adore,  
*mf* Grant, when the veil away is roll'd,  
*cr* With open face we may behold  
 Thyself for evermore.

*mf* **O** Fount of love, O cleansing Tide,  
*p* Which from the Saviour's pierced Side  
 And Sacred Heart dost flow.  
*cr* Be ours to drink of Thy pure rill,  
 Which only can our spirits fill,  
 And all our need bestow.

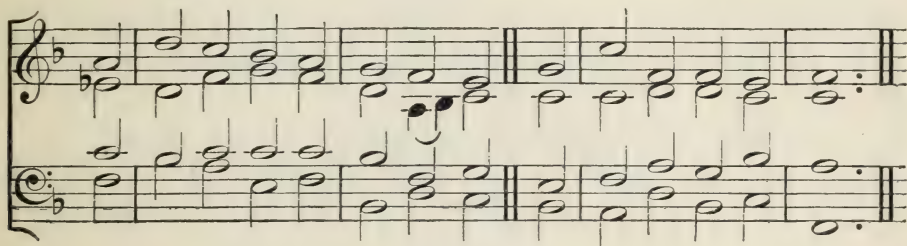
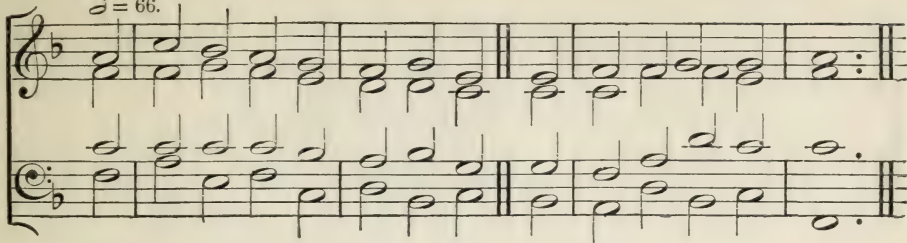




# Holy Communion.

Hymn 315. ALBANO.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 66.$



"We have an Altar."

*mf* **O**NCE, only once, and once for all,  
His precious life He gave;  
Before the Cross our spirits fall,  
And own it strong to save.

"One offering, single and complete,"  
With lips and heart we say;  
But what He never can repeat  
He shows forth day by day.

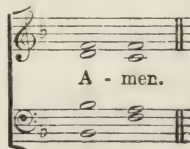
For, as the priest of Aaron's line  
Within the Holiest stood,  
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine  
With sacrificial blood;

So He, Who once atonement wrought,  
Our Priest of endless power,  
Presents Himself for those He bought  
*p* In that dark noontide hour.

*mf* His Manhood pleads where now It lives  
On Heav'n's eternal Throne,  
And where in mystic rite He gives  
Its Presence to His own.

And so we show Thy death, O LORD,  
Till Thou again appear;  
And feel, when we approach Thy Board,  
We have an Altar here.

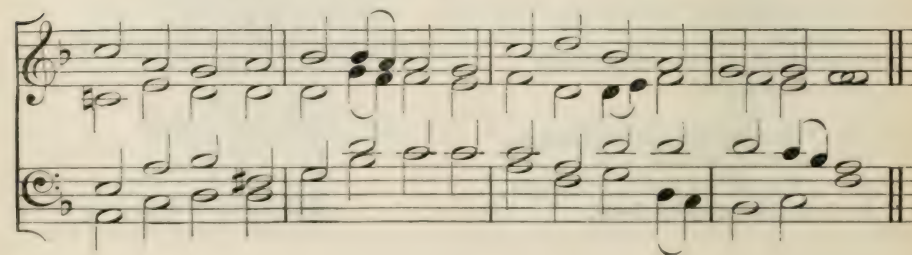
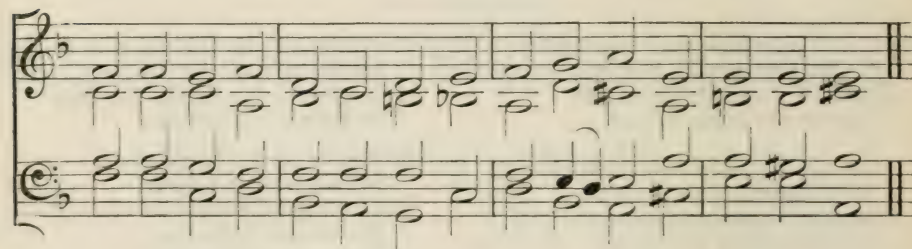
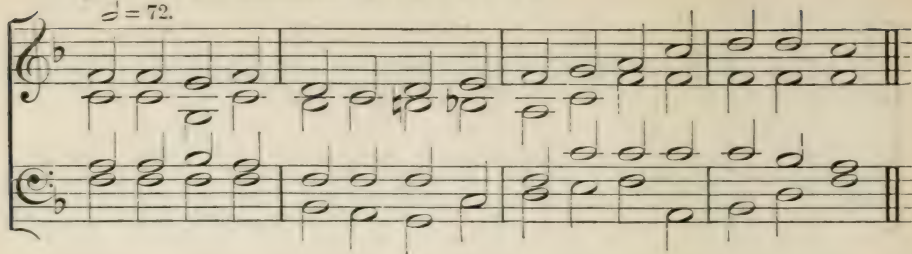
*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the SON,  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 316. ALLELUIA.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



Holy Communion.

*"Thou art a Priest for ever."*

*f* ALLELUIA! sing to JESUS!  
His the Sceptre, His the Throne;  
Alleluia! His the triumph,  
His the victory alone;

*p* Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion

*cr* Thunder like a mighty flood ;

*f* JESUS out of every nation  
Hath redeem'd us (*p*) by His Blood.

*mf* Alleluia! not as orphans

Are we left in sorrow now;

Alleluia! He is near us.

Faith believes, nor questions how :

Though the cloud from sight received Him,

When the forty days were o'er,

er Shall our hearts forget His promise,  
"I am with you evermore?"

*mf* Alleluia! Bread of Angels.

Thou on earth our Food, our Stay ;

Alleluia! (*p*) here the sinful

Flee to Thee from day to day ;

Intercessor, Friend of sinners,

or Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,

Where the songs of all the sinless

Sweep across the crystal sea.

*mf* Alleluia! King Eternal,

Thee the LORD of lords we own ;

Alleluia ! (*p*) born of Mary,

*er* Earth Thy footstool, Heav'n Thy Throne:

*mf* Thou within the veil hast enter'd,

Robed in flesh, our great High Priest ;

Thou on earth both Priest and Victim

In the Eucharistic Feast.

*f* Alleluia! sing to JESTS!

His the Sceptre, His the Throne;

Alleluia! His the triumph,

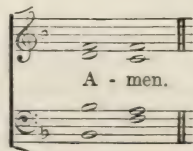
His the victory alone ;

*p* Hark! the songs of peaceful Sion

*cr* Thunder like a mighty flood ;

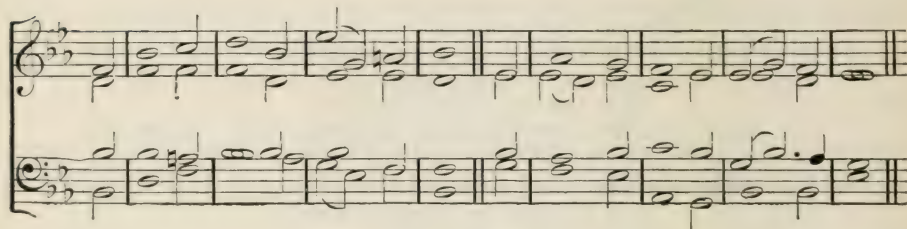
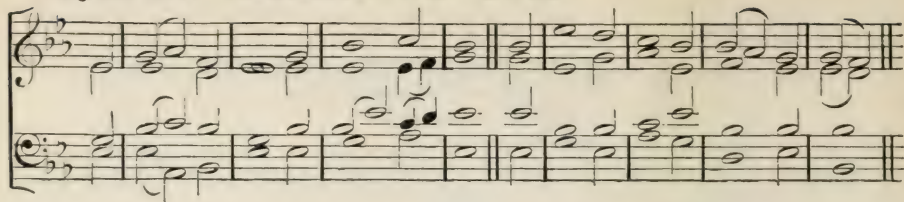
*J* JESUS out of every nation

Hath redeem'd us (*p*) by His Blood.



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 317. ROCKINGHAM.—L.M.  $\text{♩} = 69$ .



*"Come, for all things are now ready."*

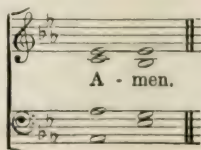
*p* MY God, and is Thy Table spread,  
And doth Thy Cup with love o'erflow?  
*cr* Thither be all Thy children led,  
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

O let Thy Table honour'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

*mf* Hail, sacred Feast, which JESUS makes,  
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!  
*cr* Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred Stream, that heavenly Food.

*f* TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from the Angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore.

*mf* Why are its dainties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts display'd?  
Was not for them the Victim slain?  
Are they forbid the children's Bread?

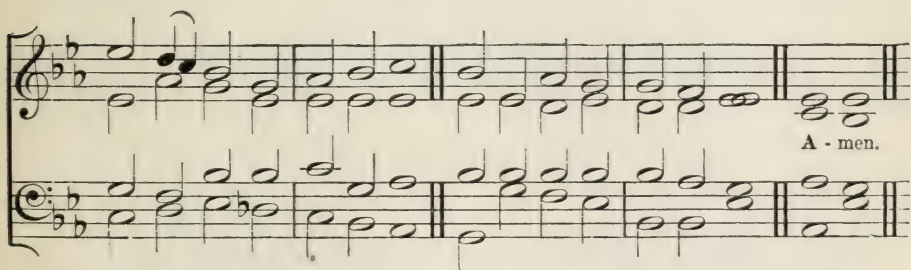
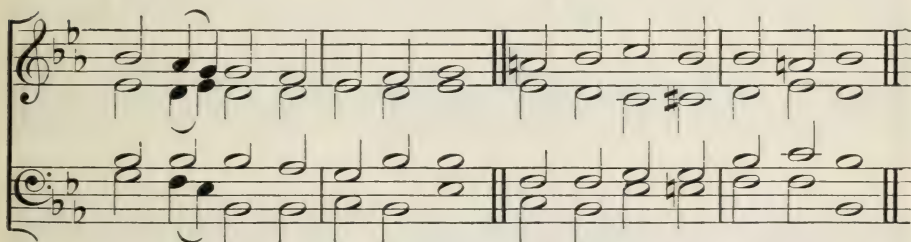
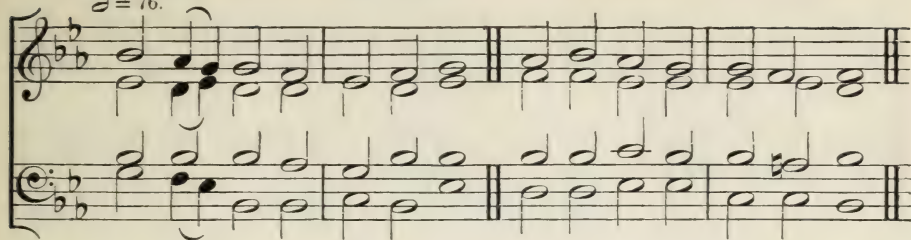




# Holy Communion.

Hymn 318. BREAD OF HEAVEN.—7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



A - men.

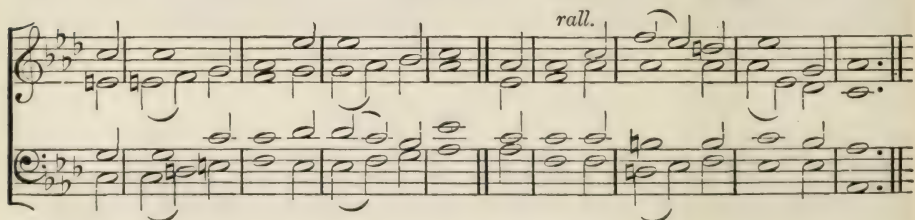
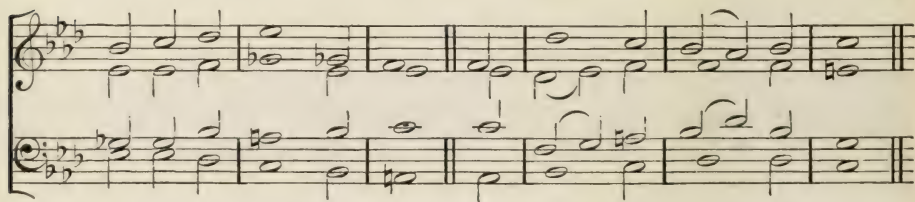
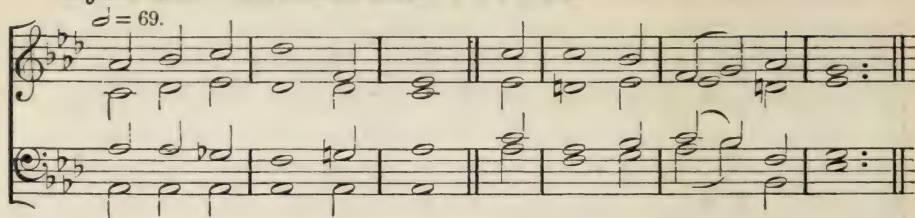
"This do in remembrance of Me."

*mf* **B**READ of Heav'n, on Thee we feed,  
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed;  
Ever may our souls be fed  
With this true and living Bread;  
*cr* Day by day with strength supplied  
*dim* Through the life of Him Who died.

*mf* Vine of Heav'n, Thy Blood supplies  
This blest Cup of Sacrifice;  
*p* Lord, Thy Wounds our healing give,  
To Thy Cross we look and live:  
*cr* Jesus, may we ever be  
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

# Holy Communion.

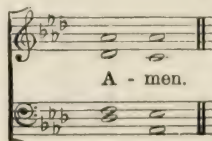
Hymn 319. AUTHOR OF LIFE.—6 6 6 6 8 8.



"The Lord's Table."

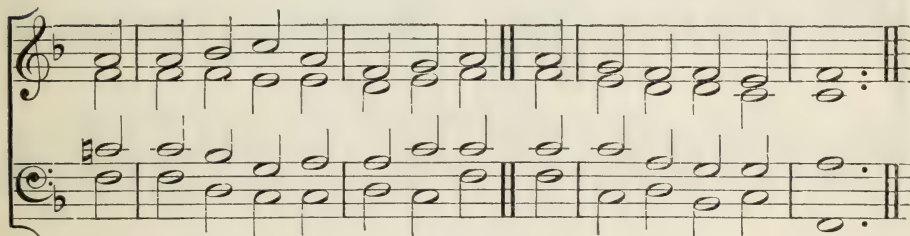
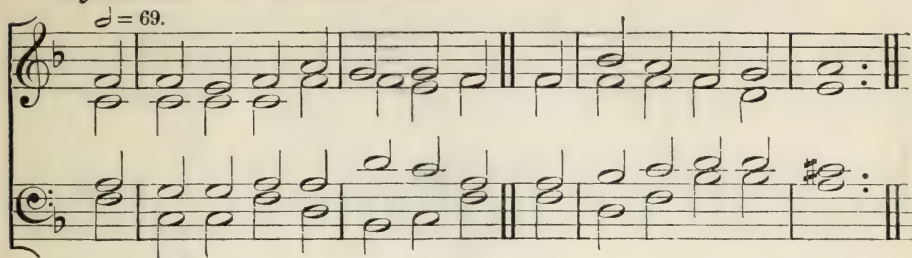
*mf* **A**UTHOR of life Divine,  
Who hast a Table spread,  
Furnish'd with mystic Wine  
And everlasting Bread,  
*cr* Preserve the life Thyself hast given,  
And feed and train us up for Heav'n.

*mf* Our needy souls sustain  
With fresh supplies of love,  
Till all Thy life we gain,  
And all Thy fulness prove,  
*cr* And, strengthen'd by Thy perfect grace,  
*dim* Behold without a veil Thy Face.



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 320. ST. FLAVIAN.—C.M.



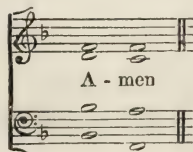
*"My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed."*

*p* **O** GOD, unseen yet ever near,  
Thy Presence may we feel;  
And, thus inspired with holy fear,  
Before Thine Altar kneel.

We come, obedient to Thy Word,  
To feast on heavenly Food;  
Our meat the Body of the Lord,  
Our drink His precious Blood.

*mf* Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love,  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.

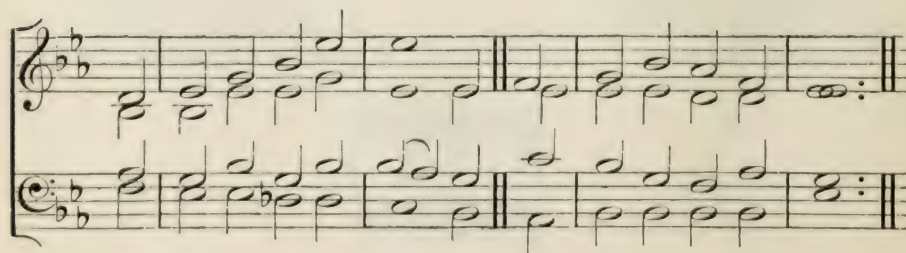
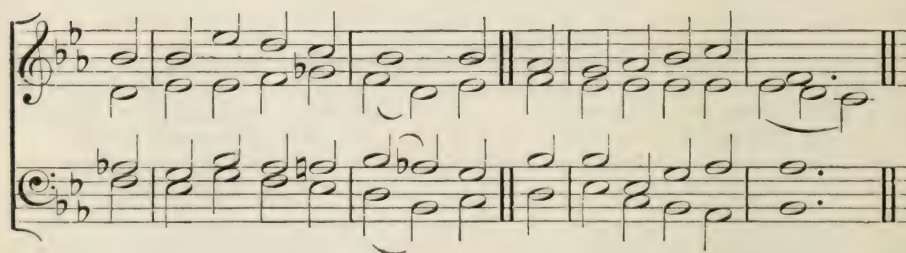
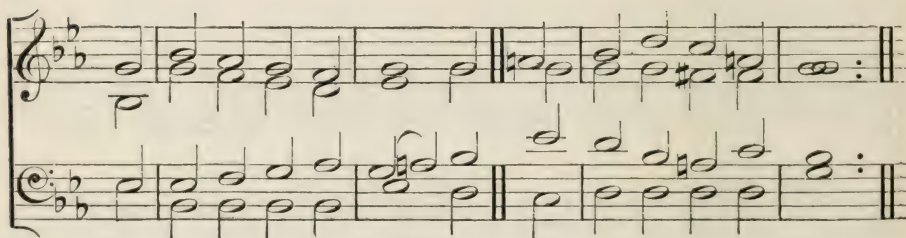
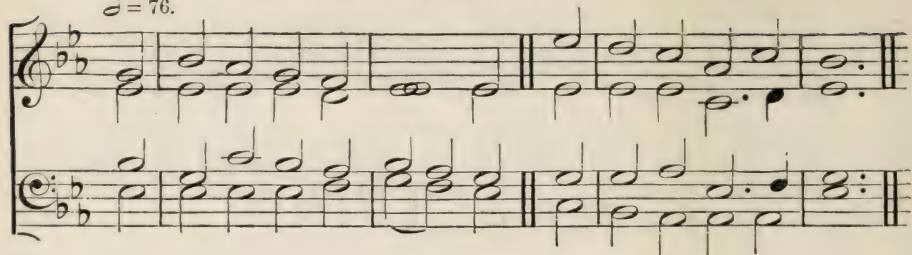
*p* Thus may we all Thy Word obey,  
*cr* For we, O God, are Thine;  
*f* And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renew'd with strength Divine.



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 321. DIES DOMINICA.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 76.$





# Holy Communion.

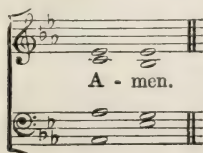
"I love them that love Me: and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

*mf* **W**E pray Thee, heavenly FATHER,  
To hear us in Thy love,  
And pour upon Thy children  
The unction from above;  
That so in love abiding,  
From all defilement free,  
*cr* We may in pureness offer  
Our Eucharist to Thee.

*mf* Be Thou our Guide and Helper,  
O JESU CHRIST, we pray;  
So may we well approach Thee,  
If Thou wilt be the Way:  
*cr* Thou, very Truth, hast promised  
To help us in our strife,  
*dim* Food of the weary pilgrim,  
*cr* Eternal Source of Life.

*mf* And Thou, Creator SPIRIT,  
Look on us, we are Thine;  
Renew in us Thy graces,  
Upon our darkness shine;  
*cr* That, with Thy benediction  
Upon our souls outpour'd,  
We may receive in gladness  
*p* The Body of the LORD.

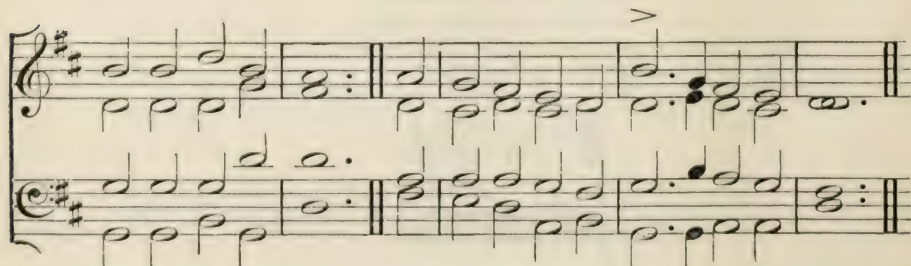
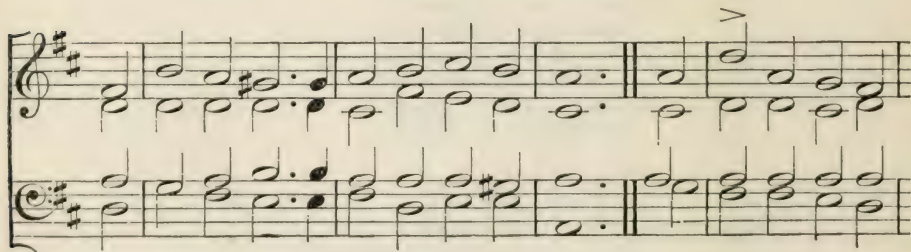
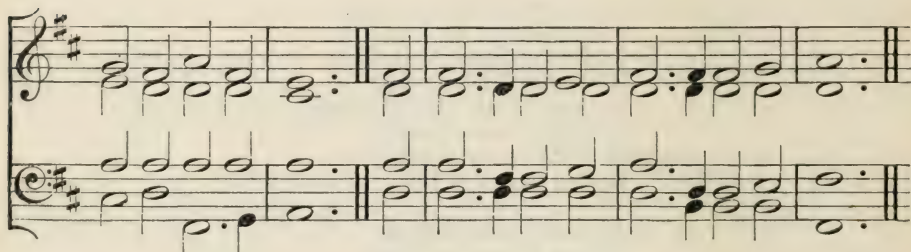
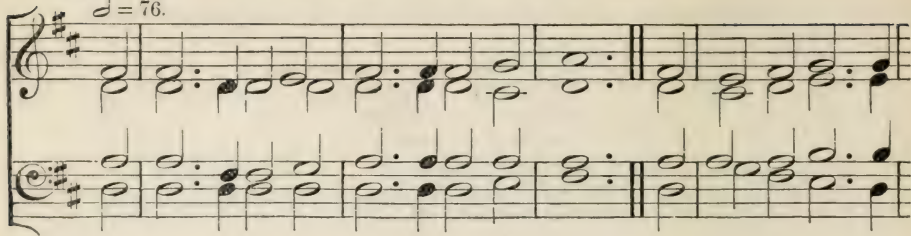
*mf* O TRINITY of Persons!  
O UNITY most High!  
On Thee alone relying  
Thy servants would draw nigh:  
*p* Unworthy in our weakness,  
*cr* On Thee our hope is stay'd,  
*mf* And bless'd by Thy forgiveness  
We will not be afraid.



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 322. UNDE ET MEMORES.—10 10 10 10 10.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



# Holy Communion.

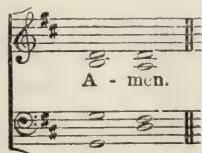
*"In every place incense shall be offered unto My Name, and a pure offering."*

*p* **A**ND now, O FATHER, mindful of the love  
That bought us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,  
And having with us Him that pleads above,  
*cr* We here present, we here spread forth to Thee  
*mf* That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,  
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

*p* Look, FATHER, look on His Anointed Face,  
And only look on us as found in Him;  
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,  
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim;  
*cr* For lo! between our sins and their reward  
We set the Passion of Thy SON our LORD.

*p* And then for those, our dearest and our best,  
By this prevailing Presence we appeal;  
*cr* O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,  
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal;  
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,  
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

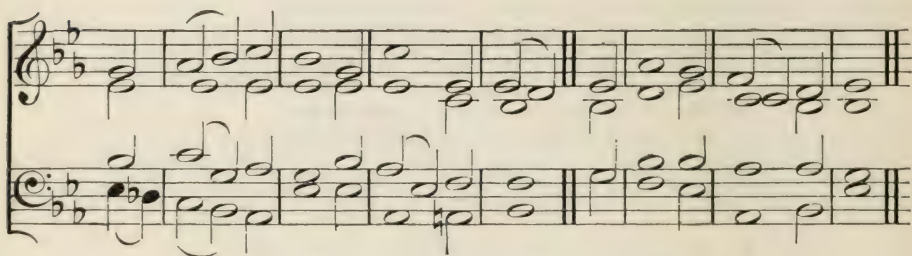
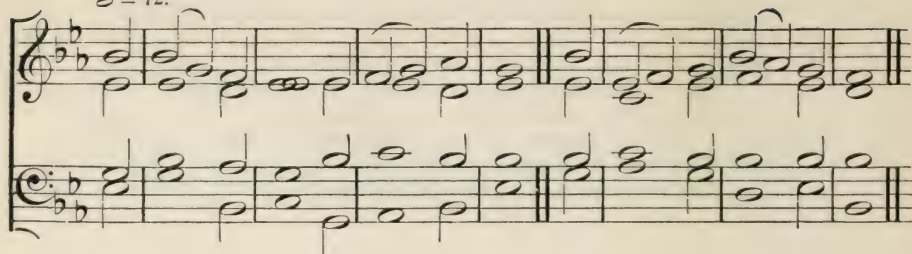
*p* And so we come; O draw us to Thy Feet,  
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still;  
*cr* And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,  
Deliver us from every touch of ill:  
*f* In Thine own service make us glad and free,  
And grant us never more to part with Thee.



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 323. LEICESTER.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



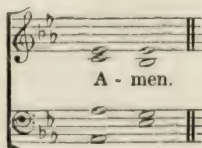
*"The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof ;  
but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed."*

*p* I AM not worthy, Holy Lord,  
That Thou shouldst come to me ;  
*cr* Speak but the Word ; one gracious Word  
Can set the sinner free.

*p* I am not worthy ; *(cr)* yet, my God,  
How can I say Thee nay ;  
Thee, Who didst give Thy Flesh and Blood  
My ransom-price to pay ?

*p* I am not worthy ; cold and bare  
The lodging of my soul ;  
How canst Thou deign to enter there ?  
*cr* Lord, speak, and make me whole.

*mf* O come ! in this sweet morning hour  
Feed me with Food Divine ;  
And fill with all Thy love and power  
*p* This worthless heart of mine.

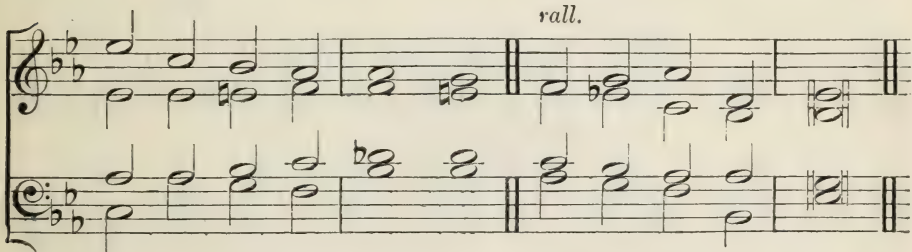
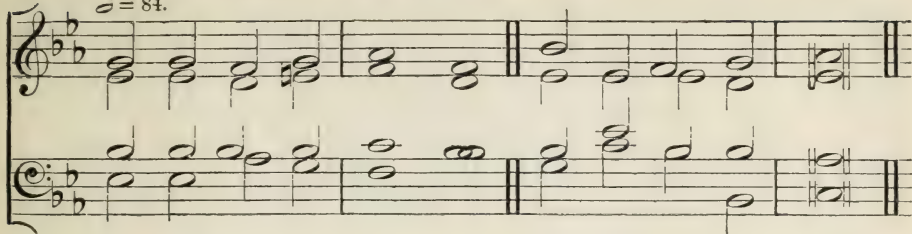




# Holy Communion.

Hymn 324. EUCHARISTICUS. — 6 5 6 5.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



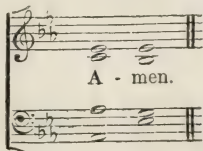
*"He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me."*

*p* JESU, gentlest Saviour,  
Thou art in us now,  
*cr* Fill us with Thy Goodness,  
Till our hearts o'erflow.

*mf* Oh, how can we thank Thee  
For a Gift like this,  
Gift that truly maketh  
Heav'n's eternal bliss!

*p* Multiply our graces,  
Chiefly love and fear,  
*cr* And, dear Lord, the chiefest,  
Grace to persevere.

*p* Ah! when wilt Thou always  
Make our hearts Thy home?  
*cr* We must wait for Heaven;  
Then the day will come.



*The following Hymns are suitable :*

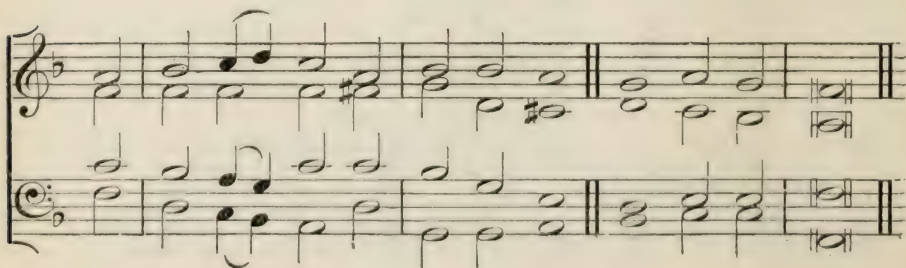
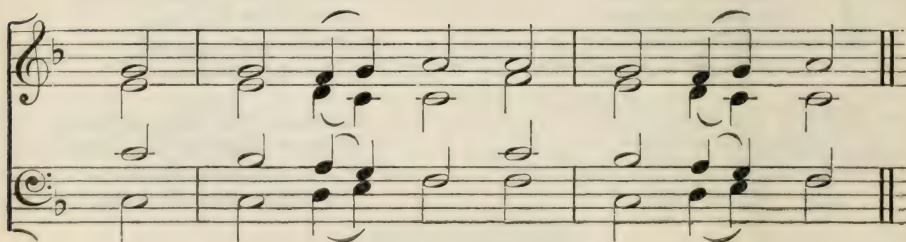
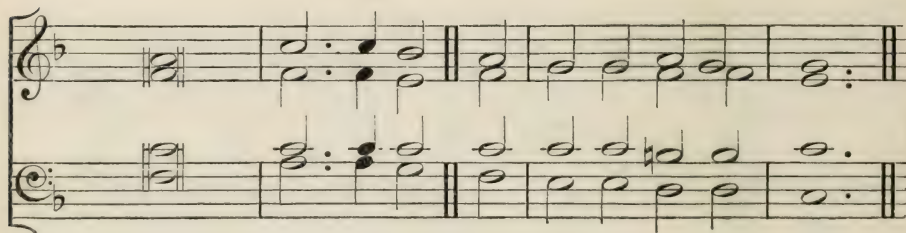
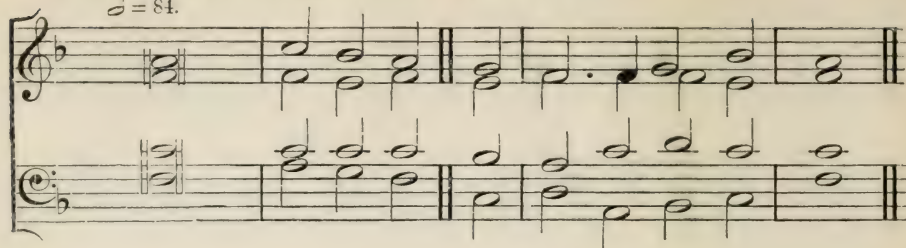
107 Glory be to JESUS.  
177 JESU! the very thought is sweet.  
178 JESU, the very thought of Thee.  
182 JESU, grant me this, I pray.  
187 Behold the LAMB of God!  
190 JESU, Thou Joy of loving hearts!

191 JESU, my LORD, my God, my All.  
192 O Love, Who formedst me to wear.  
193 JESU, Lover of my soul.  
197 The King of love my Shepherd is.  
260 Hark, my soul! it is the LORD.  
307 O Saviour, precious Saviour,

# Holy Baptism.

Hymn 325, ST. FRANCIS.—10 6 10 6 8 8 4.

$\text{♩} = 64.$



# Holy Baptism.

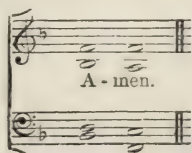
"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

*mf* O FATHER, Thou Who hast created all  
In wisest love, we pray,  
Look on this babe, who at Thy grácious call  
Is entering on life's way;  
*p* Bend o'er *him* in Thy tenderness,  
Thine image on *his* soul impress;  
*cr* O FATHER, hear!

*p* O SON of GOD, Who diedst for ús, behold,  
We bring our child to Thee;  
Thou tender Shepherd, take *him* tó Thy fold,  
Thine own for aye to be;  
*cr* Defend *him* through this earthly strife,  
And lead *him* on the path of life,  
*f* O SON of GOD!

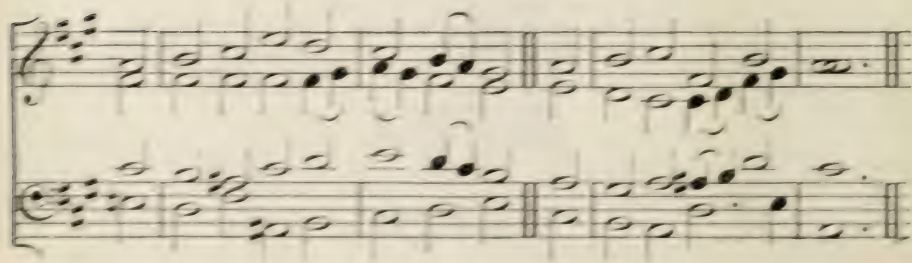
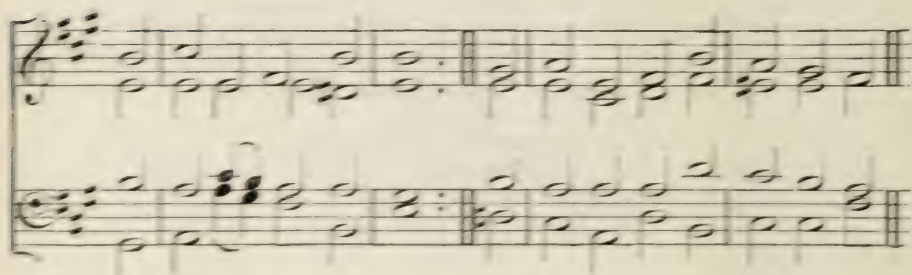
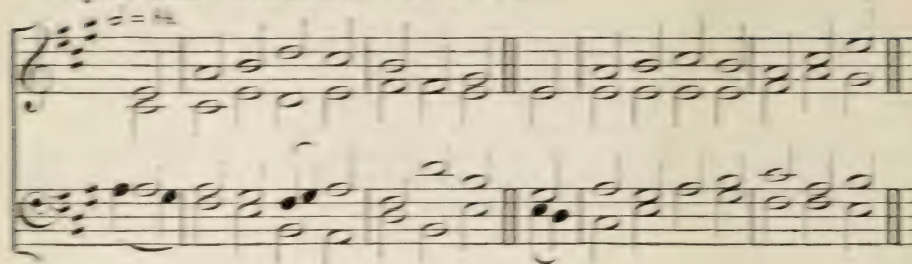
*mf* O HOLY GHOST, Who broodedst ó'er the wave,  
Descend upon this child;  
Give *him* undying life, *his* spírit lave  
With waters undefiled;  
*p* Grant *him*, while yet a babe, to be  
*cr* A child of GOD, a home for Thee,  
O HOLY GHOST!

*mf* O TRIUNE GOD, what Thou command'st is done:  
We speak, but Thine the might;  
This child hath scarce yet seen our éarthly sun,  
Yet pour on *him* Thy light,  
*cr* In faith and hope, in joy and love,  
*f* Thou Sun of all below, above,  
O TRIUNE GOD!



# Holy Baptism.

Hymn 326. Kewlworth — ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩ ♩





\* Baptize him in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

*m* **W**HEN the Church's sacred song,  
By holy Sacrament enfolded,

Another hand we get

*p* At her bosom of sin and shame.

*or* Now in the Holy Father's Name

His guilt is wash'd away.

*m* O Young Father, Thine we pray

Look on this babe new-born to-day.

Thine own adopted child—

Be faithful guard to Thine best-loved

To lead him in Thy path of love.

And guide him through the wild.

O God the Son, Thine heavenly Name,

Protect this tender branch of Time

Through all that may befall;

For ever nourish I may be

With sap Divine that flows from Thee.

In Thee for ever abide.

Bless Spirit, Whose indwelling grace

Has given this little one a place

Among the heirs of life.

O breathe Thy sevenfold gifts within,

and keep Thy temple pure from sin

In midst of worldly strife.

So, Holy Father, by Thee

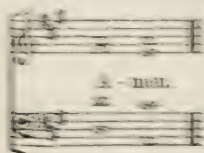
Direct the train of this babe's way

In faith and hope and love.

*or* So may he gain, earth's vainest things apart,

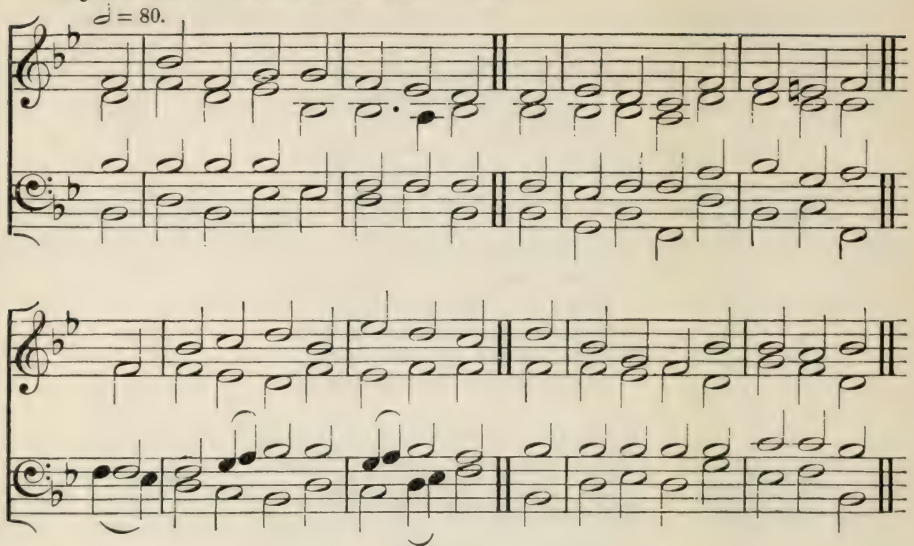
His bright inheritance at last

With all Thy Saints above.



# Holy Baptism.

Hymn 327. WINCHESTER NEW.—L.M.



“The washing of regeneration.”

*mf* 'TIS done! that new and heavenly birth,  
Which re-creates the sons of earth,  
Has cleansed from guilt of Adam's sin  
A soul which JESUS (*p*) died to win.

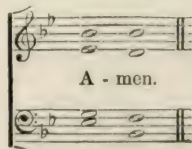
*mf* 'Tis done! the Cross upon the brow  
Is mark'd for weal or sorrow now,  
*cr* To shine with heavenly lustre bright,  
*pp* Or burn in everlasting night.

*mf* O ye who came that babe to lay  
Within a Saviour's Arms to-day,  
Watch well and guard with careful eye  
The heir of immortality.

Teach *him* to know a FATHER's love,  
And seek for happiness above,  
To CHRIST *his* heart and treasure give,  
And in the SPIRIT ever live;

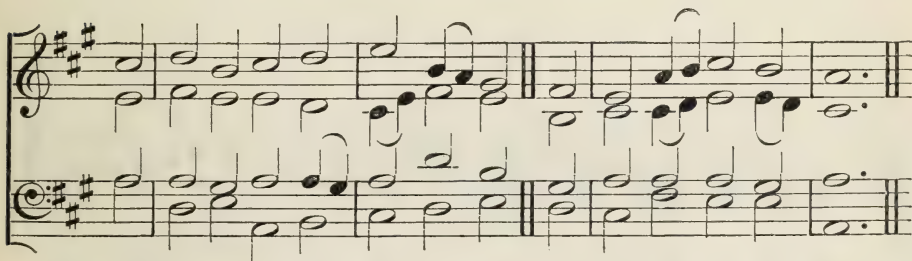
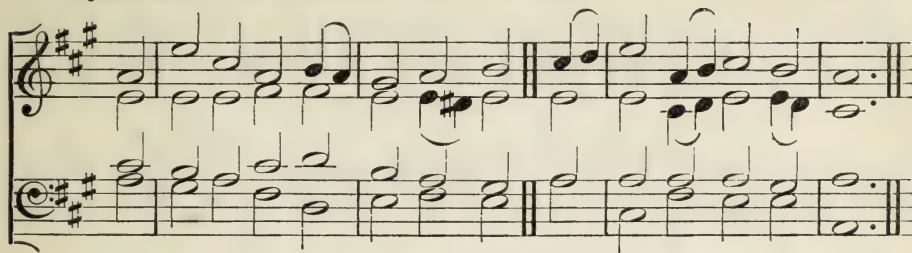
*cr* That so before the judgment-seat  
In joy and triumph ye may meet;  
*f* The battle fought, the struggle o'er,  
The kingdom yours for evermore.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, Angelic host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.



# Holy Baptism.

Hymn 328. ST. STEPHEN.—C.M. ♩ = 76.



*"Be not thou therefore ashamed of the testimony of our Lord."*

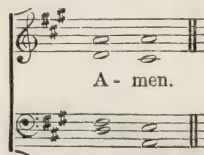
*mf* **I**N token that thou shalt not fear  
CHRIST Crucified to own,  
We print the Cross upon thee here,  
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou too shalt tread  
The path He travell'd by,  
Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
*cr* And sit thee down on high ;

In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in His Name,  
We blazon here upon thy front  
His glory (*dim*) and His shame.

*mf* Thus outwardly and visibly  
We seal thee for His own ;  
And may the brow that wears His Cross  
*cr* Hereafter share His Crown.

*mf* **I**N token that thou shalt not flinch  
CHRIST's quarrel to maintain,  
But 'neath His banner manfully  
Firm at thy post remain ;

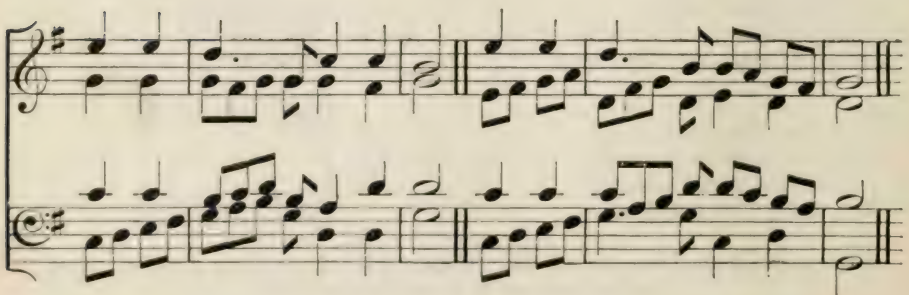
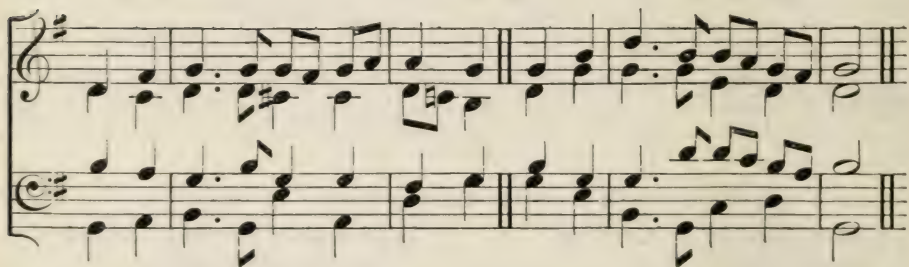
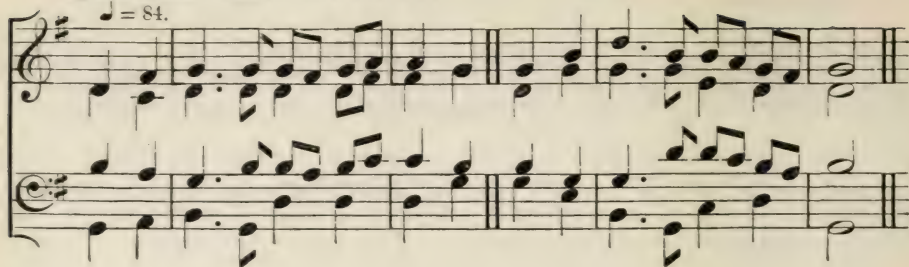


*This Hymn may also be sung when a child who has been privately baptized is received into the congregation ; and at the baptism of an adult.*

# For the Young.

Hymn 329. IRBY.—8 7 8 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$





# For the Young.

"The Child Jesus."

*mf* ONCE in royal David's city  
Stood a lowly cattle shed,  
*p* Where a Mother laid her Baby  
In a manger for His bed;  
*mf* Mary was that Mother mild,  
*p* JESUS CHRIST her little Child.

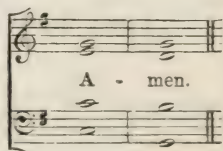
He came down to earth from Heaven  
*f* Who is GOD and LORD of all,  
*p* And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle was a stall;  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.

*mf* And, through all His wondrous Childhood,  
He would honour and obey,  
Love, and watch the lowly Maiden,  
In whose gentle arms He lay;  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.

For He is our childhood's pattern,  
Day by day like us He grew,  
*p* He was little, weak, and helpless,  
Tears and smiles like us He knew;  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
*cr* And He shareth in our gladness.

*f* And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love,  
*p* For that Child so dear and gentle  
*f* Is our LORD in Heav'n above;  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.

*mf* Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him; (*f*) but in Heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high;  
When like stars His children crown'd  
All in white shall wait around.



# For the Young.

Hymn 330. I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$

I love to hear the sto - ry Which An - gel voi - ces tell,

How once the King of glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell.

*Fine.*

I am both weak and sin - ful, But this I sure - ly know,

*p*

# For the Young.

*rit. dim. ten. D.C.*

The LORD came down to save me, Be - cause He loved me so.

*D.C.*

"The love of Christ."

*mf* I LOVE to hear the story  
Which Angel voices tell,  
*p* How once the King of glory  
Came down on earth to dwell.  
*cr* I am both weak and sinful,  
But this I surely know,  
The LORD came down to save me,  
Because He loved me so.  
*mf* I love to hear the story  
Which Angel voices tell,  
How once the King of glory  
Came down on earth to dwell.

*f* To sing His love and mercy  
My sweetest songs I'll raise;  
*mf* And though I cannot see Him  
I know He hears my praise;  
For He has kindly promised  
That even I may go  
*cr* To sing among His Angels,  
Because He loves me so.  
*f* I love to hear the story  
Which Angel voices tell,  
*p* How once the King of glory  
Came down on earth to dwell.

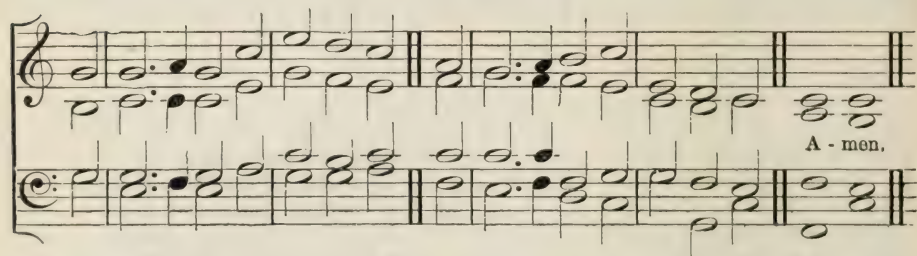
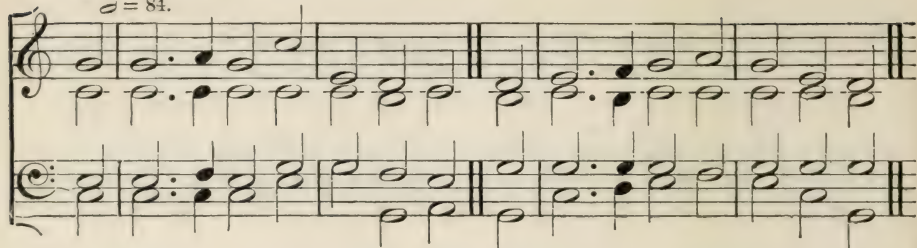
I'm glad my Blessèd SAVIOUR  
Was once a Child like me,  
To show how pure and holy  
His little ones might be;  
And if I try to follow  
His footsteps here below,  
He never will forget me,  
Because He loves me so.  
I love to hear the story  
Which Angel voices tell,  
How once the King of glory  
Came down on earth to dwell.

A - men.

# For the Young.

Hymn 331. ALSTONE.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



A - men.

*"Even a child is known by his doings."*

*mf* **W**E are but little children weak,  
Nor born in any high estate;  
What can we do for JESUS' sake,  
*cr* Who is so High and Good and Great?

*mf* We know the Holy Innocents  
Laid down for Him their infant life,  
And Martyrs brave, and patient Saints  
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

We wear the cross they wore of old,  
Our lips have learn'd like vows to make;  
We need not die; we cannot fight;  
What may we do for JESUS' sake?

Oh, day by day, each Christian child  
Has much to do, without, within;  
A death to die, for JESUS' sake,  
A weary war to wage with sin.

*p* When deep within our swelling hearts  
The thoughts of pride and anger rise,  
When bitter words are on our tongues,  
And tears of passion in our eyes;

*cr* Then we may stay the angry blow,  
Then we may check the hasty word,  
*p* Give gentle answers back again,  
*f* And fight a battle for our LORD.

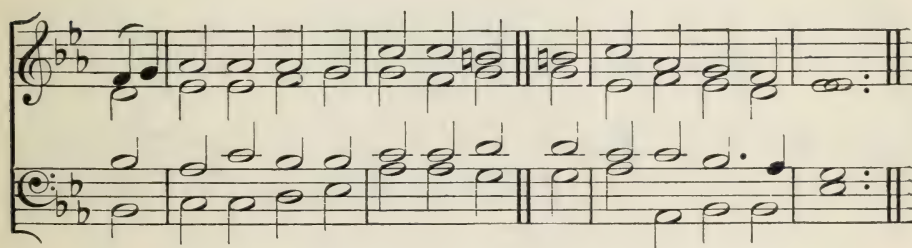
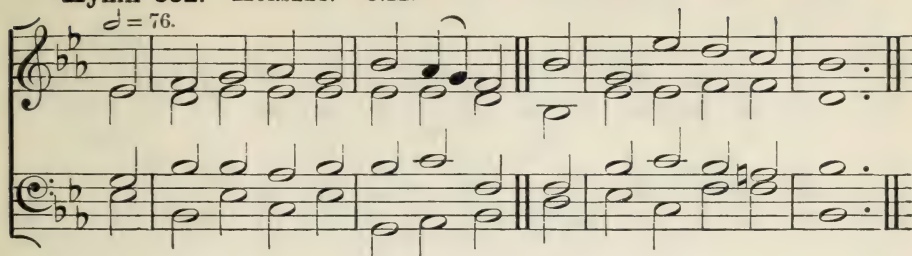
*mf* With smiles of peace, and looks of love,  
Light in our dwellings we may make,  
Bid kind good humour brighten there,  
*p* And still do all for JESUS' sake.

*mf* There's not a child so small and weak  
But has his little cross to take,  
His little work of love and praise  
*p* That he may do for JESUS' sake.



# For the Young.

Hymn 332. HORSLEY.—C.M.



*"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."*

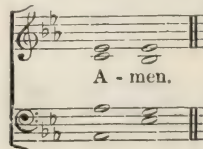
*mf* **T**HERE is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
*p* Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

*mf* There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of Heav'n, and let us in.

We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffer'd there.

Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming Blood,  
And try His works to do.

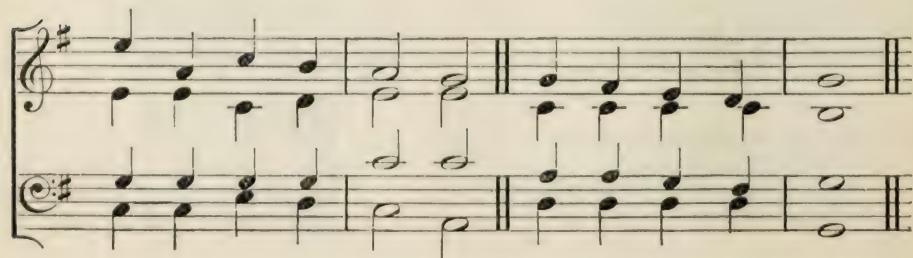
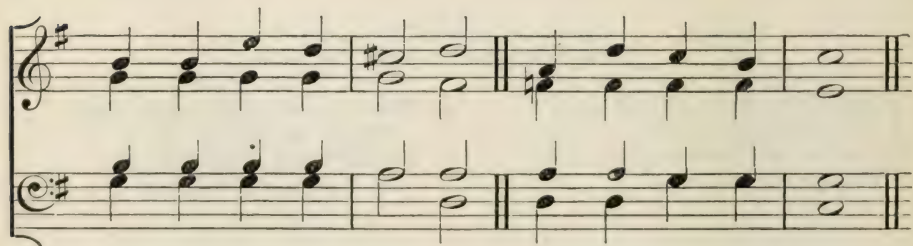
*mf* He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
*cr* That we might go at last to Heav'n,  
*p* Saved by His precious Blood.



# For the Young.

Hymn 333. PASTOR BONUS.—6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5.

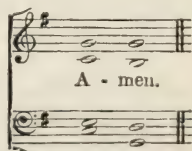
$\text{♩} = 100.$



# For the Young.

*"He took them up in His Arms."*

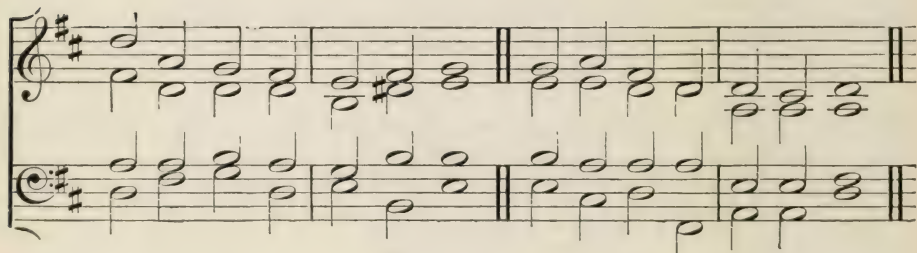
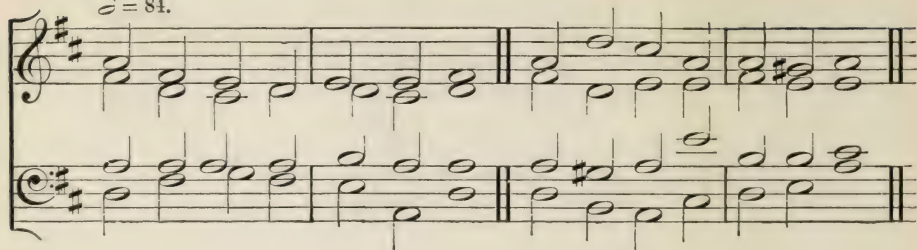
- f* CHRIST, Who once amongst us  
As a Child did dwell,  
Is the children's SAVIOUR,  
And He loves us well;  
*mf* If we keep our promise  
Made Him at the Font,  
*f* He will be our Shepherd,  
And we shall not want.  
*mf* There it was they laid us  
In those tender Arms,  
Where the lambs are carried  
Safe from all alarms;  
If we trust His promise,  
He will let us rest  
In His Arms for ever,  
Leaning on His Breast.  
Though we may not see Him  
For a little while,  
We shall know He holds us,  
Often feel His smile;  
*p* Death will be to slumber  
In that sweet embrace,  
*f* And we shall awaken  
To behold His Face.  
*mf* He will be our Shepherd  
After as before,  
By still heavenly waters  
Lead us evermore,  
Make us lie in pastures  
Beautiful and green,  
Where none thirst or hunger,  
And no tears are seen.  
*p* JESUS, our good Shepherd,  
Laying down Thy life,  
Lest Thy sheep should perish  
In the cruel strife,  
*cr* Help us to remember  
All Thy love and care,  
*f* Trust in Thee, and love Thee  
Always, everywhere.



# For the Young.

Hymn 334. BUCKLAND.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me."*

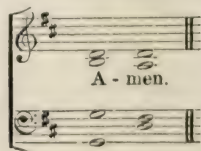
*mf* **L**OVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep;  
Nothing can Thy power withstand,  
None can pluck me from Thy Hand.

*mf* Loving Shepherd, ever near,  
Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear,  
Suffer not my steps to stray  
From the straight and narrow way.

*p* Loving Saviour, Thou didst give  
Thine own life that we might live,  
And the Hands outstretch'd to bless  
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

*cr* Where Thou ledest I would go,  
Walking in Thy steps below,  
Till before my FATHER's Throne  
I shall know as I am known.

*f* I would praise Thee every day,  
Gladly all Thy Will obey,  
Like Thy blessed ones above  
Happy in Thy precious love.

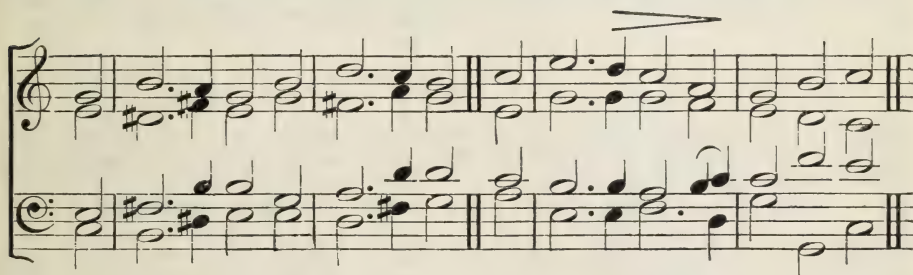
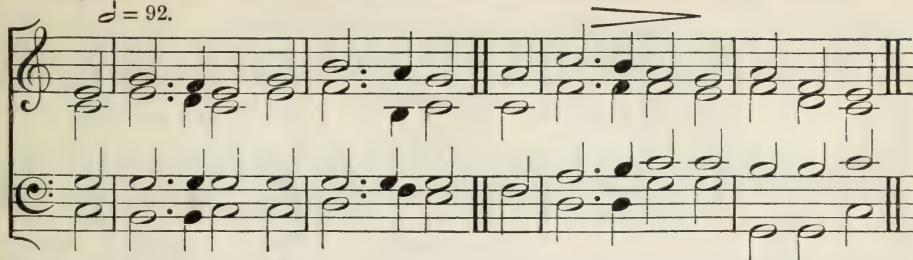




# For the Young.

Hymn 335.\* GUARDIAN ANGELS.—L.M.

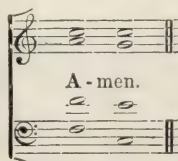
$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."*

<i>mf</i> <b>A</b> ROUND the Throne of God a band	<i>p</i> LORD, give Thy Angels every day
<i>cr</i> Of glorious Angels ever stand;	Command to guide us on our way,
<i>f</i> Brightthings they see, sweet harps they hold,	And bid them every evening keep
And on their heads are crowns of gold.	Their watch around us while we sleep.

<i>mf</i> Some wait around Him, ready still	<i>mf</i> So shall no wicked thing draw near,
To sing His praise and do His Will;	To do us harm or cause us fear;
And some, when He commands them, go	<i>cr</i> And we shall dwell, when life is past,
To guard His servants here below.	<i>f</i> With Angels round Thy Throne at last.



\* This Tune may be sung in Two Parts (Treble and Alto), if preferred; or in the absence of the other voices.

# For the Young.

Hymn 336. CHILDREN'S VOICES.—6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4.

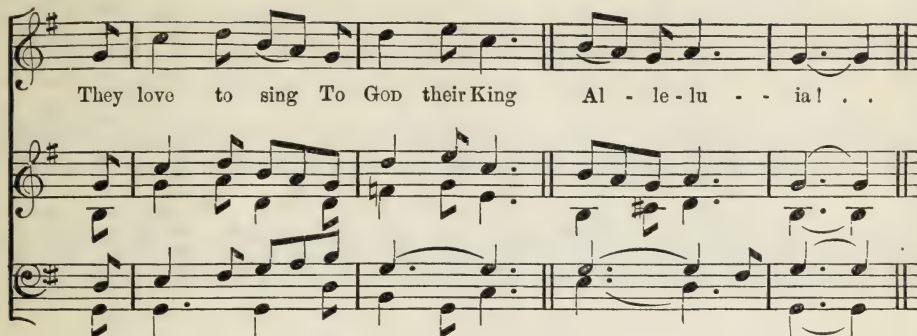
♩. = 63.

A - bove the clear blue sky, . . . In hea - ven's bright a -

- bode, . . . The An - gel host on high Sing prais - es

to . . . their . . . God: . . . Al - - - le - lu - ia!

# For the Young.



"Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great."

*mf* **A**BOVE the clear blue sky,  
In heaven's bright abode,  
The Angel host on high  
Sing praises to their God:

*f* Alleluia!

*mf* They love to sing  
To God their King

*f* Alleluia!

*p* O Blessèd LORD, Thy Truth  
To us Thy babes impart,

*cr* And teach us in our youth  
To know Thee as Thou art.

*f* Alleluia!

*mf* Then shall we sing  
To God our King

*f* Alleluia!

*mf* But God from infant tongues  
On earth receiveth praise;

*cr* We then our cheerful songs  
In sweet accord will raise:

*f* Alleluia!

*mf* We too will sing  
To God our King

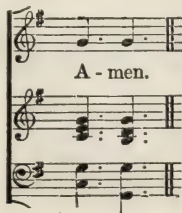
*f* Alleluia!

*mf* O may Thy holy Word  
Spread all the world around;  
And all with one accord  
Uplift the joyful sound,

*f* Alleluia!

*mf* All then shall sing  
To God their King

*f* Alleluia!



# For the Young.

Hymn 337. IN MEMORIAM.—8 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

$\text{♩} = 63.$

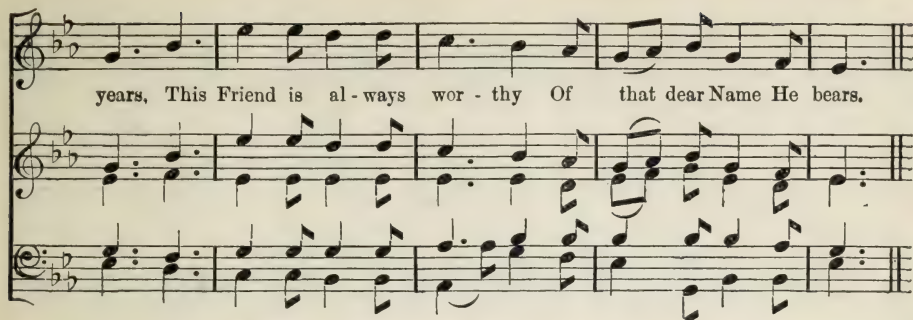
There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue

sky, A Friend Who ne - ver chan - ges, Whose love will ne - ver

die; Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with chang - ing



# For the Young.



years, This Friend is al-ways wor- thy Of that dear Name He bears,

"Jesus . . . took a child, and set him by Him."

*mf* **T**HERE'S a Friend for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A Friend Who never changes,  
Whose love will never die;  
*p* Our earthly friends may fail us,  
And change with changing years,  
*f* This Friend is always worthy  
Of that dear Name He bears.

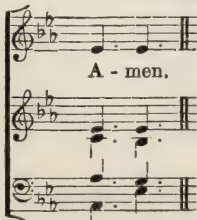
*mf* There's a rest for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the Blessèd Saviour,  
And to the FATHER cry;  
*p* A rest from every turmoil,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

*mf* There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
*f* Where JESUS reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy;  
*mf* No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare;  
*f* For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier, there.

There's a crown for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
*mf* And all who look for JESUS  
Shall wear it by and by;  
*f* A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
*mf* On those who found His favour  
And loved His Name below.

*f* There's a song for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually;  
*mf* A song which even Angels  
Can never, never sing;  
They know not CHRIST as SAVIOUR,  
But worship Him as King.

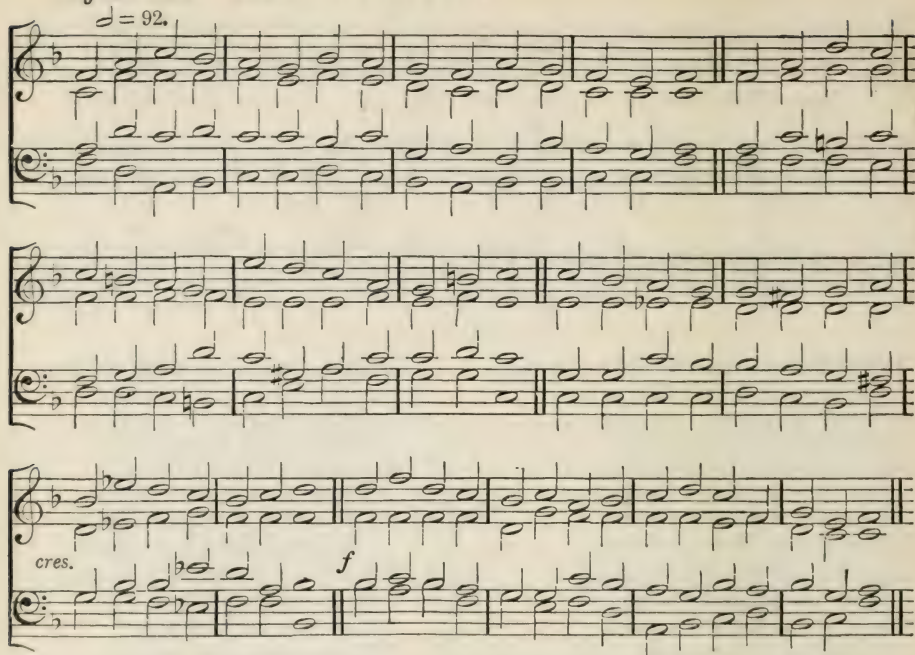
*f* There's a robe for little children  
Above the bright blue sky;  
And a harp of sweetest music,  
And palms of victory.  
All, all above is treasured,  
And found in CHRIST alone;  
*p* LORD, grant Thy little children  
To know Thee as their own.



A - men,

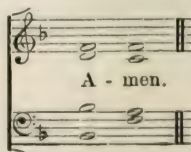
# For the Young.

Hymn 338. IONA.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.



*"Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children."*

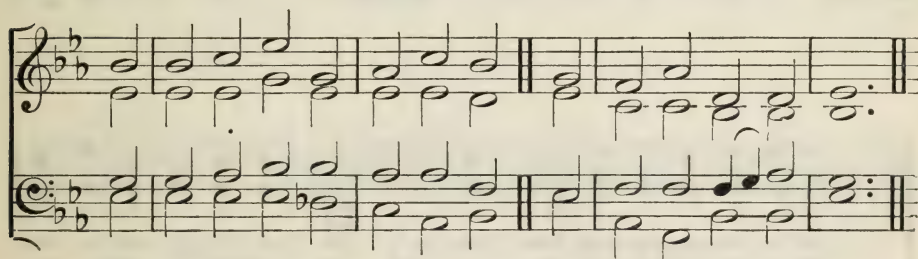
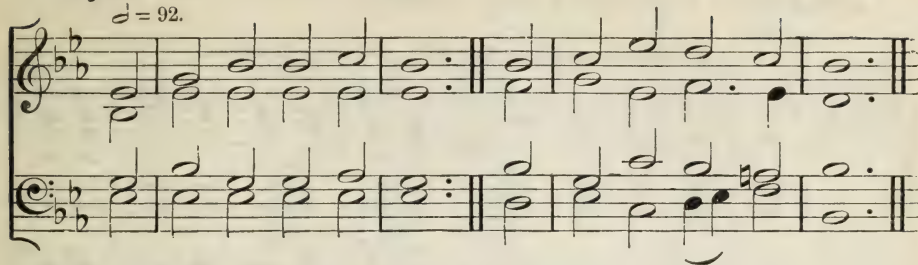
- mf* **H** EAVENLY FATHER, send Thy blessing *mf* Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,  
 On Thy children gather'd here, HOLY SPIRIT, from above,  
 May they all, Thy Name confessing, Guide them, lead them, go before them,  
 Be to Thee for ever dear : Give them peace, and joy, and love :  
 May they be, like Joseph, loving, Thy true temples, HOLY SPIRIT,  
 Dutiful, and chaste, and pure ; *cr* May they with Thy glory shine,  
*f* And their faith, like David, proving, *f* And immortal bliss inherit,  
 Steadfast unto death endure. And for evermore be Thine.
- p* HOLY SAVIOUR, Who in meekness  
 Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,  
*cr* Guide their steps, and help their weakness,  
 Bless and make them like to Thee ;  
*p* Bear Thy lambs, when they are weary,  
 In Thine Arms and at Thy Breast ;  
*cr* Through life's desert, dry and dreary,  
 Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.



# For the Young.

Hymn 339. HOLYROOD.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"Thou shalt not delay to offer the first of thy ripe fruits."*

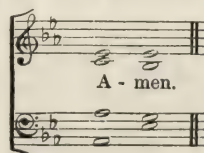
*mf* **F**AIR waved the golden corn  
*cr* In Canaan's pleasant land,  
 When full of joy, some shining morn,  
 Went forth the reaper-band.

Thine is our youthful prime,  
 And life and all its powers;  
*p* Be with us in our morning time,  
 And bless our evening hours.

*f* To God so good and great  
 Their cheerful thanks they pour;  
 Then carry to His temple-gate  
 The choicest of their store.

*cr* In wisdom let us grow,  
 As years and strength are given,  
*f* That we may serve Thy Church below,  
 And join Thy Saints in Heav'n.

*mf* Like Israel, LORD, we give  
 Our earliest fruits to Thee,  
 And pray that, long as we shall live,  
 We may Thy children be.

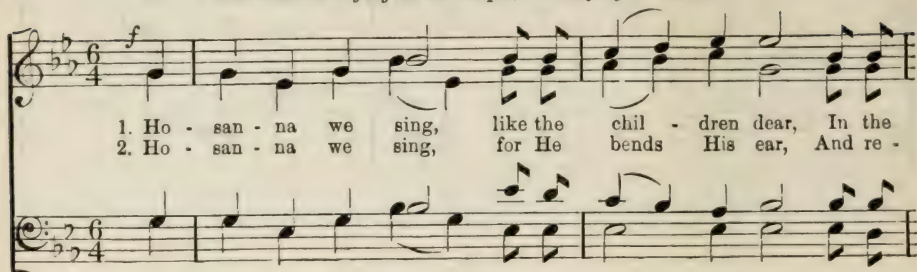


# For the Young.

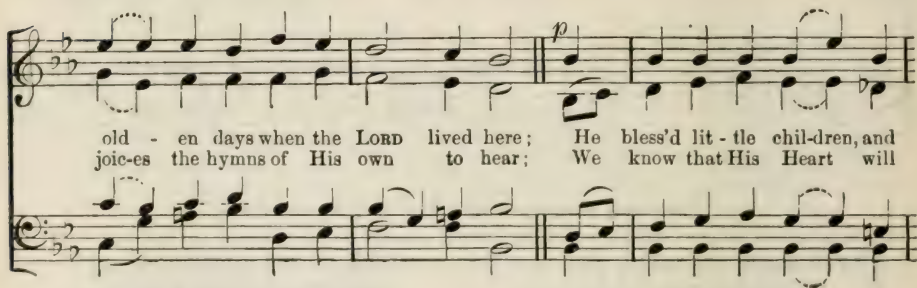
## Hymn 340. HOSANNA WE SING.—Irregular.

$\text{♩} = 52.$

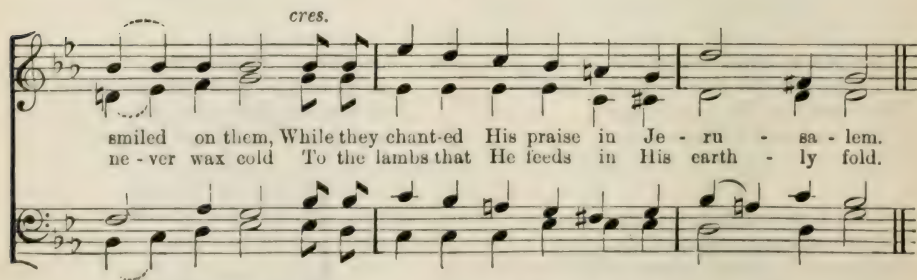
*"The children crying in the temple, and saying Hosanna."*



1. Ho - san - na we sing, like the chil - dren dear, In the  
2. Ho - san - na we sing, for He bends His ear, And re -



old - en days when the LORD lived here; He bless'd lit - tle chil-dren, and  
joic-es the hymns of His own to hear; We know that His Heart will



*cres.*  
smiled on them, While they chant-ed His praise in Je - ru - sa - lem.  
ne - ver wax cold To the lambs that He feeds in His earth - ly fold.

*This may be sung as an accompanied Melody, or in Harmony.*



# For the Young.

*f* *pp*

Al - le - lu - ia we sing, like the chil - dren bright With their  
Al - le - lu - ia we sing, in the Church we love, Al - le -

*cres.* *cres.*

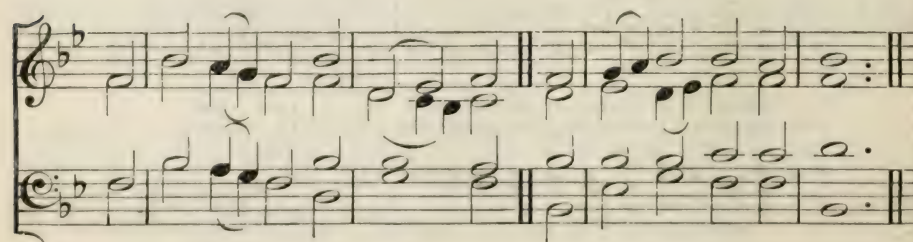
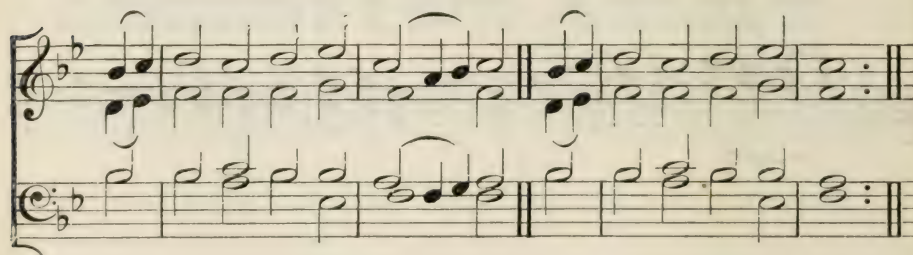
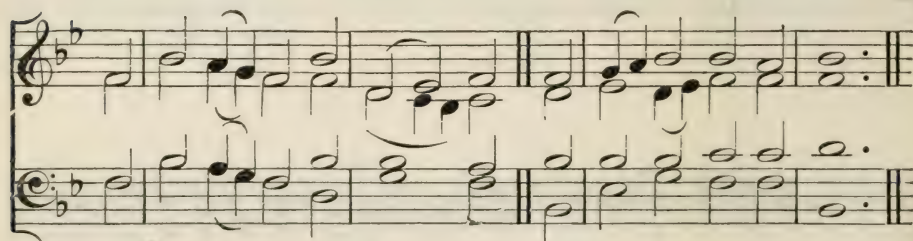
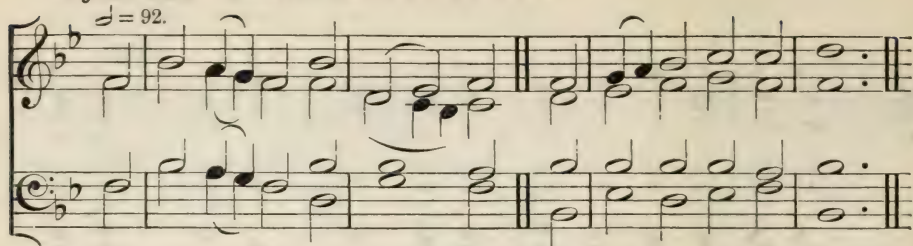
harps of gold and their rai - ment white, As they fol-low their Shepherd with  
lu - ia re-sounds in the Church a - bove; To Thy lit - tle ones, LORD, may such

*f* *dim.* *rall.*

lov - ing eyes Thro' the beau - ti - ful val - leys of Pa - ra - dise.  
grace be given, That we lose not our part in the song of Heav'n. A - men.

# For the Young.

Hymn 341. ELLACOMBE.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.



# For the Young.

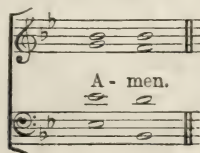
*"My song shall be alway of the loving-kindness of the Lord."*

*f* COME, sing with holy gladness,  
High Alleluias sing,  
Uplift your loud Hosannas  
To JESUS, LORD and King;  
Sing, boys, in joyful chorus  
Your hymn of praise to-day,  
*p* And sing, ye gentle maidens,  
*cr* Your sweet responsive lay.

*mj* 'Tis good for boys and maidens  
Sweet hymns to CHRIST to sing,  
'Tis meet that children's voices  
Should praise the children's King;  
For JESUS is salvation,  
And glory, grace, and rest;  
To babe, and boy, and maiden  
The one Redeemer Blest.

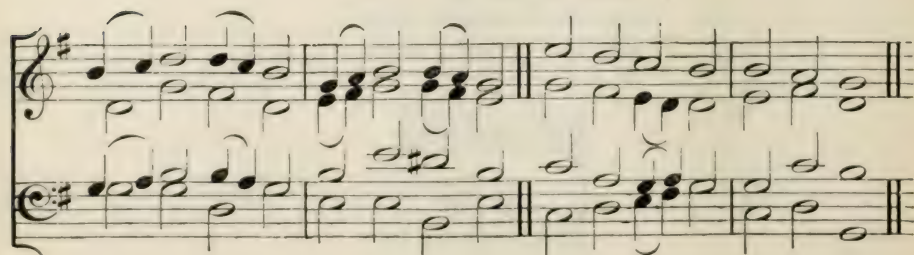
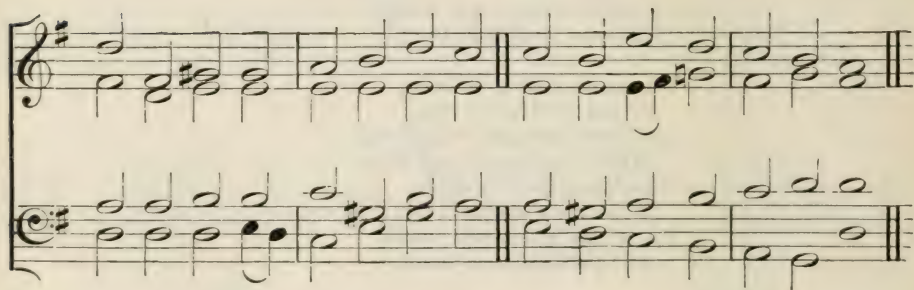
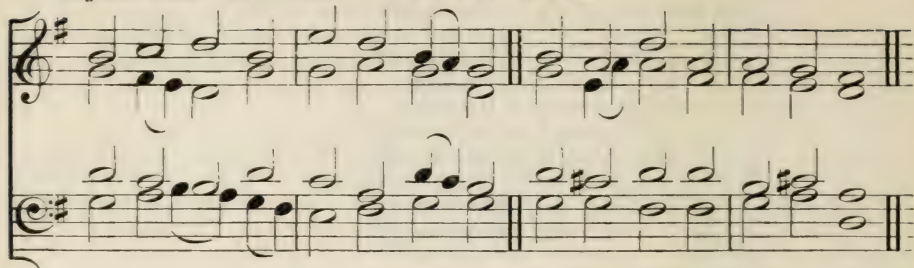
O boys, be strong in JESUS,  
To toil for Him is gain,  
And JESUS wrought with Joseph  
With chisel, saw, and plane;  
O maidens, live for JESUS,  
Who was a maiden's Son;  
Be patient, pure, and gentle,  
And perfect grace begun.

*f* Soon in the golden city  
The boys and girls shall play,  
And through the dazzling mansions  
Rejoice in endless day;  
*p* O CHRIST, prepare Thy children  
*cr* With that triumphant throng  
*f* To pass the burnish'd portals,  
And sing th' eternal song.



# For the Young.

Hymn 342. ST. BEDE.—8 7 8 7 8 7. ♩ = 80.





# For the Young.

*"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."*

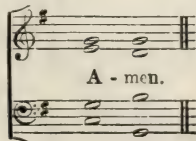
*mf* GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, gentle Shepherd,  
Little ones are dear to Thee;  
Gather'd with Thine Arms, and carried  
In Thy Bosom may we be;  
*p* Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,  
*cr* From all want and danger free.

*mf* Tender Shepherd, never leave us  
From Thy fold to go astray;  
By Thy look of love directed  
May we walk the narrow way;  
Thus direct us, and protect us,  
Lest we fall an easy prey.

Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly  
In the stream Thy love supplied,  
*p* Mingled stream of Blood and Water,  
Flowing from Thy wounded Side;  
*cr* And to heavenly pastures lead us,  
*dim* Where Thine own still waters glide.

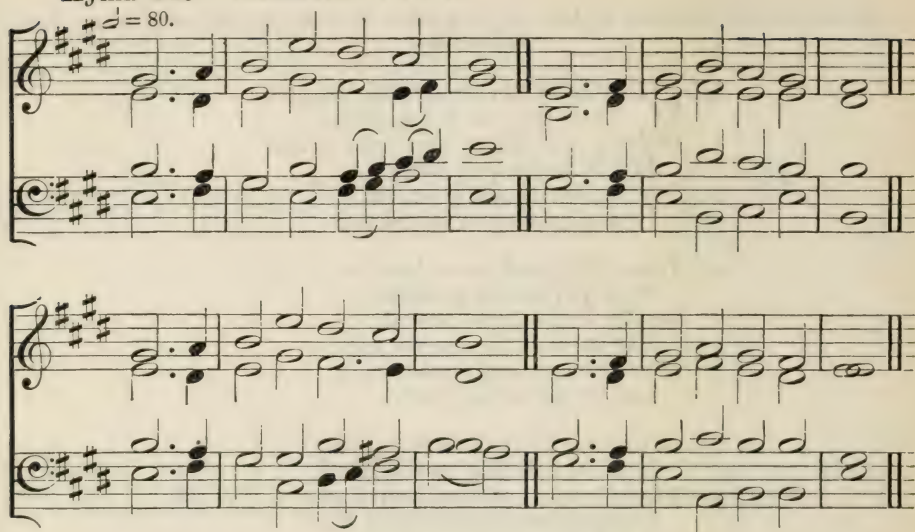
*mf* Let Thy holy Word instruct us;  
Guide us daily by its light;  
Let Thy love and grace constrain us  
To approve whate'er is right,  
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,  
*cr* Strengthen'd with Thy heavenly might.

*mf* Taught to lisp the holy praises  
Which on earth Thy children sing,  
Both with lips and hearts unfeign'd  
May we our thank-offerings bring;  
*f* Then with all the Saints in glory  
Join to praise our LORD and King.



# For the Young.

Hymn 343. INNOCENTS.—7 7 7 7.



*"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."*

*f* GOD Eternal, Mighty King,  
Unto Thee our praise we bring;  
All the earth doth worship Thee,  
We amid the throng would be.

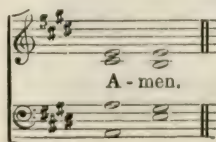
With the Prophets' goodly line  
We in mystic bond combine;  
For Thou hast to babes reveal'd  
Things that to the wise were seal'd.

*pp* Holy, Holy, Holy! cry  
*p* Angels round Thy Throne on high:  
*cr* LORD of all the heavenly powers,  
Be the same loud anthem ours.

Martyrs, in a noble host,  
Of the Cross are heard to boast;  
*p* O that we our cross may bear,  
*f* And a crown of glory wear.

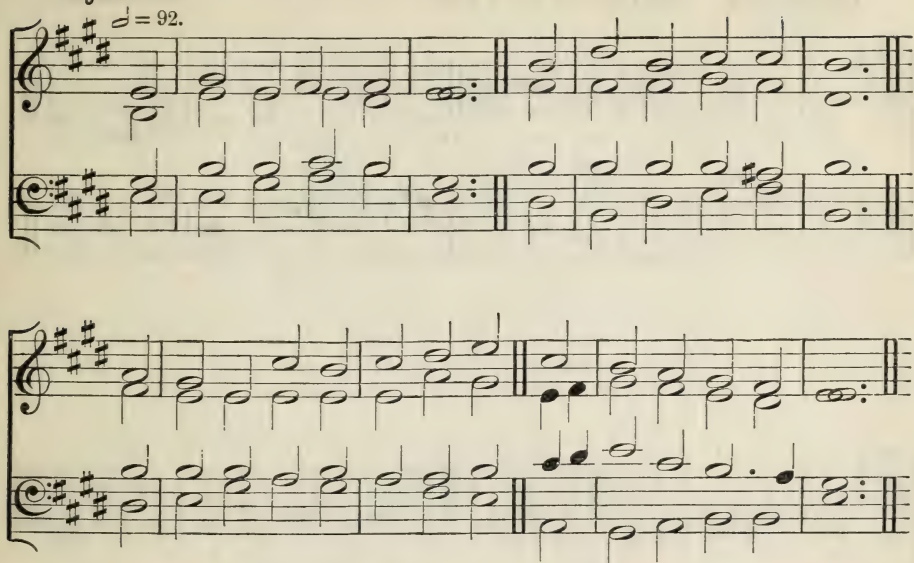
*f* Glorified Apostles raise  
Night and day continual praise;  
*mf* Hast not Thou a mission too  
For Thy children here to do?

*ff* God Eternal, Mighty King,  
Unto Thee our praise we bring;  
To the FATHER, and the SON,  
And the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE.



# For the Young.

Hymn 344. ST. HELENA.—S.M.

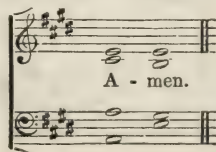


*"Thy Holy Child Jesus."*

FOR A SCHOOL FEAST.

*mf* **L**ORD JESUS, God and Man,  
     For love of man a Child,  
 The Very God, yet born on earth  
     Of Mary undefiled ;  
  
*cr*    LORD JESUS, God and Man,  
 In this our festal day  
 To Thee for precious gifts of grace  
*dim* Thy ransom'd people pray.  
  
*mf* We pray for childlike hearts,  
     For gentle holy love,  
 For strength to do Thy Will below  
     As Angels do above.  
  
     We pray for simple faith,  
     For hope that never faints,  
*cr* For true communion evermore  
     With all Thy blessèd Saints.

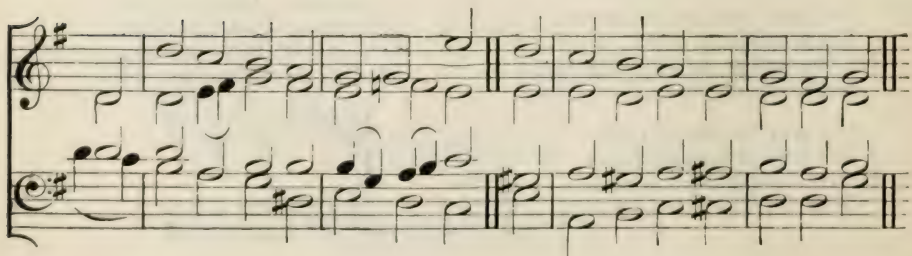
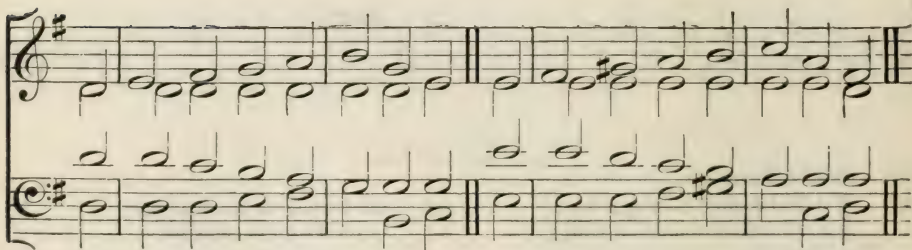
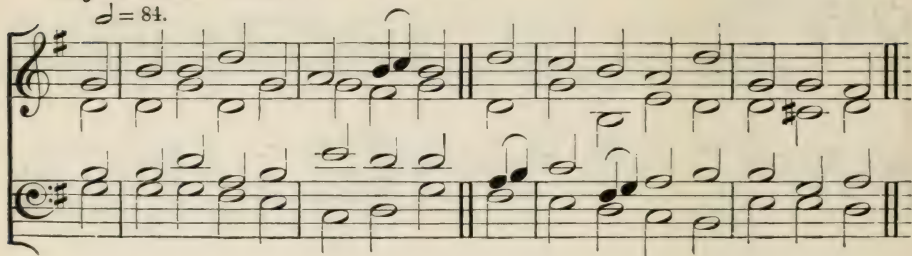
*mf* On friends around us here  
     O let Thy blessing fall ;  
*cr* We pray for grace to love them well,  
     But Thee beyond them all.  
  
*f* O joy to live for Thee !  
     O joy in Thee to die !  
*ff* O very joy of joys to see  
     Thy Face eternally !  
  
*p*    LORD JESUS, God and Man,  
*cr* We praise Thee and adore,  
 Who art with GOD the FATHER ONE  
     AND SPIRIT evermore.



# For the Young.

Hymn 345. BICKLEY.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 84.$





# For the Young.

"In Him was Life, and the Life was the Light of men."

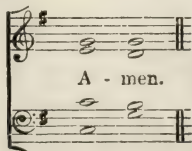
*mf* **O** LIGHT, Whose beams illumine all  
From twilight dawn to perfect day,  
Shine Thou before the shadows fall  
*dim* That lead our wandering feet astray :  
*mf* At morn and eve Thy radiance pour,  
*cr* That youth may love, and age adore.

*mf* O Way, through Whom our souls draw near  
To yon eternal home of peace,  
*f* Where perfect love shall cast out fear,  
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease ;  
*mf* In strength or weakness may we see  
*cr* Our heavenward path, O LORD, through Thee.

*mf* O Truth, before Whose shrine we bow,  
Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,  
To Thee our earliest strength we vow,  
Thy love will bless the pure and meek ;  
*p* When dreams or mists beguile our sight,  
*cr* Turn Thou our darkness into light.

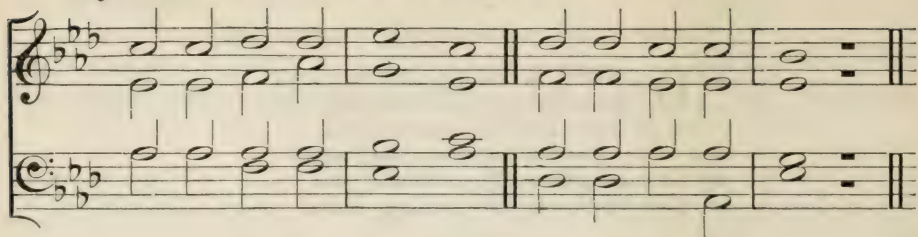
*mf* O Life, the well that ever flows  
To slake the thirst of those that faint,  
*f* Thy power to bless what Seraph knows ?  
Thy joy supreme what words can paint ?  
*p* In earth's last hour of fleeting breath  
*cr* Be Thou our Conqueror over death.

*f* O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,  
O JESU, born mankind to save,  
*p* Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,  
Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave ;  
*f* Be Thou our Hope, our Joy, our Dread,  
LORD of the living (*dim*) and the dead.



# For the Young.

Hymn 346. EUDOXIA.—6 5 6 5. ♩ = 92.



*"When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet."*

*p* **N**OW the day is over,  
Night is drawing nigh,  
Shadows of the evening  
Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,  
Stars begin to peep,  
Birds, and beasts, and flowers  
Soon will be asleep.

*mf* JESU, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;

*p* With Thy tenderest blessing  
May mine eyelids close.

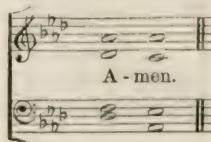
*cr* Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep blue sea

*p* Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;  
Those who plan some evil  
*cr* From their sin restrain.

*p* Through the long night watches  
May Thine Angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
*cr* Watching round my bed.

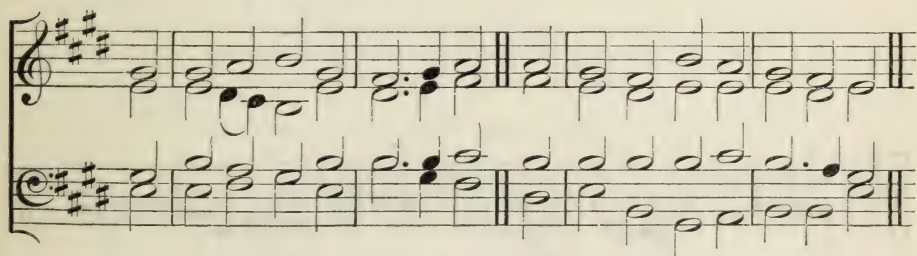
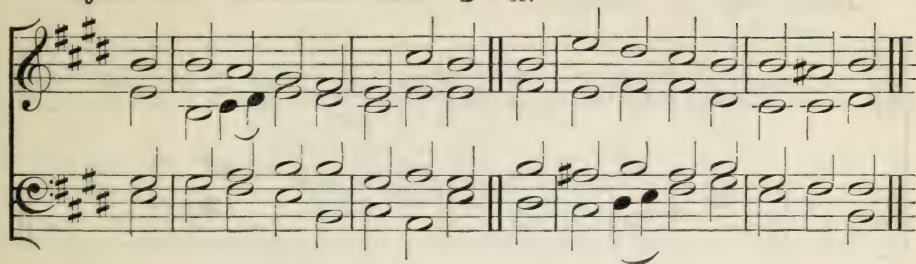
*mf* When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In Thy Holy Eyes.

*f* Glory to the FATHER,  
Glory to the SON,  
And to Thee, Blest SPIRIT,  
Whilst all ages run.



# Confirmation.

Hymn 347. MELCOMBE.—L.M. ♩ = 69.



"The Comforter Which is the Holy Ghost."

*mf* COME, HOLY GHOST, Creator Blest,  
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;  
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,  
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

*mf* Drive far away our ghostly foe,  
And Thine abiding peace bestow;  
If Thou be our preventing Guide,  
No evil can our steps betide.

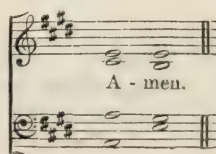
*p* To Thee, the Comforter, we cry,  
To Thee, the Gift of God most High,  
The Fount of life, the Fire of love,  
The soul's Anointing from above.

Grant us through Thee, O HOLY ONE,  
To know the FATHER and the SON;  
And this be our unchanging creed,  
That Thou dost from Them Both proceed.

*mf* O Finger of the Hand Divine,  
The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine;  
True promise of the FATHER Thou,  
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

*f* Praise we the FATHER, and the SON,  
And HOLY SPIRIT with Them ONE:  
*p* And may the SON on us bestow  
*cr* The gifts that from the SPIRIT flow.

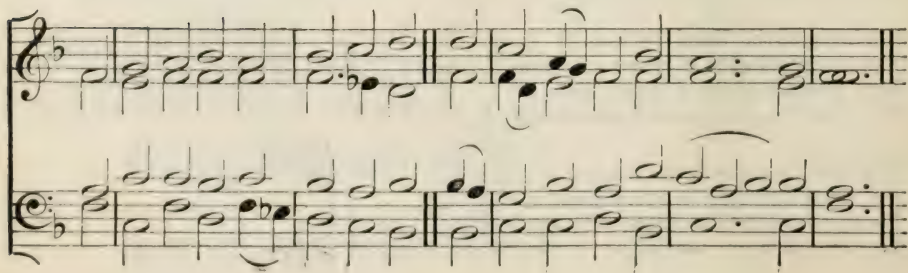
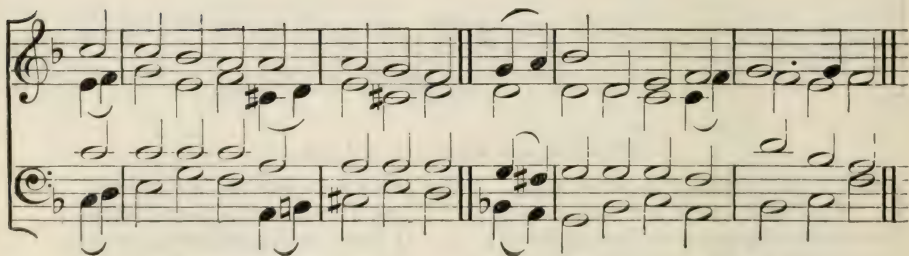
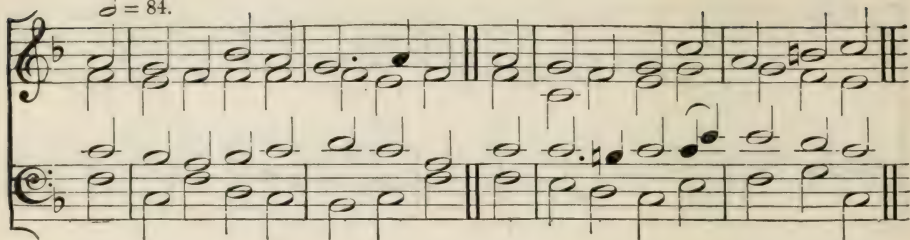
*cr* Thy light to every sense impart,  
And shed Thy love in every heart;  
*f* Thine own unfailing might supply  
*dim* To strengthen our infirmity.



# Confirmation.

Hymn 348. ST. MATTHIAS.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 84.$





# Confirmation.

*"Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."*

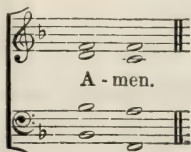
*mf* **B**EHOLD us, LORD, before Thee met  
Whom each bright Angel serves and fears,  
Who on Thy Throne rememberest yet  
*p* Thy spotless Boyhood's quiet years;  
Whose Feet the hills of Nazareth trod,  
*cr* Who art true Man and perfect God.

*mf* To Thee we look, in Thee confide,  
Our help is in Thine own dear Name;  
*cr* For who on JESUS e'er relied,  
And found not JESUS still the same?  
*mf* Thus far Thy love our souls hath brought:  
*cr* O stablish well what Thou hast wrought.

*mf* From Thee was our baptismal grace,  
The holy seed by Thee was sown;  
And now before our FATHER's Face  
We make the three great vows our own,  
And ask, in Thine appointed way,  
Confirm us in Thy grace to-day.

We need Thee more than tongue can speak,  
'Mid foes that well might cast us down;  
*cr* But thousands, (*dim*) once as young and weak,  
*cr* Have fought the fight, and won the crown;  
*p* We ask the help that (*cr*) bore them through;  
We trust the Faithful and the True.

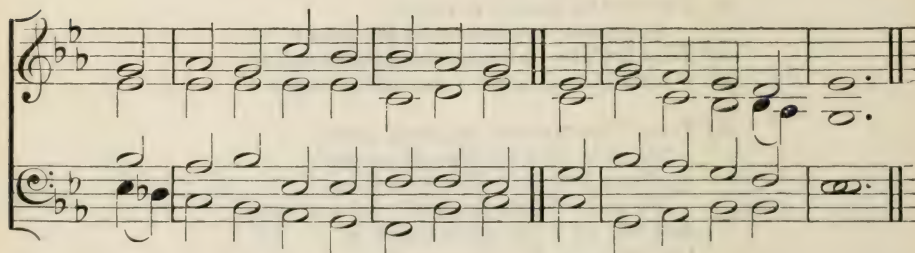
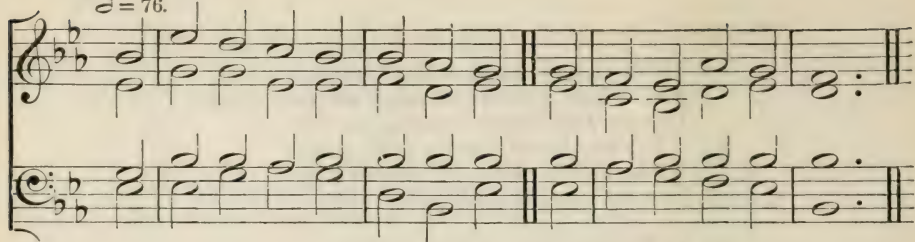
*mf* So bless us with the gift complete  
By hands of Thy chief Pastors given,  
*p* That awful Presence kind and sweet  
Which comes in sevenfold might from Heav'n;  
*pp* Eternal CHRIST, to Thee we bow:  
*cr* Give us Thy SPIRIT here and now.



# Confirmation.

Hymn 349. ST. PETER.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



"With my whole heart have I sought Thee; O let me not go wrong out of Thy commandments."

*mf* **M**Y God, accept my heart this day,  
And make it always Thine,  
That I from Thee no more may stray,  
No more from Thee decline.

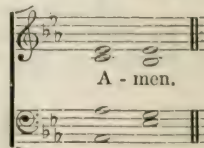
*mf* Let every thought, and work, and word  
To Thee be ever given;  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
*cr* And death the gate of Heav'n.

*p* Before the Cross of Him Who died,  
Behold, I prostrate fall;  
Let every sin be crucified,  
*cr* And CHRIST be All in all.

*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the SON,  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.

Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,  
And seal me for Thine own;

*f* That I may see Thy glorious Face,  
*p* And worship near Thy Throne.



The following Hymns are suitable:

156 Come, Thou HOLY SPIRIT, come.

157 Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire.

207 Our Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed.

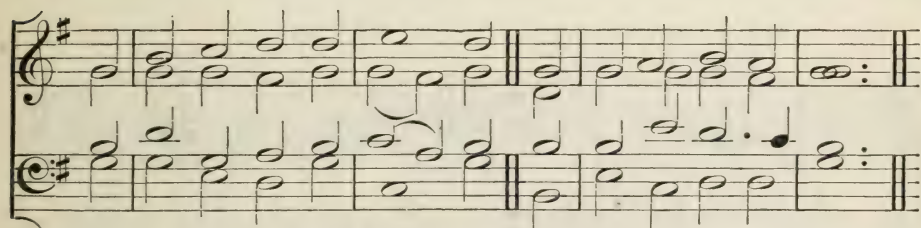
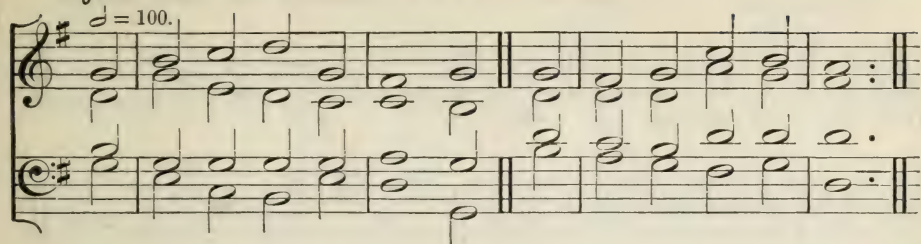
270 Soldiers of CHRIST, arise.

271 O JESUS, I have promised.

280 Thine for ever! GOD of love.

# Holy Matrimony.

Hymn 350. ST. ALPHEGE.—7 6 7 6.



*"A threefold cord is not quickly broken."*

*mf* **T**HE voice that breathed o'er Eden,  
That earliest wedding day,  
The primal marriage blessing,  
It hath not pass'd away :

Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid  
The Holy **THREE** are with us,  
The threefold grace is said,

For dower of blessèd children,  
For love and faith's sweet sake,  
For high mysterious union  
Which nought on earth may break.

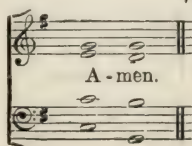
*o* *cr* Be present, awful **FATHER**,  
To give away this bride,  
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own pierced side ;

*p* Be present, Son of Mary,  
*cr* To join their loving hands,  
As Thou didst bind two natures  
In Thine Eternal bands ;

*p* Be present, Holiest **SPIRIT**,  
*cr* To bless them as they kneel,  
As Thou for **CHRIST**, the Bridegroom,  
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

*mf* O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,  
Let no ill power find place,  
When onward to Thine Altar  
The hallow'd path they trace,

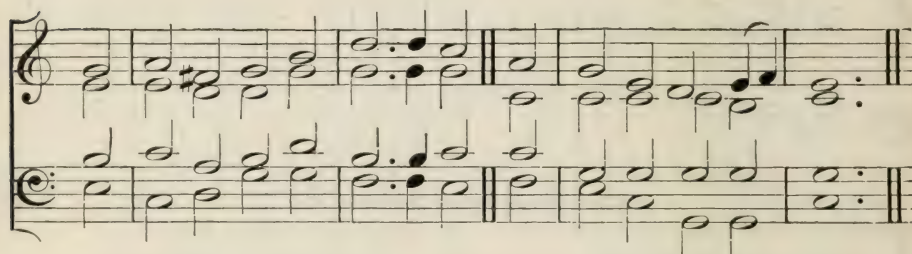
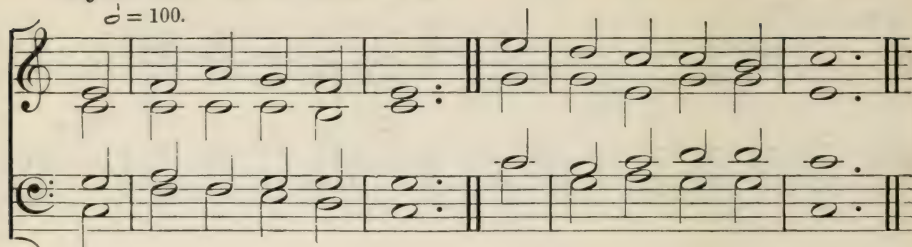
*f* To cast their crowns before Thee  
In perfect sacrifice,  
Till to the home of gladness  
With **CHRIST**'s own Bride they rise.



# Holy Matrimony.

Hymn 351. ST. GEORGE.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



*"Both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage."*

*mf* **H**OW welcome was the call,  
And sweet the festal lay,  
*cr* When Jesus deign'd in Cana's hall  
To bless the marriage day!

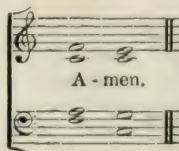
*mf* And happy was the Bride,  
And glad the Bridegroom's heart,  
For He Who tarried at their side  
Bade grief and ill depart.

His gracious power Divine  
The water vessels knew;  
*cr* And plenteous was the mystic wine  
The wondering servants drew.

*p* O LORD of life and love,  
Come Thou again to-day;  
*cr* And bring a blessing from above  
That ne'er shall pass away.

*mf* O bless, as erst of old,  
The Bridegroom and the Bride;  
*p* Bless with the holier stream that flow'd  
Forth from Thy pierc'd Side.

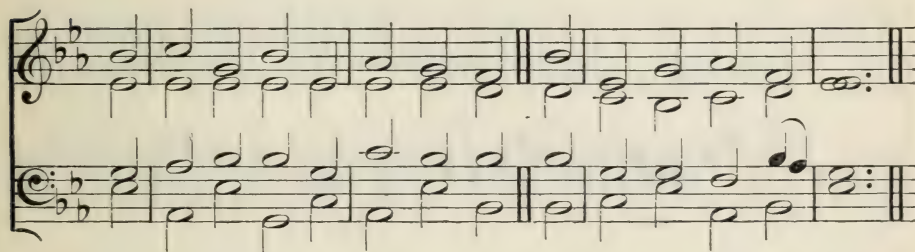
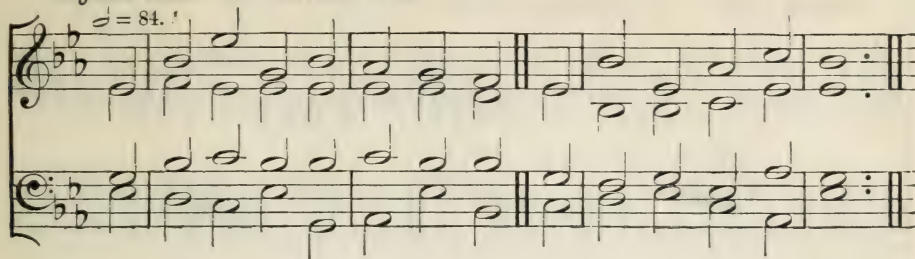
Before Thine Altar-throne  
This mercy we implore;  
*cr* As Thou dost knit them, LORD, in one,  
*f* So bless them evermore.





# Ember Days.

Hymn 352. ST. DAVID.—C.M.



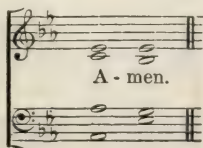
*"As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."*

*mf* CHRIST is gone up; yet ere He pass'd  
From earth, in Heav'n to reign,  
He form'd one holy Church to last  
Till He should come again.

So age by age, and year by year,  
His grace was handed on;  
And still the holy Church is here,  
Although her LORD is gone.

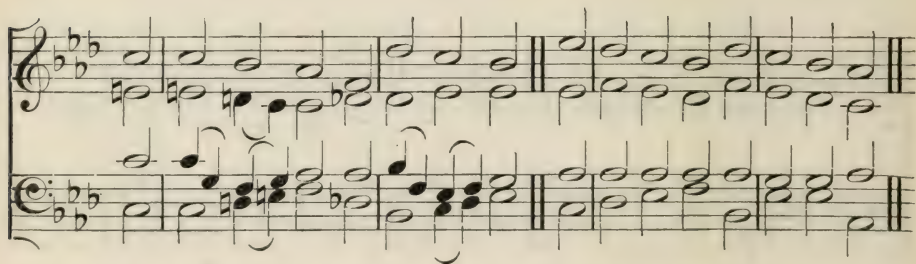
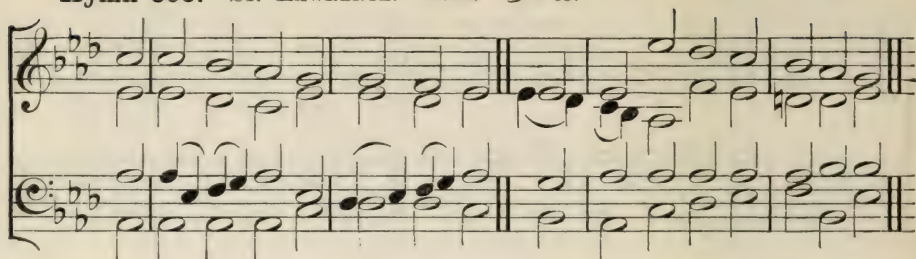
His twelve Apostles first He made  
His ministers of grace;  
And they their hands on others laid,  
To fill in turn their place.

*p* Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee,  
Whose love to her is cold:  
*cr* Bring wanderers in, and let there be  
One Shepherd and one fold.



# Ember Days.

Hymn 353. ST. LAWRENCE.—L.M. ♩ = 69.



*"He gave some Apostles, . . . and some Pastors and Teachers, for the perfecting of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ."*

*mf* **O** THOU Who makest souls to shine  
With light from lighter worlds above,  
And droppest glistening dew Divine  
On all who seek a Saviour's love ;

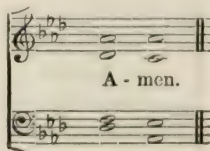
Do Thou Thy benediction give  
On all who teach, on all who learn,  
That so Thy Church may holier live,  
And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those, who teach, pure hearts and wise, *mf*  
Faith, hope, and love, all warm'd by prayer ;  
Themselves first training for the skies, *cr*  
They best will raise their people there. *f*

Give those, who learn, the willing ear,  
The spirit meek, the guileless mind ;  
Such gifts will make the lowliest here  
Far better than a kingdom find.

*cr* O bless the shepherd ; bless the sheep ;  
That guide and guided both be one,  
One in the faithful watch they keep,  
Until this hurrying life be done.

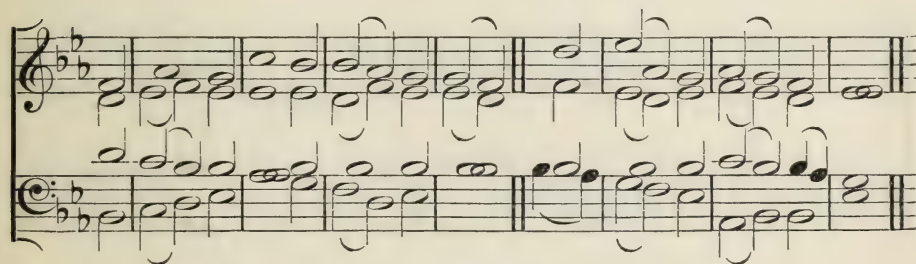
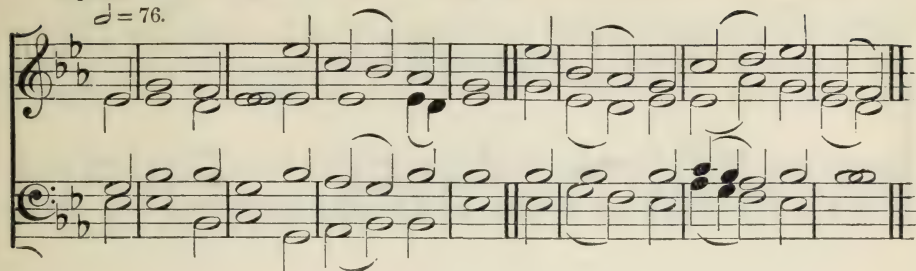
If thus, Good Lord, Thy grace be given,  
In Thee to live, (*p*) in Thee to die,  
Before we upward pass to Heav'n,  
We taste our immortality.



# Ember Days.

Hymn 354. MANCHESTER NEW.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few."*

*mf* THE earth, O LORD, is one wide field  
Of all Thy chosen seed;  
*p* The crop prepared its fruit to yield;  
The labourers few indeed.

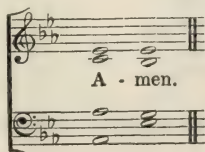
*cr* We therefore come before Thee now  
With fasting, and with prayer,  
Beseeching of Thy love that Thou  
Wouldst send more labourers there.

*mf* Not for our land alone we pray,  
Though that above the rest;  
The realms and islands far away,  
O let them all be blest.

Endue the Bishops of Thy flock  
With wisdom and with grace,  
*cr* Against false doctrine, like a rock,  
To set the heart and face.

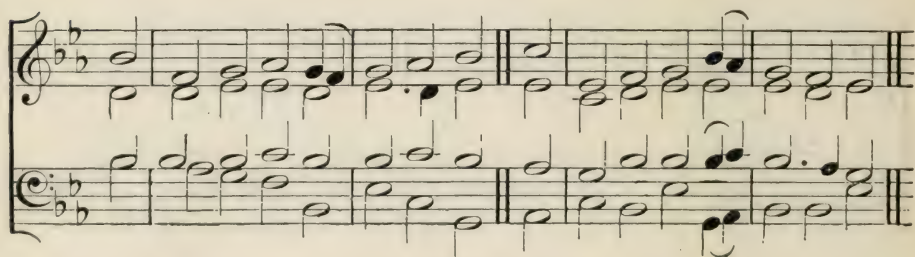
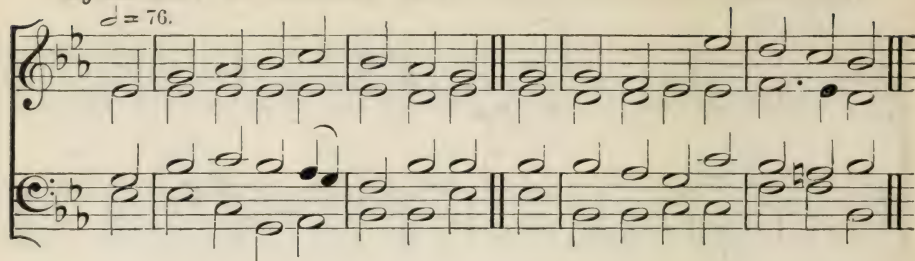
*mf* To all Thy Priests Thy truth reveal,  
And make Thy judgments clear;  
Make Thou Thy Deacons full of zeal,  
And humble, and sincere:

And give their flocks a lowly mind  
To hear and to obey;  
That each and all may mercy find  
At Thine appearing-day.



# Ember Days.

Hymn 355. LUDBOROUGH.—L.M.



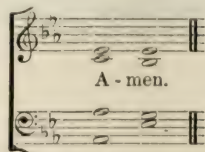
“ Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness.”

*mf* **L**ORD, pour Thy SPIRIT from on high, *p* To watch, and pray, and never faint,  
And Thine ordained servants bless ; By day and night their guard to keep,  
Graces and gifts to each supply, To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
And clothe Thy Priests with righteousness. To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

Within Thy temple when they stand,  
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,  
*cr* Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand,  
Let all Thy Church's Pastors be.

*mf* So, when their work is finish'd here,  
May they in hope their charge resign ;  
*cr* So, when their Master shall appear,  
May they with crowns of glory shine.

*mf* Wisdom, and zeal, and faith impart,  
Firmness with meekness, from above,  
To bear Thy people in their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love :



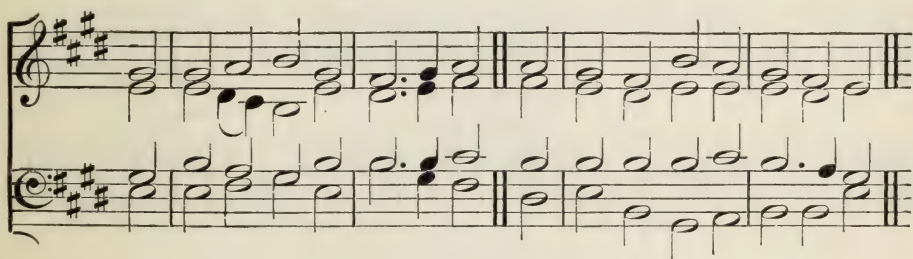
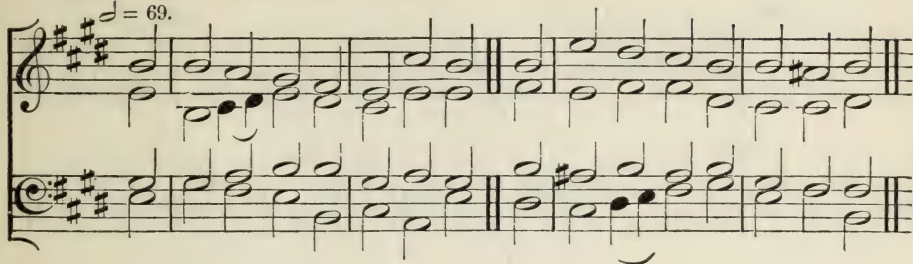
These Hymns for Ember Days are also suitable for meetings of Clergy.



# Day Helpers.

Hymn 356. MELCOMBE.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 69.$



*"My helpers in Christ Jesus."*

*mf* **L**ORD, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone ;  
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek  
Thy erring children lost and lone.

O lead me, LORD, that I may lead  
The wandering and the wavering feet ;  
O feed me, LORD, that I may feed  
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

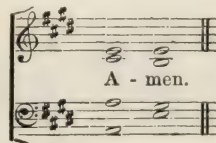
O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, LORD, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart ;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

*p* O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

*f* O fill me with Thy fulness, LORD,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

*mf* O use me, LORD, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where  
*cr* Until Thy Blessed Face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

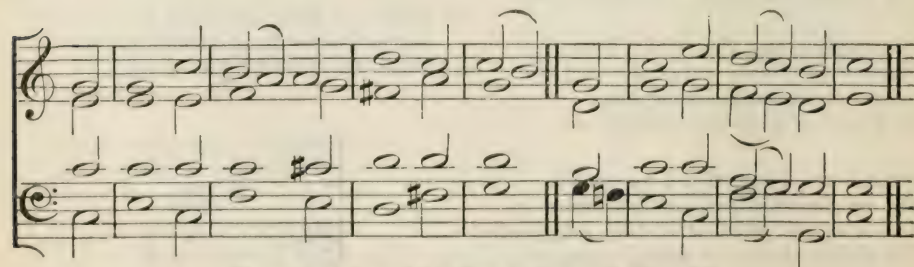
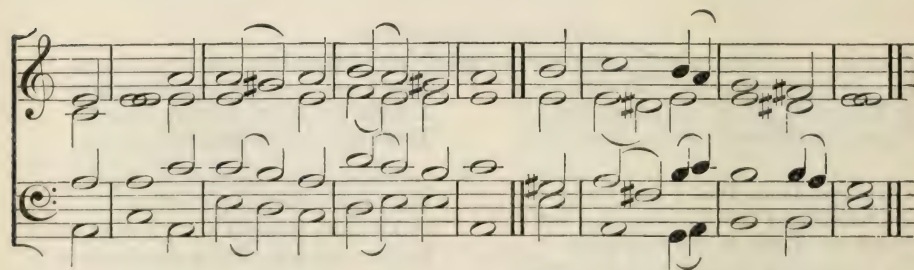
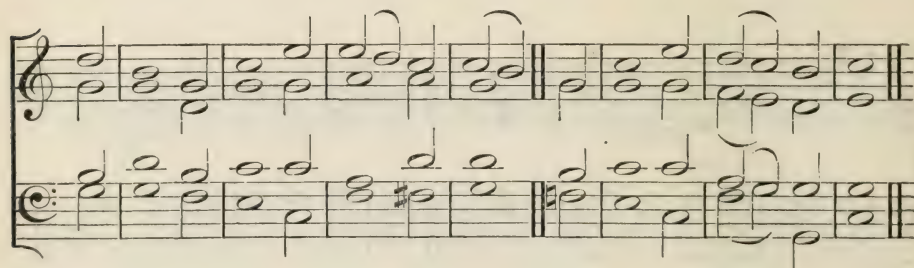
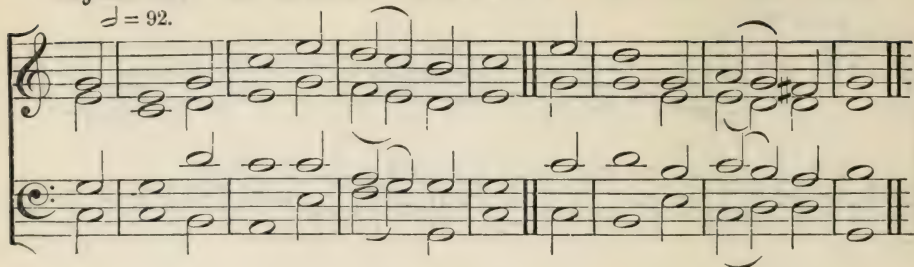


A - men.

# Lay Helpers.

Hymn 357. ST. MATTHEW.—D.C.M.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*The original form of this Tune is given with Hymn 369.*

# Lay Helpers.

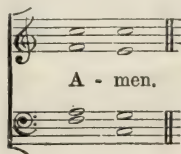
*"If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be."*

*mf* **H**OW blessèd, from the bonds of sin  
And earthly fetters free,  
In singleness of heart and aim  
Thy servant, LORD, to be;  
The hardest toil to undertake  
With joy at Thy command,  
*p* The meanest office to receive  
With meekness at Thy hand.

*mf* With willing heart and longing eyes  
To watch before Thy gate,  
Ready to run the weary race,  
To bear the heavy weight;  
No voice of thunder to expect,  
*p* But follow calm and still;  
*cr* For love can easily divine  
The One Belovèd's Will.

*mf* Thus may I serve Thee, gracious LORD;  
Thus ever Thine alone,  
My soul and body given to Thee,  
The purchase Thou hast won,  
Through evil or through good report  
Still keeping by Thy side,  
By life or death, in this poor flesh,  
Let CHRIST be magnified.

*f* How happily the working days  
In this dear service fly,  
*p* How rapidly the closing hour,  
The time of rest, draws nigh,  
*cr* When all the faithful gather home,  
*f* A joyful company,  
And ever where the Master is  
Shall His blest servants be.



Hymn 358. AURELIA.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

Hymn 358. AURELIA.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note Bb4, and a half note C5. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

A handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and folk-like, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 2/4. The piece consists of two measures, each followed by a repeat sign. The first measure of the melody is G4-A4-B4-A4-G4, and the second measure is G4-A4-B4-A4-G4. The bass line consists of two measures, each followed by a repeat sign. The first measure of the bass line is G3-A3-B3-A3-G3, and the second measure is G3-A3-B3-A3-G3. The piece is written in a simple, handwritten style, typical of a personal manuscript.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, then B4, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The accompaniment starts on G3, moves to A3, then B3, and continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.



# Missions.

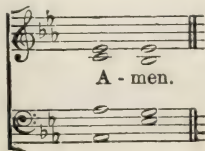
"Come over . . . and help us."

*mf* FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand,  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases  
*dim* And only man is vile,  
*mf* In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown,  
*p* The heathen in his blindness  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

*mf* Can we, whose souls are lighted  
 With wisdom from on high,  
 Can we to men benighted  
 The lamp of life deny?  
*f* Salvation! oh, salvation!  
 The joyful sound proclaim,  
 Till each remotest nation  
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.

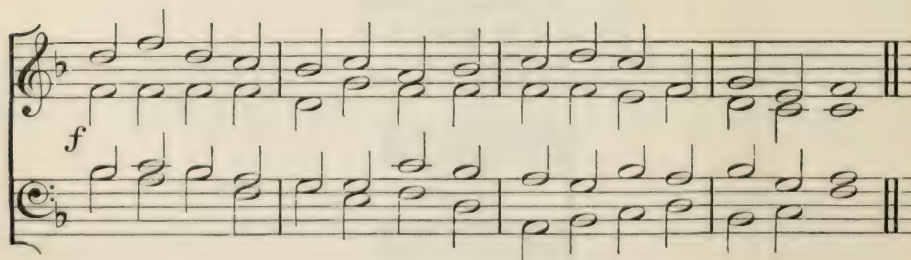
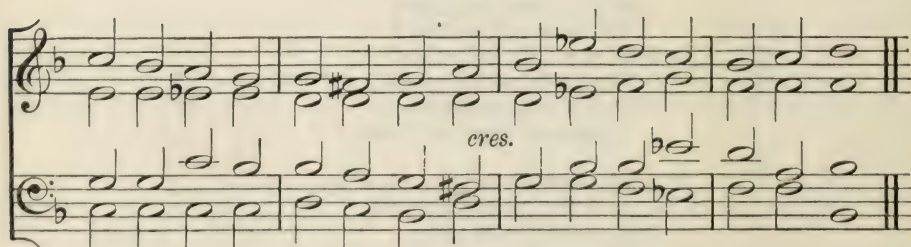
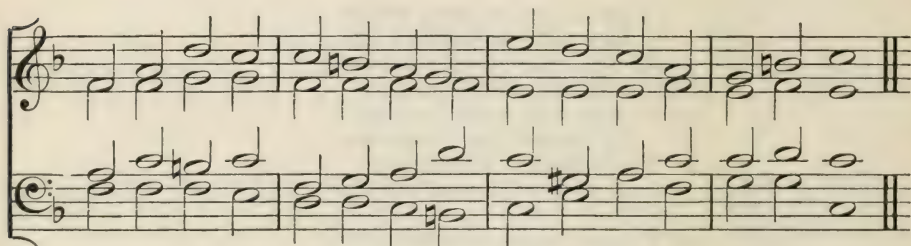
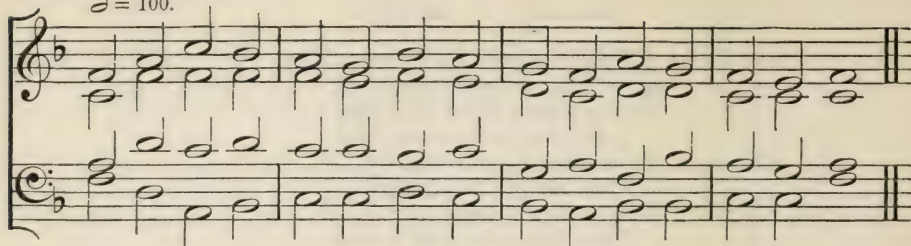
*ff* Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
 And you, ye waters, roll,  
 Till, like a sea of glory,  
 It spreads from pole to pole;  
*p* Till o'er our ransom'd nature  
 The LAMB for sinners slain,  
*cr* Redeemer, King, Creator,  
*f* In bliss returns to reign.



# Missions.

Hymn 359. IONA.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



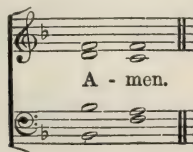
# Missions.

*"So shall He sprinkle many nations."*

*mf* SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,  
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be ;  
By Thy pains and consolations  
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee :  
Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,  
Be it to the nations told ;  
*f* Let them see Thee in Thy glory,  
And Thy mercy manifold.

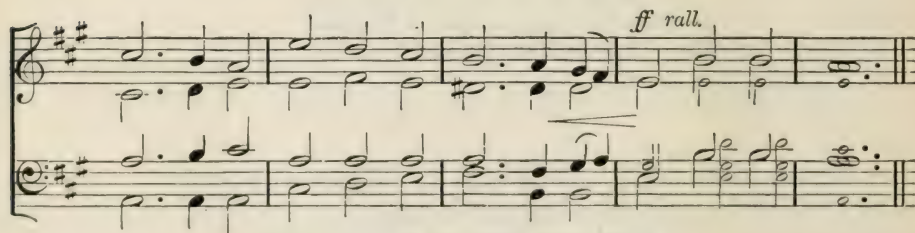
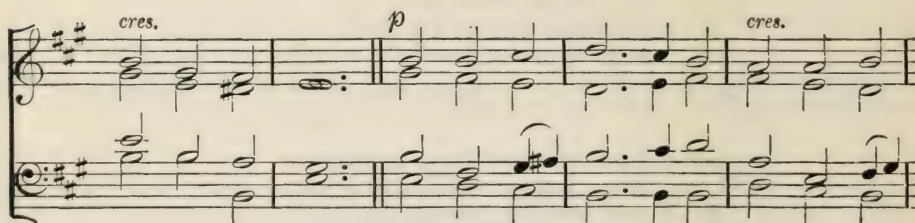
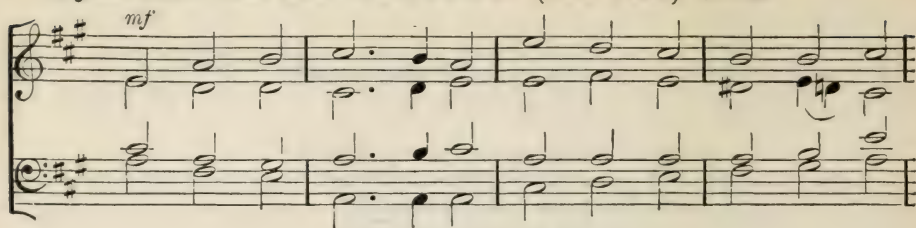
*mf* Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;  
*p* Human tears for Thee are flowing,  
Human hearts in Thee would rest ;  
Thirsting, as for dews of even,  
As the new-mown grass for rain,  
*cr* Thee they seek, as God of Heaven,  
*dim* Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

*mf* Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting,  
Stretch'd the hand, and strain'd the sight  
For Thy SPIRIT new creating,  
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light ;  
*cr* Give the word, and of the preacher  
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,  
*f* Till on earth by every creature  
Glory to the LAMB be sung.

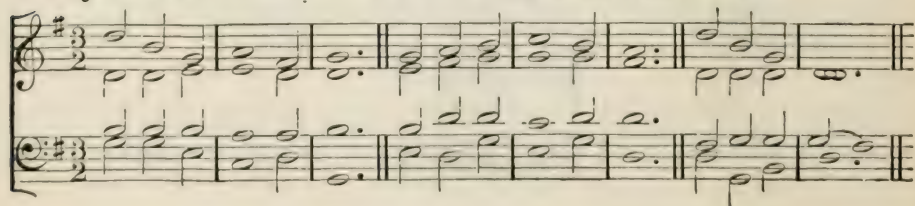


# Missions.

Hymn 360. FIAT LUX.—6 6 4 6 6 6 4. (First Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 84$ .

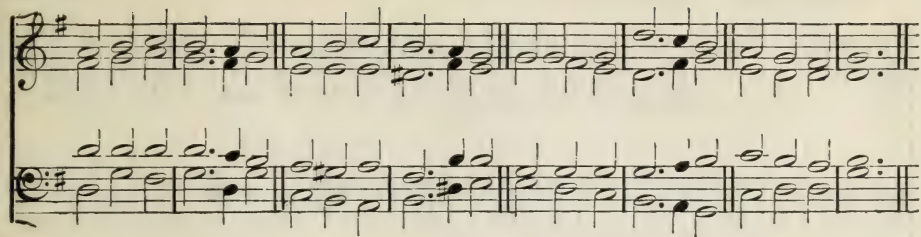


Hymn 360. Moscow.—6 6 4 6 6 6 4. (Second Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 92$ .





# Missions.



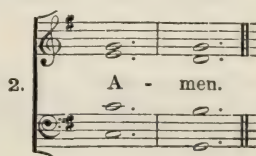
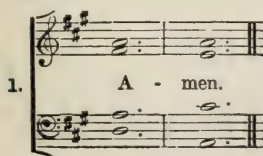
“ And God said, Let there be light ; and there was light.”

*mf* **T**HOU, Whose Almighty Word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight;  
*p* Hear us, we humbly pray,  
*cr* And where the Gospel-day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
*f* Let there be light.

*mf* SPIRIT of truth and love,  
Life-giving, HOLY DOVE,  
Speed forth Thy flight;  
*p* Move on the waters' face,  
*cr* Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
*f* Let there be light.

*mf* Thou, Who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
*cr* Oh ! now to all mankind  
*f* Let there be light.

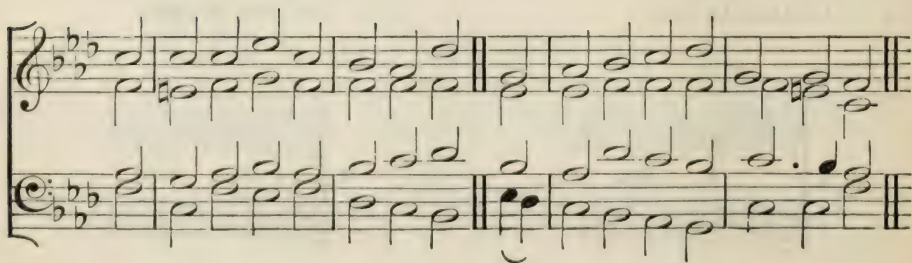
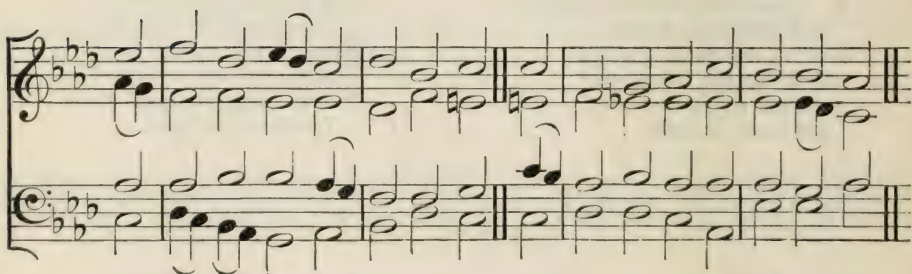
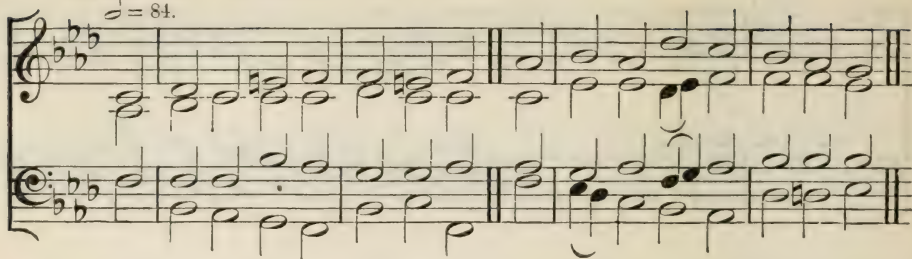
*mf* Holy and Blessèd THREE,  
Glorious TRINITY,  
Wisdom, Love, Might ;  
*f* Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
*cr* Through the earth, far and wide,  
*ff* Let there be light.



# Missions.

Hymn 361. MACEDON.—8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



# Missions.

"Come over into Macedonia, and help us."

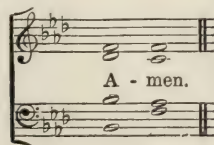
*p* **T**HROUGH midnight gloom from Macedon  
The cry of myriads as of one,  
The voiceful silence of despair,  
Is eloquent in awful prayer,  
*cr* The soul's exceeding bitter cry,  
"Come o'er and help us, (*dim*) or we die."

*p* How mournfully it echoes on!  
For half the earth is Macedon;  
*mf* These brethren to their brethren call,  
And by the Love which loved them all,  
And by the whole world's Life they cry,  
*cr* "O ye that live, (*dim*) behold we die!"

*mf* By other sounds the world is won  
Than that which wails from Macedon;  
The roar of gain is round it roll'd,  
Or men unto themselves are sold,  
And cannot list the alien cry,  
*p* "O hear and help us, lest we die!"

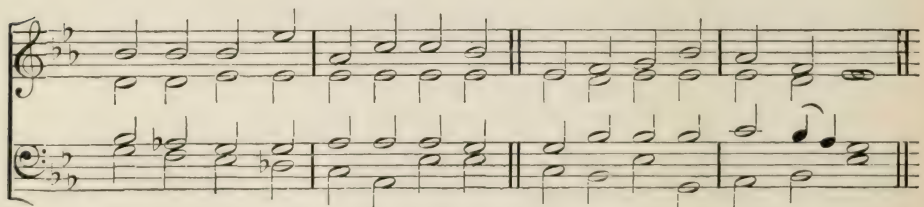
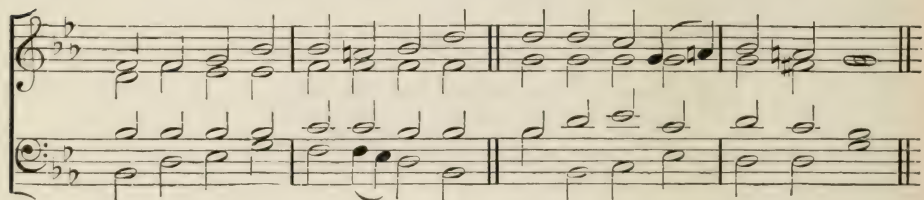
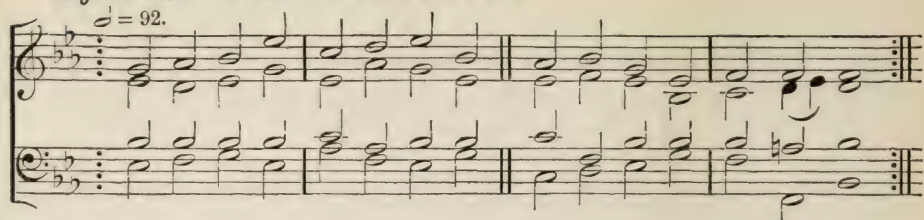
*mf* Yet with that cry from Macedon  
The very car of CHRIST rolls on;  
"I come; who would abide My day  
In yonder wilds prepare My way;  
My voice is crying in their cry;  
Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

JESU, for men of Man the Son,  
Yea, Thine the cry from Macedon;  
*cr* O by the kingdom and the power  
And glory of Thine Advent hour,  
Wake heart and will to hear their cry;  
Help us to help them, lest we die!



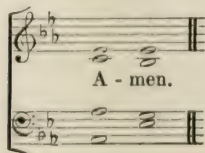
# Missions.

Hymn 362. EVERTON.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.



*"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."*

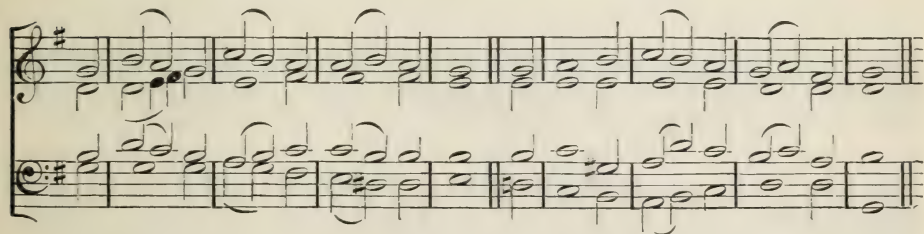
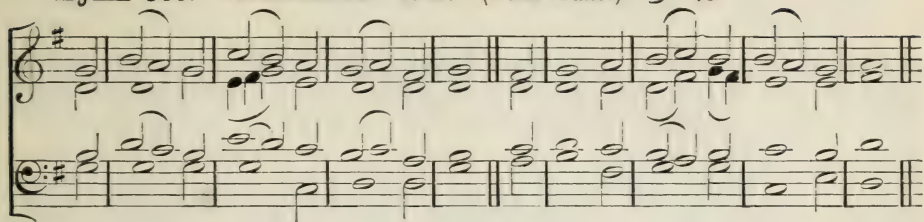
- p* **L**ORD, her watch Thy Church is keeping ; *f* Then the end : Thy Church completed,  
*cr* When shall earth Thy rule obey ? All Thy chosen gather'd in,  
 When shall end the night of weeping ? With their King in glory seated,  
 When shall break the promised day ? Satan bound, and banish'd sin ;  
*p* See the whitening harvest languish, *p* Gone for ever parting, weeping,  
 Waiting still the labourer's toil ; Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain ;  
*cr* Was it vain, Thy Son's deep anguish ? *cr* Lo ! her watch Thy Church is keeping ;  
 Shall the strong retain the spoil ? Come, LORD JESUS, come to reign.
- p* Tidings, sent to every creature,  
 Millions yet have never heard ;  
*cr* Can they hear without a preacher ?  
 LORD Almighty, give the Word :  
*mf* Give the Word ; in every nation  
 Let the Gospel-trumpet sound,  
 Witnessing a world's salvation  
*cr* To the earth's remotest bound.





# Missions.

Hymn 363. INTERCESSION.—L.M. (First Tune.) ♩ = 76.



*"Turn us then, O God our Saviour."*

*mf* **A**LMIGHTY God, Whose only Son  
O'er sin and death the triumph won,  
And ever lives to intercede  
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need;

In His dear Name to Thee we pray  
For all who err and go astray,  
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,  
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

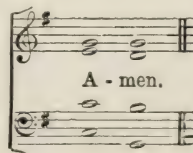
There are who never yet have heard  
The tidings of Thy blessèd Word,  
But still in heathen darkness dwell,  
Without one thought of Heav'n or hell;

And some within Thy sacred fold  
To holy things are dead and cold,  
And waste the precious hours of life  
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife;

And many a quicken'd soul within  
There lurks the secret love of sin,  
A wayward will, or anxious fears,  
Or lingering taint of bygone years:

*mf* O give repentance true and deep  
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,  
*cr* And kindle in their hearts the fire  
Of holy love and pure desire.

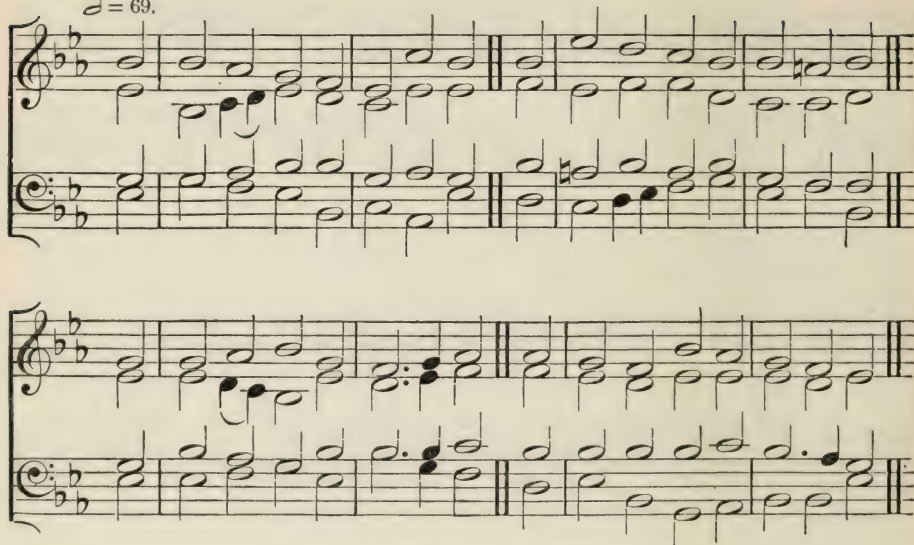
*f* That so from Angel-hosts above  
May rise a sweeter song of love,  
And we, with all the Blest, adore  
Thy Name, O God, for evermore.



# Missions.

Hymn 363. MELCOMBE.—L.M. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 69.$



*“Turn us then, O God our Saviour.”*

*mf* **A**Lmighty God, Whose only Son  
O'er sin and death the triumph won,  
And ever lives to intercede  
For souls who Thy sweet mercy need ;

And many a quicken'd soul within  
There lurks the secret love of sin,  
A wayward will, or anxious fears,  
Or lingering taint of bygone years :

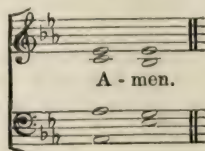
In His dear Name to Thee we pray  
For all who err and go astray,  
For sinners, wheresoe'er they be,  
Who do not serve and honour Thee.

*mf* O give repentance true and deep  
To all Thy lost and wandering sheep,  
*cr* And kindle in their hearts the fire  
Of holy love and pure desire.

*p* There are who never yet have heard  
The tidings of Thy blessèd Word,  
But still in heathen darkness dwell,  
Without one thought of Heav'n or hell ;

*f* That so from Angel-hosts above  
May rise a sweeter song of love,  
And we, with all the Blest, adore  
Thy Name, O God, for evermore.

And some within Thy sacred fold  
To holy things are dead and cold,  
And waste the precious hours of life  
In selfish ease, or toil, or strife ;



Hymn 364. HAARLEM.—7 7 7 5

Handwritten musical score for 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 2/4 time. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The tempo is marked '♩ = 76.' The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The piece consists of two measures, each followed by a double bar line. The first measure of the melody is a half note G4, and the second measure is a half note A4. The first measure of the accompaniment is a half note G3, and the second measure is a half note A3. The piece ends with a double bar line.

The image shows a musical score for a piano piece, likely from a ballet. The score is written on two staves, one for the right hand (treble clef) and one for the left hand (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a series of chords and single notes, with a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking above the right-hand staff. The score is divided into two measures by a double bar line, and the second measure is enclosed in a repeat sign. The notation is in a classic, elegant style, typical of late 19th-century musical manuscripts.

*p* GOD of grace, O let Thy light  
*cr* Bless our dim and blinded sight;  
 Like the day-spring on the night,  
 Bid Thy grace to shine.

*J* Praise to Thee, all faithful LORD ;  
Let all tongues in glad accord  
Speak the good thanksgiving word,  
Heart-rejoicing praise.

*mf* To the nations led astray  
Thine eternal love display;  
Let Thy truth direct their way  
    *or* Till the world be Thine.

*mf* So the fruitful earth's increase,  
Bounty of the God of peace,  
Never in its course shall cease  
Through the length of days ;

*f* Praise to Thee, the faithful LORD ;  
Let all tongues in glad accord  
Learn the good thanksgiving word,  
Ever praising Thee.

While His grace our life shall cheer,  
Furthest lands shall own His fear,  
Brought to Him in worship near,  
Taught His mercy's ways.

*mf* Let them moved to gladness sing,  
Owing Thee their Judge and King;  
Righteous truth shall bloom and spring  
Where Thy rule shall be.

A - men.

*The following Hymns are suitable:*

**217** Thy kingdom come, O God.

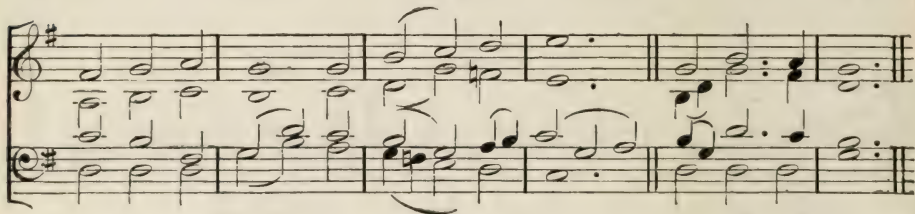
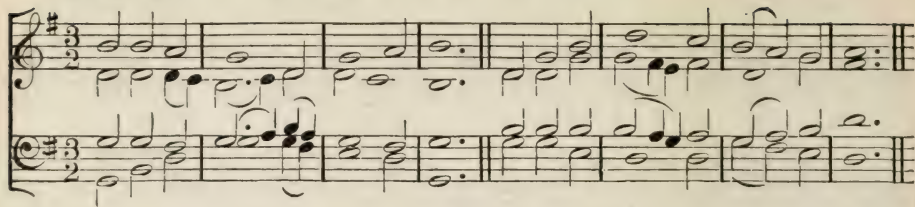
**218** GOD of mercy, GOD of grace.

**220** JESUS shall reign where'er the sun.



# Almsgiving.

Hymn 365. ALMSGIVING.—8 8 8 4. ♩ = 84.



*"Freely ye have received, freely give."*

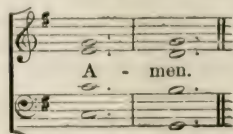
*f* **O** LORD of Heav'n, and earth, and sea,  
To Thee all praise and glory be;  
How shall we show our love to Thee,  
Who givest all?  
*cr* FATHER, what can to Thee be given,  
Who givest all?

*mf* The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruit, Thy love declare;  
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,  
Who givest all.  
*p* We lose what on ourselves we spend,  
*f* We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, LORD, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
*cr* We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
Who givest all.  
*mf* Whatever, LORD, we lend to Thee  
*cr* Repaid a thousandfold will be;  
*f* Then gladly will we give to Thee,  
Who givest all;

*p* Thou didst not spare Thine Only Son,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
*cr* And freely with that Blessed One  
Thou givest all.  
To Thee, from Whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give:  
*p* O may we ever with Thee live,  
Who givest all.

*mf* Thou giv'st the HOLY SPIRIT's dower,  
SPIRIT of life, and love, and power,  
And dost His sevenfold graces shower  
Upon us all.

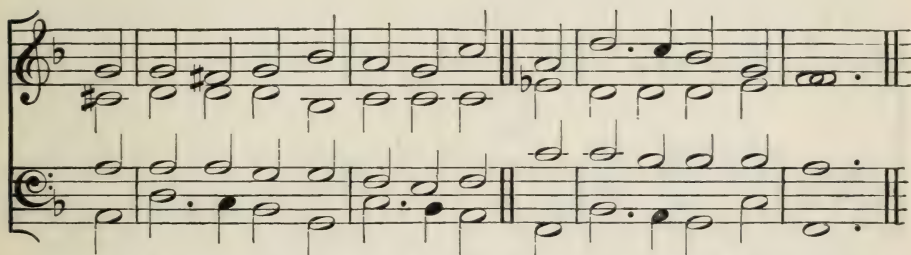
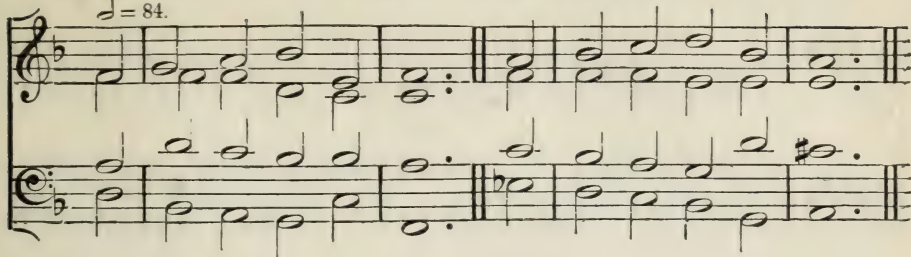




# Almsgiving.

Hymn 366. WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"*

*mf* WE give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be:  
All that we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O LORD, from Thee.

May we Thy bounties thus  
As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blessest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.

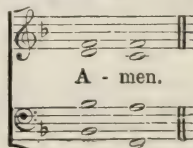
*p* Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,  
Are straying from the fold.

*cr* To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless,  
Is Angels' work below.

The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.

*dim* And we believe Thy Word,  
Though dim our faith may be;  
*cr* Whate'er for Thine we do, O LORD,  
We do it unto Thee.

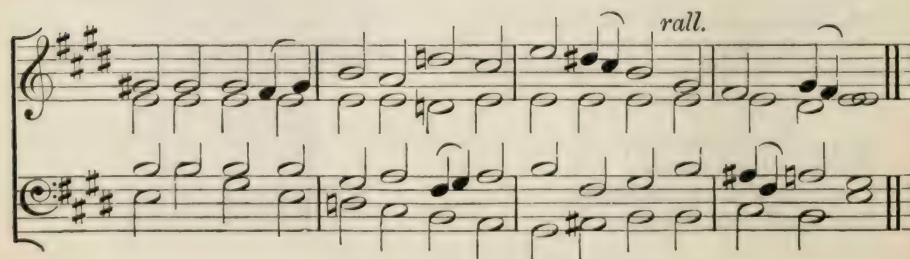
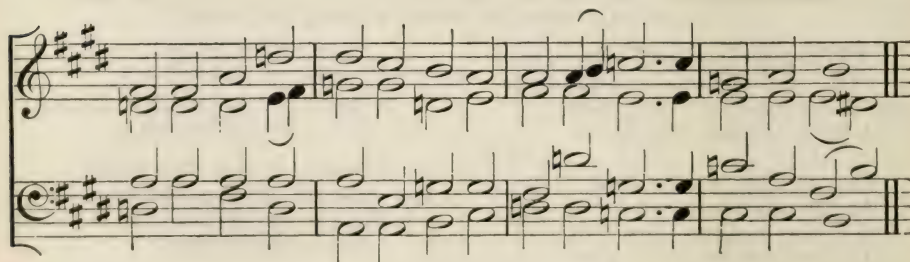
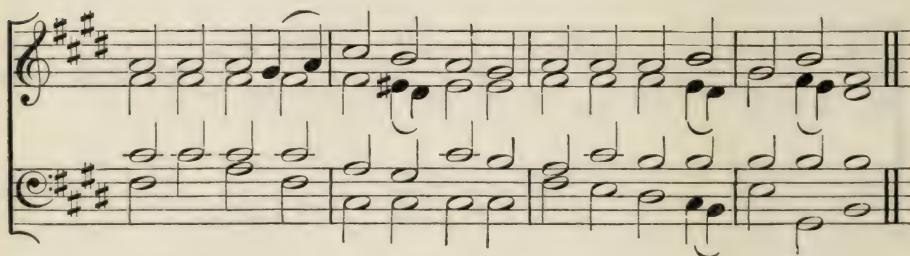
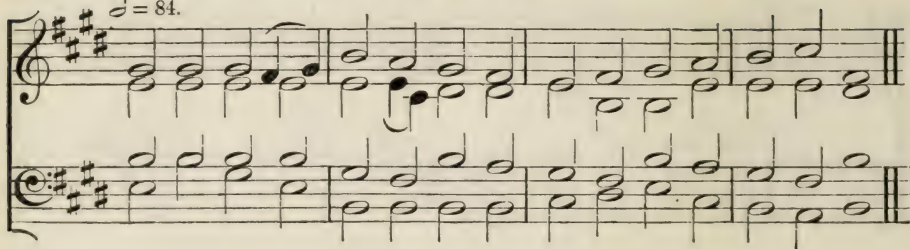
*f* All might, all praise be Thine,  
FATHER, Co-equal SON,  
And SPIRIT, Bond of love Divine,  
While endless ages run.



# Almsgiving.

Hymn 367. CHARITAS.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



# Almsgiving.

*"Ye ought . . . to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive."*

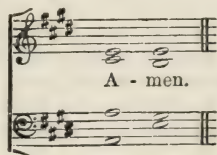
*mf* **L**ORD of glory, Who hast bought us  
With Thy Life-blood as the price,  
Never grudging for the lost ones  
That tremendous Sacrifice,  
And with that hast freely given  
Blessings, countless as the sand,  
To the unthankful and the evil  
With Thine own unsparing hand ;

*p* Yes : the sorrow and the suffering,  
Which on every hand we see,  
Channels are for tithes and offerings  
Due by solemn right to Thee ;  
*cr* Right of which we may not rob Thee,  
Debt we may not choose but pay,  
*dim* Lest that Face of love and pity  
Turn from us another day.

Grant us hearts, dear LORD, to yield Thee  
Gladly, freely of Thine own ;  
With the sunshine of Thy goodness  
Melt our thankless hearts of stone ;  
*p* Till our cold and selfish natures,  
*cr* Warm'd by Thee, at length believe  
That more happy and more blessèd  
'Tis to give than to receive.

*mf* LORD of glory, Who hast bought us  
With Thy Life-blood as the price,  
Never grudging for the lost ones  
That tremendous Sacrifice,  
*cr* Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,  
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee ;  
*f* But O, best of all Thy graces,  
*dim* Give us Thine own charity.

*mf* Wondrous honour hast Thou given  
To our humblest charity  
In Thine own mysterious sentence,  
"Ye have done it unto Me."  
*p* Can it be, O gracious Master,  
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,  
*cr* Saying by Thy poor and needy,  
"Give as I have given to you ?"



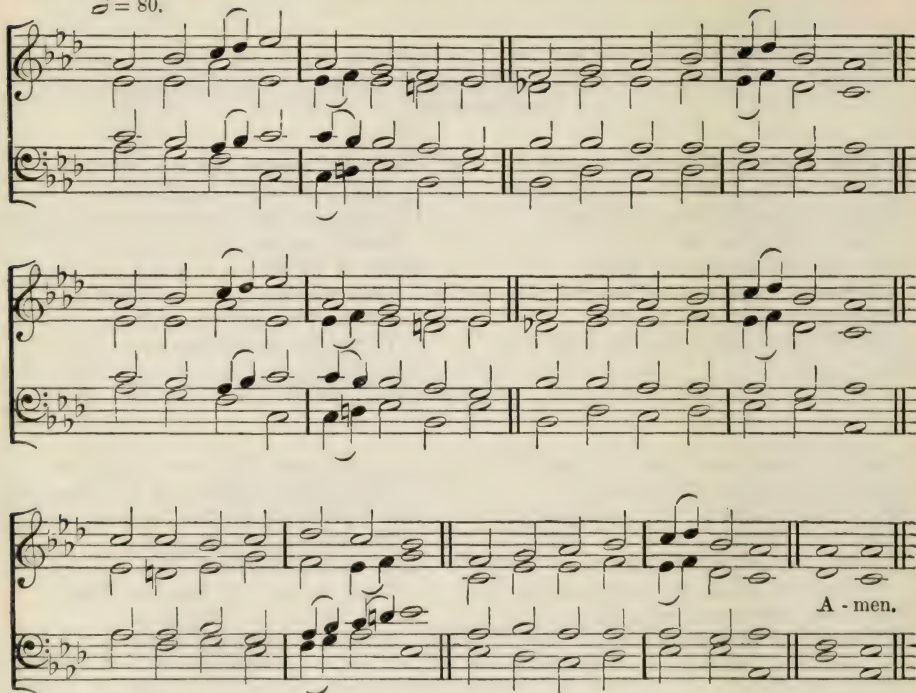
*The following Hymn is suitable :*

259 Thy Life was given for me.

# Hospitals.

Hymn 368. WALTHAM.—8 7 8 7 7 7. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"They brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases . . . and He healed them."*

*mf* **T**HOU to Whom the sick and dying  
Ever came, nor came in vain,  
Still with healing word replying  
To the wearied cry of pain,  
*p* Hear us, JESU, as we meet  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

May each child of Thine be willing,  
Willing both in hand and heart,  
All the law of love fulfilling,  
Ever comfort to impart;  
Ever bringing offerings meet,  
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

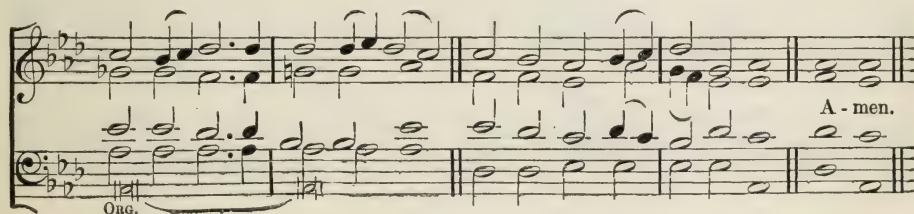
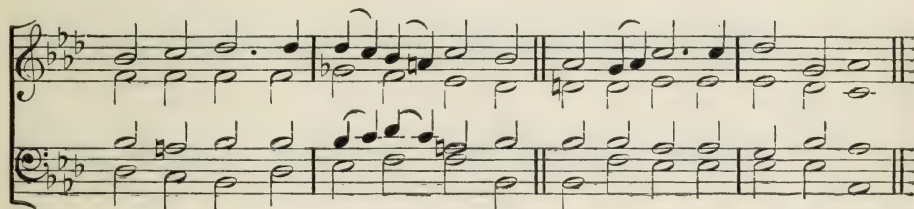
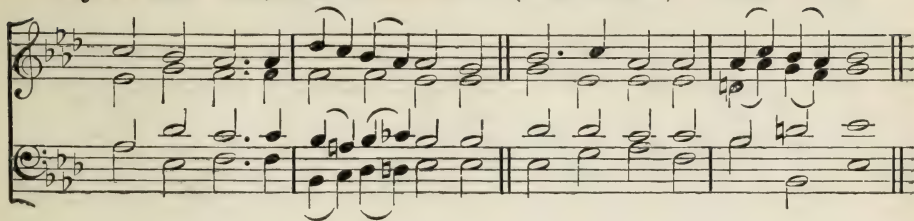
Still the weary, sick, and dying  
Need a brother's, sister's care,  
*cr* On Thy higher help relying  
May we now their burden share,  
*mf* Bringing all our offerings meet  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

So may sickness, sin, and sadness  
To Thy healing virtue yield,  
*cr* Till the sick and sad, in gladness,  
Rescued, ransom'd, cleansed, heal'd,  
*f* One in Thee together meet,  
*p* Pardon'd at Thy judgment-seat.



# Hospitals.

Hymn 368. REQUIEM.—8 7 8 7 7 7. (Second Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 76$ .



*"They brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases, and He healed them."*

*mf* **T**HOU to Whom the sick and dying  
Ever came, nor came in vain,  
Still with healing word replying  
To the wearied cry of pain,  
*p* Hear us, JESU, as we meet  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

May each child of Thine be willing,  
Willing both in hand and heart,  
All the law of love fulfilling,  
Ever comfort to impart,  
Ever bringing offerings meet  
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

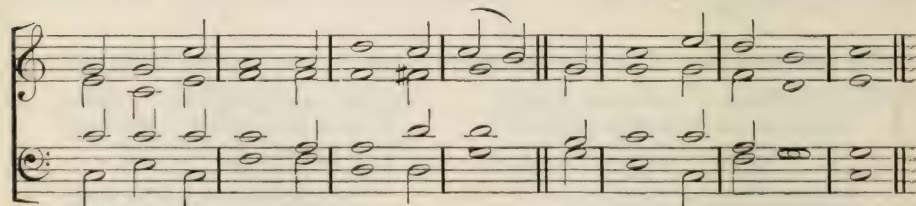
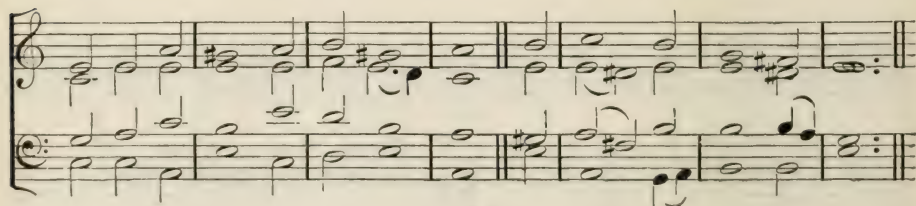
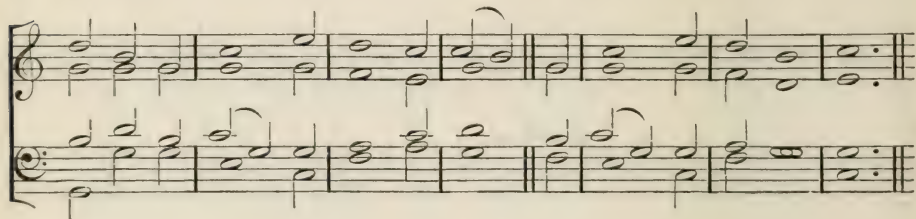
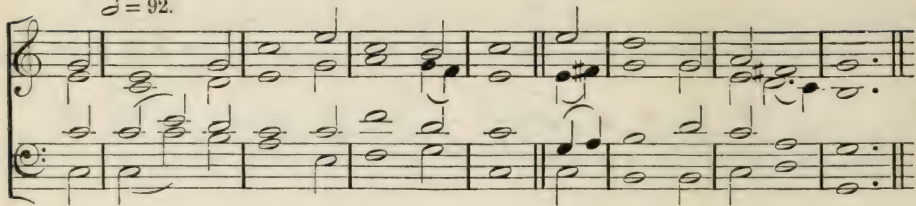
Still the weary, sick, and dying  
Need a brother's, sister's care,  
*cr* On Thy higher help relying  
May we now their burden share,  
*mf* Bringing all our offerings meet  
Suppliants at Thy mercy-seat.

So may sickness, sin, and sadness  
To Thy healing virtue yield,  
*cr* Till the sick and sad, in gladness,  
Rescued, ransom'd, cleans'd, heal'd,  
*f* One in Thee together meet,  
*p* Pardon'd at Thy judgment-seat.

# Hospitals.

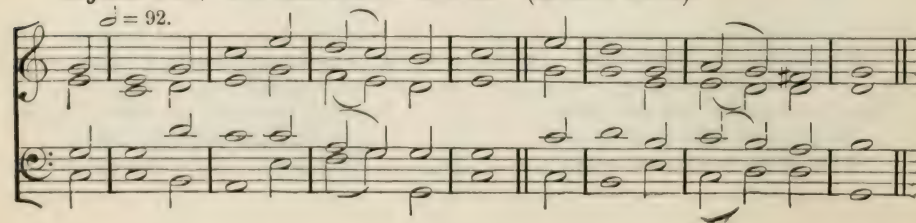
Hymn 369. ST. MATTHEW.—D.C.M. (*Original Form*).

$\text{♩} = 92.$

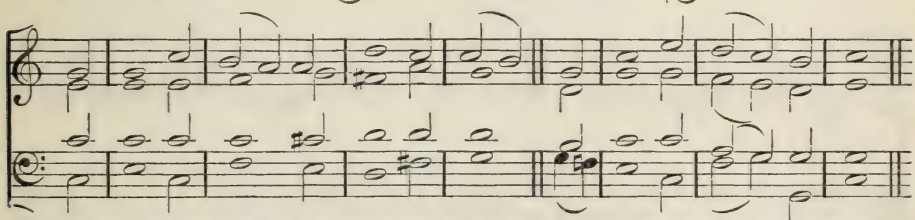
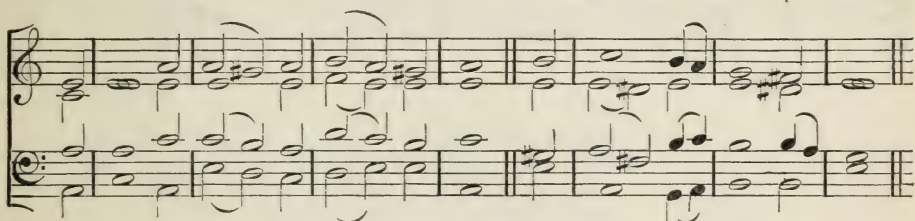
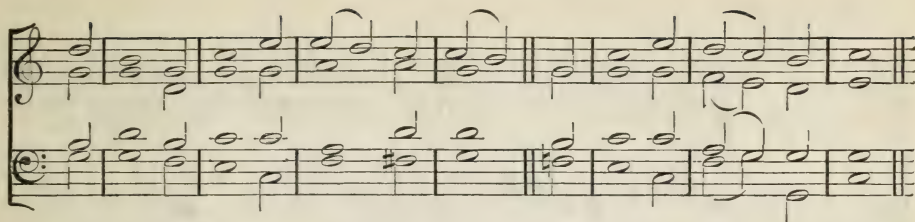


Hymn 369. ST. MATTHEW.—D.C.M. (*Modern Form*).

$\text{♩} = 92.$



# Hospitals.

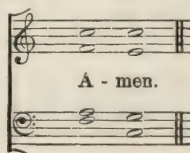


"They brought unto Him all that were diseased, and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole."

*f* **T**HINE arm, O LORD, in days of old,  
Was strong to heal and save;  
It triumph'd o'er disease and death,  
O'er darkness and the grave;  
*p* To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,  
The palsied and the lame,  
The leper with his tainted life,  
The sick with fever'd frame.

*mf* And lo! Thy touch brought life and health,  
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;  
*cr* And youth renew'd and frenzy calm'd  
Own'd Thee, the LORD of light;  
*f* And now, O LORD, be near to bless,  
Almighty as of yore,  
In crowded street, by restless couch,  
As by Gennesareth's shore.

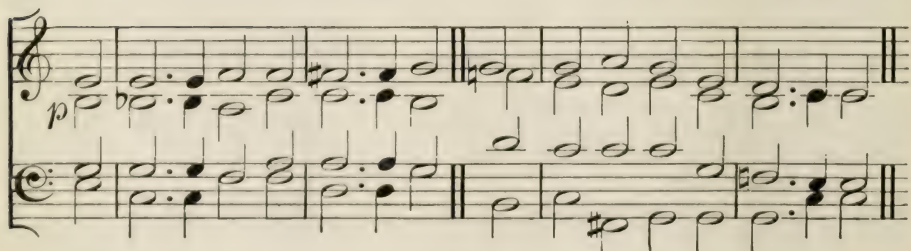
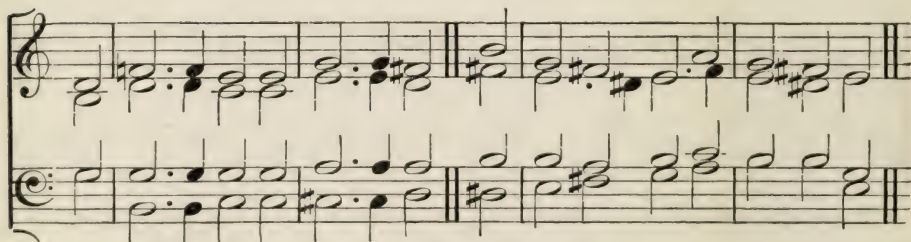
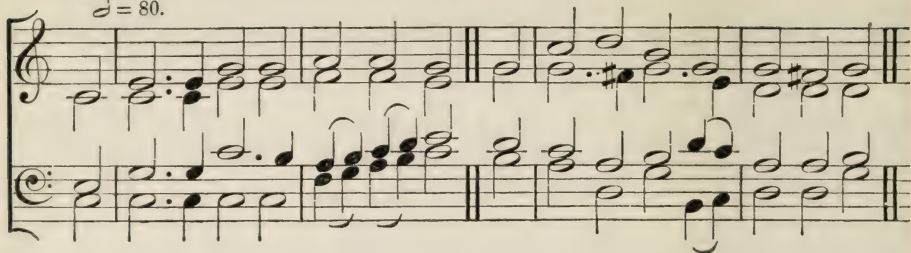
*mf* Be Thou our great Deliverer still,  
Thou LORD of life and death;  
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless  
With Thine Almighty Breath;  
To hands that work, and eyes that see,  
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,  
*f* That whole and sick, and weak and  
strong  
May praise Thee evermore.



# For those at Sea.

Hymn 370. MELITA.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 80.$





# For those at Sea.

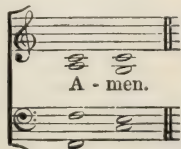
"These men see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep."

*mf* **E**TERNAL FATHER, strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep ;  
*p* O hear us (*cr*) when we cry to Thee  
*dim* For those in peril on the sea.

*mf* O CHRIST, Whose voice the waters heard  
*p* And hush'd their raging at Thy word,  
*cr* Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
*dim* And calm amid the storm didst sleep ;  
*p* O hear us (*cr*) when we cry to Thee  
*dim* For those in peril on the sea.

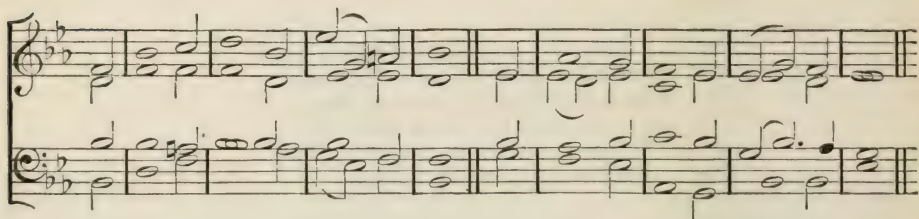
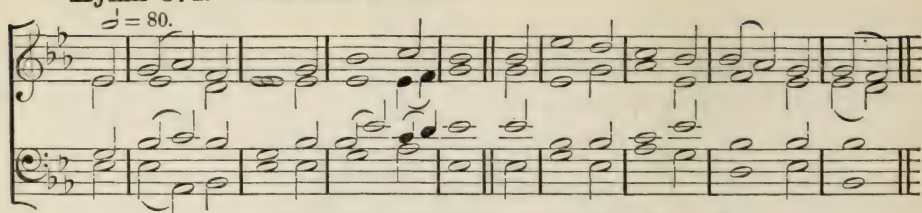
*mf* O HOLY SPIRIT, Who didst brood  
Upon the waters dark and rude,  
And bid their angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, (*p*) peace ;  
O hear us (*cr*) when we cry to Thee  
*dim* For those in peril on the sea.

*mf* O TRINITY of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;  
*cr* Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
*f* Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.



# For those at Sea.

Hymn 371. ROCKINGHAM.—L.M.



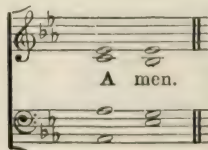
*"Thou shalt shew us wonderful things in Thy righteousness, O God of our salvation: Thou that art the hope of all the ends of the earth, and of them that remain in the broad sea."*

*mf* **A**LMIGHTY FATHER, hear our cry,  
As o'er the trackless deep we roam;  
Be Thou our haven always nigh,  
On homeless waters Thou our home.

*mf* O HOLY GHOST, beneath Whose Power  
The ocean woke to life and light,  
Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening  
might.

*p* O JESU, Saviour, at Whose Voice  
The tempest sank to perfect rest,  
*c'* Bid Thou the fearful heart rejoice,  
And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

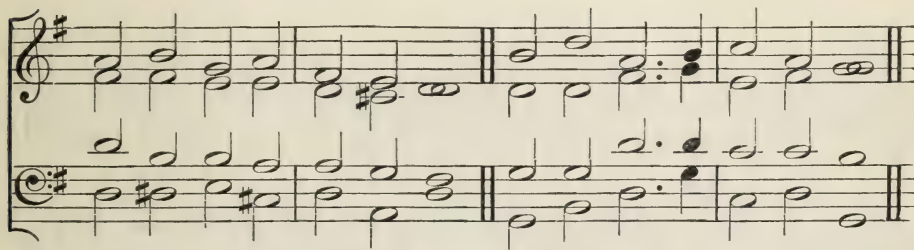
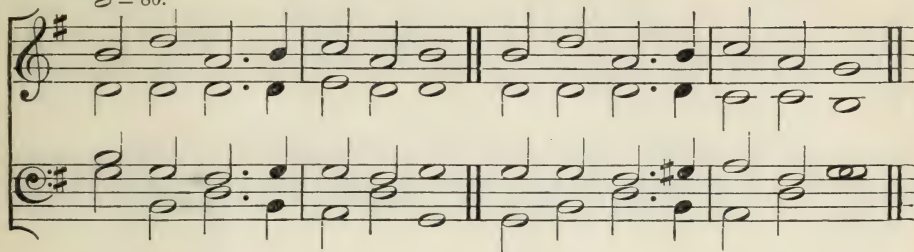
*f* Great God of our salvation, Thee  
We love, we worship, we adore;  
Our Refuge on time's changeful sea,  
Our Joy on Heav'n's eternal shore.



# For those at Sea.

Hymn 372. GERMAN HYMN.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"They willingly received Him into the ship."*

*p* ON the waters dark and drear,  
*cr* Jesus, Saviour, Thou art near,  
 With our ship where'er it roam,  
 As with loving friends at home.

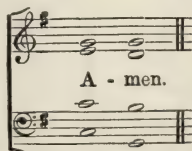
*mf* Thou hast walk'd the heaving wave;  
*f* Thou art mighty still to save;  
*p* With one gentle word of peace  
 Thou canst bid the tempest cease.

*mf* Safely from the boisterous main  
 Bring us back to port again:  
 In our haven we shall be,  
 Jesus, if we have but Thee.

Only by Thy power and love  
 Fit us for the port above;  
*dim* Still the deadly storm within,  
 Gusts of passion, waves of sin.

*f* So, when breaks the glorious dawn  
 Of the Resurrection morn,  
*p* When the night of toil is o'er,  
*cr* We shall see Thee on the shore.

*f* Holy FATHER, Holy SON,  
 Holy SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
 Praise unending unto Thee,  
 Now and evermore shall be.



A - men.

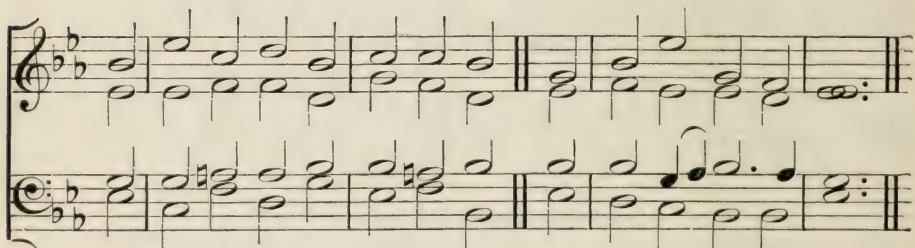
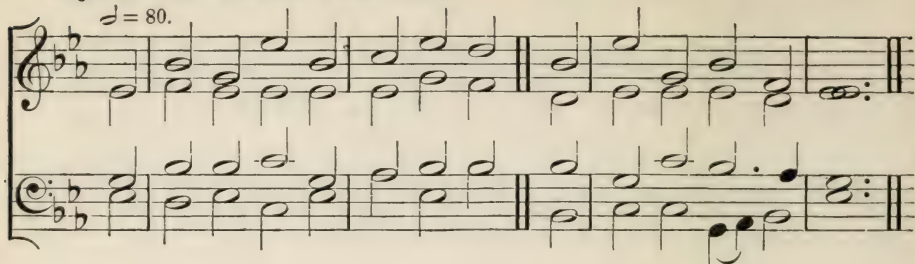
*The following Hymn is suitable:*

**285** Fierce raged the tempest o'er the deep.

# In Times of Trouble.

Hymn 373. LONDON NEW.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*“What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.”*

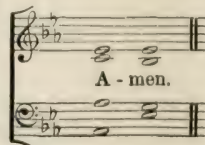
*mf* GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Judge not the LORD by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;  
*p* Behind a frowning providence  
*cr* He hides a smiling face.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign Will.

*mf* Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain;  
*cr* God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

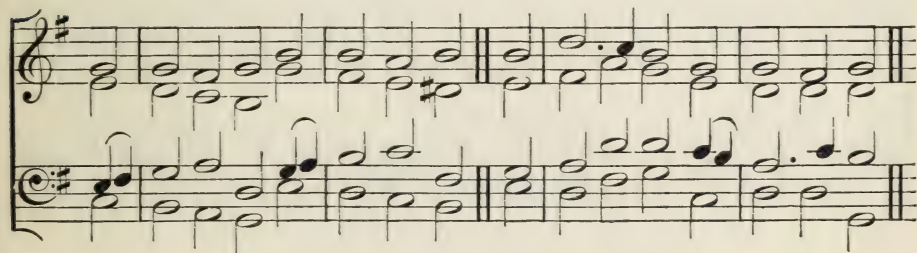
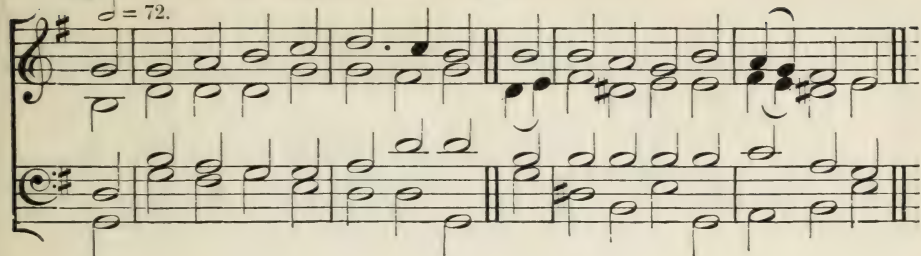




# In Times of Trouble.

Hymn 374. ST. BARTHOLOMEW.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



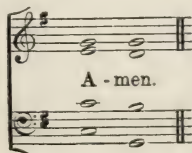
*"God is our hope and strength, a very present help in trouble."*

*p* **G**OD of our life, to Thee we call,  
Afflicted at Thy feet we fall;  
When the great water-floods prevail,  
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.

*p* Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
*cr* And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
*mf* Does not the Word still fix'd remain,  
That none shall seek Thy Face in vain?

*cr* Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should we lodge our deep complaint?  
Where but with Thee, Whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?

*p* Then hear, O LORD, our humble cry,  
And bend on us Thy pitying eye:  
To Thee their prayer Thy people make,  
Hear us for our REDEEMER's sake.

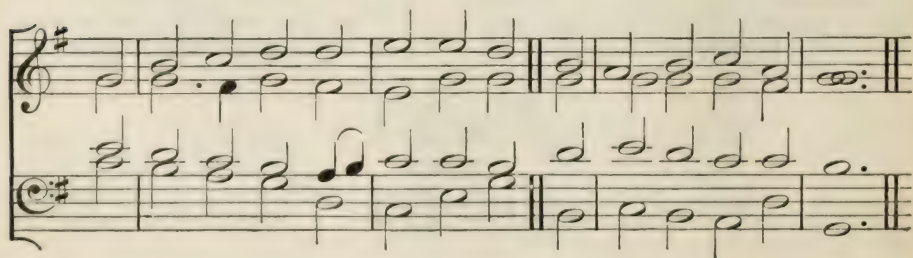
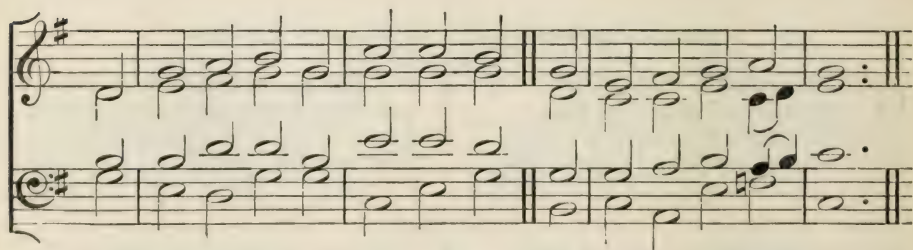
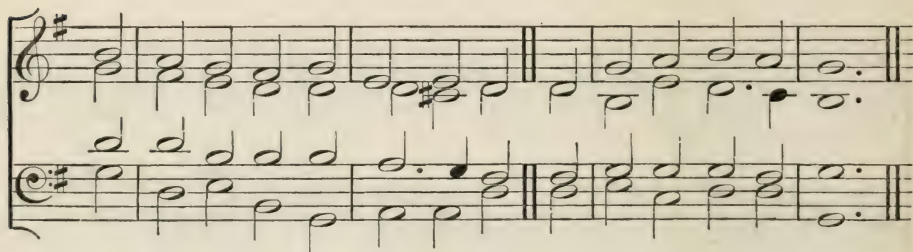
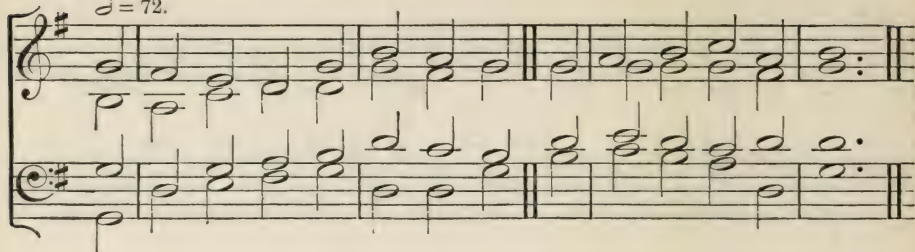


A - men.

# In Times of Trouble.

Hymn 375. OLD 137TH.—D.C.M.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



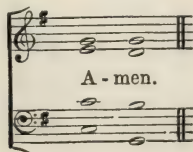
# In Times of Trouble.

*"Thou that hearest the prayer; unto Thee shall all flesh come."*

*p* GREAT King of nations, hear our prayer,  
While at Thy feet we fall,  
And humbly with united cry  
To Thee for mercy call;  
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine,  
O turn us not away;  
*cr* But hear us from Thy lofty Throne,  
And help us when we pray.

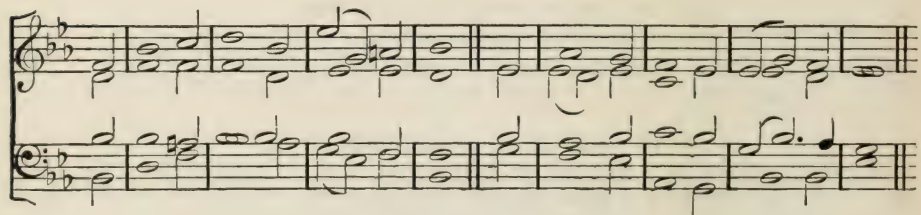
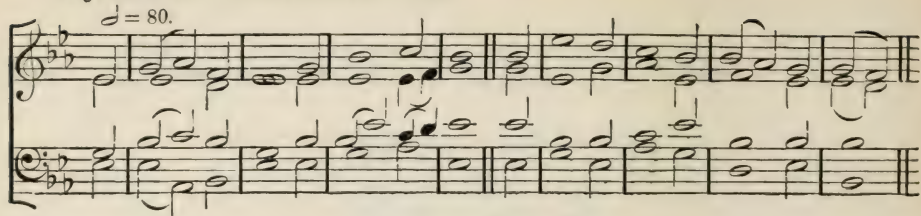
*p* Our fathers' sins were manifold,  
And ours no less we own,  
*mf* Yet wondrously from age to age  
Thy goodness hath been shown;  
*dim* When dangers, like a stormy sea,  
Beset our country round,  
*cr* To Thee we look'd, to Thee we cried,  
And help in Thee was found.

*p* With one consent we meekly bow  
Beneath Thy chastening hand,  
And, pouring forth confession meet,  
Mourn with our mourning land;  
*cr* With pitying eye behold our need,  
As thus we lift our prayer;  
*p* Correct us with Thy judgments, LORD  
*cr* Then let Thy mercy spare.



# In Times of Trouble.

Hymn 376. ROCKINGHAM.—L.M.



*"The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace."*

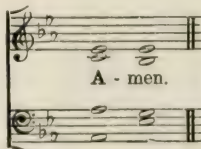
WAR.

*mf* **O** GOD of love, O King of peace,  
Make wars throughout the world to  
cease ;  
The wrath of sinful man restrain,  
*p* Give peace, O God, give peace again.

*mf* Whom shall we trust but Thee, O LORD ?  
Where rest but on Thy faithful Word ?  
*cr* None ever call'd on Thee in vain,  
*p* Give peace, O God, give peace again.

*mf* Remember, LORD, Thy works of old,  
The wonders that our fathers told,  
Remember not our sin's dark stain,  
*p* Give peace, O God, give peace again.

*f* Where Saints and Angels dwell above,  
All hearts are knit in holy love ;  
O bind us in that heavenly chain,  
*p* Give peace, O God, give peace again.

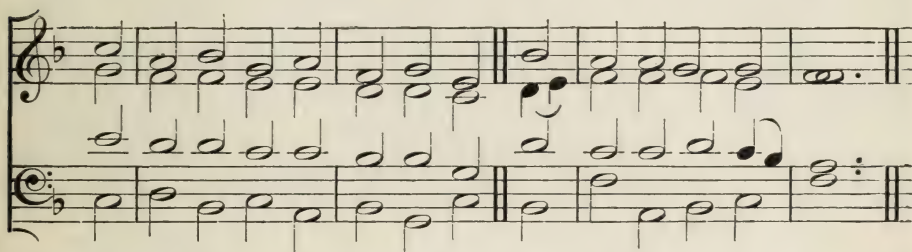
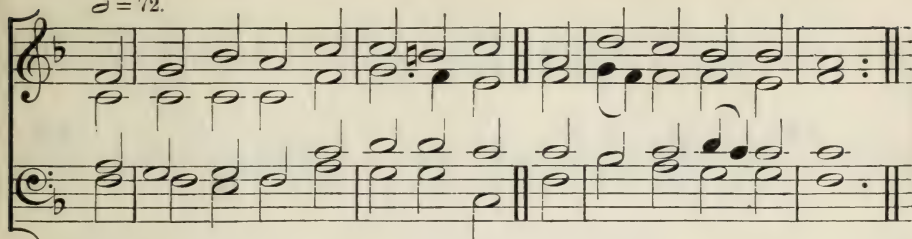




# In Times of Trouble.

Hymn 377. SALISBURY. — C.M.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



"Thou shalt not be afraid . . . . for the pestilence that walketh in darkness ; nor for the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day."

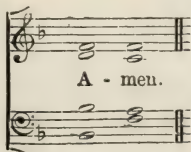
PESTILENCE.

*p* **I**N grief and fear to Thee, O LORD,  
We now for succour fly ;  
Thine awful judgments are abroad,  
*e dim* O shield us lest we die.

*mf* O look with pity on the scene  
Of sadness and of dread ;  
And let Thine Angel stand between  
*dim* The living and the dead.

*p* The fell disease on every side  
Walks forth with tainted breath ;  
And pestilence, with rapid stride,  
Bestrews the land with death.

*p* With contrite hearts to Thee, our King,  
We turn who oft have stray'd ;  
*cr* Accept the sacrifice we bring,  
And let the plague be stay'd.



A - men.

In time of Famine or Scarcity the following Hymn is suitable :

389 What our FATHER does is well.

# Thanksgiving.

Hymn 378. EIN' FESTE BURG.—8 7 8 7 6 6 6 6 7. (*First Version.*)

$\text{♩} = 60.$

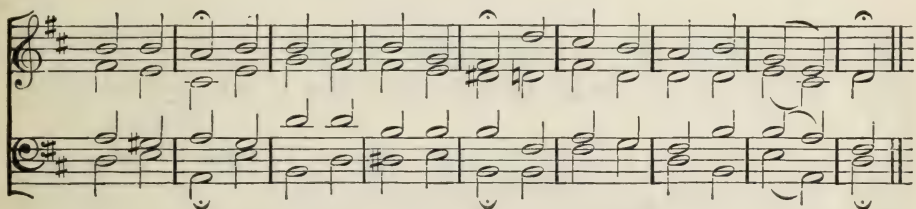
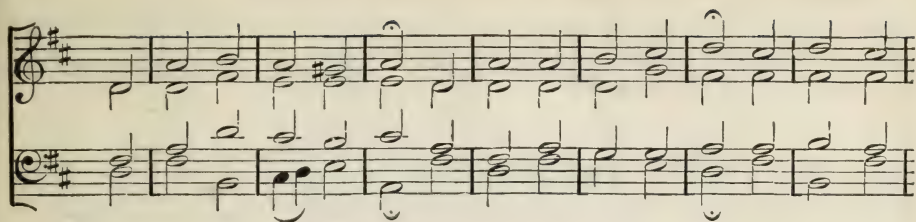
The musical score for the first version of Hymn 378 is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in the key of D major (two sharps). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 60. The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, featuring a sequence of eighth and sixteenth notes. The Bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The score is divided into four systems, each containing two staves. The first system includes a repeat sign. The second system also includes a repeat sign. The third system includes a repeat sign. The fourth system includes a repeat sign. The key signature is D major (two sharps).

Hymn 378. EIN' FESTE BURG. 8 7 8 7 6 6 6 6 7. (*Second Version.*)

$\text{♩} = 60.$

The musical score for the second version of Hymn 378 is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in the key of D major (two sharps). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 60. The melody is primarily in the Treble staff, featuring a sequence of eighth and sixteenth notes. The Bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The score is divided into two systems, each containing two staves. The first system includes a repeat sign. The second system includes a repeat sign. The key signature is D major (two sharps).

# Thanksgiving.

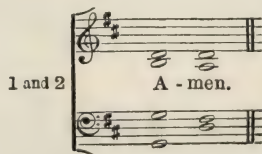


*"O praise the Lord, laud ye the Name of the Lord; praise it, O ye servants of the Lord."*

*f* **R**EJOICE to-day with one accord,  
Sing out with exultation;  
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
Whose arm hath brought salvation;  
His works of love proclaim  
The greatness of His Name;  
For He is God alone  
Who hath His mercy shown;  
*dim* Let all His saints adore Him!

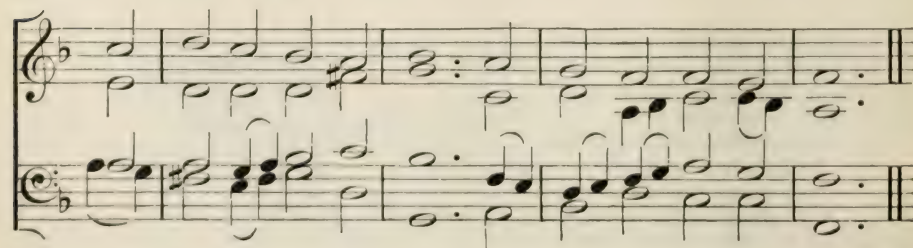
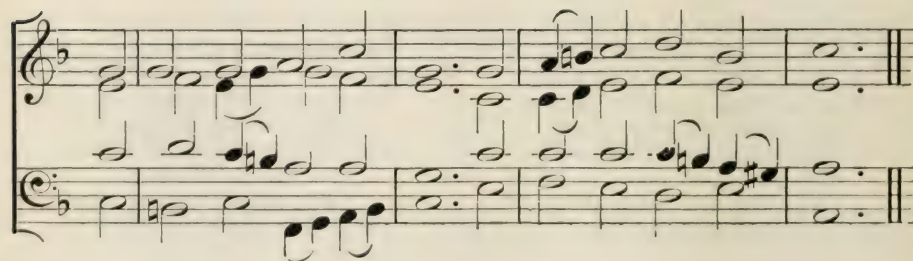
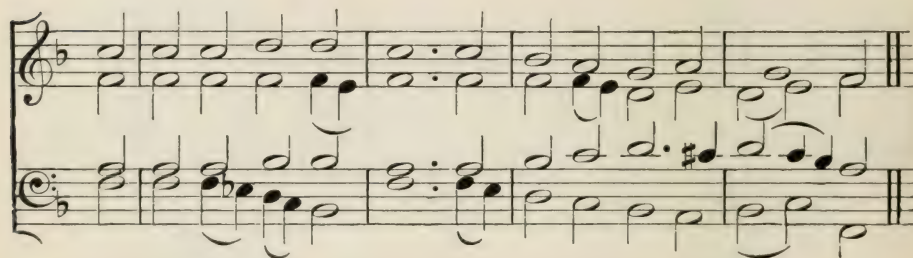
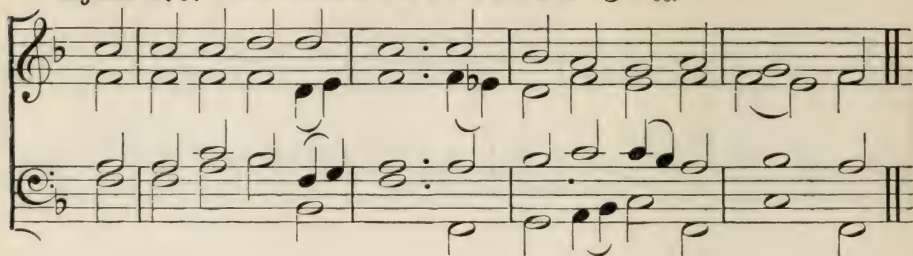
*ff* Rejoice to-day with one accord,  
Sing out with exultation;  
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,  
Whose arm hath brought salvation;  
His works of love proclaim  
The greatness of His Name;  
For He is God alone  
Who hath His mercy shown;  
Let all His saints adore Him!

*p* When in distress to Him we cried,  
He heard our sad complaining;  
*cr* O trust in Him, whate'er betide,  
His love is all-sustaining;  
*f* Triumphant songs of praise  
To Him our hearts shall raise;  
Now every voice shall say,  
"O praise our God alway;"  
*dim* Let all His saints adore Him!



# Thanksgiving.

Hymn 379. NUN DANKET.—6 7 6 7 6 6 6 6. ♩ = 66.





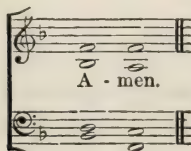
# Thanksgiving.

*"O clap your hands together, all ye people; O sing unto God with the voice of melody."*

*f*      **N**OW thank we all our God,  
            With heart, and hands, and voices,  
            Who wondrous things hath done,  
In Whom His world rejoices;  
            Who from our mother's arms  
            Hath bless'd us on our way  
            With countless gifts of love,  
            And still is ours to-day.

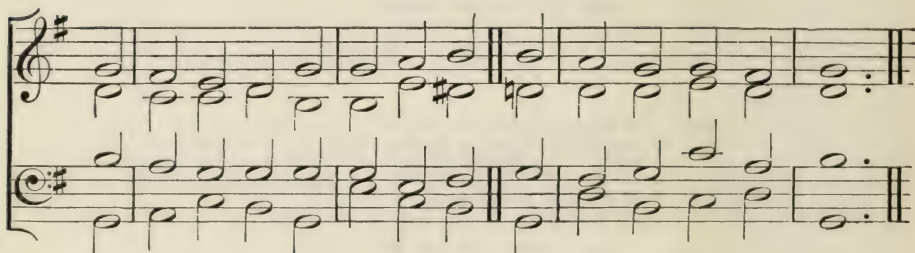
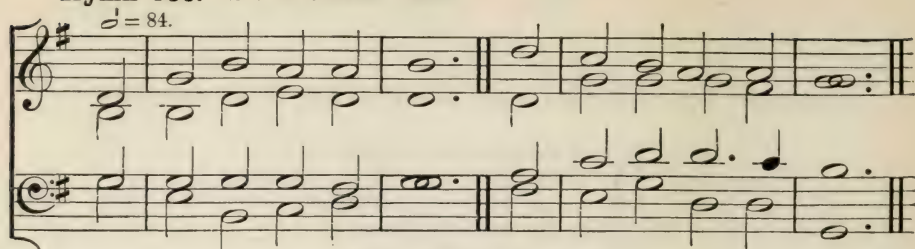
*mf*      O may this bounteous God  
            Through all our life be near us,  
            With ever joyful hearts  
And blessèd peace to cheer us;  
            And keep us in His grace,  
            And guide us when perplex'd,  
            And free us from all ills  
            In this world and the next.

*f*      All praise and thanks to God  
The FATHER now be given,  
            The SON, and HIM Who reigns  
With Them in highest Heaven,  
            The ONE Eternal God,  
            Whom earth and Heav'n adore,  
For thus it was, is now,  
            And shall be evermore.



# Friendly Societies.

Hymn 380. ST. MICHAEL.—S.M.



*“Bear ye one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.”*

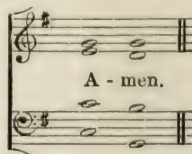
*f* **O** PRAISE our God to-day,  
His constant mercy bless,  
Whose love hath help’d us on our way,  
And granted us success.

*mf* His arm the strength imparts  
Our daily toil to bear;  
His grace alone inspires our hearts  
Each other’s load to share.

O happiest work below,  
Earnest of joy above,  
To sweeten many a cup of woe  
By deeds of holy love!

LORD, may it be our choice  
This blessèd rule to keep,  
*cr* “Rejoice with them that do rejoice,  
*dim* And weep with them that weep.”

*f* O praise our God to-day,  
His constant mercy bless,  
Whose love hath help’d us on our way,  
And granted us success.



*The following Hymns are suitable :*

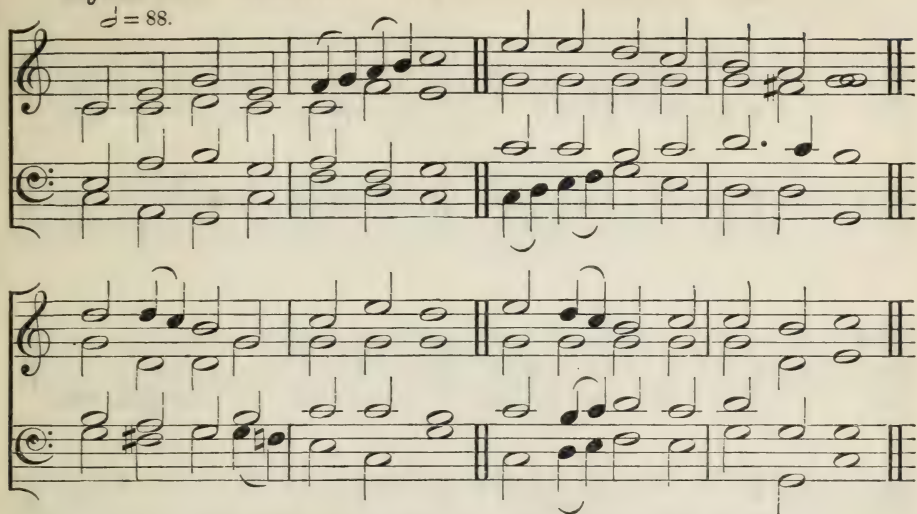
**273** O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see.

**274** Through the night of doubt and sorrow.

# Harvest.

Hymn 381. MONKLAND.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



"Who giveth food to all flesh; for His mercy endureth for ever."

*f* PRAISE, O praise our God and King;  
Hymns of adoration sing;  
For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*mf* Praise Him that He made the sun  
Day by day his course to run;  
*f* For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure;

*p* And the silver moon by night,  
Shining with her gentle light;  
*f* For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

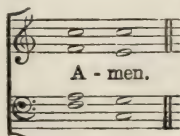
*mf* Praise Him that He gave the rain  
To mature the swelling grain;  
*f* For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure;

*mf* And hath bid the fruitful field  
Crops of precious increase yield;  
*f* For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*ff* Praise Him for our harvest-store,  
He hath fill'd the garner-floor;  
For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure;

*p* And for richer Food than this,  
*cr* Pledge of everlasting bliss;  
*f* For His mercies still endure  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

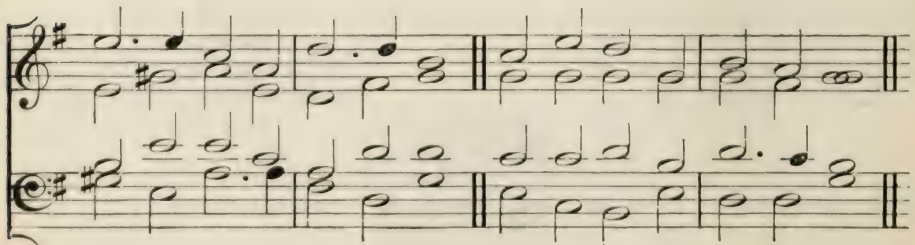
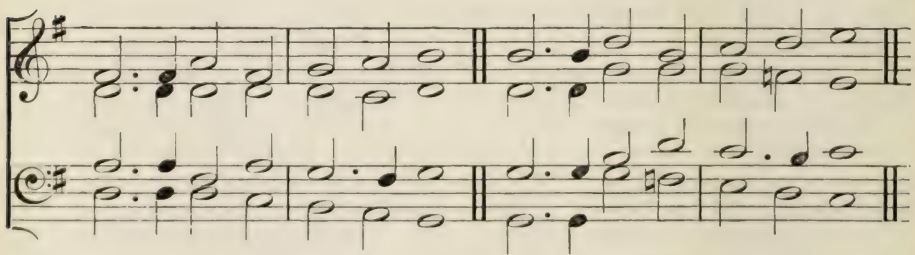
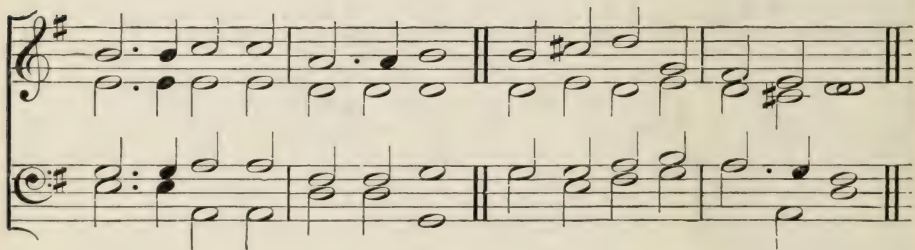
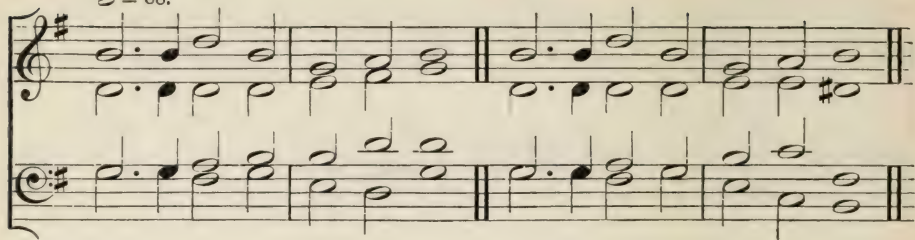
*ff* Glory to our Bounteous King;  
Glory let creation sing;  
Glory to the FATHER, SON,  
And Blest SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE.



# Harvest.

Hymn 382. ST. GEORGE.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 88.$





# Harvest.

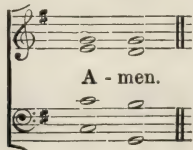
\* *They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest.*

*f* COME, ye thankful people, come,  
 Raise the song of Harvest-home :  
 All is safely gather'd in,  
 Ere the winter storms begin ;  
*mf* God, our Maker, doth provide  
 For our wants to be supplied ;  
*f* Come to God's own Temple, come ;  
 Raise the song of Harvest-home.

*mf* All this world is God's own field,  
 Fruit unto His praise to yield ;  
 Wheat and tares therein are sown,  
 Unto joy or sorrow grown ;  
*cr* Ripening with a wondrous power  
 Till the final Harvest-hour :  
*p* Grant, O LORD of life, that we  
 Holy grain and pure may be.

*mf* For we know that Thou wilt come,  
 And wilt take Thy people home ;  
 From Thy field wilt purge away  
 All that doth offend, that day ;  
*p* And Thine Angels charge at last  
 In the fire the tares to cast,  
*f* But the fruitful ears to store  
 In Thy garner evermore.

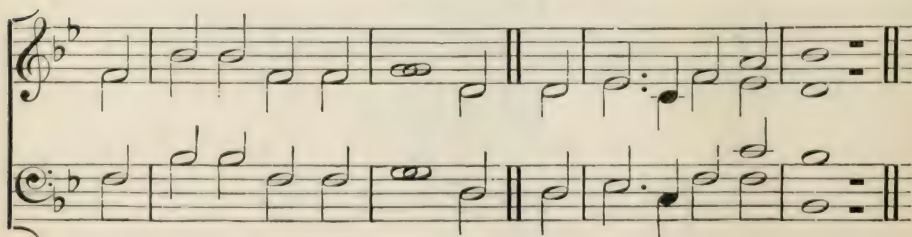
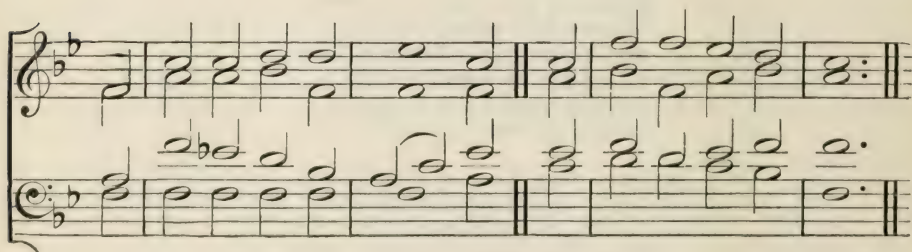
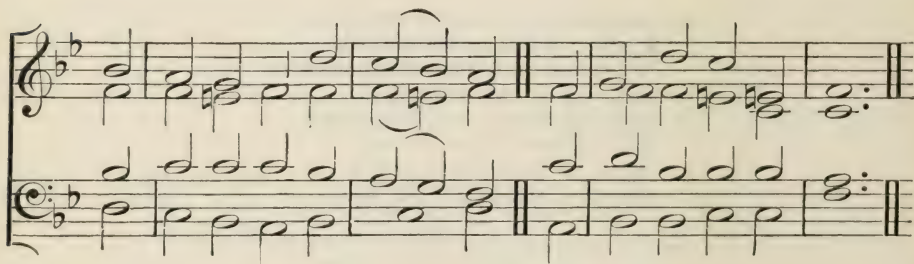
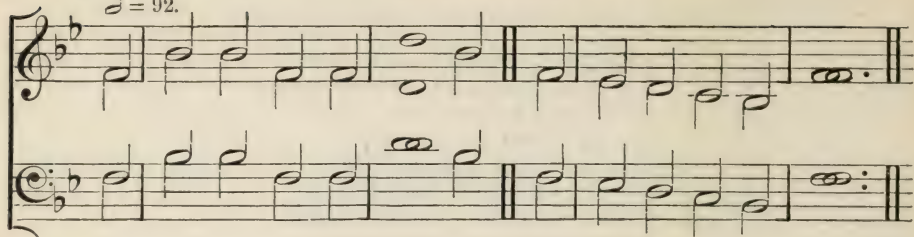
*mf* Come then, Lord of mercy, come,  
 Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home :  
*cr* Let Thy Saints be gather'd in,  
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;  
*f* All upon the golden floor  
 Praising Thee for evermore :  
 Come, with all Thine Angels come ;  
 Bid us sing Thy (*rall*) Harvest-home.



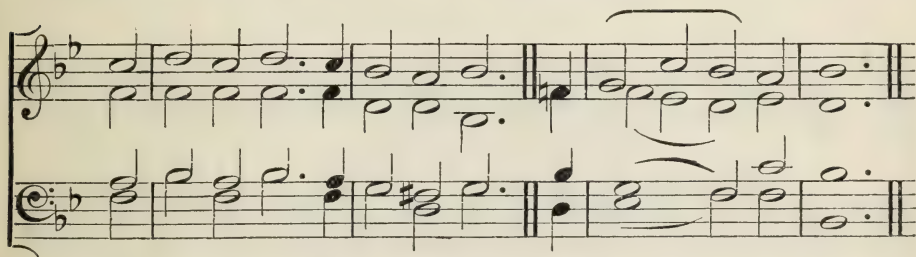
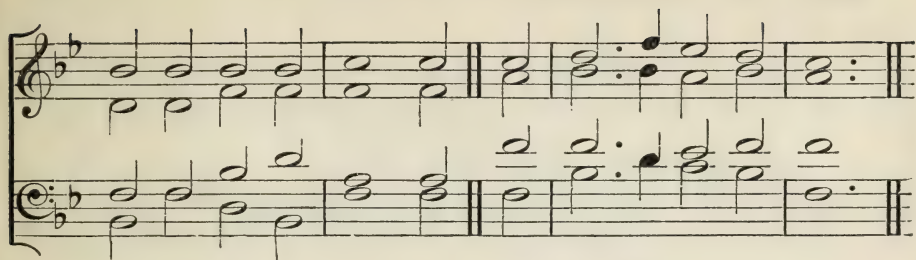
# Harbest.

Hymn 383. WIR PFLÜGEN.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 6 8 4.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



# Harvest.

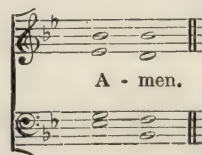


*"The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them their meat in due season."*

*mf* **W**E plough the fields, and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and water'd  
By God's Almighty Hand;  
He sends the snow in winter,  
The warmth to swell the grain,  
The breezes, and the sunshine,  
And soft refreshing rain.  
*f* All good gifts around us  
Are sent from Heav'n above,  
*ff* Then thank the LORD, O thank the  
For all His love. [LORD,

*mf* We thank Thee then, O FATHER,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food;  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
And, what Thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.  
*p* All good gifts around us  
Are sent from Heav'n above,  
*ff* Then thank the LORD, O thank the  
LORD,  
For all His love.

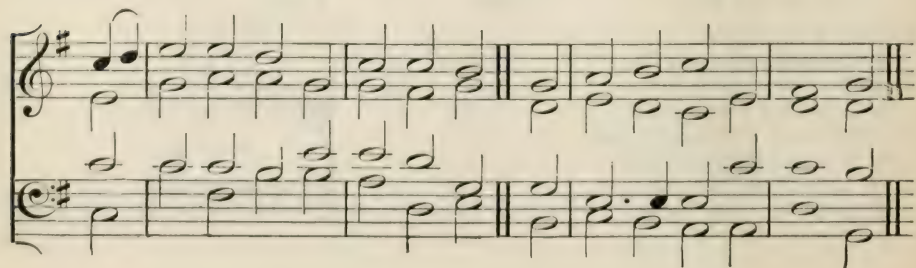
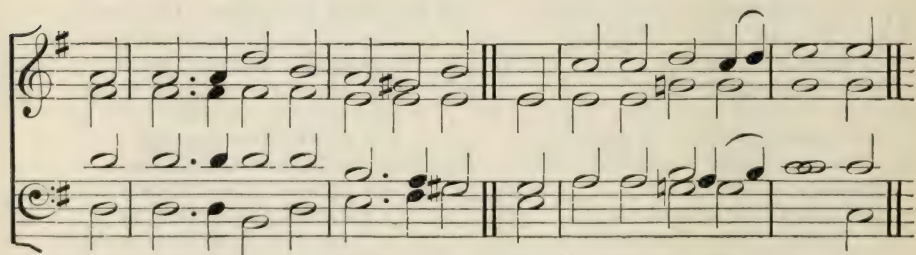
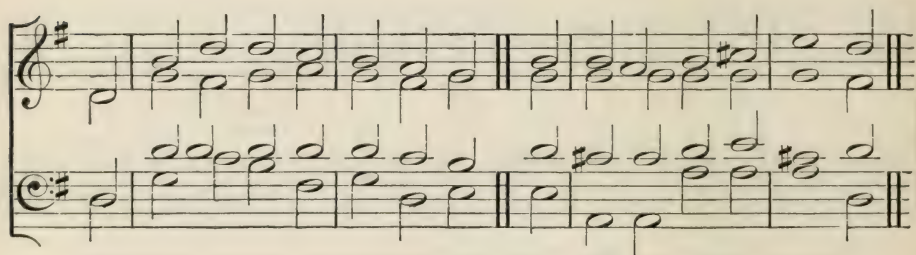
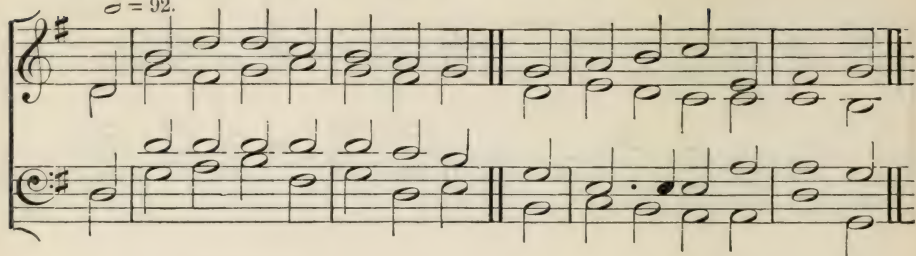
*mf* He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;  
*cr* The winds and waves obey Him,  
*p* By Him the birds are fed;  
*cr* Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.  
*f* All good gifts, &c.



# Harvest.

Hymn 384. GOLDEN SHEAVES.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# Harvest.

"Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."

*f* **T**O Thee, O LORD, our hearts we raise  
In hymns of adoration,  
To Thee bring sacrifice of praise  
With shouts of exultation ;

*mf* Bright robes of gold the fields adorn,  
The hills with joy are ringing,

*f* The valleys stand so thick with corn  
That even they are singing.

*mf* And now, on this our festal day,  
Thy bounteous Hand confessing,  
Upon Thine Altar, LORD, we lay  
The first-fruits of Thy blessing ;

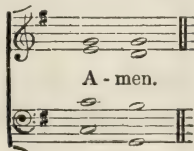
*p* By Thee the souls of men are fed  
With gifts of grace supernal,  
Thou, Who dost give us earthly bread,  
Give us the Bread Eternal.

*mf* We bear the burden of the day,  
And often toil seems dreary ;  
But labour ends with sunset ray,  
And rest comes for the weary ;  
May we, the Angel-reaping o'er,  
Stand at the last accepted,  
CHRIST's golden sheaves for evermore  
To garners bright elected.

*f* Oh, blessèd is that land of God,  
Where Saints abide for ever ;  
Where golden fields spread far and broad,  
Where flows the crystal river :

*p* The strains of all its holy throng  
With ours to-day are blending ;

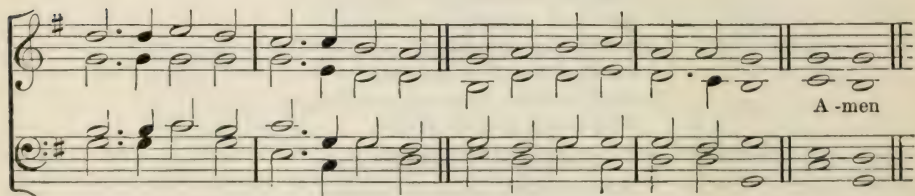
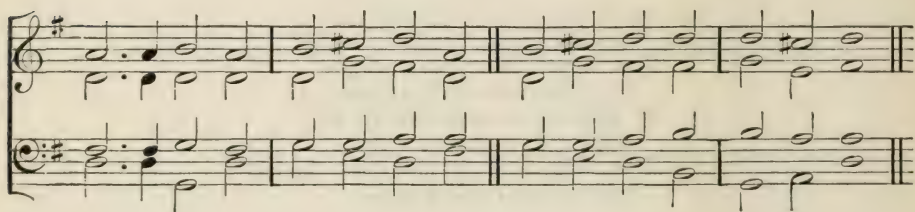
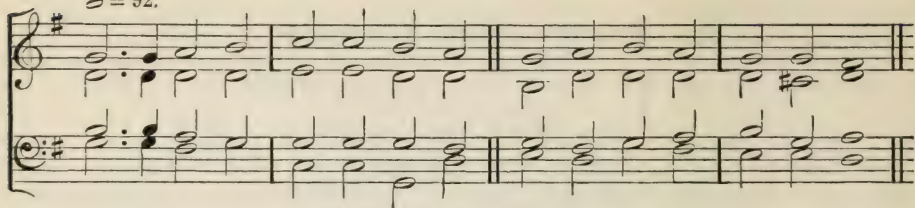
*f* Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song  
Which never hath an ending.



# Harbest.

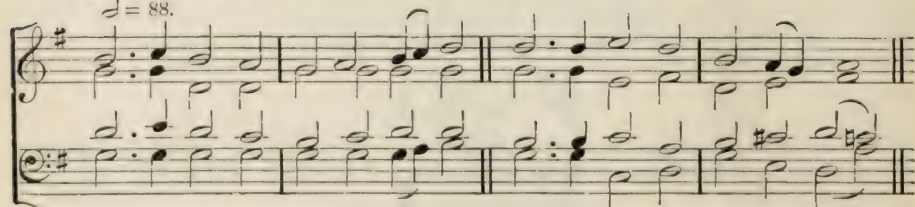
Hymn 385. NEALE.—8 7 8 7 8 7. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 92.$

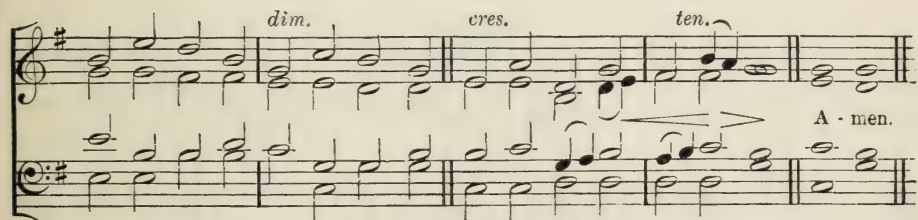
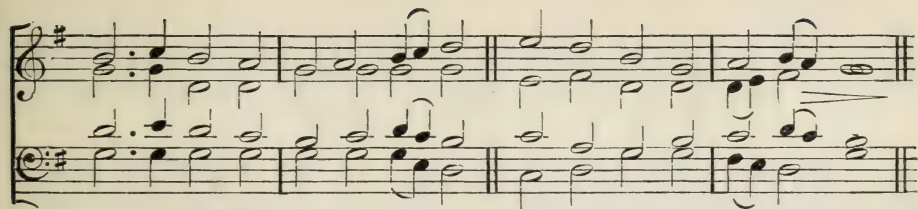


Hymn 385. FIRST FRUITS.—8 7 8 7 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 88.$



# Harvest.



"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest . . . shall not cease."

*mf* GOD the FATHER! Whose Creation  
Gives to flowers and fruits their birth,  
Thou, Whose yearly operation  
Brings the hour of harvest mirth,  
Here to Thee we make oblation  
Of the August-gold of earth.

When the harvest of each nation  
Severs righteousness from sin,  
And Archangel-proclamation  
Bids to put the sickle in,  
And each age and generation  
Sink to woe, or glory win;

God the WORD! the Sun, maturing  
With his blessèd ray the corn,  
*cr* Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,  
Thee, O everlasting Morn!  
*p* Thee in Whom our woes find curing,  
*cr* Thee that liftest up our horn.

*p* Grant that we, or young, or hoary,  
Lengthen'd be our span or brief,  
Whatsoe'er the life-long story  
Of our joy or of our grief,  
*cr* May be garner'd up in glory  
As Thine own elected sheaf.

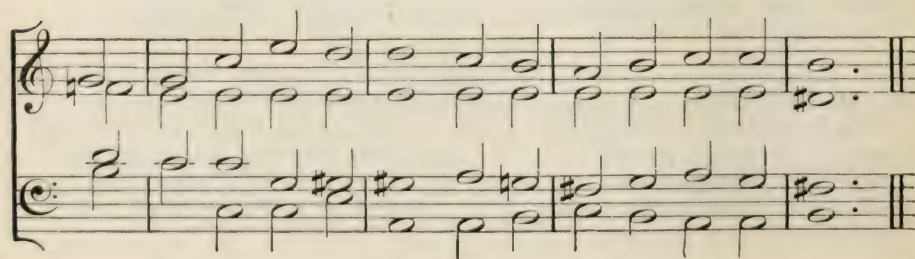
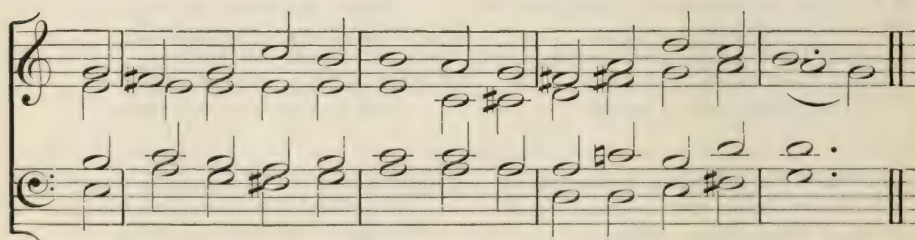
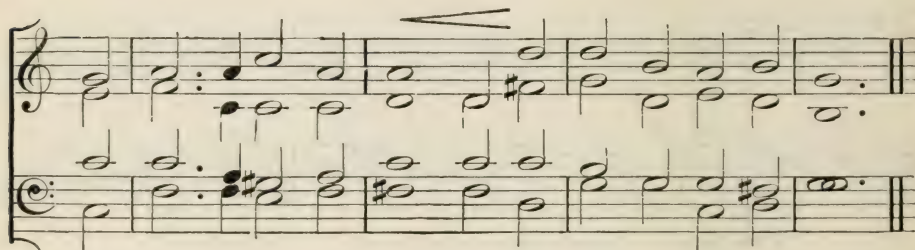
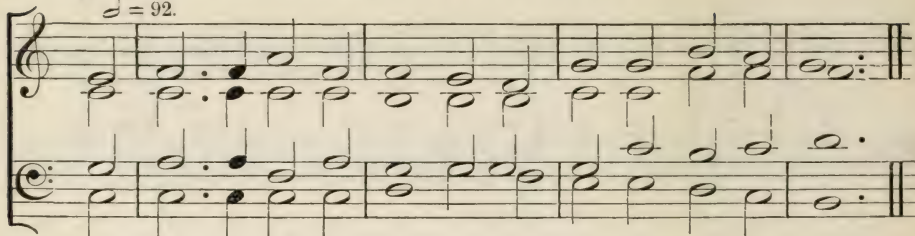
*mf* GOD the HOLY GHOST! the showers  
That have fatten'd out the grain,  
Types of Thy celestial powers,  
Symbols of baptismal rain,  
Shadow'd out the grace that dowers  
All the faithful of Thy train.

*f* Laud to Him to Whom Supernal  
Thrones and Virtues bend the knee;  
Laud to Him from Whom infernal  
Powers and Dominations flee;  
Laud to Him the Co-eternal  
Paraclete, for ever be.

# Harbest.

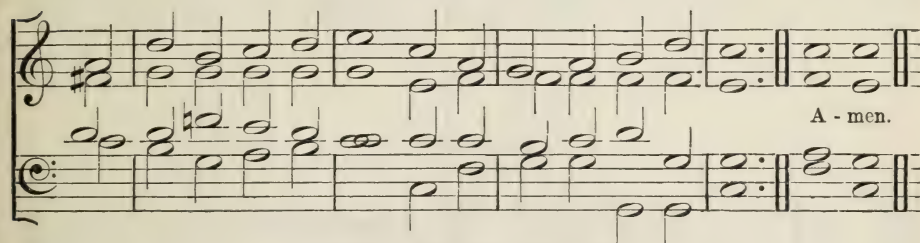
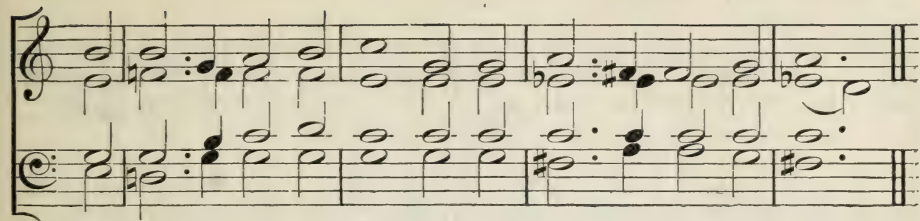
Hymn 386. ST. BEATRICE.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# Harvest.



"Behold a sower went forth to sow."

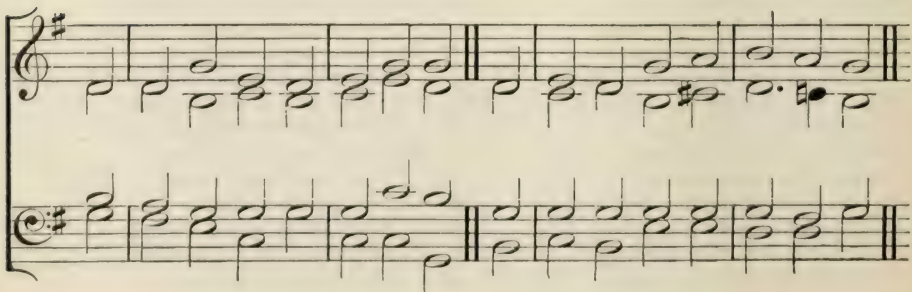
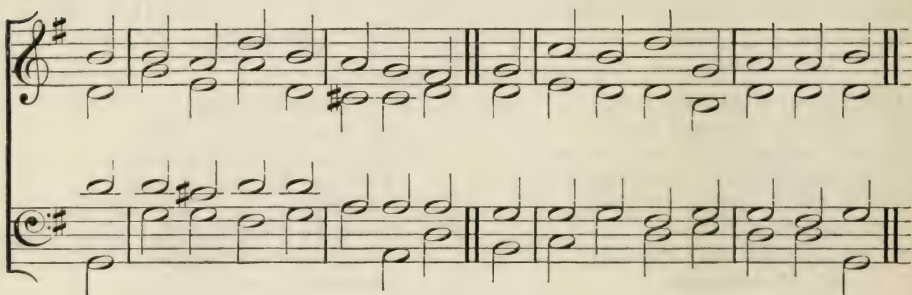
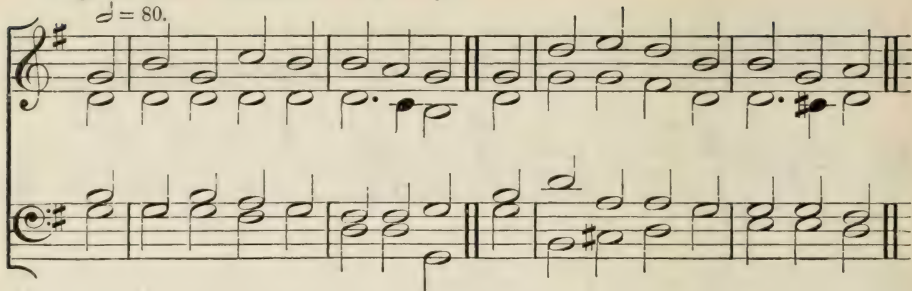
*mf* THE sower went forth sowing,  
*p* The seed in secret slept  
*cr* Through weeks of faith and patience,  
 Till out the green blade crept;  
 And warm'd by golden sunshine,  
 And fed by silver rain,  
 At last the fields were whiten'd  
 To harvest once again.  
*f* O praise the heavenly Sower,  
 Who gave the fruitful seed,  
 And watch'd and water'd duly,  
 And ripen'd for our need.  
*mf* Behold! the heavenly Sower  
 Goes forth with better seed,  
 The Word of sure Salvation,  
*p* With Feet and Hands that bleed;  
*mf* Here in His Church 'tis scatter'd,  
 Our spirits are the soil;  
 Then let an ample fruitage  
 Repay His pain and toil.  
*f* Oh, beauteous is the harvest  
 Wherein all goodness thrives,  
 And this the true thanksgiving,  
 The first-fruits of our lives.

*p* Within a hallow'd acre  
 He sows yet other grain,  
 When peaceful earth receiveth  
 The dead He died to gain;  
*cr* For though the growth be hidden,  
 We know that they shall rise;  
 Yea even now they ripen  
 In sunny Paradise.  
*f* O summer land of harvest,  
 O fields for ever white  
 With souls that wear CHRIST's raiment,  
 With crowns of golden light!  
*mf* One day the heavenly Sower  
 Shall reap where He hath sown,  
*cr* And come again rejoicing,  
 And with Him bring His own;  
*p* And then the fan of judgment  
 Shall winnow from His floor  
 The chaff into the furnace  
 That flameth evermore.  
*mf* O holy, awful Reaper,  
*p* Have mercy in the day  
 Thou puttest in Thy sickle,  
*ralle pp* And cast us not away.

# Harbest.

Hymn 387. PRESTON.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



# Harvest.

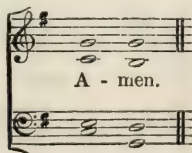
*"The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the Angels."*

*mf* **L**ORD of the harvest, once again  
We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain;  
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer  
Thy servants through another year;  
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied  
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

*p* The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,  
*cr* Its robe of vernal green puts on;  
*mf* Glad from its wintry grave it springs,  
Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings:  
*p* So, LORD, to those who sleep in Thee  
*cr* Shall new and glorious bodies be.

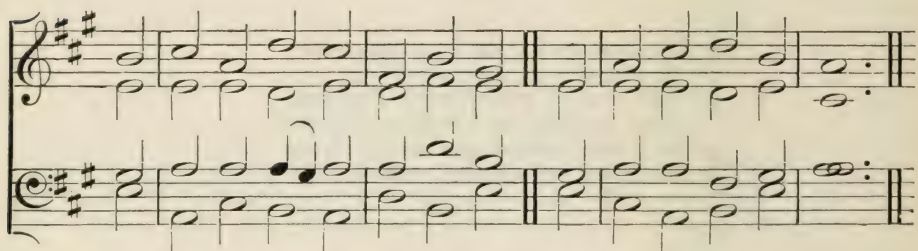
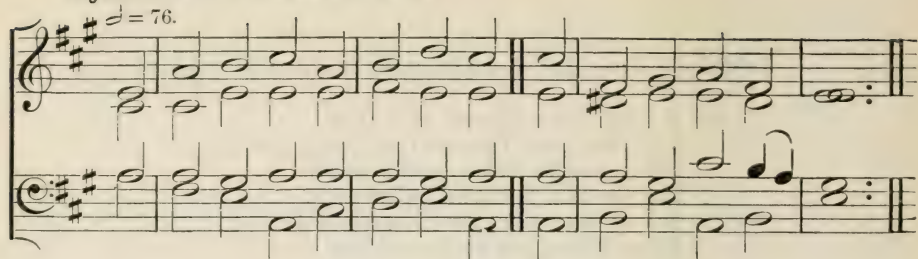
*mf* Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask  
A lesson from the reaper's task:  
So shall Thine Angels issue forth;  
The tares be burnt; (*cr*) the just of earth,  
To wind and storm exposed no more,  
Be gather'd to their FATHER's store.

*mf* Daily, O LORD, our prayers be said,  
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;  
But not alone our bodies feed,  
Supply our fainting spirits' need:  
*cr* O Bread of life, from day to day,  
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay.



# Harvest.

Hymn 388. ST. JAMES.—C.M.



*"Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it ; Thou makest it very plenteous."*

*mf* **F**ATHER of mercies, God of love,  
Whose gifts all creatures share,  
The rolling seasons as they move  
Proclaim Thy constant care.

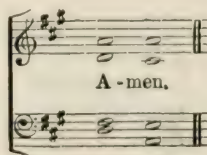
Thy gifts of mercy from above  
Matured the swelling grain ;  
*f* And now the harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.

*p* When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
*cr* Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.

*mf* O ne'er may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook Thy bounteous care,  
But what our **FATHER'S** Hand imparts  
Still own in praise and prayer.

*mf* The spring's sweet influence, **LORD**, was  
The seasons knew Thy call ; [Thine,  
Thou mad'st the summer sun to shine,  
The summer dews to fall.

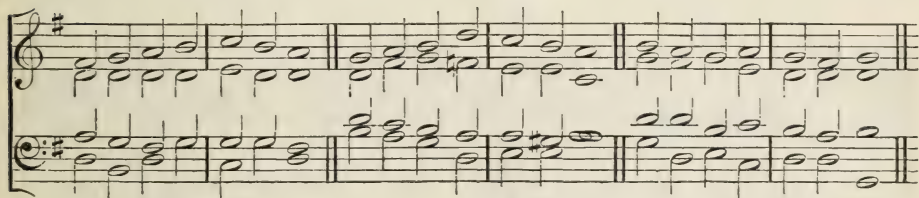
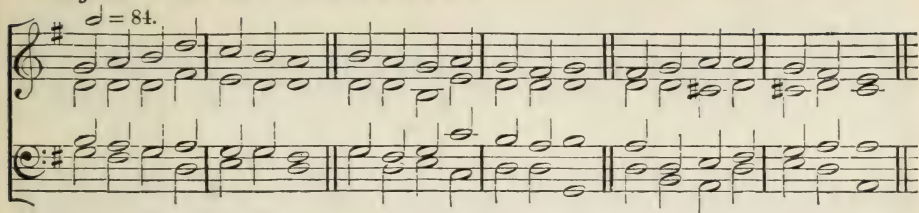
*f* To **FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,**  
The God Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.





# Harbest.

Hymn 389. CASSEL.—7 7 7 7 7 7.



"Although . . . the fields shall yield no meat . . . yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

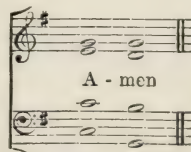
*mf* **W**HAT our FATHER does is well ;  
           Bless'd truth His children tell !  
*dim* Though He send, for plenty, want,  
     Though the harvest-store be scant,  
*cr* Yet we rest upon His love,  
     Seeking better things above.

*mf* What our FATHER does is well ;  
     Shall the wilful heart rebel ?  
*dim* If a blessing He withhold  
     In the field, or in the fold,  
*cr* Is it not Himself to be  
     All our store eternally ?

*mf* What our FATHER does is well ;  
*p* Though He sadden hill and dell,  
*cr* Upward yet our praises rise  
     For the strength His Word supplies ;  
     He has call'd us sons of God,  
*p* Can we murmur at His rod ?

*mf* What our FATHER does is well :  
     May the thought within us dwell ;  
*dim* Though nor milk nor honey flow  
     In our barren Canaan now,  
*cr* God can save us in our need,  
     God can bless us, God can feed.

*f* Therefore unto Him we raise  
     Hymns of glory, songs of praise ;  
     To the FATHER, and the SON,  
     And the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
     Honour, might, and glory be  
     Now, and through eternity.

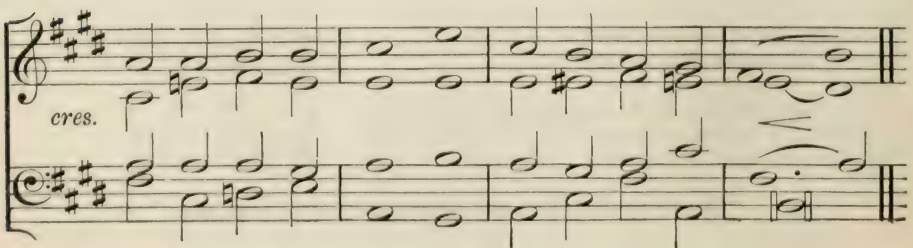
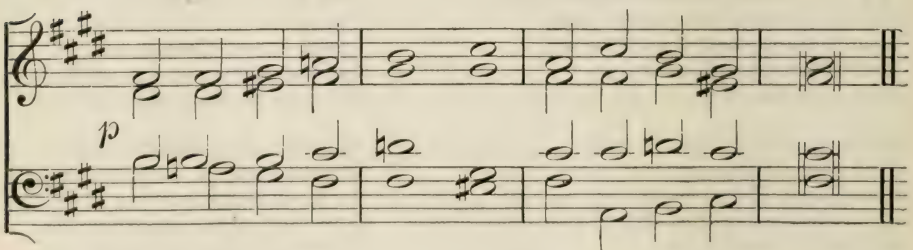
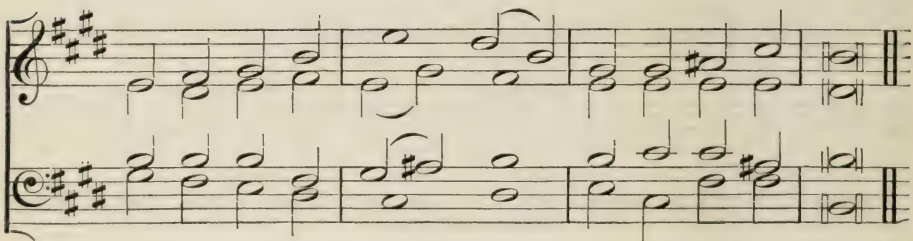
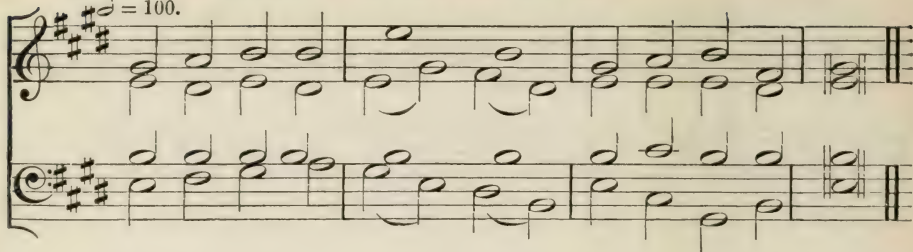


*This Hymn may be sung when there is a deficiency in the crops.*

# Processional,

Hymn 390. VEXILLUM.—6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



# Processional.

*f* Bright - ly gleams our ban - ner . . Point - ing to the sky,

Wav - ing wan - derers on - ward To their home on high. A - men.

"Behold, I have given Him for . . . a leader and commander to the people."

*f* **B**RIGHTLY gleams our banner  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.  
*p* Journeying o'er the desert,  
 Gladly thus we pray,  
*cr* And with hearts united  
 Take our heavenward way.  
*f* Brightly gleams, &c.

*mf* JESU, LORD and Master,  
 At Thy sacred Feet,  
 Here with hearts rejoicing  
 See Thy children meet;  
*p* Often have we left Thee,  
 Often gone astray;  
*cr* Keep us, mighty SAVIOUR,  
 In the narrow way.  
*f* Brightly gleams, &c.

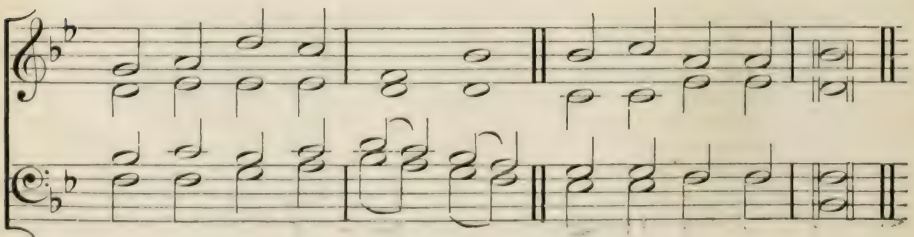
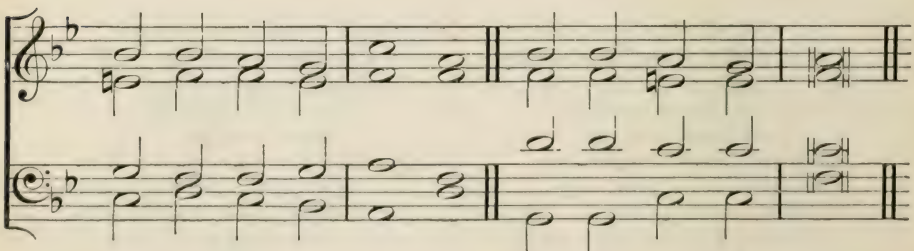
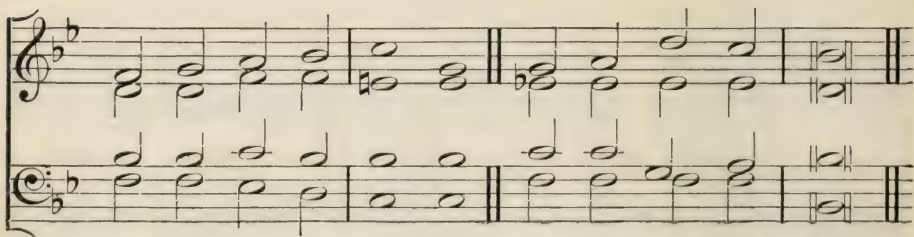
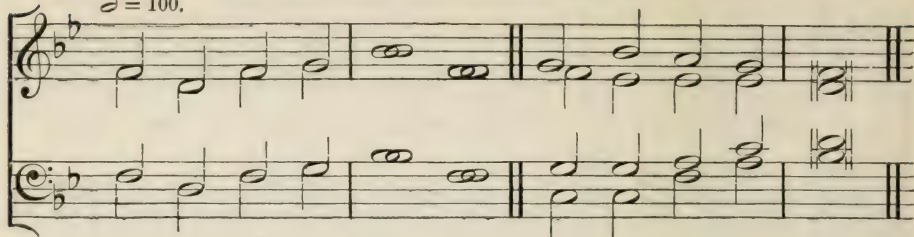
*mf* All our days direct us  
 In the way we go,  
*f* Lead us on victorious  
 Over every foe:  
*p* Bid Thine Angels shield us  
 When the storm-clouds lour,  
*cr* Pardon, LORD, and save us  
 In the last dread hour.  
*f* Brightly gleams, &c.

*mf* Then with Saints and Angels  
 May we join above,  
 Offering prayers and praises  
 At Thy Throne of love;  
*p* When the toil is over,  
 Then comes rest and peace,  
*cr* JESUS in His beauty,  
 Songs that never cease.  
*f* Brightly gleams, &c.

# Processional.

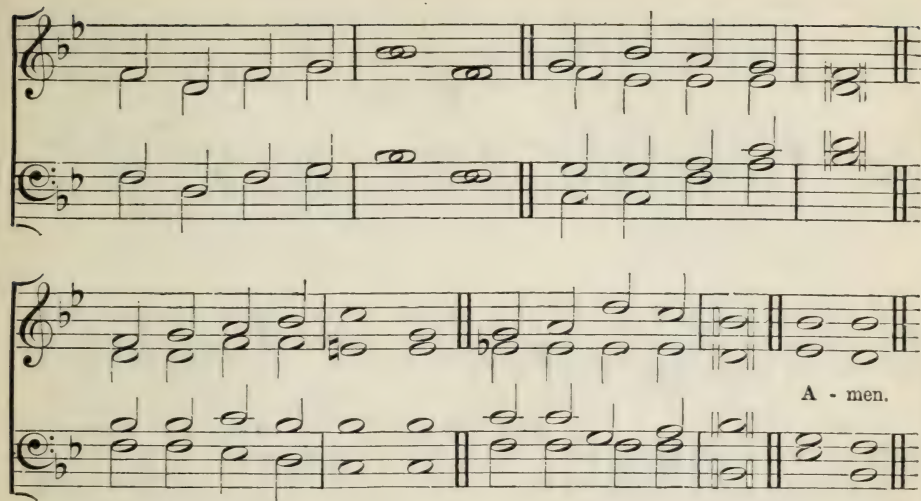
Hymn 391. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.—6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5.

$\text{♩} = 100.$





# Processional.



"Be strong and of a good courage . . . And the Lord, He it is that doth go before thee."

*f* **ONWARD**, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of JESUS  
 Going on before.  
 CHRIST the Royal Master  
 Leads against the foe;  
 Forward into battle,  
 See, His banners go!  
*ff* Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of JESUS  
 Going on before.

*f* At the sign of triumph  
 Satan's host doth flee;  
 On then, Christian soldiers,  
 On to victory.  
 Hell's foundations quiver  
 At the shout of praise;  
 Brothers, lift your voices,  
 Loud your anthems raise.  
*ff* Onward, &c.

*f* Like a mighty army  
 Moves the Church of God;  
*mf* Brothers, we are treading  
 Where the Saints have trod;

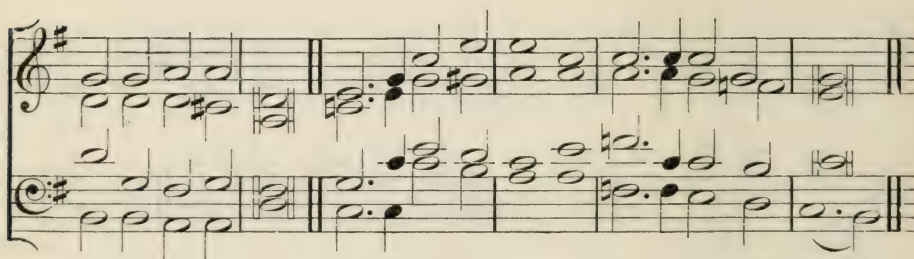
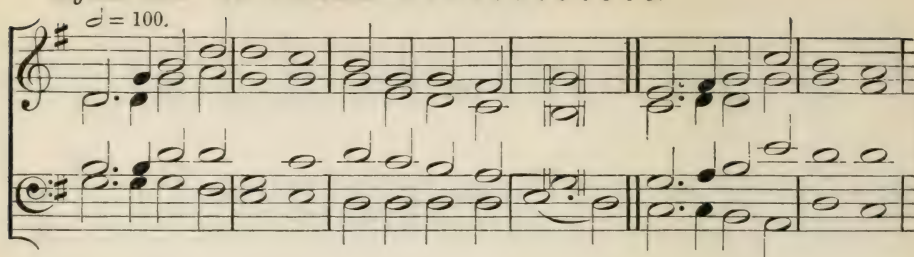
We are not divided,  
 All one body we,  
*cr* One in hope and doctrine,  
 One in charity.  
*ff* Onward, &c.  
*p* Crowns and thrones may perish,  
 Kingdoms rise and wane,  
*cr* But the Church of JESUS  
 Constant will remain;  
*f* Gates of hell can never  
 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
 We have CHRIST's own promise,  
 And that cannot fail.  
*ff* Onward, &c.

*f* Onward, then, ye people,  
 Join our happy throng,  
 Blend with ours your voices  
 In the triumph song;  
 Glory, laud, and honour  
 Unto CHRIST the King,  
 This through countless ages  
 Men and Angels sing.  
*ff* Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of JESUS  
 Going on before.

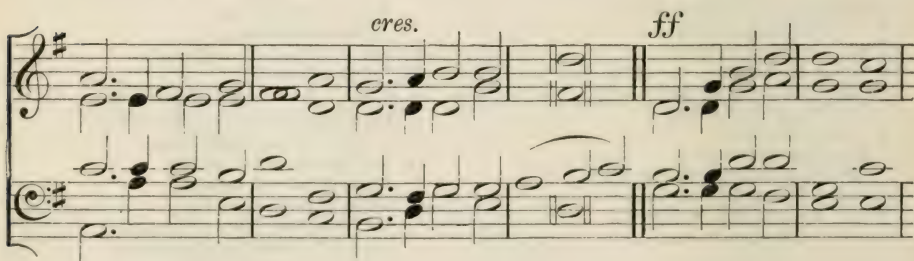
# Processional.

Hymn 392. ST. BONIFACE.—6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5.

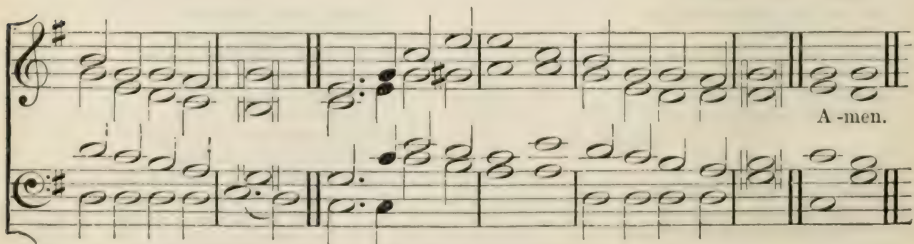
$\text{♩} = 100.$



*cres.* *ff*



A-men.



# Processional.

*"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."*

*mf* **F**ORWARD! be our watchword,  
Steps and voices join'd;  
Seek the things before us,  
Not a look behind;  
Burns the fiery pillar  
At our army's head;  
Who shall dream of shrinking,  
By our Captain led?  
*f* Forward through the desert,  
Through the toil and fight;  
Jordan flows before us,  
Sion beams with light.

*mf* Forward, when in childhood  
Buds the infant mind;  
All through youth and manhood,  
Not a thought behind;  
Speed through realms of nature,  
Climb the steep of grace;  
Faint not, till in glory  
Gleams our FATHER's Face.  
*f* Forward, all the life-time,  
Climb from height to height;  
Till the head be hoary,  
Till the eve be light.

*mf* Forward, flock of JESUS,  
Salt of all the earth,  
Till each yearning purpose  
Spring to glorious birth;  
*p* Sick, they ask for healing,  
Blind, they grope for day;  
*cr* Pour upon the nations  
Wisdom's loving ray.  
*f* Forward, out of error,  
Leave behind the night;  
Forward through the darkness,  
Forward into light.

Glories upon glories  
Hath our God prepared,  
By the souls that love Him  
One day to be shared;  
*mf* Eye hath not beheld them,  
Ear hath never heard;  
Nor of these hath utter'd  
Thought or speech a word;  
*f* Forward, marching eastward  
Where the Heav'n is bright,  
Till the veil be lifted,  
Till our faith be sight.

*mf* Far o'er yon horizon  
Rise the city towers,  
Where our God abideth;  
That fair home is ours:  
Flash the streets with jasper,  
Shine the gates with gold;  
Flows the gladdening river  
Shedding joys untold.  
*f* Thither, onward thither,  
In the SPIRIT's might;  
Pilgrims to your country,  
Forward into light.

*mf* Into God's high temple  
Onward as we press,  
Beauty spreads around us,  
Born of holiness;  
Arch, and vault, and carving,  
Lights of varied tone,  
*p* Soften'd words and holy,  
Prayer and praise alone:  
*f* Every thought upraising  
To our city bright,  
Where the tribes assemble  
Round the Throne of light.

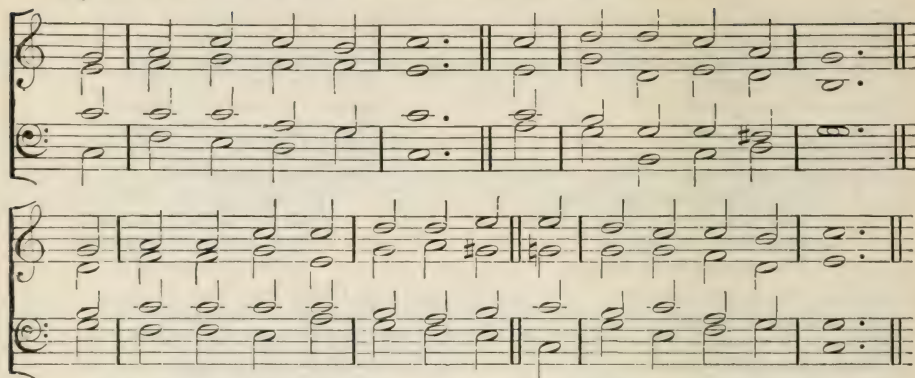
*mf* Nought that city needeth  
Of these aisles of stone;  
Where the GODHEAD dwelleth,  
Temple there is none;  
All the Saints, that ever  
In these courts have stood,  
*p* Are but babes, and feeding  
On the children's food.  
*f* On through sign and token,  
Stars amidst the night,  
Forward through the darkness,  
Forward into light.

*ff* To the Eternal FATHER  
Loudest anthems raise;  
To the SON and SPIRIT  
Echo songs of praise;  
To the LORD of glory,  
Blessèd THREE in ONE,  
Be by men and Angels  
Endless honours done:  
*p* Weak are earthly praises;  
Dull the songs of night;  
*cr* Forward into triumph,  
*f* Forward into light!



# Processional.

Hymn 393. PETERBOROUGH.—S.M. ♩ = 100.



"Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Name of the Lord."

*f* **R**EJOICE, ye pure in heart,  
Rejoice, give thanks and sing ;  
Your festal banner wave on high,  
The Cross of CHRIST your King.

*mf* Bright youth and snow-crown'd age,  
Strong men and maidens meek,  
Raise high your free exulting song,  
God's wondrous praises speak.

Yes onward, onward still,  
With hymn, and chant, and song,  
Thro' gate, and porch, and column'd aisle,  
The hallow'd pathways throng.

With all the Angel choirs,  
With all the saints on earth,  
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,  
True rapture, noblest mirth.

*f* Your clear Hosannas raise,  
And Alleluias loud ;  
Whilst answering echoes upward float,  
Like wreaths of incense cloud.  
With voice as full and strong  
As ocean's surging praise,  
Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,  
The psalms of ancient days.

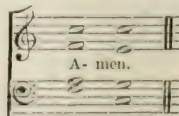
*mf* Yes on, through life's long path,  
Still chanting as ye go,  
From youth to age, by night and day,  
In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high,  
Still march in firm array,  
As warriors through the darkness toil  
Till dawns the golden day.

*p* At last the march shall end,  
The wearied ones shall rest,  
*cr* The pilgrims find their FATHER's house,  
Jerusalem the blest.

*f* Then on, ye pure in heart,  
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing ;  
Your festal banner wave on high,  
The Cross of CHRIST your King.

*ff* Praise Him Who reigns on high,  
The LORD Whom we adore,  
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
ONE GOD for evermore.



The following Hymns are suitable:

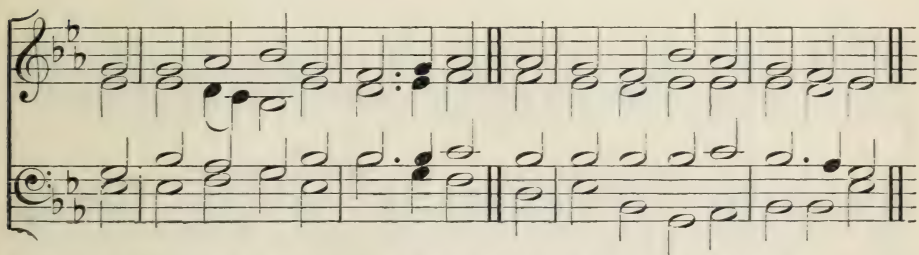
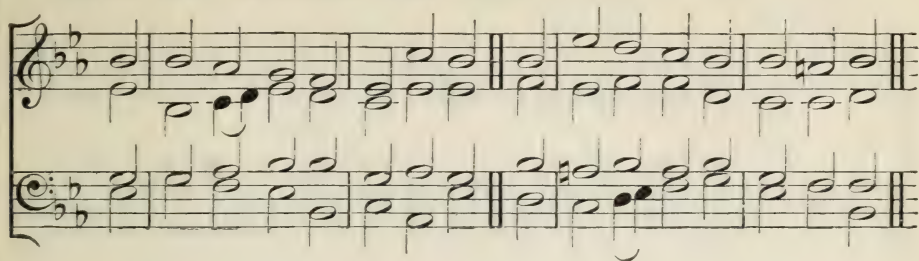
96 The Royal Banners forward go.  
179 To the Name of our Salvation.  
215 The Church's one foundation.  
224 O happy band of pilgrims.

274 Through the night of doubt and sorrow.  
302 Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem.  
305 Saviour, Blessed Saviour.  
306 At the Name of JESUS,



# Laying the Foundation Stone of a Church.

Hymn 394. MELCOMBE.—L.M.  $\text{♩} = 72$ .



*"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of My sanctuary."*

*mf* **O** LORD of hosts, Whose glory fills  
The bounds of the eternal hills,  
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,  
To dwell in temples made with hands;

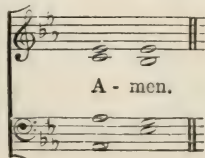
To Thee they all belong; to Thee  
The treasures of the earth and sea;  
And when we bring them to Thy Throne,  
We but present Thee with Thine own.

Grant that all we, who here to-day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

*p* The heads that guide endue with skill,  
The hands that work preserve from ill,  
*cr* That we, who these foundations lay,  
May raise the topstone in its day.

Endue the creatures with Thy grace,  
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

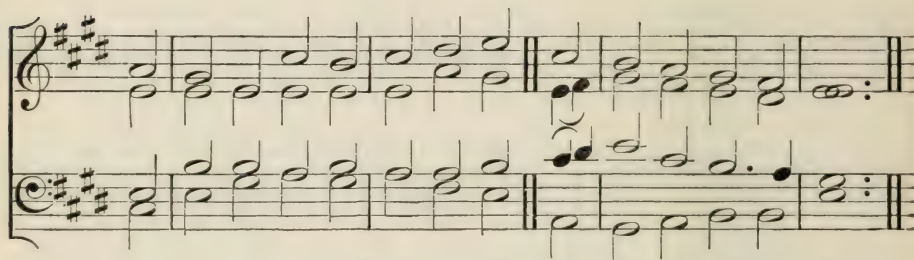
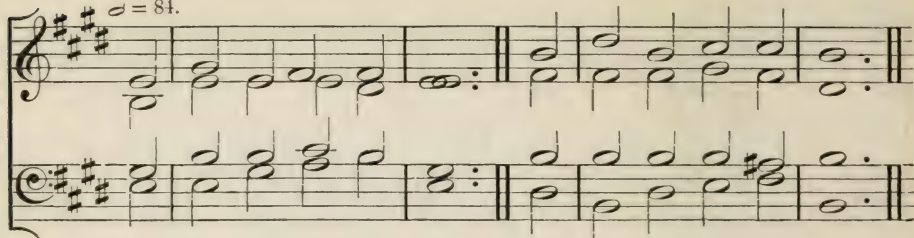
*mf* Both now and ever, LORD, protect  
The temple of Thine own elect;  
*f* Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
O Ever-blessed TRINITY!



# Festival of the Dedication of a Church.

Hymn 395. ST. HELENA.—S.M. (First Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven."*

*f* **O** WORD of God above,  
Who fillest all in all,  
Hallow this house with Thy sure love,  
And bless our Festival.

*mf* Here from the Font is pour'd  
Grace on each sinful child;  
The blest Anointing of the LORD  
Brightens the once defiled.

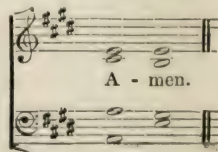
*p* Here CHRIST to faithful hearts  
His Body gives for food;  
*cr* The LAMB of GOD Himself imparts  
*p* The Chalice of His Blood.

Here guilty souls that pine  
May health and pardon win;  
*cr* The Judge acquits, and grace Divine  
Restores the dead in sin.

*mf* Yea, God enthroned on high  
Here also dwells to bless;  
Here trains adoring souls that sigh  
His mansions to possess.

*f* Against this holy home  
Rude tempests harmless beat,  
And Satan's angels fiercely come  
But to endure defeat.

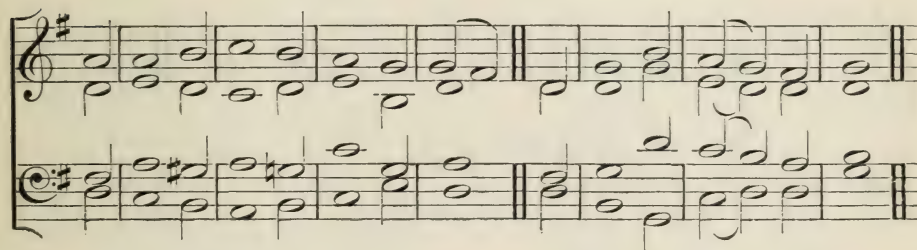
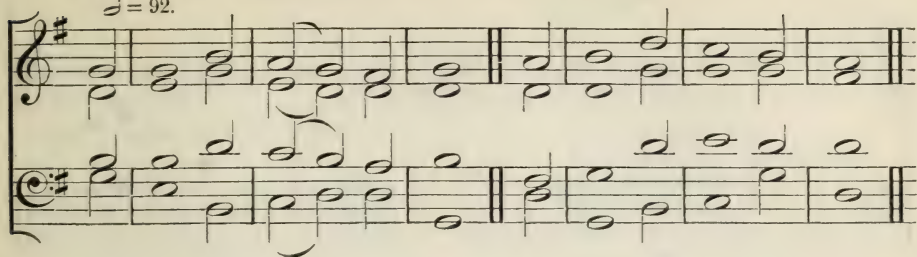
*ff* All might, all praise be Thine,  
FATHER, Co-equal SON,  
And SPIRIT, Bond of love Divine,  
While endless ages run.



# Festival of the Dedication of a Church.

Hymn 395. DEDICATION.—S.M. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven."*

*f* **O** WORD of God above,  
Who fillest all in all,  
Hallow this house with Thy sure love  
And bless our Festival.

*mf* Here from the Font is pour'd  
Grace on each sinful child;  
The blest Anointing of the LORD  
Brightens the once defiled.

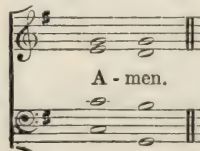
*p* Here CHRIST to faithful hearts  
His Body gives for food;  
*cr* The LAMB of GOD Himself imparts  
*p* The Chalice of His Blood.

Here guilty souls that pine  
May health and pardon win;  
*cr* The Judge acquits, and grace Divine  
Restores the dead in sin.

*mf* Yea, God enthroned on high  
Here also dwells to bless;  
Here trains adoring souls that sigh  
His mansions to possess.

*f* Against this holy home  
Rude tempests harmless beat,  
And Satan's angels fiercely come  
But to endure defeat.

*ff* All might, all praise be Thine,  
FATHER, Co-equal SON,  
And SPIRIT, Bond of love Divine,  
While endless ages run.



A - men.

## Festival of the Dedication of a Church.

**Hymn 396.** URBS BEATA.—8 7 8 7 8 7. (*First Tune.*)

*♩* = 84. *To be sung in Unison.*

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece is divided into two systems by a double bar line. The first system contains four measures, and the second system contains four measures. The melody features a mix of quarter and eighth notes, while the accompaniment uses chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a final double bar line.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in the key of B-flat major (two flats). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time. The score includes a double bar line with repeat dots, indicating a repeat section. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the treble staff.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece is divided into two systems. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many eighth and sixteenth notes.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, a treble staff (top) and a bass staff (bottom), both in G major (one sharp, F#) and 2/4 time. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the staves, aligned with the notes. The song ends with a double bar line.

*The Rose Tree*

1. The Rose Tree, the Rose Tree,  
The Rose Tree, the Rose Tree,  
The Rose Tree, the Rose Tree,  
The Rose Tree, the Rose Tree.



# Festival of the Dedication of a Church.

*"I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."*

*mf* **B**LESSED city, heavenly Salem,  
*f* Vision dear of peace and love,  
 Who of living stones art builded  
 In the height of heav'n above,  
*mf* And, with Angel hosts encircled,  
 As a bride dost earthward move;

*cr* From celestial realms descending,  
 Bridal glory round thee shed,  
*p* Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,  
*cr* To thy LORD shalt thou be led;  
 All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks  
 Of pure gold are fashioned.

*mf* Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,  
 They are open evermore;  
*cr* And by virtue of His merits  
 Thither faithful souls do soar,  
*p* Who for CHRIST's dear Name in this world  
 Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture  
 Polish'd well those stones elect,  
*cr* In their places now compacted  
 By the heavenly Architect,  
 Who therewith hath will'd for ever  
 That His Palace should be deck'd.

## PART 2.

*f* CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,  
 CHRIST the Head and Corner-stone,  
*mf* Chosen of the LORD, and precious,  
 Binding all the Church in one,  
*f* Holy Sion's help for ever,  
 And her confidence alone.

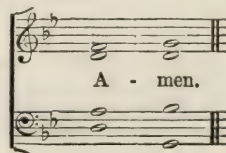
*mf* All that dedicated city,  
 Dearly loved of God on high,  
*f* In exultant jubilation  
 Pours perpetual melody,  
*p* GOD the ONE in THREE adoring  
*cr* In glad hymns eternally.

*mf* To this Temple, where we call Thee,  
 Come, O LORD of hosts, to-day;  
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness  
 Hear Thy servants, as they pray;  
*cr* And Thy fullest benediction  
 Shed within its walls alway.

*p* Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
 What they ask of Thee to gain,  
*cr* What they gain from Thee for ever  
 With the Blessed to retain,  
*f* And hereafter in Thy glory  
 Evermore with Thee to reign.

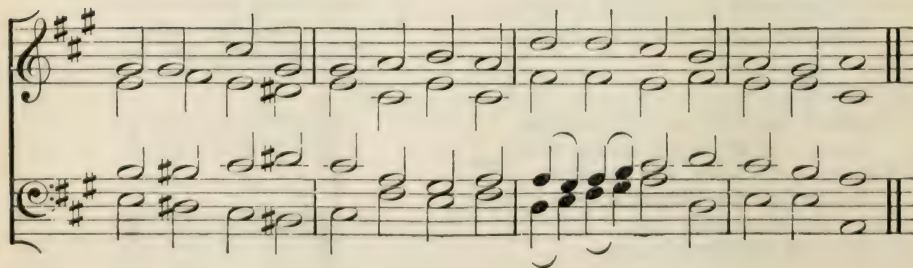
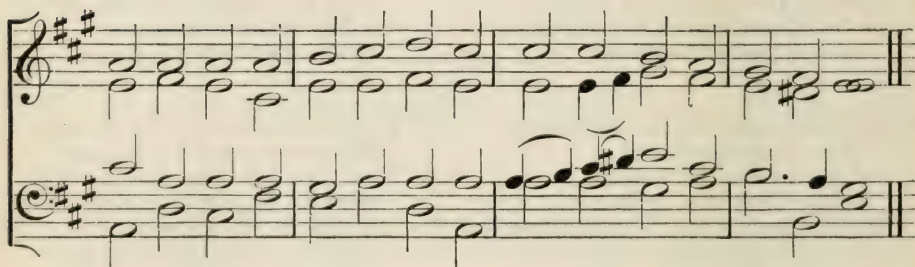
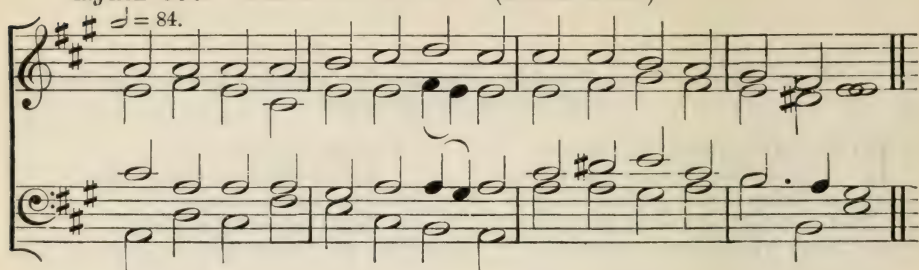
*The following may be sung at the end of each Part :*

*f* Laud and honour to the FATHER,  
 Laud and honour to the SON,  
 Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,  
 Ever THREE, and ever ONE,  
 Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
 While unending ages run.



# Festival of the Dedication of a Church.

Hymn 396. ORIEL.—8 7 8 7 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)



# Festival of the Dedication of a Church.

*"I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."*

*mf* **B**LESSED city, heavenly Salem,  
*f* Vision dear of peace and love,  
*f* Who of living stones art builded  
 In the height of heav'n above,  
*mf* And, with Angel hosts encircled,  
 As a bride dost earthward move;

*cr* From celestial realms descending,  
 Bridal glory round thee shed,  
*p* Meet for Him Whose love espoused thee,  
*cr* To thy LORD shalt thou be led;  
 All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks  
 Of pure gold are fashioned.

*mf* Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,  
 They are open evermore;  
*cr* And by virtue of His merits  
 Thither faithful souls do soar,  
*p* Who for CHRIST's dear Name in this world  
 Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture  
 Polish'd well those stones elect,  
*cr* In their places now compacted  
 By the heavenly Architect,  
 Who therewith hath will'd for ever  
 That His Palace should be deck'd.

## PART 2.

*f* CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,  
 CHRIST the Head and Corner-stone,  
*mf* Chosen of the LORD, and precious,  
 Binding all the Church in one,  
*f* Holy Sion's help for ever,  
 And her confidence alone

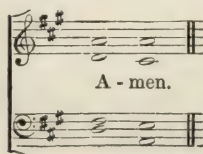
*mf* All that dedicated city,  
 Dearly loved of God on high,  
*f* In exultant jubilation  
 Pours perpetual melody,  
*p* God the ONE in THREE adoring  
*cr* In glad hymns eternally.

*mf* To this Temple, where we call Thee,  
 Come, O LORD of hosts, to-day;  
 With Thy wonted loving-kindness  
 Hear Thy servants, as they pray;  
*cr* And Thy fullest benediction  
 Shed within its walls alway.

*p* Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
 What they ask of Thee to gain,  
*cr* What they gain from Thee for ever  
 With the Blessed to retain,  
*f* And hereafter in Thy glory  
 Evermore with Thee to reign.

*The following may be sung at the end of each Part:*

*f* Laud and honour to the FATHER,  
 Laud and honour to the SON,  
 Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,  
 Ever THREE, and ever ONE,  
 Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
 While unending ages run.



*The following Hymns are suitable:*

215 The Church's one foundation.

228 Jerusalem the golden.

237 O GOD of hosts, the mighty LORD.

242 We love the place, O GOD.

239 CHRIST is our corner-stone.

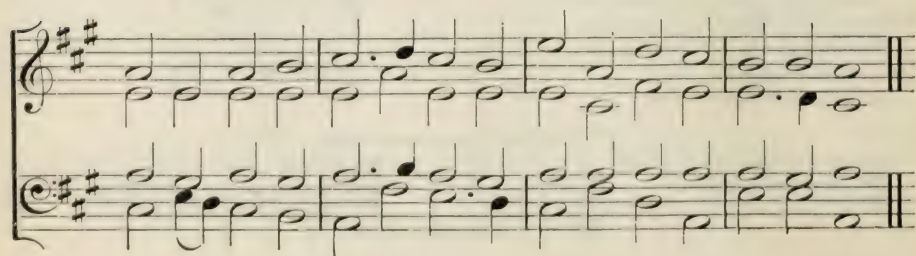
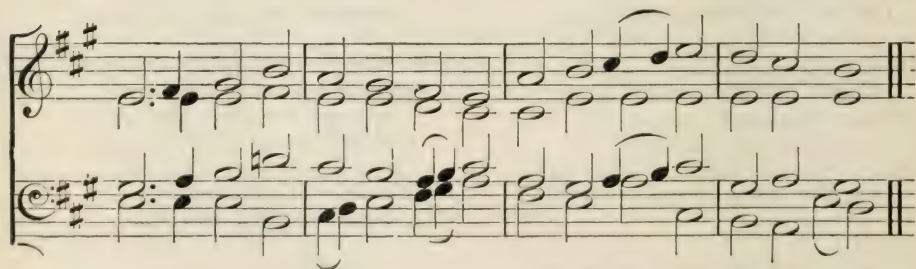
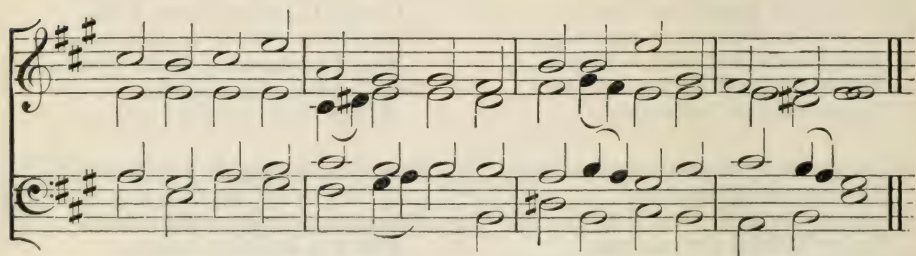
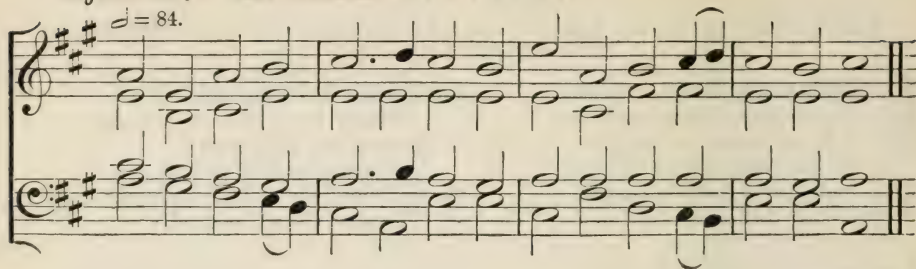
240 Pleasant are Thy courts above.

241 Hosanna to the living LORD!

# The Restoration of a Church.

Hymn 397. REX GLORIAE.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

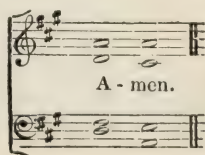




# The Restoration of a Church.

"We are the servants of the God of Heaven and earth, and build the house that was builded these many years ago."

- f* **L**IFT the strain of high thanksgiving!  
Tread with songs the hallow'd way!  
Praise our fathers' God for mercies  
New to us their sons to-day:
- mf* Here they built for Him a dwelling,  
*cr* Served Him here in ages past,  
*f* Fix'd it for His sure possession,  
Holy ground, while time shall last.
- mf* When the years had wrought their changes,  
He, our own unchanging God,  
Thought on this His Habitation,  
Look'd on His decay'd abode;  
Heard our prayers, and help'd our counsels,  
Bless'd the silver and the gold,
- cr* Till once more His House is standing  
*f* Firm and stately as of old.
- mf* Entering then Thy gates with praises,  
LORD, be ours Thine Israel's prayer;  
*cr* "Rise into Thy place of resting,  
Show Thy promised Presence there!"
- p* Let the gracious Word be spoken  
*cr* Here, as once on Sion's height,  
"This shall be My rest for ever,  
This My dwelling of delight."
- f* Fill this latter house with glory  
Greater than the former knew;
- mf* Clothe with righteousness its Priesthood,  
Guide its Choir to reverence true;  
Let Thy Holy One's anointing  
Here its sevenfold blessing shed;  
Spread for us the heavenly Banquet,  
Satisfy Thy poor with Bread.
- f* Praise to Thee, Almighty FATHER,  
Praise to Thee, Eternal SON,  
Praise to Thee, all-quickenng SPIRIT,  
Ever bless'd THREE in ONE;
- p* Threefold Power and Grace and Wisdom,  
*cr* Moulding out of sinful clay  
*f* Living stones for that true Temple  
Which shall never know decay.



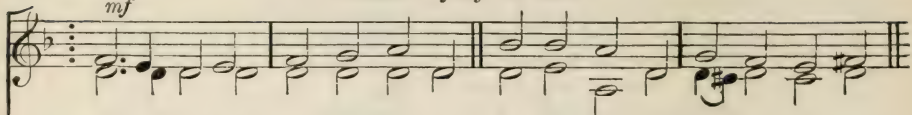
# Burial of the Dead.

Hymn 398. DIES IRÆ.—8 8 8.

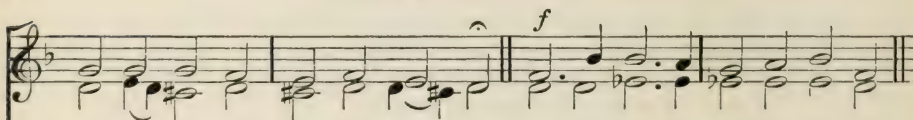
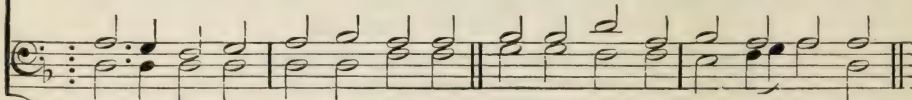
$\text{♩} = 63.$

"He cometh to judge the earth."

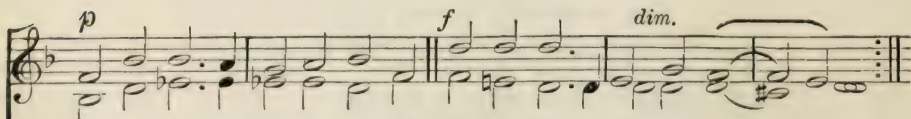
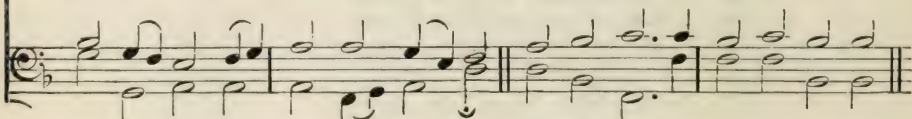
*mf*



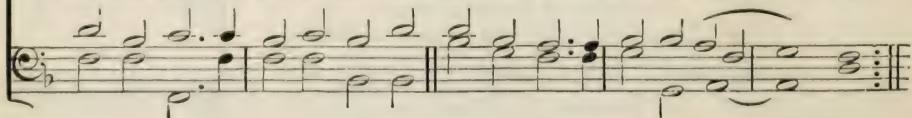
Day of Wrath! O day of mourn-ing! See ful - fill'd the pro - phets' warn-ing!



Heav'n and earth in ash - es burn - ing! Oh, what fear man's bo - som rend - eth



When from Heav'n the Judge descendeth, On Whose sentence all de - pend - - eth!



# Burial of the Dead.

*ff* Wondrous sound the trumpet ringeth,  
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,  
All before the Throne it bringeth.  
Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.

*mf* Lo! the Book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded;  
Thence shall judgment be awarded.  
When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

*p* What shall I, frail man, be pleading,  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing?

*ff* King of Majesty tremendous,  
*mf* Who dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity, (*p*) then befriend us!

Think, good Jesu, my salvation  
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation;  
Leave me not to reprobation.  
Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the Cross of suffering bought me;  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

*mf* Righteous Judge! for sin's pollution  
Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that day of retribution.  
Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning;  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

Thou the sinful woman savedst;  
Thou the dying thief forgavest;  
*er* And to me a hope vouchsafest.  
*p* Worthless are my prayers and sighing;  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying.

# Burial of the Dead.

*p* *cres.* *ten.*

With Thy favour'd sheep O place me, Nor a - mong the goats a - base me,

*rall.* *f*

But to Thy right hand up - raise me. While the wick - ed are con - found-ed,

*ff* *pp ritard.*

Doom'd to flames of woe un - bound-ed, Call me with Thy Saints sur-round - ed.

*p*

Low I kneel, with heart sub - mis - sion, Sec, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion;



# Burial of the Dead.

*p*

Help me in my last con - di - tion. Ah! that day of tears and mourning!

*f*

*p*

*cres.* . . . . . *f* *ff* > >

From the dust of earth re - turn - ing Man for judg - ment must pre - pare him

Org.

*dim.* *pp*

Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him! Lord, all - pity - ing,

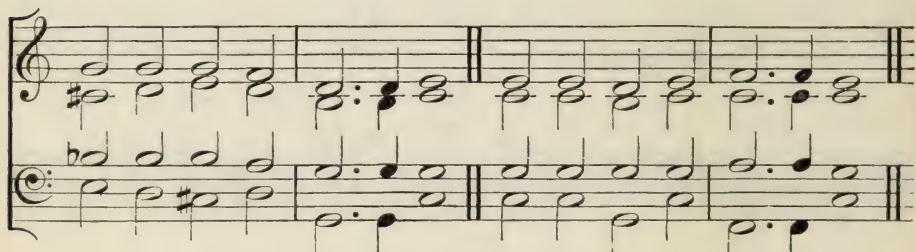
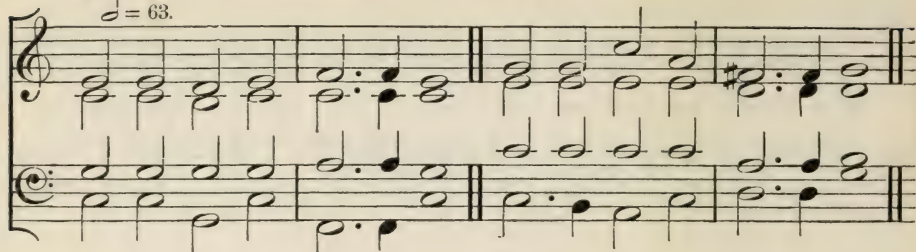
*cres.* *dim.* *pp*

Je - su Blest, Grant them Thine e - ter - - nal rest. A - men.

# Burial of the Dead.

Hymn 399. REDHEAD. No. 47.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 63.$



"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

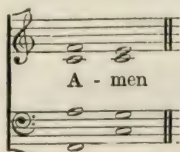
*p* **W**HEN our heads are bow'd with woe, *mf* Thou hast bow'd the dying head,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow, Thou the blood of life hast shed,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear, Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;  
JESU, Son of Mary, hear. JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

*mf* Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear;  
JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

*p* When the solemn death-bell tolls  
For our own departed souls,  
When our final doom is near,  
JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

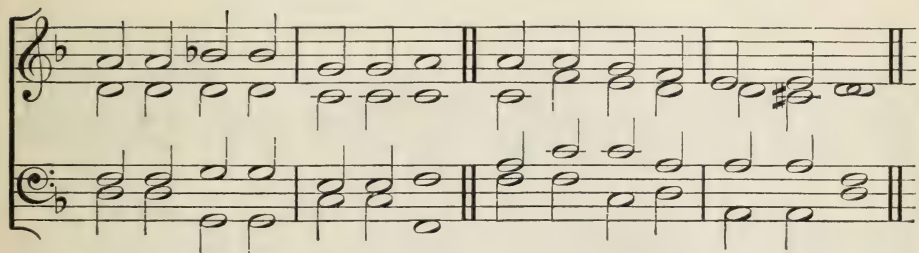
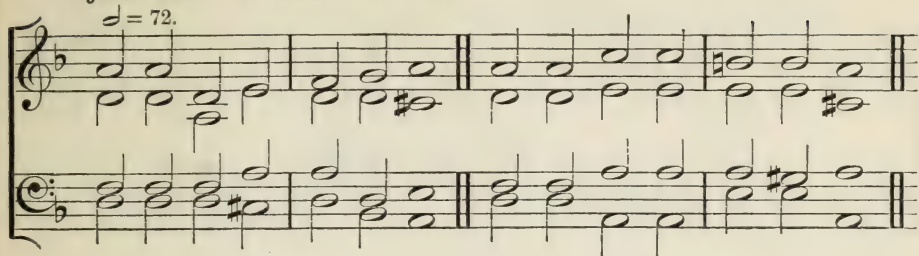
*p* When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

*mf* Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,  
Though the sins were not Thine own;  
*cr* Thou hast deign'd their load to bear;  
JESU, Son of Mary, hear.



# Burial of the Dead.

Hymn 400. HEINLEIN.—7 7 7 7.



"Where I am there shall also My servant be."

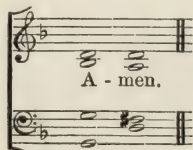
*p* CHRIST will gather in His own  
To the place where He is gone,  
*mf* Where their heart and treasure lie,  
Where our life is hid on high.

*mf* But the LORD doth nought amiss,  
And, since He hath order'd this,  
We have nought to do but still  
*pp* Rest in silence on His Will.

*p* Day by day the voice saith, "Come,  
Enter thine eternal home;"  
Asking not if we can spare  
This dear soul it summons there.

*mf* Many a heart no longer here,  
Ah! was all too inly dear;  
*cr* Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,  
*f* Thou wilt be our All in all.

Had He ask'd us, well we know  
We should cry, "O spare this blow!"  
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,  
"LORD, we love him, let him stay."



Hymn 401. REQUIESCAT.—7 7 7 7 8 8.

Hymn 401. REQUIESCAT.—7 7 7 7 8 8.

Handwritten musical score for 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The tempo is marked '♩ = 69'. The music is in 2/4 time. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The piece consists of two measures, each followed by a double bar line. The first measure is a whole note chord in the Treble staff and a half note chord in the Bass staff. The second measure is a whole note chord in the Treble staff and a half note chord in the Bass staff.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in 2/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece is divided into two measures by a double bar line. The first measure contains the main melody and accompaniment. The second measure contains a variation of the melody and accompaniment, featuring a key change to D major (two sharps) indicated by a sharp sign on the F# line.

( 572 )



# Burial of the Dead.

"The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them."

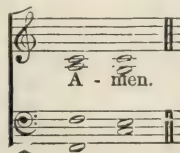
*p* NOW the labourer's task is o'er ;  
Now the battle day is past ;  
*cr* Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last.  
*p* FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the tears of earth are dried ;  
There its hidden things are clear ;  
*cr* There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
*p* FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

There the sinful souls, that turn  
To the Cross their dying eyes,  
*cr* All the love of CHRIST shall learn  
At His Feet in Paradise.  
*p* FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

*mf* There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace ;  
*cr* CHRIST the Lord shall guard them well,  
He Who died for their release.  
*p* FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

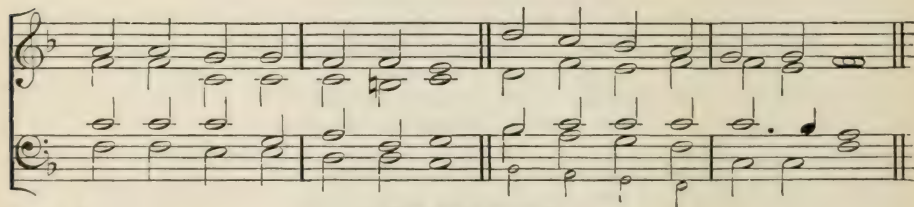
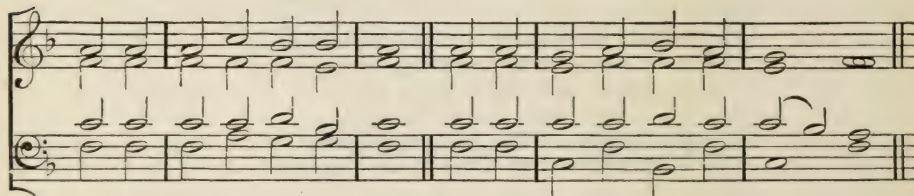
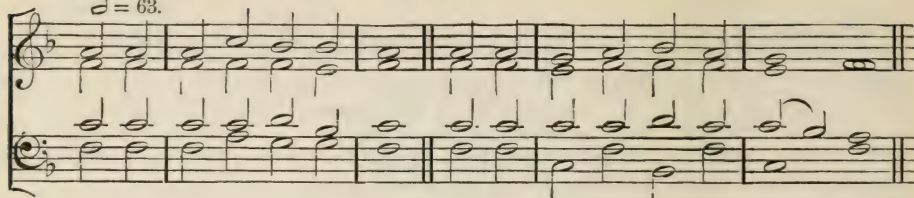
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Leaving *him* to sleep in trust  
*cr* Till the Resurrection-day.  
*p* FATHER, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.



# Burial of the Dead.

Hymn 402. MEINHOLD.—7 8 7 8 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 63.$



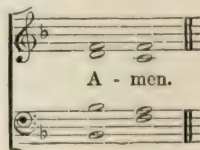
FOR A CHILD.

"They are in peace."

*p* **T**ENDER Shepherd, Thou hast still'd  
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;  
Oh, how peaceful, pale, and mild,  
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping,  
*cr* And no sigh of anguish sore  
*p* Heaves that little bosom more.

*p* Ah, LORD JESU, grant that we  
There may live where it is living,  
*cr* And the blissful pastures see  
That its heavenly food are giving;  
*p* Lost awhile our treasured love,  
*cr* Gain'd for ever, safe above.

*mf* In a world of pain and care,  
LORD, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;  
To Thy meadows bright and fair  
Lovingly Thou dost receive it;  
*cr* Clothed in robes of spotless white  
Now it dwells with Thee in light.



The following Hymns are suitable:

140 JESUS lives! no longer now.

225 Brief life is here our portion.

285 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.

264 My GOD, my FATHER, while I stray.

286 O let him, whose sorrow.

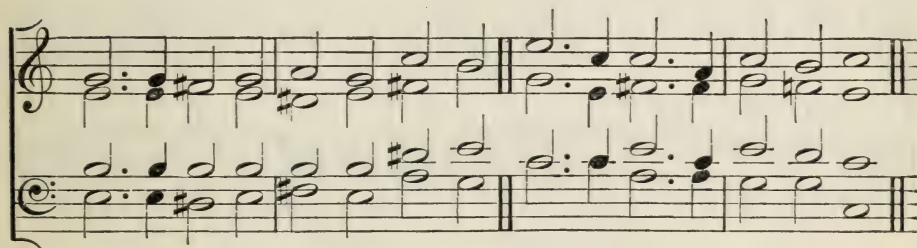
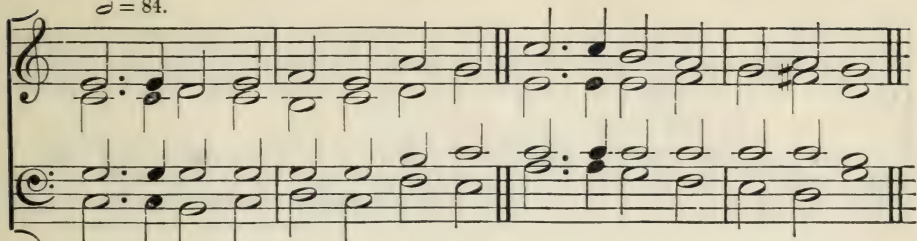
288 A few more years shall roll.

289 Days and moments quickly flying.

# St. Andrew the Apostle.

Hymn 403. ST. ANDREW.—8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"One of the two which . . . followed Him was Andrew."*

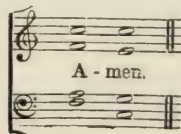
*mf* JESUS calls us; (*cr*) o'er the tumult  
Of our life's wild restless sea  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, (*p*) "Christian, follow Me:"

*mf* In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
That we love Him more than these.

*mf* As of old Saint Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turn'd from home, and toil, and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

*p* JESUS calls us: (*cr*) by Thy mercies,  
SAVIOUR, make us hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

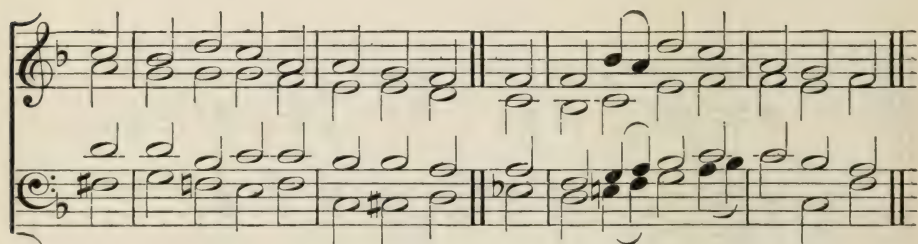
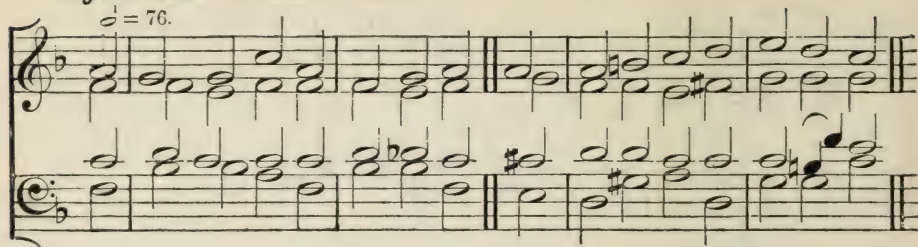
*p* JESUS calls us (*cr*) from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, (*p*) "Christian, love Me more."



# St. Thomas the Apostle.

Hymn 404. HOLLAND.—L. M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



"Be not faithless, but believing."

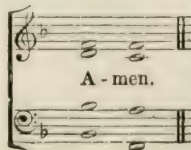
*mf* **H**OW oft, O LORD, Thy Face hath shone *f* He saw Thee risen; at once he rose  
On doubting souls whose wills were To full belief's unclouded height;  
Thou CHRIST of Cephas and of John, [true! And still through his confession flows  
Thou art the CHRIST of Thomas too. To Christian souls Thy life and light.

*dim* He loved Thee well, and calmly said,  
*cr* "Come, let us go, and die with Him :"  
*cr* Yet when Thine Easter-news was spread,  
'Mid all its light (*p*) his eyes were dim.

*mf* His brethren's word he would not take,  
But craved to touch those Hands of Thine;  
*p* The bruised reed Thou didst not break;  
*cr* He saw, and hail'd his LORD Divine.

*mf* O Saviour, make Thy Presence known  
To all who doubt Thy Word and Thee;  
And teach them in that Word alone  
To find the truth that sets them free

And we who know how true Thou art,  
And Thee as GOD and LORD adore,  
Give us, we pray, a loyal heart,  
*cr* To trust and love Thee more and more.



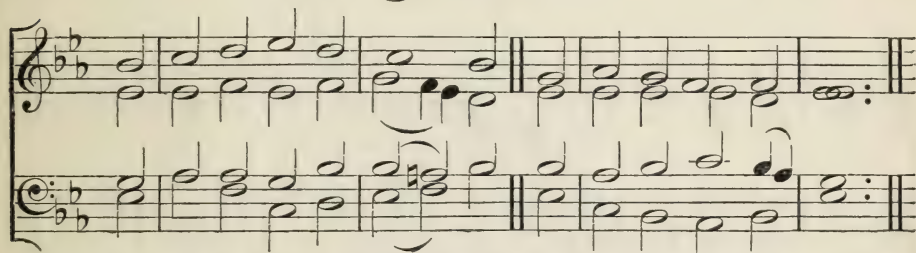
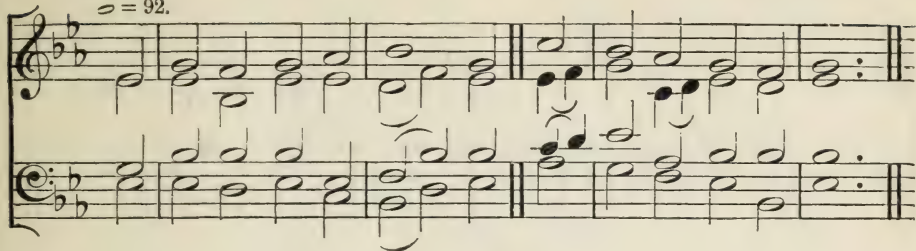
A - men.



# The Conversion of St. Paul.

Hymn 405. VULPIUS.—7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedar trees; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Libanus."*

*mf* **T**HE Shepherd now was smitten;  
The wolf was ravening near;  
The scatter'd flock he threaten'd,  
But knew not Whose they were.

*cr* In zealous fury seeking  
To bind and crucify,  
A sudden voice withheld him,  
A loud and startling cry;

*mf* "Saul! Saul! why blindly daring  
To persecute thy LORD?"

*p* 'Tis JESUS Whom thou hatest,

*cr* Rebel not at My Word."

*mf* Then forth in prayer he stretcheth  
Those hands prepared to slay;  
"What wouldst Thou with Thy servant?  
My LORD and Master, say."

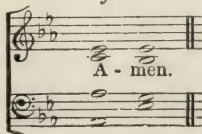
CHRIST's foe becomes His soldier,  
The wolf destroys no more,

*p* A gentle lamb he enters  
The sheepfold by the door.

*f* O voice of God Almighty,  
What wonders hath it wrought!  
It rends the lofty cedars,  
It bends the haughty thought.

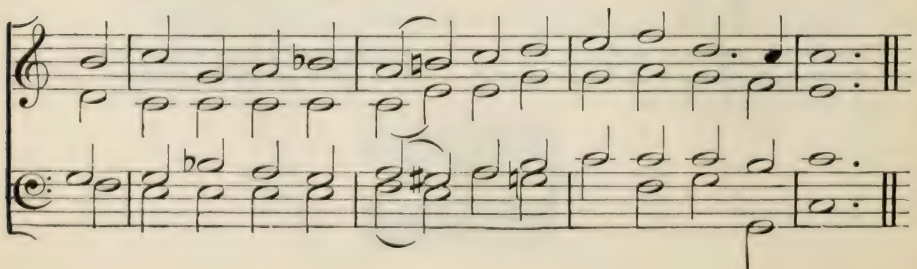
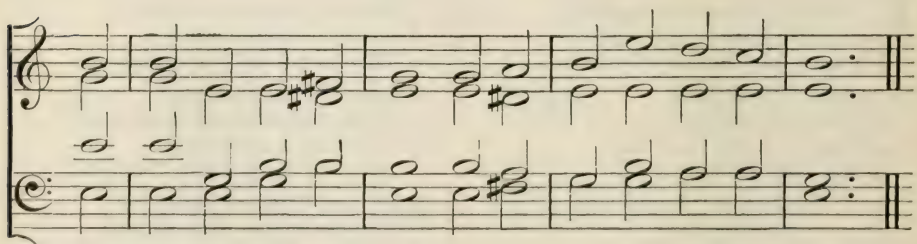
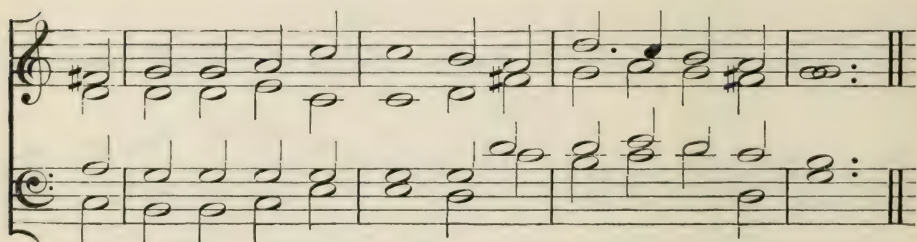
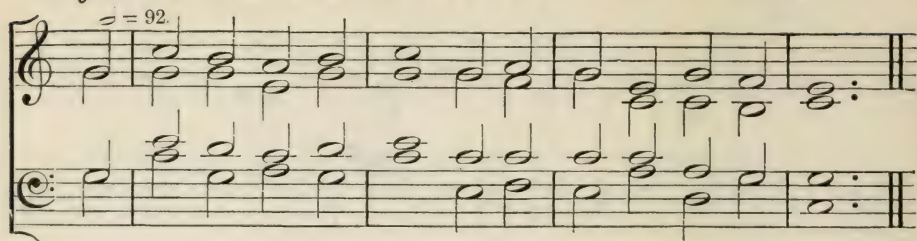
*p* JESU, our Shepherd, cease not  
Thy flock from harm to free,  
And, when Thy sheep are wandering,  
O lead them back to Thee.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT  
All glory, praise, and might,  
*mf* Who call'd us out of darkness  
*f* To His own glorious light.



# The Conversion of St. Paul.

Hymn 406. JERUSALEM.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.



# The Conversion of St. Paul.

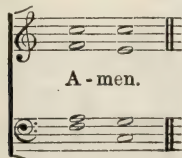
*"He which persecuted us in times past now preacheth the faith which once he destroyed."*

*f* **W**E sing the glorious conquest  
Before Damascus' gate,  
*mf* When Saul, the Church's spoiler,  
Came breathing threats and hate;  
The ravening wolf rush'd forward  
Full early to the prey;  
*f* But lo! the Shepherd met him,  
And bound him fast to-day.

Oh, glory most excelling  
That smote across his path!  
Oh, light that pierced and blinded  
The zealot in his wrath!  
*p* Oh, voice that spake within him  
The calm reproving word!  
*cr* Oh, love that sought and held him  
The bondman of his LORD!

*mf* O Wisdom, ordering all things  
In order strong and sweet,  
*cr* What nobler spoil was ever  
Cast at the Victor's feet?  
*mf* What wiser master-builder  
E'er wrought at Thine employ  
Than he, till now so furious  
Thy building to destroy?

*p* LORD, teach Thy Church the lesson,  
Still in her darkest hour  
Of weakness and of danger  
To trust Thy hidden power:  
*cr* Thy Grace by ways mysterious  
The wrath of man can bind,  
And in Thy boldest foeman  
Thy chosen Saint can find.

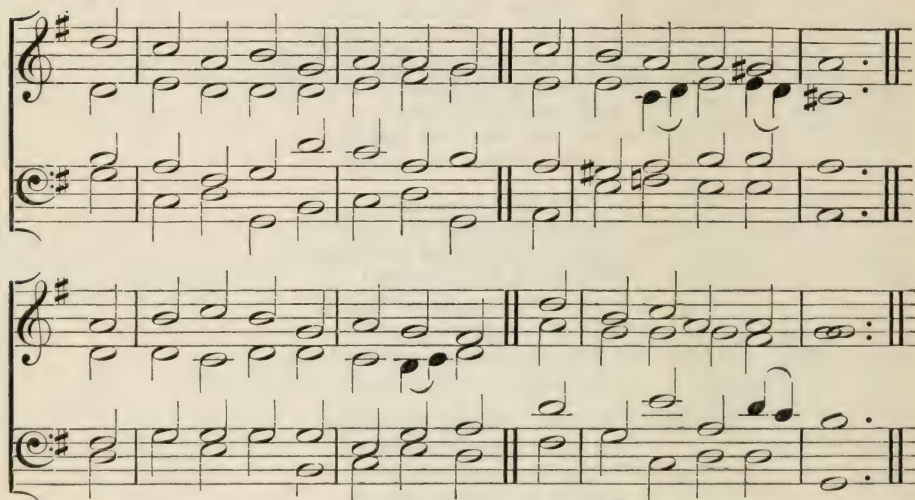


# Presentation of Christ in the Temple,

COMMONLY CALLED

## The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.

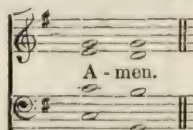
Hymn 407. BRISTOL.—C.M. ♩ = 92.



"The Lord, Whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple."

*mf* **O** SION, open wide thy gates,  
 Let figures disappear;  
*A* Priest and Victim, both in one,  
 The Truth Himself, is here.  
 No more the simple flock shall bleed;  
*cr* Behold, the FATHER'S SON  
 Himself to His own Altar comes,  
*dim* For sinners to atone.  
*p* Conscious of hidden Deity,  
 The lowly Virgin brings  
 Her new-born Babe, with two young doves,  
 Her tender offerings.

*mf* The aged Simeon sees at last  
 His LORD so long desired,  
*cr* And Anna welcomes Israel's Hope  
 With holy rapture fired.  
*p* But silent knelt the Mother blest  
 Of the yet silent WORD,  
 And, pondering all things in her heart,  
 With speechless praise adored.  
*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
 All glory to the SON,  
 All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
 While endless ages run.



The following Hymns are suitable :

449 The God, Whom earth, and sea, and sky.

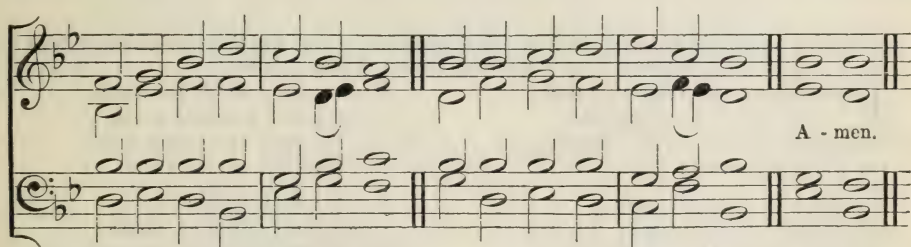
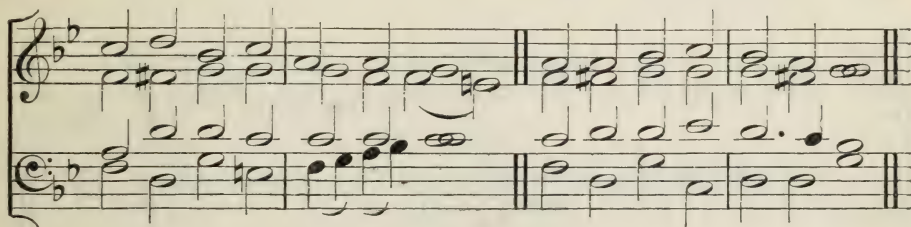
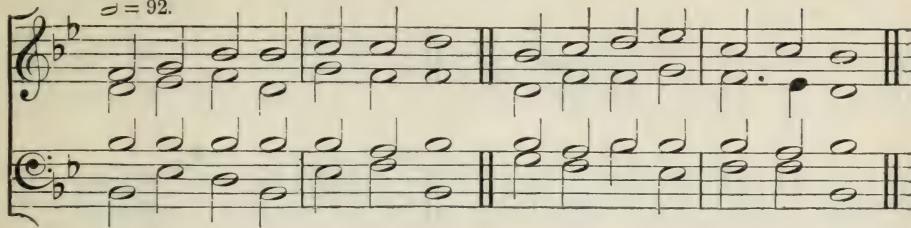
450 Shall we not love thee, Mother dear.



# St. Matthias the Apostle.

Hymn 408. SHERBORNE.—7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



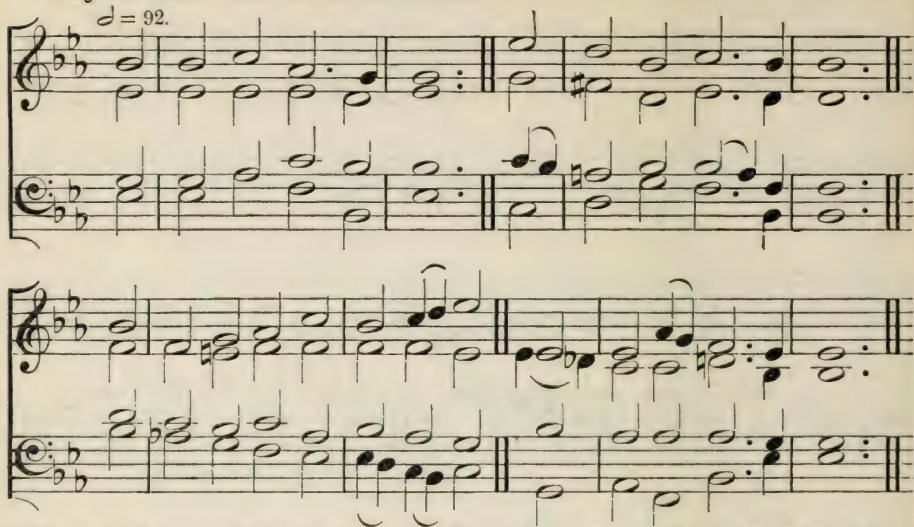
"And they gave forth their lots; and the lot fell upon Matthias; and he was numbered with the eleven Apostles."

*mf* **B**ISHOP of the souls of men,  
*p* When the foeman's step is nigh,  
 When the wolf lays wait by night  
 For the lambs continually,  
*cr* Watch, O LORD, about us keep,  
 Guard us, Shepherd of the sheep  
*p* When the hireling flees away,  
 Caring only for his gold,  
 And the gate unguarded stands  
 At the entrance to the fold,  
*f* Stand, O LORD, Thy flock before,  
 Thou the Guardian, Thou the Door.

*mf* LORD, Whose guiding finger ruled  
 In the casting of the lot,  
 That Thy Church might fill the throne  
 Of the lost Iscariot,  
*p* In our trouble ever thus  
*f* Stand, good Master, nigh to us.  
*mf* When the Saints their order take  
 In the New Jerusalem,  
*f* And Matthias stands elect,  
*p* Give us part and lot with him,  
*cr* Where in Thine own dwelling-place  
 We may witness face to face.

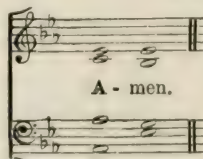
# The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Hymn 409. ANNUNCIATION.—S.M.



*"Behold, a Virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son, and they shall call His Name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us."*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p><i>f</i> PRAISE we the LORD this day,<br/>This day so long foretold,<br/>Whose promise shone with cheering ray<br/>On waiting saints of old.</p> <p><i>mf</i> The Prophet gave the sign<br/>For faithful men to read;<br/>Virgin, born of David's line,<br/>Shall bear the promised Seed.</p> <p><i>p</i> Ask not how this should be,<br/>But worship and adore;<br/>Like her, whom Heaven's Majesty<br/>Came down to shadow o'er.</p> | <p><i>mf</i> Mary, the pure and lowly maid,<br/>The favour'd of the LORD.<br/>Blessèd shall be her name<br/>In all the Church on earth,<br/>Thro' whom that wondrous mercy came,<br/>The Incarnate SAVIOUR'S birth.</p> <p><i>f</i> JESU, the Virgin's SON,<br/>We praise Thee and adore,<br/>Who art with GOD the FATHER ONE<br/>And SPIRIT evermore.</p> |
|---|--|



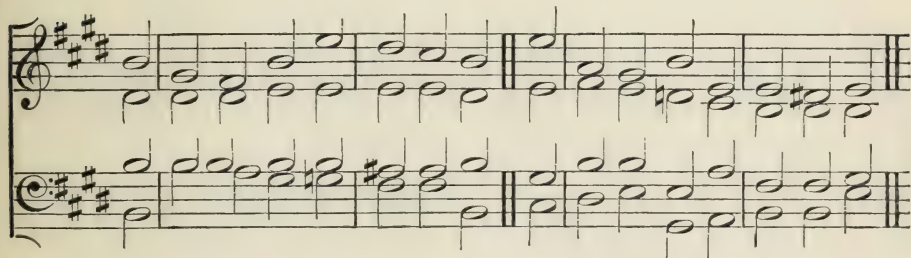
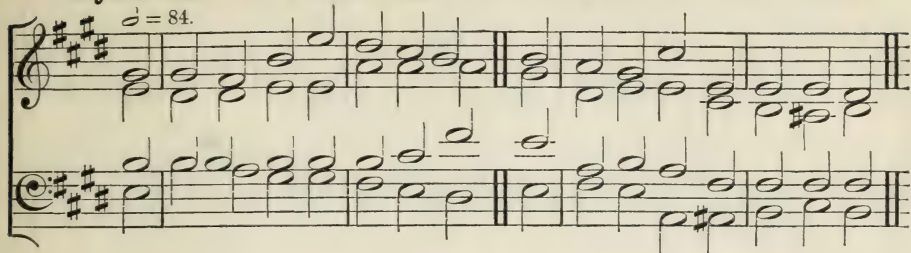
*The following Hymns are suitable:*

449 The God, Whom earth, and sea, and sky.

450 Shall we not love thee, Mother dear.

# St. Mark the Evangelist.

Hymn 410. ST. PETROX.—L.M.



*"The face of a lion on the right side."*

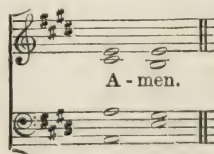
*mf* FROM out the cloud of amber light,  
Borne on the whirlwind from the north,  
Four living creatures wing'd and bright  
Before the Prophet's eye came forth.

O Lion of the Royal Tribe,  
Strong Son of God, and strong to save,  
All power and honour we ascribe  
To Thee Who only makest brave.

*f* The voice of God was in the Four  
*p* Beneath that awful crystal mist,  
*cr* And every wondrous form they wore  
Foreshadow'd an Evangelist.

*mf* For strength to love, for will to speak,  
*f* For fiery crowns by Martyrs won,  
*p* For suffering patience, strong and meek,  
*f* We praise Thee, Lord, and Thee alone.

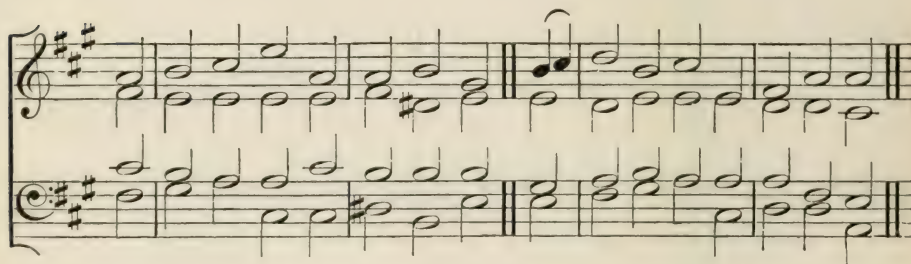
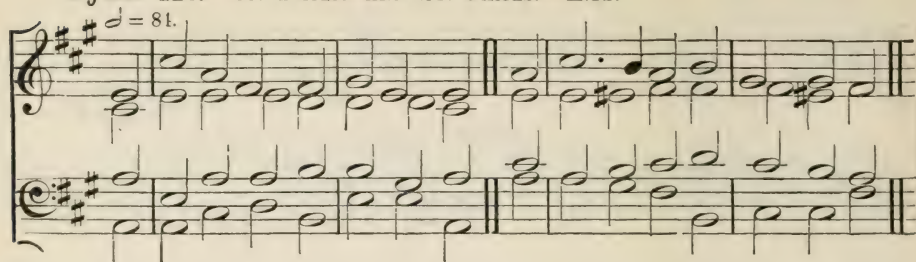
*f* The lion-faced, he told abroad  
The strength of love, the strength of faith;  
He show'd the Almighty Son of God,  
The Man Divine Who won by death.





# St. Philip and St. James the Apostles,

Hymn 411. ST. PHILIP AND ST. JAMES.—L.M.



*"Philip saith unto Him, Lord, shew us the Father and it sufficeth us."  
"James, a servant of God."*

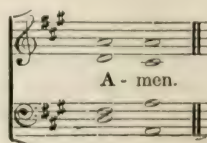
*mf* **T**HERE is one Way, and only one,  
Out of our gloom, and sin, and care,  
To that far land where shines no sun  
Because the Face of God is there.

And still unwavering faith holds sure  
The words that James wrote sternly  
Except we labour and endure, [down;  
We cannot win the heavenly crown.

There is one Truth, the Truth of God,  
That **CHRIST** came down from Heav'n to  
show,  
One Life that His redeeming Blood  
Has won for all His saints below.

*f* O Way Divine, through gloom and strife,  
Bring us Thy **FATHER's** Face to see;  
O heavenly Truth, O precious Life,  
*p* At last, at last, we rest in Thee.

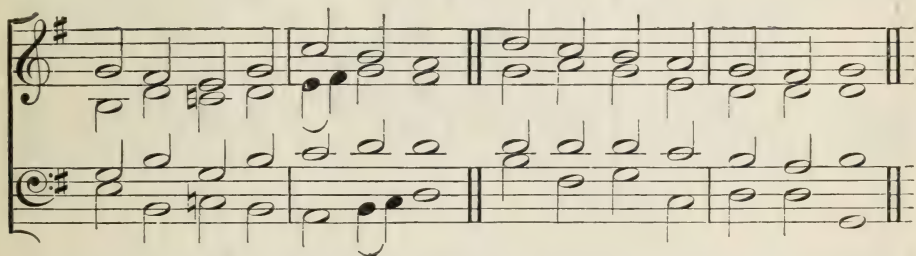
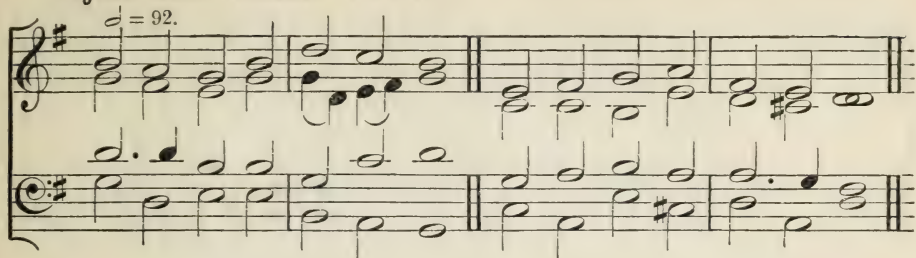
The lore from Philip once conceal'd,  
We know its fulness now in **CHRIST**;  
In Him the **FATHER** is reveal'd,  
And all our longing is sufficed.





# St. Barnabas the Apostle.

Hymn 412. VIENNA.—7 7 7 7.



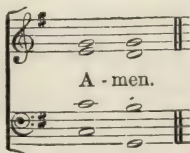
*"He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith; and much people was added unto the Lord."*

*mf* **B**RIGHTLY did the light Divine  
From his words and actions shine,  
Whom the Twelve, with love unblamed,  
"Son of consolation" named.

*p* Blessèd SPIRIT, Who didst call  
Barnabas and holy Paul,  
*cr* And didst them with gifts endue,  
Mighty words and wisdom true,

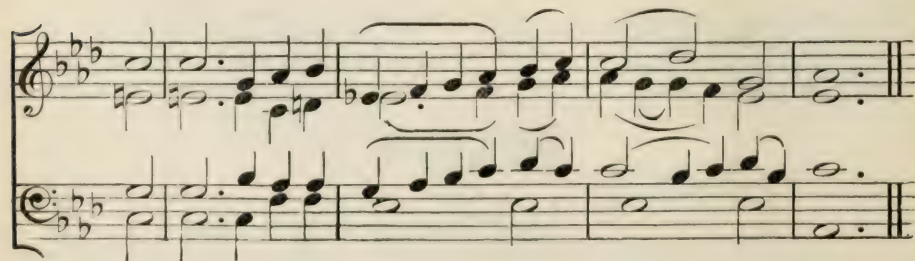
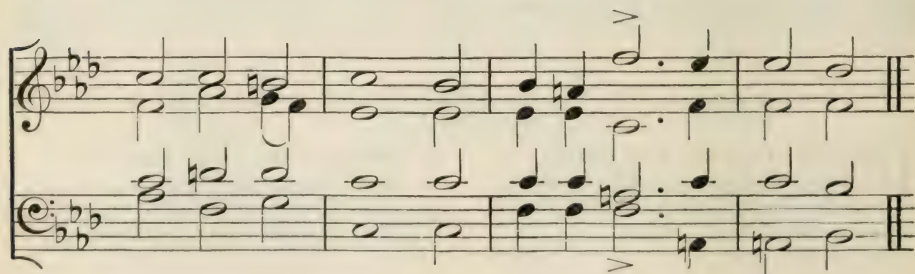
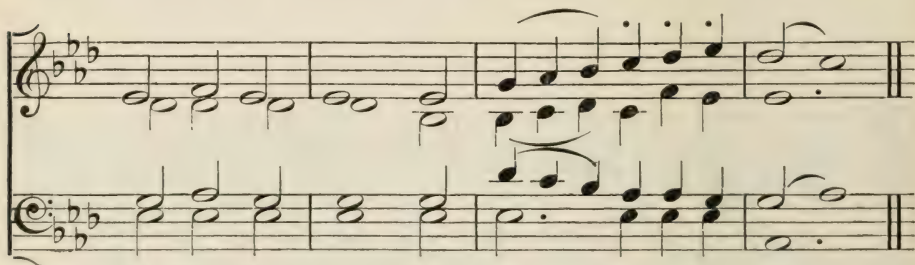
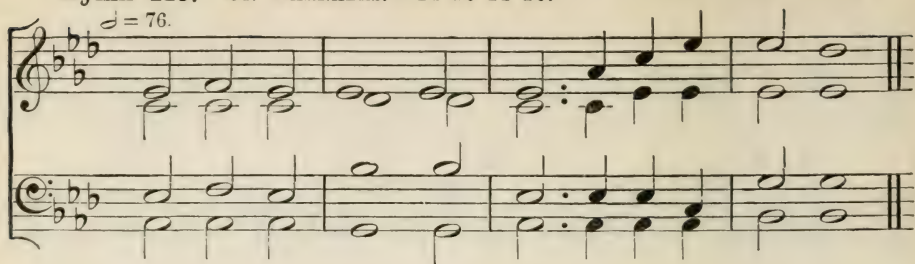
Full of peace and lively joy  
Sped he on his high employ,  
By his mild exhorting word  
Adding many to the Lord.

*mf* Grant us, LORD of life, to be  
By their pattern full of Thee;  
*cr* That beside them we may stand  
In that day on CHRIST's right Hand.



# St. Barnabas the Apostle.

Hymn 413. ST. BARNABAS.—11 10 11 10.



# St. Barnabas the Apostle.

*"Josee, who by the Apostles was surnamed Barnabas, which is, being interpreted, The son of consolation."*

*mf* **O** SON of God, our Captain of Salvation,  
Thyself by suffering school'd to human grief,  
*cr* We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,  
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief;

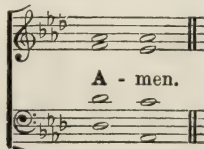
*mf* Those whom Thy SPIRIT's dread vocation severs  
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host;  
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavour  
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast;

*f* Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,  
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,  
*p* Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,  
*cr* And wins the sunder'd to be one again;

*mf* And all true helpers, patient, kind, and, skilful,  
Who shed Thy light across our darken'd earth,  
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,  
*dim e cr* Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.

*f* Such was Thy Levite, strong in self-oblation  
To cast his all at Thine Apostles' feet;  
He whose new name, through every Christian nation,  
From age to age our thankful strains repeat.

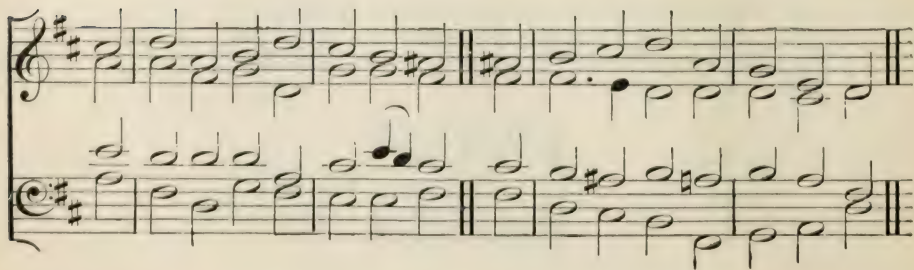
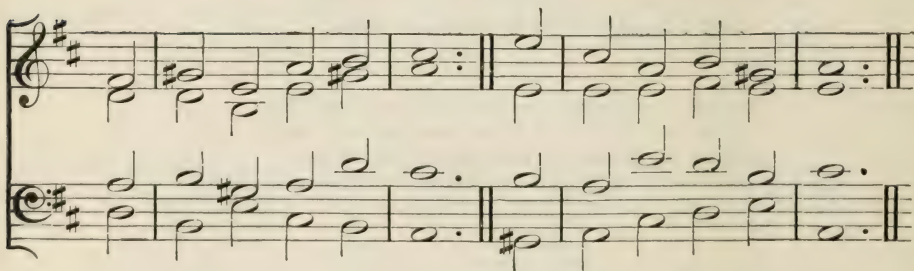
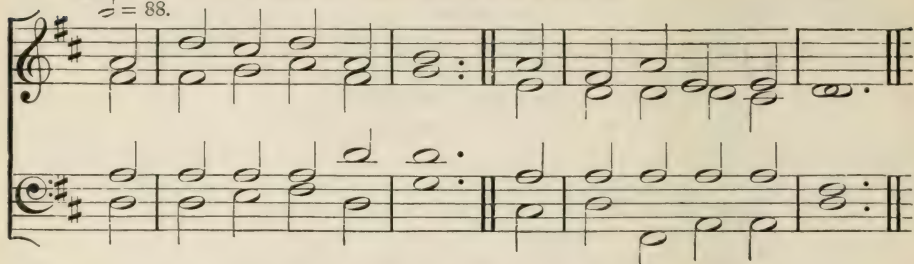
*mf* Thus, LORD, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,  
Still be Thy Church's watchword, "Comfort ye;"  
Till in our FATHER's House shall end our weeping,  
*or* And all our wants be satisfied in Thee.



# The Nativity of St. John Baptist.

Hymn 414. CROFT'S 148TH.—6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4.

$\text{♩} = 88.$





# The Nativity of St. John Baptist.

*"Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."*

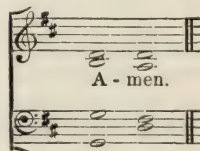
*mf* **L**O! from the desert homes,  
Where he hath hid so long,  
The new Elias comes,  
In sternest wisdom strong;  
*cr* The voice that cries  
Of CHRIST from high,  
*dim* And judgment nigh  
From opening skies.

*mf* Your God e'en now doth stand  
At heaven's opening door;  
His fan is in His hand,  
And He will purge His floor;  
*f* The wheat He claims  
And with Him stows,  
*p* The chaff He throws  
To quenchless flames.

*f* Ye haughty mountains, bow  
Your sky-aspiring heads;  
*p* Ye valleys, hiding low,  
*cr* Lift up your gentle meads;  
Make His way plain  
Your King before,  
*f* For evermore  
He comes to reign.

*mf* May thy dread voice around,  
Thou harbinger of Light,  
On our dull ears still sound,  
*dim* Lest here we sleep in night,  
Till judgment come,  
And on our path  
Shall burst the wrath,  
And deathless doom.

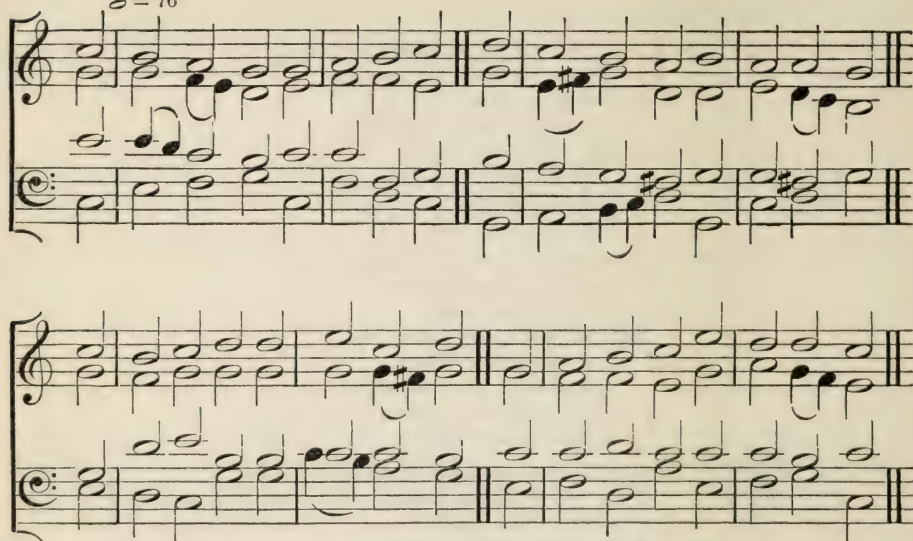
*mf* O GOD, with love's sweet might,  
Who dost anoint and arm  
CHRIST's soldier for the fight  
With grace that shields from harm,  
*f* Thrice Blessed THREE,  
Heav'n's endless days  
Shall sing Thy praise  
Eternally.



# The Nativity of St. John Baptist.

Hymn 415. BECCLES.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 76$



*"Behold I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me."*

*mf* **T**HE great forerunner of the morn,  
The herald of the WORD, is born :  
And faithful hearts shall never fail  
With thanks and praise his light to hail.

With heavenly message Gabriel came,  
That John should be that herald's name,  
And with prophetic utterance told  
His actions great and manifold.

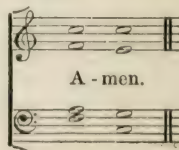
*or* John, still unborn, yet gave aright  
His witness to the coming Light;  
And CHRIST, the Sun of all the earth,  
Fulfill'd that witness at His Birth.

*f* Of woman-born shall never be  
A greater Prophet than was he,  
Whose mighty deeds exalt his fame  
To greater than a Prophet's name.

*mf* But why should mortal accents raise  
The hymn of John the Baptist's praise ?  
Of whom, or e'er his course was run,  
Thus spake the FATHER to the SON :

*p* "Behold My herald, who shall go  
Before Thy Face Thy way to show,  
And shine, as with the day-star's gleam,  
Before Thine own eternal beam."

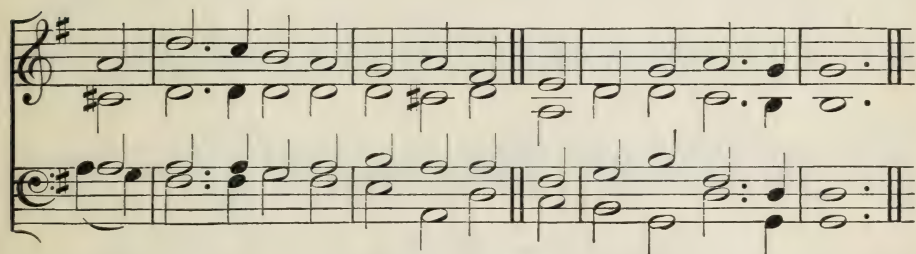
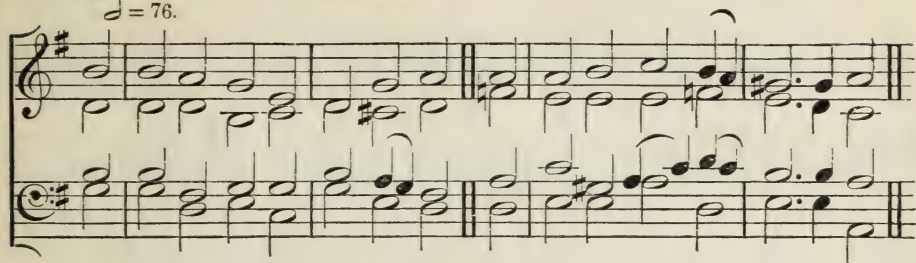
*f* All praise to GOD the FATHER be,  
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,  
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore  
For ever and for evermore.



# St. Peter the Apostle.

Hymn 416. DERRY.—8 8 8 6.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



"Lovest thou Me?"

*p* **F**ORSAKEN once, and thrice denied,  
The risen LORD gave pardon free,  
Stood once again at Peter's side,  
And ask'd him, (*p*) "Lov'st thou Me?"

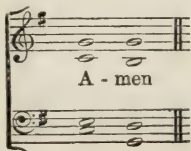
*p* How oft his cowardice of heart  
We have without his love sincere,  
The sin without the sorrow's smart,  
The shame without the tear!

How many times with faithless word  
Have we denied His holy Name,  
How oft forsaken our dear LORD,  
And shrunk when trial came!

*mf* O oft forsaken, oft denied,  
Forgive our shame, wash out our sin;  
Look on us from Thy FATHER's side  
*p* And let that sweet look win.

*mf* Saint Peter, when the cock crew clear,  
Went out, and wept his broken faith;  
*f* Strong as a rock through strife and fear,  
He served his LORD till death.

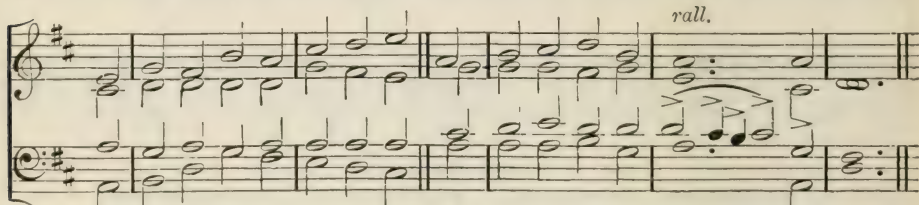
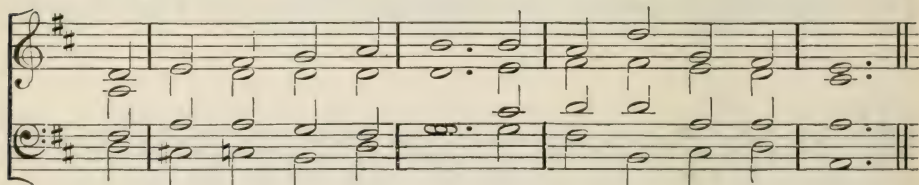
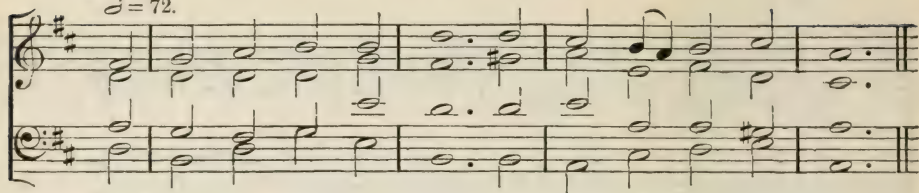
*mf* Hear when we call Thee from the deep,  
Still walk beside us on the shore,  
Give hand to work, (*p*) and eye to weep,  
*cr* And hearts to love Thee more.



# St. Peter the Apostle.

Hymn 417. CEPHAS.—6 6 6 6 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 72.$



"Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

*f* "THOU art the CHRIST, O LORD,  
The SON of GOD most high!"

For ever be adored

That Name in earth and sky,

*dim* In which, though mortal strength may fail,

*cr* The Saints of God at last prevail!

*mf* Oh, surely he was blest

With blessedness unpriced,

Who, taught of God, confess'd

The GODHEAD in the CHRIST!

For of Thy Church, LORD, Thou didst own

Thy Saint a true foundation-stone.

*p* Thrice was he put to shame,

Thrice did the dauntless fall;

But, oh, that look that came

*cr* From out the judgment-hall!

It pierced and broke the spell-bound heart,

*f* And foil'd the tempter's sifting art.

*p* Thrice fallen, thrice restored!

The bitter lesson learnt,

*cr* That heart for Thee, O LORD,

With triple ardour burnt.

The cross he took he laid not down

Until he grasp'd the Martyr's crown.

*f* Oh, bright triumphant faith!

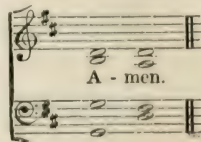
Oh, courage void of fears!

Oh, love most strong in death!

*p* Oh, penitential tears!

*mf* By these, LORD, keep us lest we fall,

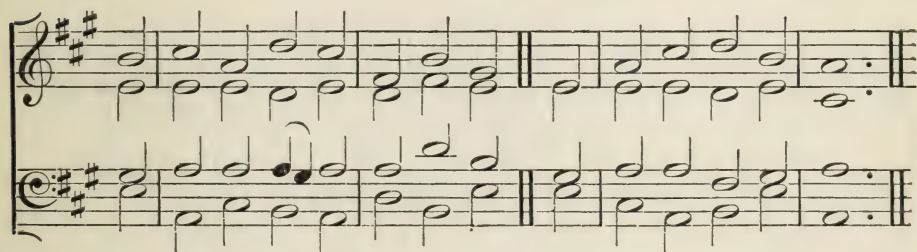
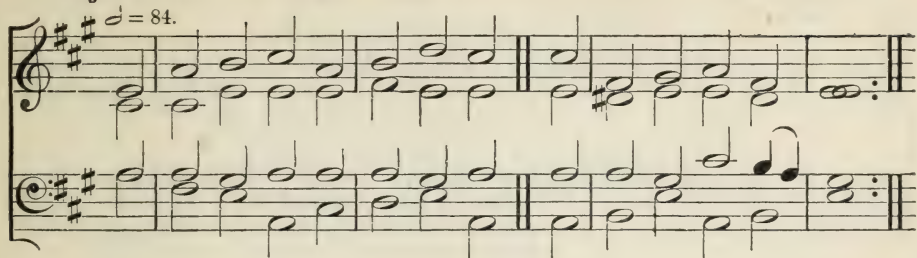
And make us go where Thou shalt call.





# St. James the Apostle.

Hymn 418. ST. JAMES.—C.M.



*"He killed James, the brother of John, with the sword."*

*mf* **F**OR all Thy Saints, a noble throng,  
Who fell by fire and sword,  
Who soon were call'd, or waited long,  
We praise Thy Name, O LORD ;

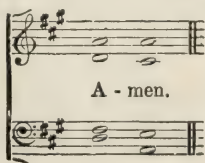
*p* Who knelt beneath the olive shade,  
Who drank Thy cup of pain,  
And pass'd from Herod's flashing blade  
*cr* To see Thy Face again.

For him who left his father's side,  
Nor linger'd by the shore,  
*p* When, softer than the weltering tide,  
Thy summons glided o'er ;

*mf* LORD, give us grace, and give us love,  
Like him to leave behind  
Earth's cares and joys, and look above  
With true and earnest mind.

*cr* Who stood beside the maiden dead,  
Who climb'd the mount with Thee,  
And saw the glory round Thy Head,  
One of Thy chosen three ;

So shall we learn to drink Thy cup,  
So meek and firm be found,  
*cr* When Thou shalt come to take us up  
Where Thine elect are crown'd.



Hymn 419. EVERTON.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.

Hymn 419. EVERTON.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The piece is divided into two measures by a double bar line. The first measure contains four measures of music, and the second measure contains four measures. The melody is a simple, folk-like tune, and the accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for two voices, Soprano and Alto, and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The Soprano part is on a treble clef staff, and the Alto part is on a bass clef staff. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music consists of two systems. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The melody is simple and catchy, with a clear harmonic structure. The piano accompaniment provides a steady rhythm and harmonic support for the vocal lines.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff, both with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of two measures, each followed by a double bar line. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a half note G4. The accompaniment starts on a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, a quarter note B-flat3, and a half note G3. The second measure of the melody starts on a half note F4, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a half note F4. The second measure of the accompaniment starts on a half note F3, followed by a quarter note G3, a quarter note A3, and a half note F3. The score ends with a double bar line.

# St. Bartholomew the Apostle.

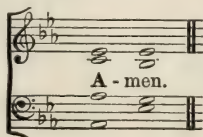
*"The Lord knoweth them that are His."*

*mf* **K**ING of Saints, to Whom the number  
Of Thy starry host is known,  
Many a name, by man forgotten,  
Lives for ever round Thy Throne ;  
Lights, which earth-born mists have darken'd,  
*cr* There are shining full and clear,  
Princes in the court of Heaven,  
*dim* Nameless, unremember'd here.

*mf* In the roll of Thine Apostles  
One there stands, Bartholomew,  
He for whom to-day we offer,  
Year by year, our praises due ;  
*p* How he toil'd for Thee and suffer'd  
None on earth can now record ;  
*cr* All his saintly life is hidden  
In the knowledge of his LORD.

*mf* Was it he, beneath the fig-tree  
Seen of Thee, and guileless found ;  
He who saw the good he long'd for  
Rise from Nazareth's barren ground ;  
He who met his risen Master  
On the shore of Galilee ;  
He to whom the Word was spoken,  
"Greater things thou yet shalt see?"

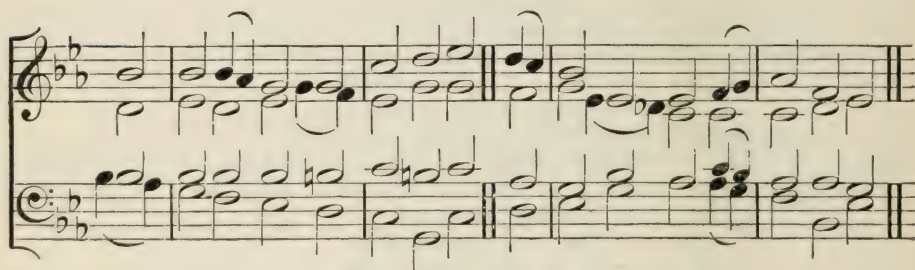
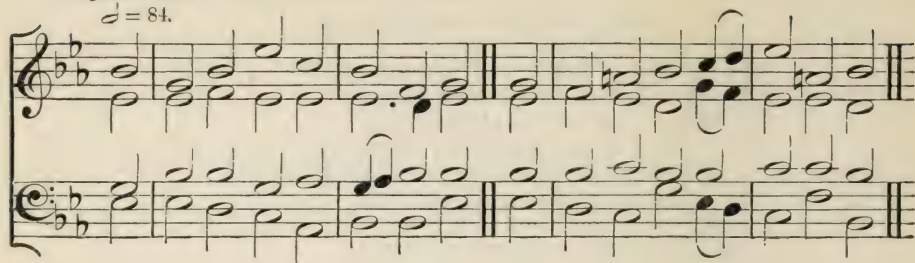
*p* None can tell us ; (*cr*) all is written  
In the LAMB's great book of life,  
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,  
All the toiling, and the strife ;  
*f* There are told Thy hidden treasures ;  
*p* Number us, O LORD, with them,  
*cr* When Thou makest up the jewels  
*f* Of Thy living Diadem.



# St. Matthew the Apostle.

Hymn 420. ST. BERNARD.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."*

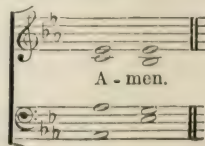
*mf* **D**EAR LORD, on this Thy servant's day,  
Who left for Thee the gold and mart,  
Who heard Thee whisper, "Come away,"  
And follow'd with a single heart,

*p* Still, like a breath from scented lime  
Borne into rooms where sick men faint,  
His voice comes floating thro' all time,  
Thine own Evangelist and Saint.

Give us, amid earth's weary toil,  
And wealth for which men cark and care,  
'Mid fortune's pride, and need's wild toil,  
And broken hearts in purple rare,

*cr* Still sweetly rings the Gospel strain  
Of golden store that knows not rust:  
*f* The love of CHRIST is more than gain,  
And heavenly crowns than yellow dust.

Give us Thy grace to rise above  
The glare of this world's smelting fires;  
Let God's great love put out the love  
Of gold, and gain, and low desires.

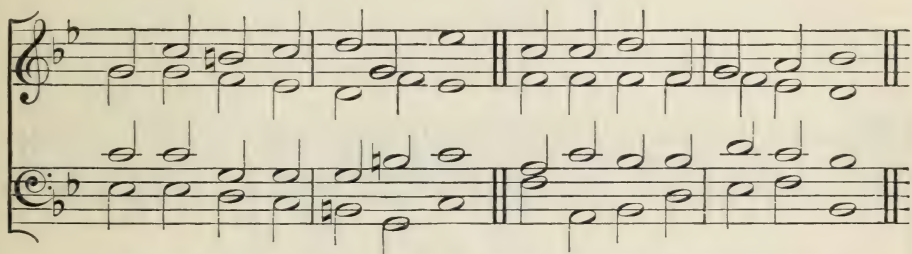
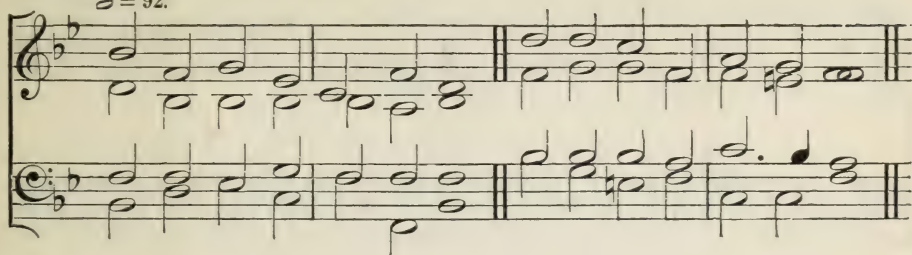




# St. Michael and all Angels,

Hymn 421. XAVIER.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"O praise the Lord, all ye His hosts; ye servants of His that do His pleasure."*

*f* PRAISE to God Who reigns above,  
Binding earth and Heav'n in love;  
All the armies of the sky  
Worship His dread sovereignty.

*dim* On the Throne their LORD Who died  
*cr* Sits in Manhood glorified;  
*p* Where His people faint below  
*cr* Angels count it joy to go.

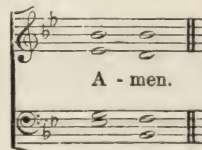
*mf* Seraphim His praises sing,  
Cherubim on fourfold wing,  
Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,  
Marshall'd Might that never cowers.

*mf* Oh, the depths of joy Divine  
Thrilling through those Orders nine,  
When the lost are found again,  
When the banish'd come to reign!

Speeds the Archangel from His Face,  
Bearing messages of grace;  
Angel hosts His words fulfil,  
Ruling nature by His Will.

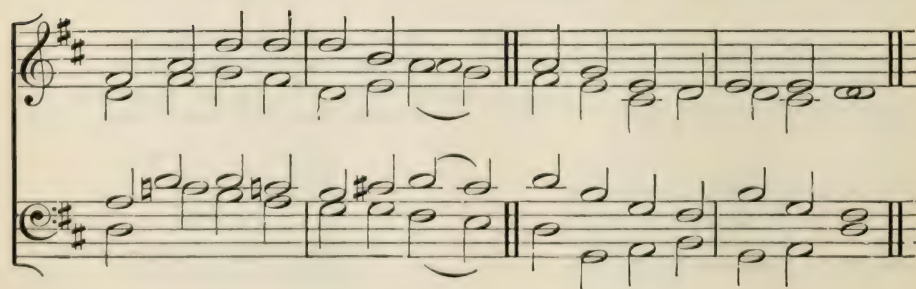
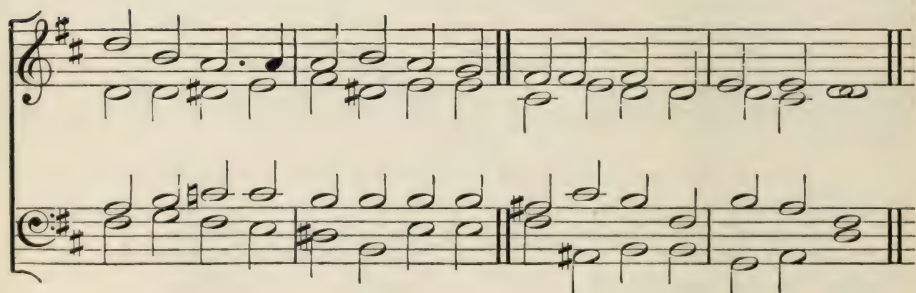
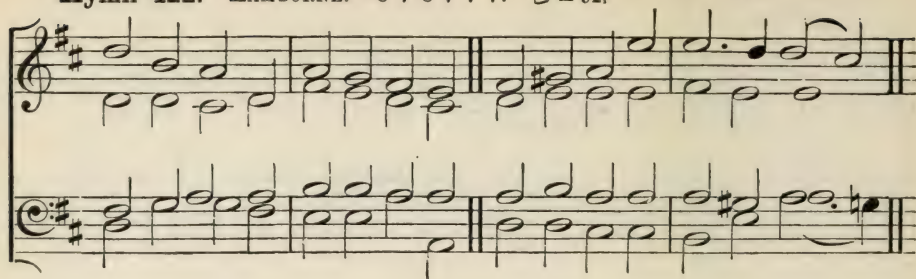
Now in faith, in hope, in love,  
We will join the choirs above,  
*f* Praising, with the heavenly Host,  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Yet on man they joy to wait,  
All that bright celestial state,  
For in Man their LORD they see,  
CHRIST, the Incarnate DEITY.



# St. Michael and all Angels.

Hymn 422. LAMBORNE.—8 7 8 7 7 7.  $\text{♩} = 92$ .



# St. Michael and all Angels.

*"There was war in heaven ; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon ; and the dragon fought and his angels."*

*f* CHRIST, in highest Heav'n enthronèd,  
Equal of the FATHER's Might,  
By pure spirits, trembling, ownèd,  
God of God, and LIGHT of LIGHT,  
Thee 'mid Angel hosts we sing,  
Thee their Maker and their King.

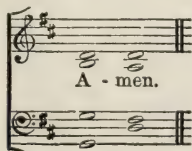
*mf* All who circling round adore Thee,  
All who bow before Thy Throne,  
Burn with flaming zeal before Thee,  
Thy behests to carry down ;  
To and fro, 'twixt earth and Heav'n,  
Speed they each on errands given.

*f* First of all those legions glorious,  
Michael waves his sword of flame,  
Who of old in war victorious  
Did the Dragon's fierceness tame ;  
Who with might invincible  
Thrust the rebel down to hell.

*mf* Strong to aid the sick and dying,  
Call'd from Heav'n they swiftly fly,  
Grace Divine and strength supplying

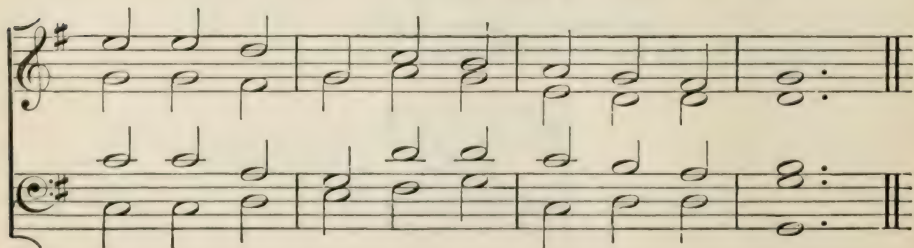
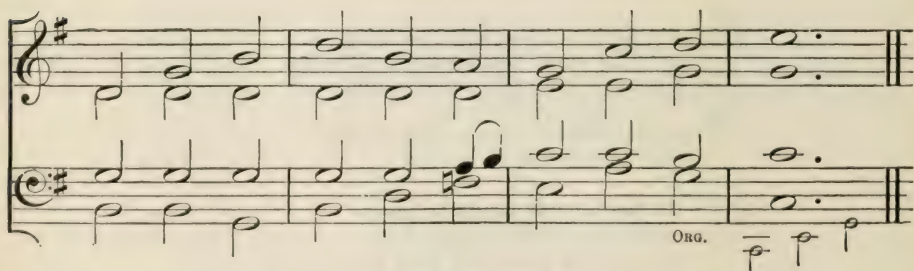
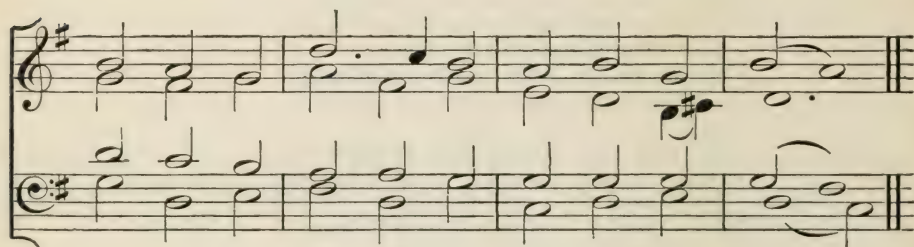
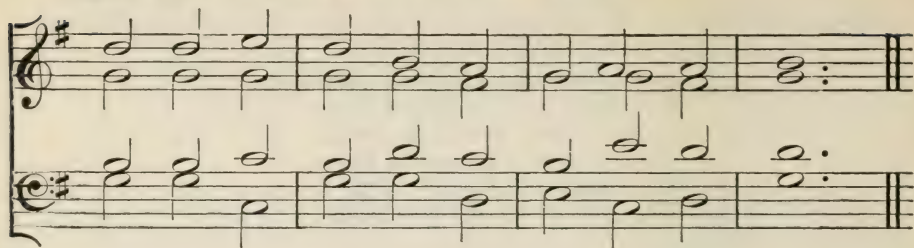
*p* In their mortal agony :  
Souls released from bondage here  
Safe to Paradise they bear.

*f* To the FATHER praise be given  
By the unfallen Angel-host,  
Who in His great war have striven  
With the legions of the lost ;  
Equal praise in highest Heav'n  
To the SON and HOLY GHOST.



# St. Michael and all Angels.

Hymn 423. TRISAGION.—10 10 10 10. ♩ = 92.





# St. Michael and all Angels.

*"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."*

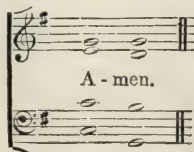
*f* STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,  
Fill'd with celestial virtue and light,  
These that, where night never followeth day,  
*p* Raise the "Trisagion"\* ever and aye:

*mf* These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou own,  
LORD God of Sabaoth, nearest Thy Throne;  
These are Thy messengers, these dost Thou send,  
Help of the helpless ones! man to defend.

These keep the guard amidst Salem's dear bowers,  
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,  
Where, with the living Ones, mystical Four,  
Cherubim, Seraphim (*p*) bow and adore.

*mf* Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,  
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,  
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,  
*f* Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

*mf* Still let them succour us; still let them fight,  
LORD of Angelic hosts, battling for right;  
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,  
We with the Angels may (*p*) bow and adore.

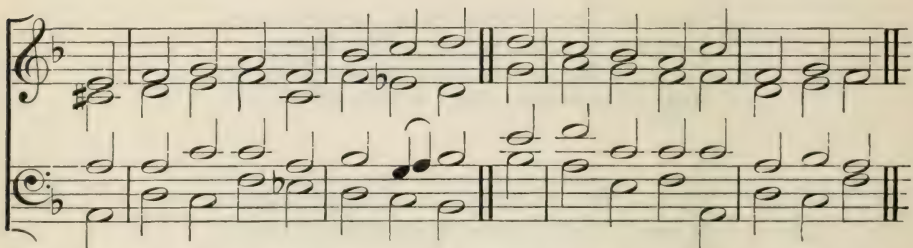
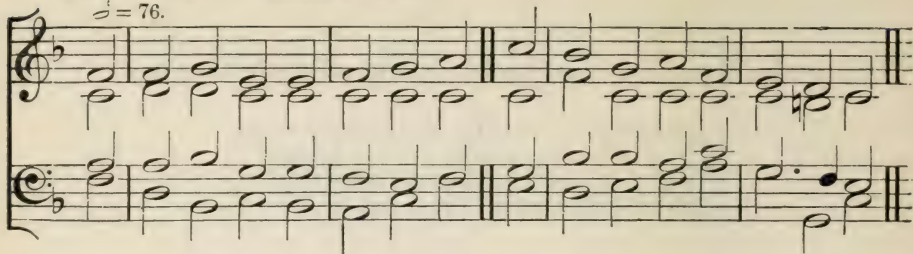


\* In Greek, from which this Hymn is translated, "Trisagion" is the same as the Latin "Tersanctus" and the English "Thrice-Holy."

# St. Michael and all Angels.

Hymn 424. WOOLMER'S.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

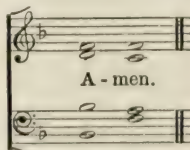


*"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."*

*mf* **T**HEY come, God's messengers of love, *p* Blest Jesu, Thou Whose groans and tears  
They come from realms of peace above, Have sanctified frail nature's fears,  
From homes of never-fading light, To earth in bitter sorrow weigh'd  
From blissful mansions ever bright. Thou didst not scorn Thine Angel's aid;

They come to watch around us here, *cr* An Angel guard to us supply,  
To soothe our sorrow, calm our fear: When on the bed of death we lie;  
Ye heavenly guides, speed not away, And by Thine own Almighty power  
God willeth you with us to stay. *p* O shield us in the last dread hour.

*p* But chiefly at its journey's end *f* To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
'Tis yours the spirit to befriend, And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
And whisper to the faithful heart, From all above and all below  
*rall pp* "O Christian soul, in peace depart." Let joyful praise unceasing flow.

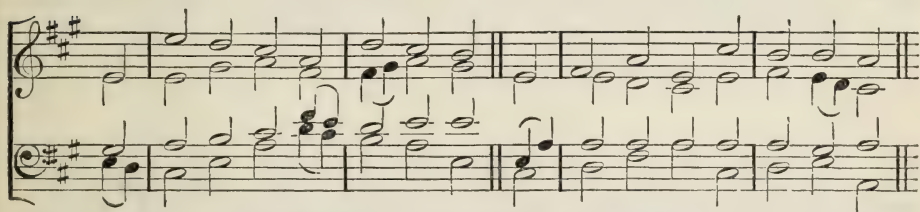
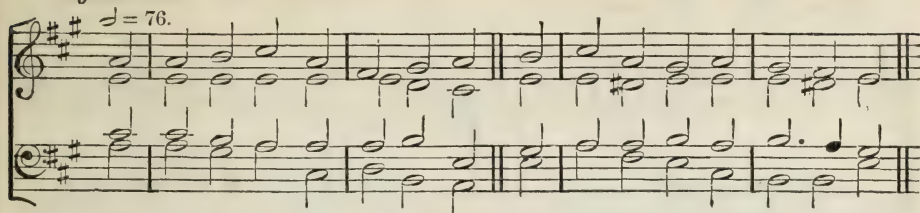


A - men.

*These Hymns on the ministry of Angels may be sung, if desired, at other times.*

# St. Luke the Evangelist.

Hymn 425. ELY.—L.M.



*"The brother, whose praise is in the gospel,"*

**W**HAT thanks and praise to Thee we owe, *cr*  
O Priest and Sacrifice Divine,  
For Thy dear Saint through whom we know  
So many a gracious Word of Thine; *p*

*f* Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale *f*  
Of all Thy Manhood's toils and tears,  
And for a moment lift the veil  
That hides Thy Boyhood's spotless years. *mf*

How many a soul with guilt oppress'd  
Has learn'd to hear the joyful sound  
In that sweet tale of sin confess'd,  
The FATHER's love, the lost and found!

How many a child of sin and shame  
Has refuge found from guilty fears  
Through her, who to the Saviour came  
With costly ointments and with tears!

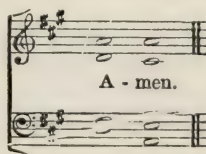
*f* What countless worshippers have sung,  
In lowly fane or lofty choir,  
The song that loosed the silent tongue  
Of him who was the Baptist's sire!

And still the Church through all her days  
Uplifts the strains that never cease,  
The Blessèd Virgin's hymn of praise,  
The aged Simeon's words of peace.

*f* O happy Saint! whose sacred page,  
So rich in words of truth and love,  
Pours on the Church from age to age  
This healing unction from above; *mf*

The witness of the Saviour's life,  
The great Apostle's chosen friend  
*p* Through weary years of toil and strife,  
*cr* And still found faithful to the end.

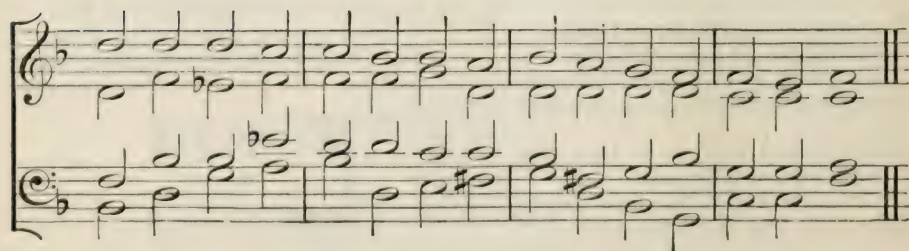
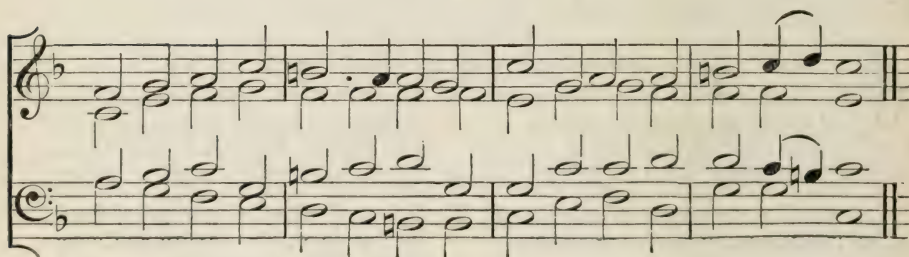
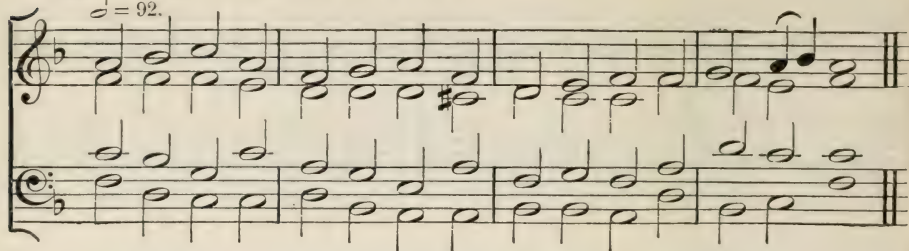
*mf* So grant us, LORD, like him to live,  
Beloved by man, approved by Thee,  
Till Thou at last the summons give,  
And we, with him, Thy Face shall see.



# St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles.

Hymn 426. NUKAPU.—8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles.

*"Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints."*

*mf* **T**HOU Who sentest Thine Apostles  
Two and two before Thy Face,  
Partners in the night of toiling,  
Heirs together of Thy grace,  
Throned at length, their labours ended,  
Each in his appointed place;

*mf* Call the erring by Thy pity;  
Warn the tempted by Thy fear;  
Keep us true to Thine allegiance,  
Counting life itself less dear,  
*cr* Standing firmer, holding faster,  
*dim* As we see the end draw near.

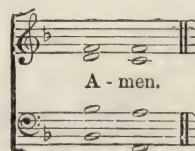
*f* Praise to Thee for those Thy champions  
Whom our hymns to-day proclaim;  
*mf* One, whose zeal by Thee enlighten'd  
Burn'd anew with nobler flame;  
One, the kinsman of Thy Childhood,  
Brought at last to know Thy Name.

*mf* Till, with holy Jude and Simon  
And the thousand faithful more,  
We, the good confession witness'd  
And the lifelong conflict o'er,  
*cr* On the sea of fire and crystal  
Stand, and wonder, (*p*) and adore.

*f* Praise to Thee! Thy fire within them  
Spake in love, and wrought in power;  
Seen in mighty signs and wonders  
In Thy Church's morning hour;  
Heard in tones of sternest warning  
When the storms began to lower.

*f* God the FATHER, great and wondrous  
In Thy works, to Thee be praise;  
KING of Saints, to Thee be glory,  
Just and true in all Thy ways;  
Praise to Thee, from Both proceeding,  
HOLY GHOST, through endless days.

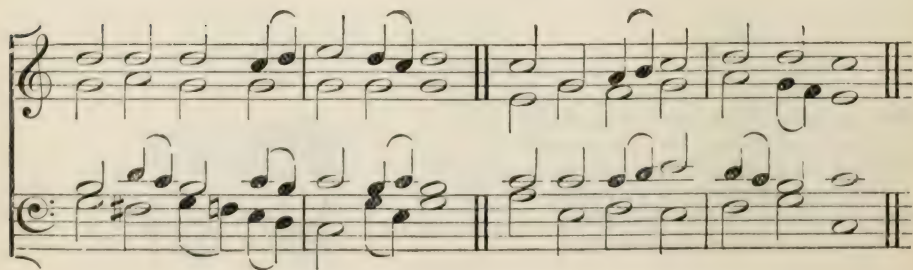
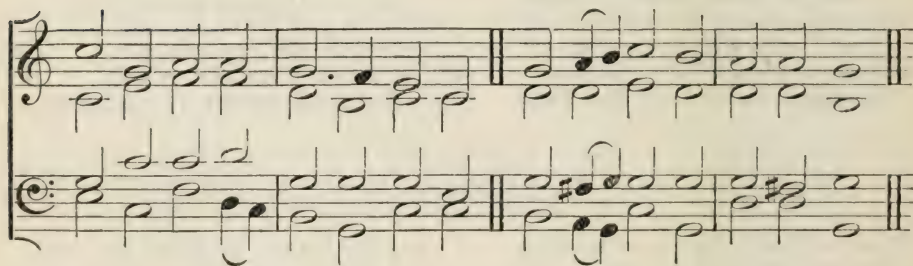
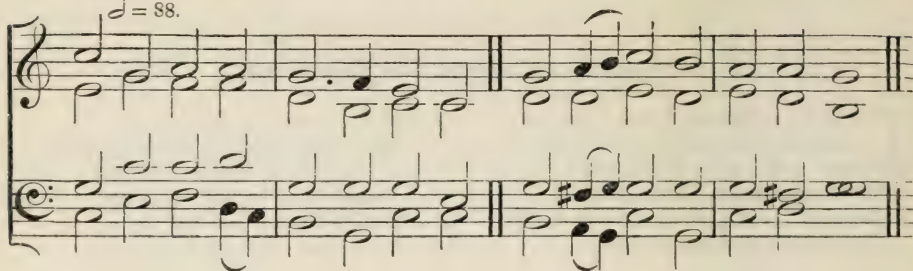
*p* Once again those storms are breaking;  
Hearts are failing, love grows cold;  
Faith is darken'd, sin abounding;  
Grievous wolves assail Thy fold:  
*cr* Save us, LORD, our One Salvation;  
Save the Faith reveal'd of old.



# All Saints' Day.

Hymn 427. ALL SAINTS.—8 7 8 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



# All Saints' Day.

*"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"*

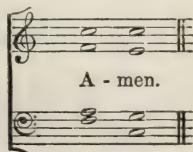
*mf* **W**H O are these like stars appearing,  
These, before God's Throne who stand?  
Each a golden crown is wearing,  
Who are all this glorious band?  
Alleluia, hark! they sing,  
*f* Praising loud their heavenly King.

*mf* Who are these in dazzling brightness,  
Clothed in God's own righteousness,  
These, whose robes of purest whiteness  
Shall their lustre still possess,  
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand?  
Whence came all this glorious band?

*f* These are they who have contended  
For their SAVIOUR's honour long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng;  
These, who well the fight sustain'd,  
Triumph by the LAMB have gain'd.

*p* These are they whose hearts were riven,  
Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified;  
*or* Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.

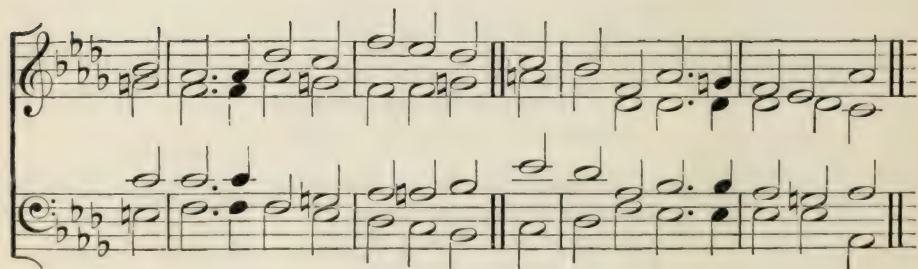
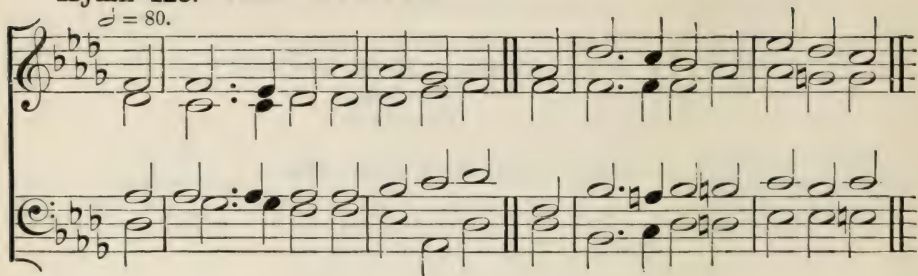
*mf* These, the ALMIGHTY contemplating,  
Did as priests before Him stand,  
Soul and body always waiting  
Day and night at His command:  
*f* Now in God's most holy place  
Blest they stand before His Face.



# All Saints' Day.

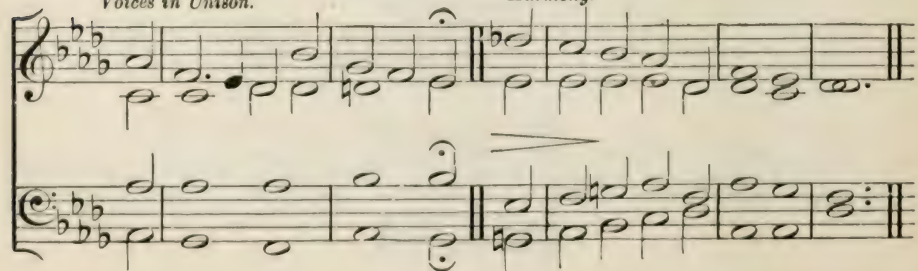
Hymn 428. REST.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*Voices in Unison.*

*Harmony.*





# All Saints' Day.

*"That they may rest from their labours."*

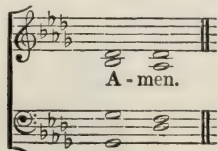
*mf* THE Saints of God! their conflict past,  
And life's long battle won at last,  
No more they need the shield or sword,  
They cast them down before their LORD:  
*cr* O happy Saints! for ever blest,  
*p* At JESUS' feet how safe your rest!

*mf* The Saints of God! their wanderings done,  
No more their weary course they run,  
No more they faint, no more they fall,  
No foes oppress, no fears appal:  
*cr* O happy Saints! for ever blest,  
*p* In that dear home how sweet your rest!

*mf* The Saints of God! life's voyage o'er,  
Safe landed on that blissful shore,  
No stormy tempests now they dread,  
No roaring billows lift their head:  
*cr* O happy Saints! for ever blest,  
*p* In that calm haven of your rest!

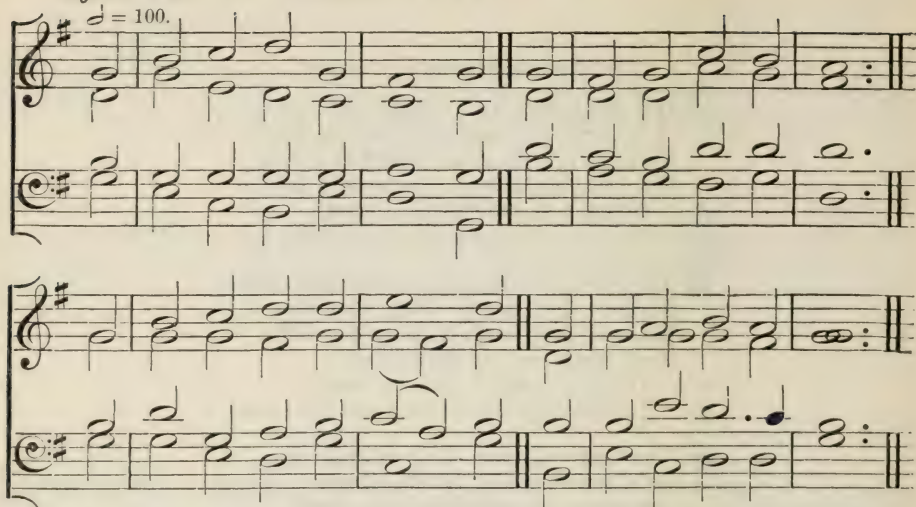
The Saints of God their vigil keep  
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,  
*cr* Till from the dust they too shall rise  
And soar triumphant to the skies;  
*f* O happy Saints! rejoice and sing;  
He quickly comes, your LORD and King.

*mf* O God of Saints, to Thee we cry;  
O SAVIOUR, plead for us on high;  
O HOLY GHOST, our Guide and Friend,  
*p* Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;  
*cr* That with all Saints our rest may be  
*f* In that bright Paradise with Thee.



# All Saints' Day.

Hymn 429. ST. ALPHEGE.—7 6 7 6.



*"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof."*

*mf* **O** HEAVENLY Jerusalem,  
Of everlasting halls,  
*cr* Thrice blessèd are the people  
*dim* Thou storest in thy walls.

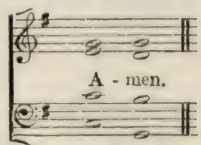
*f* Thou art the golden mansion,  
Where Saints for ever sing,  
The seat of God's own chosen,  
The palace of the King.

*p* There God for ever sitteth,  
*cr* Himself of all the Crown;  
The LAMB, the Light that shineth,  
And never goeth down.

*p* Nought to this seat approacheth  
Their sweet peace to molest;  
*f* They sing their God for ever,  
Nor day nor night they rest.

*mf* Sure hope doth thither lead us;  
Our longings thither tend;  
*cr* May short-lived toil ne'er daunt us  
For joys that cannot end.

*f* To CHRIST the Sun that lightens  
His Church above, below,  
To FATHER, and to SPIRIT  
All things created bow.



*The Hymns for this Festival may be used on other days.*

*The following Hymns are suitable for this Festival:*

222 Ten thousand times ten thousand.

228 Jerusalem the Golden.

233 Jerusalem on high.

235 Oh, what the joy and the glory must be.

256 Orig. Ed.

435 Lo! round the Throne, a glorious band.

436 Hark! the sound of holy voices.

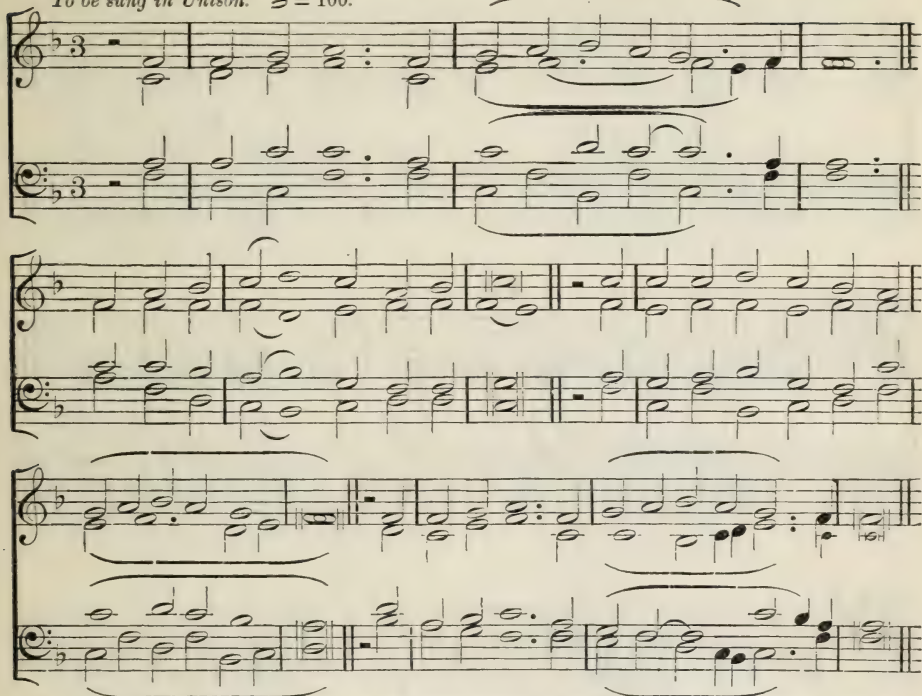
439 How bright those glorious spirits shine!

447 Soldiers, who are CHRIST's below.

# Festivals of Apostles.

Hymn 430. ÆTERNA CHRISTI MUNERA.—L.M.

To be sung in Unison. ♩ = 100.



"And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve Apostles of the Lamb."

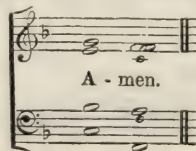
**f** **T**H' eternal gifts of CHRIST the King,  
The Apostles' glory, let us sing;  
And all, with hearts of gladness, raise  
Due hymns of thankful love and praise.

For they the Church's Princes are,  
Triumphant Leaders in the war,  
In heavenly courts a warrior band,  
True lights to lighten every land.

**mf** Theirs is the steadfast faith of Saints,  
And hope that never yields nor faints,  
And love of CHRIST in perfect glow  
That lays the prince of this world low.

In them the FATHER's glory shone,  
In them the Will of God the Son,  
In them exults the HOLY GHOST,  
*cr* Through them rejoice the heavenly Host.

**f** To Thee, Redeemer, now we cry,  
That Thou wouldst join to them on high  
Thy servants, who this grace implore,  
*mf* For ever and for evermore.

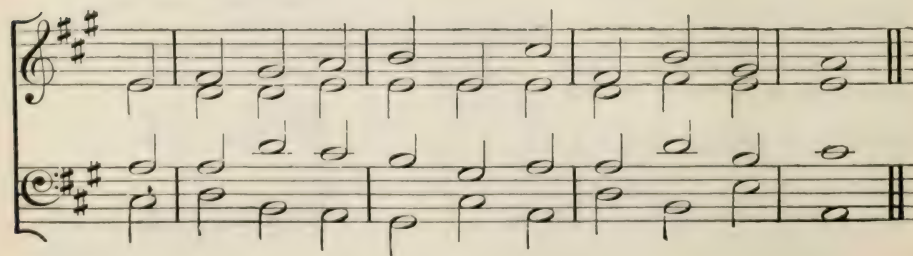
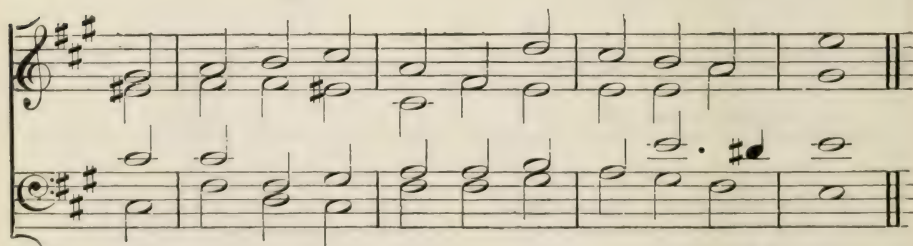
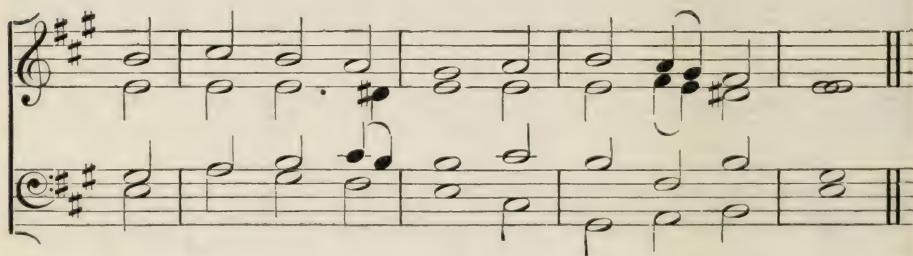
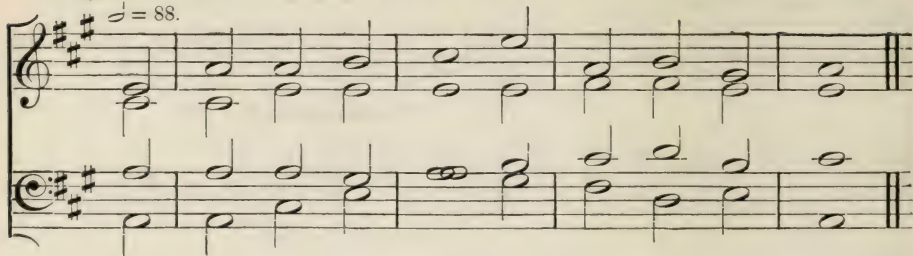


A - men.

# Festivals of Apostles.

Hymn 431. HANOVER.—5 5 5 5 6 5 6 5.

$\text{♩} = 88.$





# Festivals of Apostles.

"*Their sound went into all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world.*"

*mf* **D**ISPOSER Supreme,  
And Judge of the earth,  
Who choosest for Thine  
The weak and the poor ;  
To frail earthen vessels  
And things of no worth  
Entrusting Thy riches  
Which aye shall endure ;

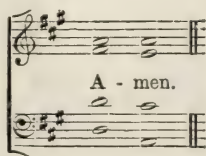
Their sound goeth forth,  
"CHRIST JESUS the LORD ;"  
Then Satan doth fear,  
His citadels fall :  
As when the dread trumpets  
Went forth at Thy Word,  
And one long blast shatter'd  
The Canaanite's wall.

*p* Those vessels soon fail,  
Though full of Thy light,  
And at Thy decree  
Are broken and gone ;  
*cr* Thence brightly appeareth  
Thy truth in its might,  
As through the clouds riven  
The lightnings have shone.

O loud be their trump,  
And stirring their sound,  
*mf* To rouse us, O LORD,  
From slumber of sin ;  
The lights Thou hast kindled  
In darkness around,  
O may they illumine  
Our spirits within.

*f* Like clouds are they borne  
To do Thy great Will,  
And swift as the winds  
About the world go ;  
The WORD with His wisdom  
Their spirits doth fill,  
They thunder, they lighten,  
The waters o'erflow.

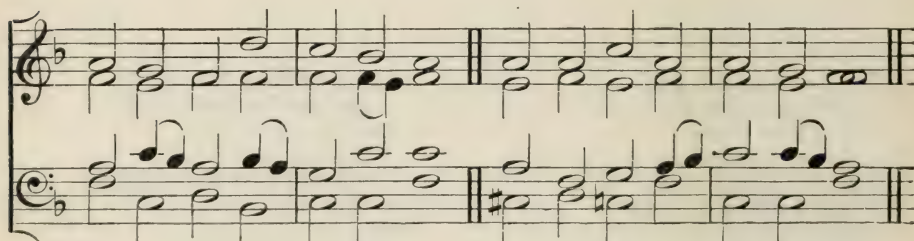
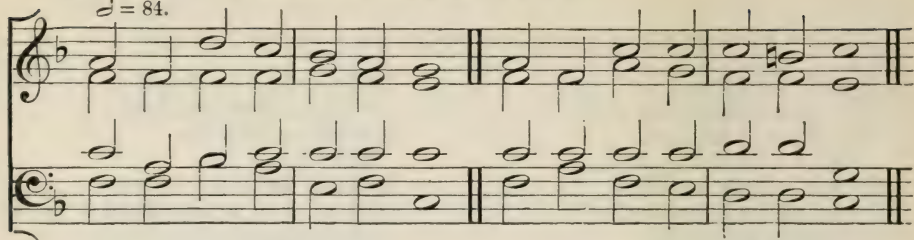
*f* All honour and praise,  
Dominion and might,  
To GOD, THREE in ONE,  
Eternally be,  
Who round us hath shed  
His own marvellous light,  
And call'd us from darkness  
His glory to see.



# Festivals of Apostles.

Hymn 432. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*“Ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.”*

*mf* CAPTAINS of the saintly band,  
Lights who lighten every land,  
Princes who with JESUS dwell,  
Judges of His Israel,

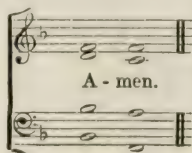
On the nations sunk in night  
Ye have shed the Gospel light ;  
*cr* Sin and error flee away,  
Truth reveals the promised day.

*mf* Not by warrior's spear and sword,  
Not by art of human word,  
Preaching but the Cross of shame,  
*cr* Rebel hearts for CHRIST ye tame.

*p* Earth, that long in sin and pain  
Groan'd in Satan's deadly chain,  
*f* Now to serve its God is free  
In the law of liberty.

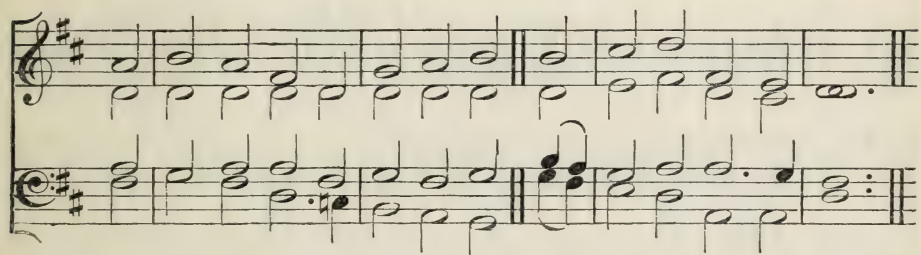
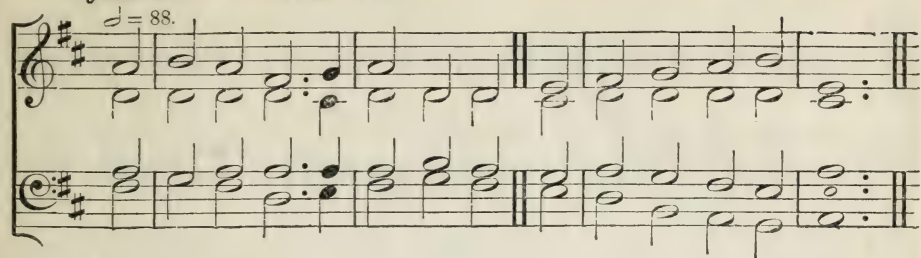
*mf* Distant lands with one acclaim  
Tell the honour of your name,  
Who, wherever man has trod,  
Teach the mysteries of God.

*f* Glory to the THREE in ONE  
While eternal ages run,  
Who from deepest shades of night  
Call'd us to His glorious light.



# Festivals of Evangelists.

Hymn 433. CLIFTON.—C.M.



*"Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."*

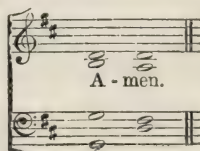
*mf* **B**EHOOLD the messengers of CHRIST,  
Who bear to every place  
The unveil'd mysteries of God,  
The Gospel of His grace.

Although in space and time apart,  
One SPIRIT ruled them all;  
And in their sacred pages still  
We hear that SPIRIT's call.

*p* The things through mists and shadows dim  
By holy prophets seen,  
*cr* In the full light of day they saw  
With not a cloud between.

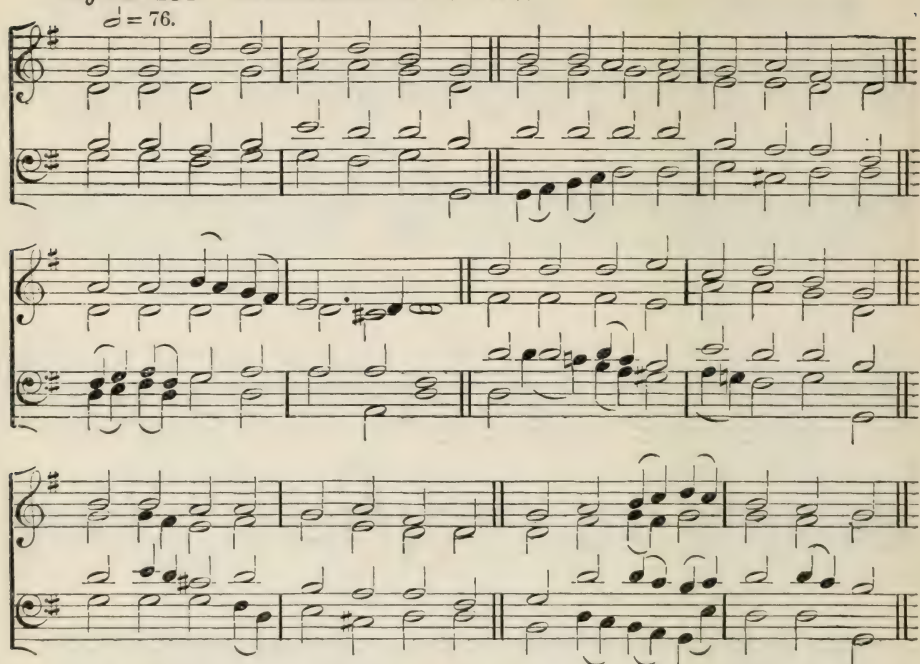
*f* To GOD, the Blessèd THREE in ONE,  
Be glory, praise, and might,  
Who call'd us from the shades of death  
To His own glorious light.

*p* What CHRIST, True Man, divinely wrought,  
What God in Manhood bore,  
*mf* They wrote, as God inspired, in words  
That live for evermore.



# Festivals of Evangelists.

Hymn 434. EVANGELISTS.—8 8 7 8 8 7.

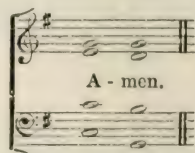


*“And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.”*

*mf* COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures  
Sing of those who spread the treasures  
In the holy Gospels shrined;  
Blessèd tidings of salvation,  
*p* Peace on earth, their proclamation,  
*cr* Love from God to lost mankind.

*mf* O that we Thy truth confessing,  
And Thy holy Word possessing,  
Jesu, may Thy love adore;  
Unto Thee our voices raising,  
*cr* Thee with all Thy ransom'd. praising  
Ever and for evermore.

*mf* See the Rivers four that gladden  
With their streams the better Eden  
Planted by our LORD most dear;  
*f* CHRIST the Fountain, (*mf*) these the waters;  
*f* Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,  
Drink and find salvation here.



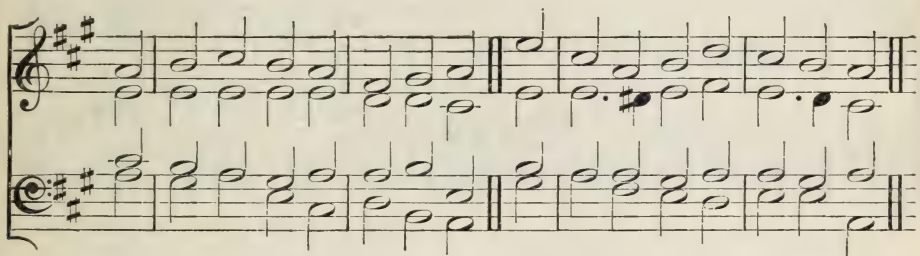
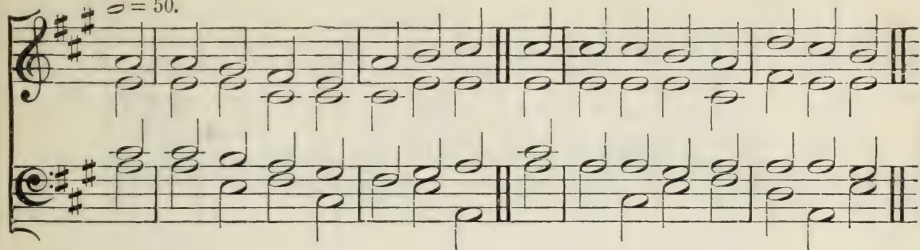
*The Hymn No. 126, parts 2 and 3, may be used on the Festivals of Apostles or Evangelists between Easterday and Trinity Sunday.*



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 435. OLD HUNDREDTH.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 50.$

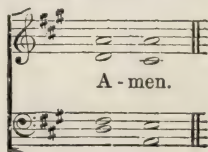


*"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple."*

*f* **L**O! round the Throne, a glorious band, *ff* "Worthy the LAMB, for sinners slain,  
*lim* The Saints in countless myriads stand, *p* Through endless years to live and reign;  
Of every tongue redeem'd to God, *f* Thou hast redeem'd us by Thy Blood,  
Arrayed in garments wash'd in Blood. *f* And made us kings and priests to God."

*p* Through tribulation great they came; *mf* O may we tread the sacred road;  
*cr* They bore the cross, despised the shame; *cr* That Saints and holy Martyrs trod;  
From all their labours now they rest, Wage to the end the glorious strife,  
In God's eternal glory blest. *f* And win, like them, a crown of life.

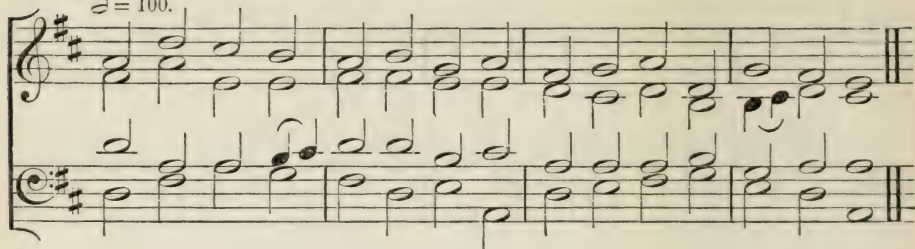
*mf* They see their Saviour face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of His grace;  
*f* Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise:



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 436. GLORIA. 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 100.$



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

*f* **H**ARK! the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea  
*(p)* Alleluia, *(f)* Alleluia, *(ff)* Alleluia, LORD, to Thee :  
*p* Multitude which none can number, *(cr)* like the stars in glory stands,  
*f* Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hands.

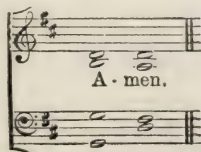
*mf* Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way of CHRIST,  
 King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor, Martyr, and Evangelist,  
*p* Saintly Maiden, godly Matron, *(cr)* widows who have watch'd to prayer,  
*f* Join'd in holy concert, singing to the LORD of all, are there.

*p* They have come from tribulation, and have wash'd their robes in Blood,  
 Wash'd them in the Blood of JESUS; *(cr)* tried they were, and firm they stood;  
*p* Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,  
*cr* They have conquer'd death and Satan *(f)* by the might of CHRIST the LORD.

*f Unis.* Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have triumph'd following  
 Thee, the Captain of salvation, Thee their Saviour and their King;  
*dim Harm.* Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffer'd; gladly, LORD, with Thee they died,  
 And by death *(cr)* to life immortal they were born, and glorified.

*ff Unis.* Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light,  
 Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;  
*p Harm.* Love and peace they taste for ever, *(cr)* and all truth and knowledge see  
 In the Beatific Vision of the Blessed TRINITY.

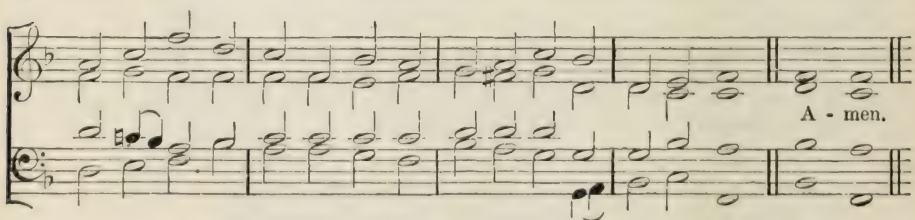
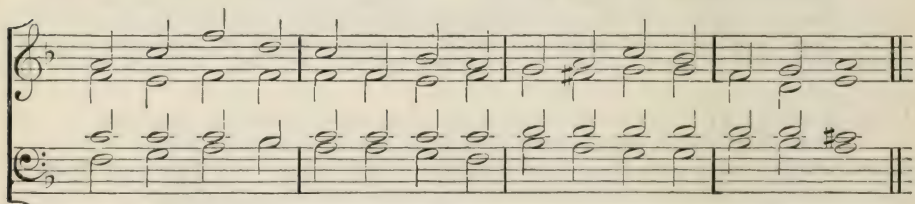
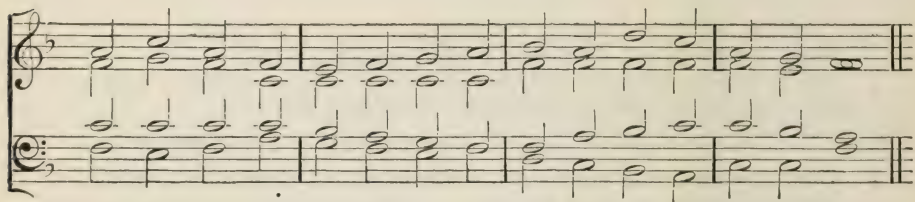
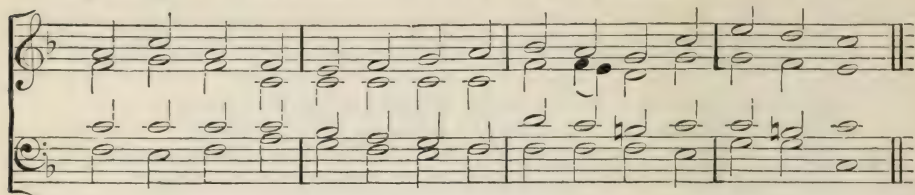
*f* God of God, the One-begotten, LIGHT of LIGHT, Emmanuel,  
 In Whose Body join'd together all the Saints for ever dwell;  
*p* Pour upon us of Thy fulness, *(cr)* that we may for evermore  
 God the FATHER, God the SON, and God the HOLY GHOST adore.



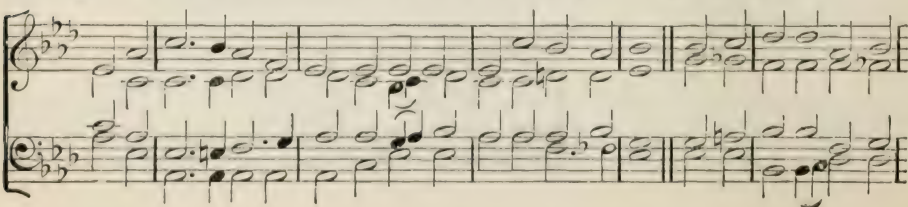


# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 436. DEERHURST.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7. (Second Tune.) ♩ = 100.

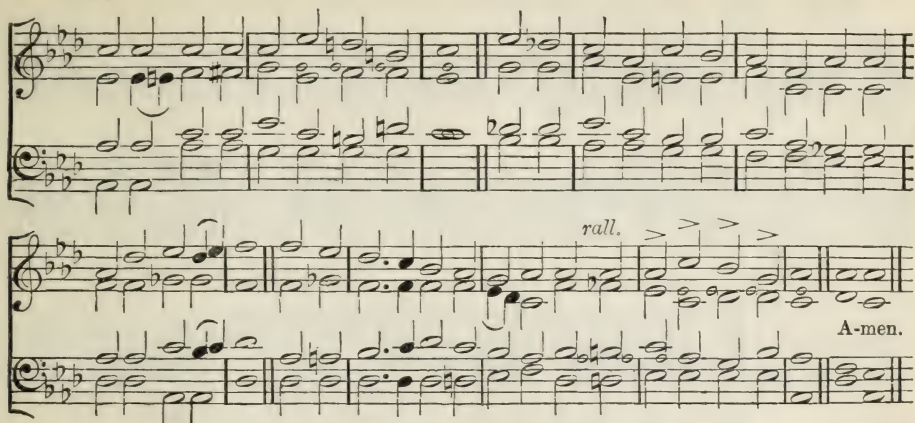


Hymn 436. SANCTUARY. 8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7. (Third Tune.) ♩ = 90.





# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.



"After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."

*f* **H**ARK! the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea  
(*p*) Alleluia, (*f*) Alleluia, (*ff*) Alleluia, LORD, to Thee:

*p* Multitude, which none can number, (*cr*) like the stars in glory stands,

*f* Clothed in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hands.

*mf* Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepared the way of CHRIST,  
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor, Martyr, and Evangelist,

*p* Sainly Maiden, godly Matron, (*cr*) widows who have watch'd to prayer,

*f* Join'd in holy concert, singing to the LORD of all, are there.

*p* They have come from tribulation, and have wash'd their robes in Blood,  
Wash'd them in the Blood of JESUS; (*cr*) tried they were, and firm they stood;

*p* Mock'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented, sawn asunder, slain with sword,

*cr* They have conquer'd death and Satan (*f*) by the might of CHRIST the LORD.

*f* *Unis.* Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have triumph'd following  
Thee, the Captain of salvation, Thee their Saviour and their King;

*dim Harm.* Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffer'd; gladly, LORD, with Thee they died,  
And by death (*cr*) to life immortal they were born, and glorified.

*ff* *Unis.* Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and infinite;

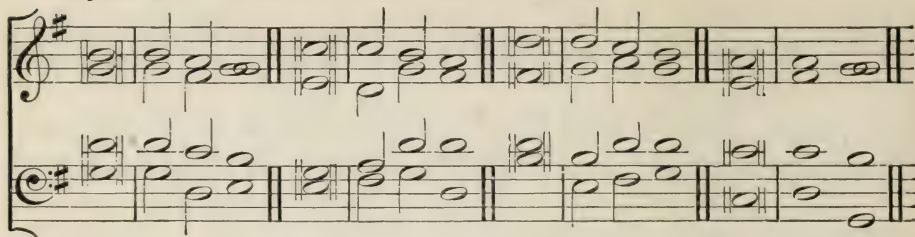
*p* *Harm.* Love and peace they taste for ever, (*cr*) and all truth and knowledge see  
In the Beatific Vision of the Blessed TRINITY.

*f* God of God, the One-begotten, LIGHT of LIGHT, Emmanuel,  
In Whose Body join'd together all the Saints for ever dwell;

*p* Pour upon us of Thy fulness, (*cr*) that we may for evermore  
GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON, and GOD the HOLY GHOST adore.

# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 437. TROYTE'S CHANT. NO. 2. ♩ = 84.



*"Compass'd about with so great a cloud of witnesses."*

*f* **F**OR all the Saints who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,  
Thy Name, O JESU, be for éver blest.

Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, ánd their Might;  
Thou, LORD, their Captain in the wéll-fought fight;  
Thou in the darkness drear their óne true Light.

Alleluia!

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, trúe, and bold,  
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia!

*mf* O blest communion! fellowship Divine!

We feebly struggle, they in glóry shine;

*cr* Yet all are one in Thee, for áll are Thine.

Alleluia!

*p* And when the strife is fierce, the wárfare long,

Steals on the ear the distant triúmph-song,

*cr* And hearts are brave again, and árms are strong.

Alleluia!

*mf* The golden evening brightens ín the west;

Soon, soon to faithful warriors cómes their rest;

*p* Sweet is the calm of Paradíse the blest.

Alleluia!

*f* But lo! there breaks a yet more glórious day;

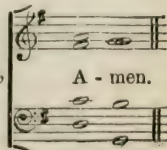
The Saints triumphant rise in bríght array:

The King of glory passes ón His way.

Alleluia!

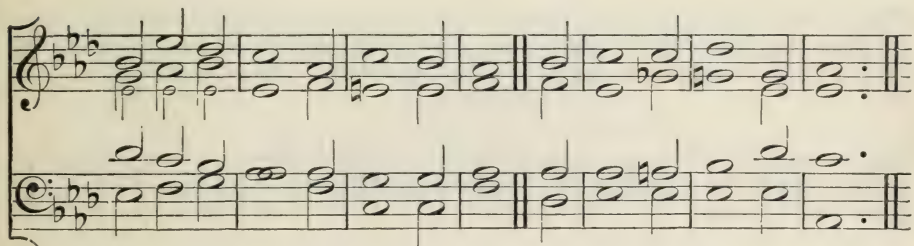
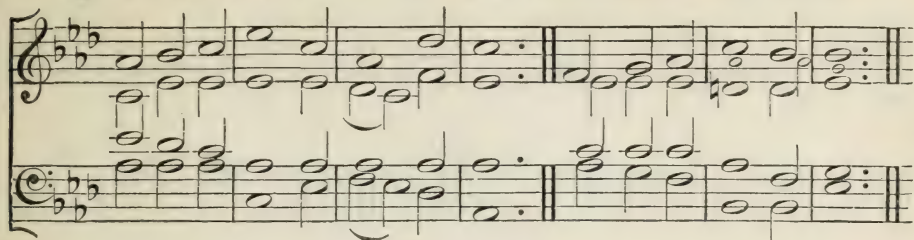
*ff* From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's fárfest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the cóuntless host,  
Singing to FATHER, SON, and HÓLY GHOST.

Alleluia!



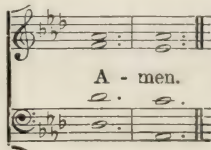
# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 438. BEATITUDO.—C.M. ♩ = 96.



*"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."*

*f* *mf* **H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine! *mf* The LAMB, Which dwells amidst the  
*mf* Whence all their white array? Throne,  
How came they to the blissful seats Shall o'er them still preside.  
Of everlasting day? *p* Feed them with nourishment Divine,  
*cr* And all their footsteps guide.  
*p* Lo! these are they from sufferings great *p* 'Midst pastures green He'll lead His  
Who came to realms of light; Where living streams appear; [flock,  
*cr* And in the Blood of CHRIST have wash'd *cr* And GOD the LORD from every eye  
Those robes that shine so bright. Shall wipe off every tear.  
*f* Now with triumphal palms they stand *f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Before the Throne on high, The GOD Whom we adore,  
And serve the GOD they love amidst Be glory, as it was, is now,  
The glories of the sky. And shall be evermore.  
*mf* Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
Nor suns with scorching ray;  
*cr* GOD is their SUN, Whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day.

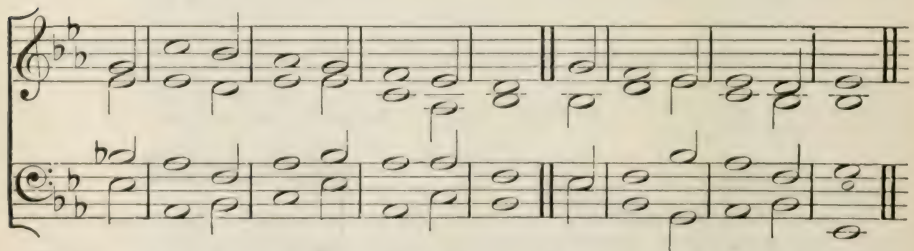
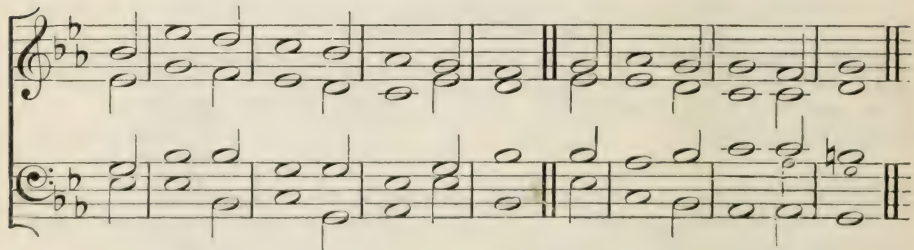
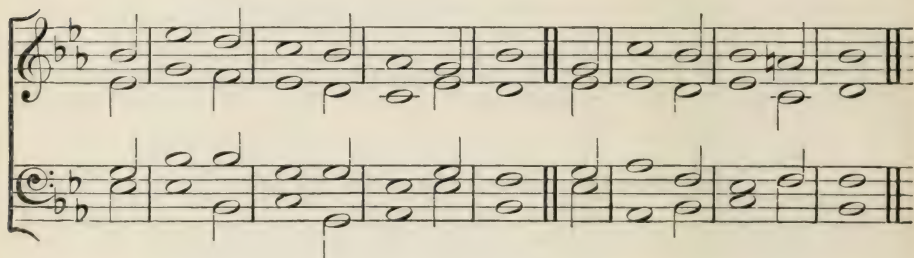
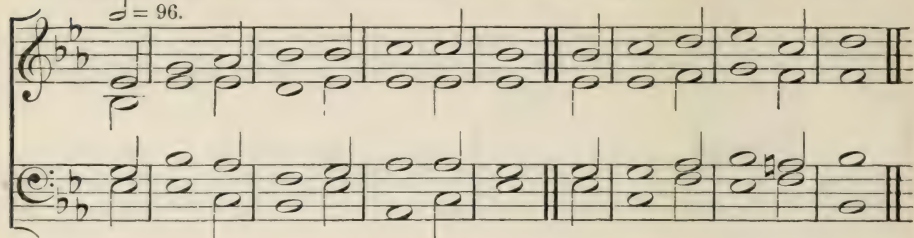




# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 439. OLD 81ST.—D.C.M. (First Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 96.$



*This Tune may also be sung in Common Time if preferred, by making the Semibreves, throughout, into Minims.*



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

*f* THE SON of GOD goes forth to war,  
A Kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar!  
Who follows in His train?

*mf* Who best can drink his cup of woe,

*f* Triumphant over pain,

*p* Who patient bears his cross below,

*f* He follows in His train.

*mf* The Martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;

Who saw his Master in the sky,

*cr* And call'd on Him to save.

*dim* Like Him, with pardon on his tongue

In midst of mortal pain,

*mf* He pray'd for them that did the wrong;

*f* Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few

On whom the SPIRIT came,

Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,

And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,

The lion's gory mane,

*p* They bow'd their necks, the death to feel;

*f* Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,

The matron and the maid,

Around the SAVIOUR'S Throne rejoice

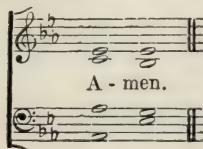
In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n

*mf* Through peril, toil, and pain;

*p* O God, to us may grace be given

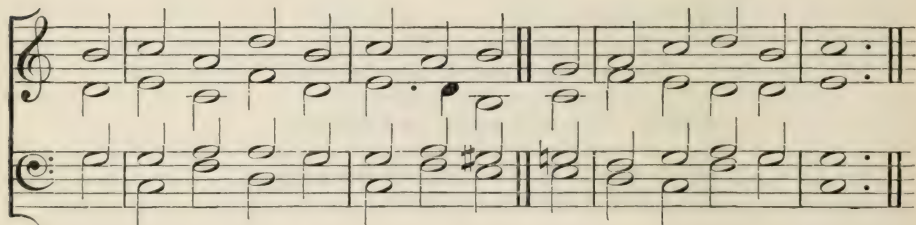
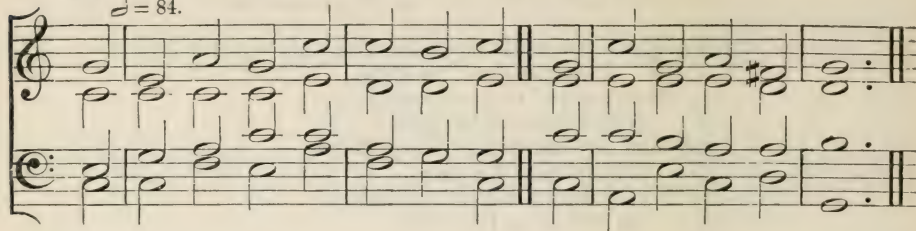
To follow in their train.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 439. ST. ANNE.—C.M. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 84.$



"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

*f* THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A Kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar!  
Who follows in His train?

*mf* Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
*f* Triumphant over pain,  
*p* Who patient bears his cross below,  
*f* He follows in His train.

*mf* The Martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
*cr* And call'd on Him to save.

*dim* Like Him, with pardon on his tongue  
In midst of mortal pain,

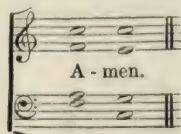
*mf* He pray'd for them that did the wrong;  
*f* Who follows in his train?

A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the SPIRIT came,  
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,  
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane,  
*p* They bow'd their necks, the death to feel;  
*f* Who follows in their train?

A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the SAVIOUR'S Throne rejoice  
In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n  
*mf* Through peril, toil, and pain;  
*p* O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

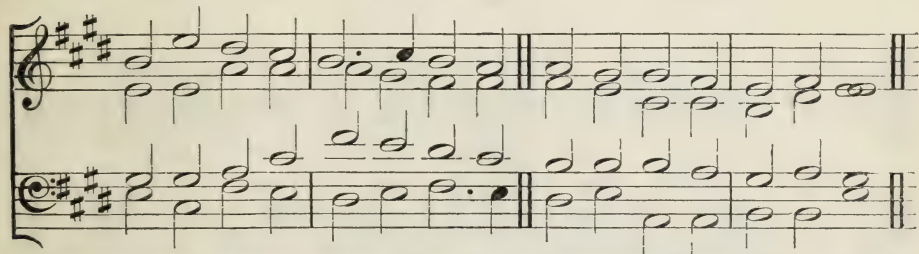
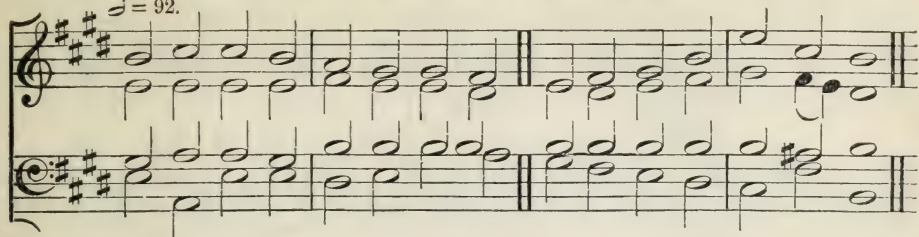


A - men.

# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

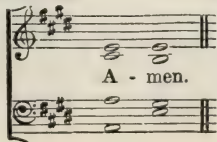
Hymn 440. REDHEAD. No. 143.—8 7 8 7. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; . . . being destitute, afflicted, tormented; of whom the world was not worthy."*

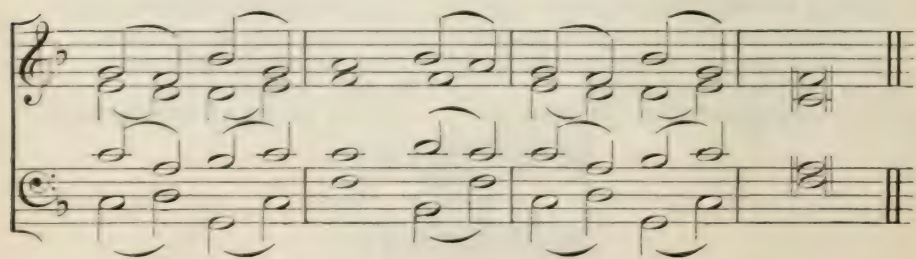
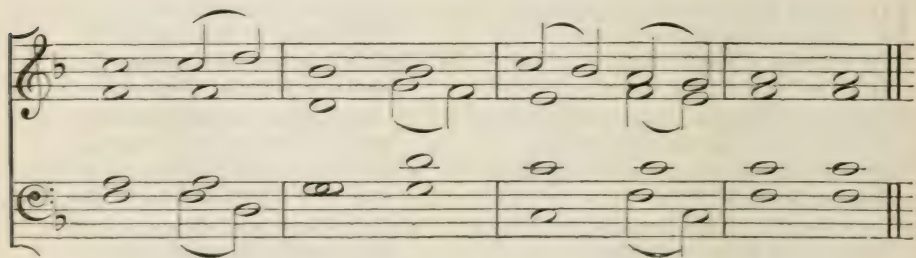
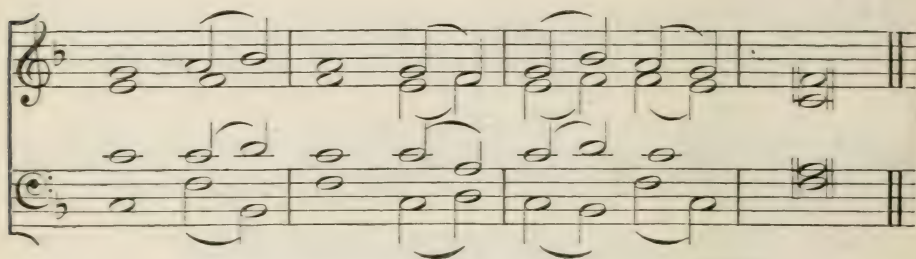
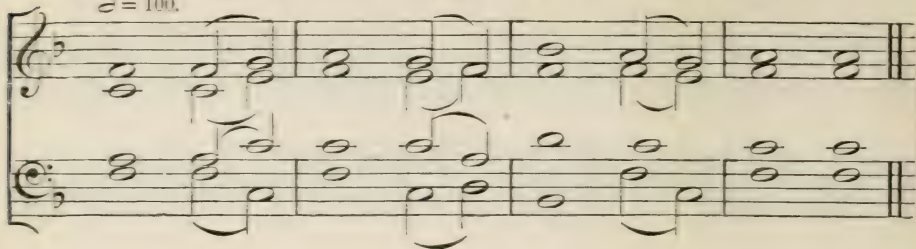
- mf* **B**LESSED feasts of blessed Martyrs,  
 Holy days of holy men,  
 With affection's recollections  
 Greet we your return again.
- f* Worthy deeds they wrought and wonders,  
 Worthy of the Name they bore;  
 We with meekest praise and sweetest  
 Honour them for evermore.
- mf* Faith prevailing, hope unfailing,  
 JESUS loved with single heart—
- f* Thus they glorious and victorious  
 Bravely bore the Martyr's part.
- mf* Rack'd with torture, haled to slaughter,  
 Fire, and axe, and murderous sword,
- f* Chains and prison, foes' derision  
 They endured for CHRIST the LORD.
- p* So they pass'd through pain and sorrow,  
 Till they sank in death to rest;
- cr* Earth's rejected, God's elected,  
 Gain'd a portion with the blest.
- mf* By contempt of worldly pleasures,  
 And by deeds of valour done,
- f* They have reach'd the land of Angels,  
 And with them are knit in one.
- Made co-heirs with CHRIST in glory,  
 His celestial bliss they share :
- p* May they now before Him bending  
 Help us onward by their prayer;
- That, this weary life completed,  
 And its fleeting trials past,
- f* We may win eternal glory  
 In our FATHER's home at last.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

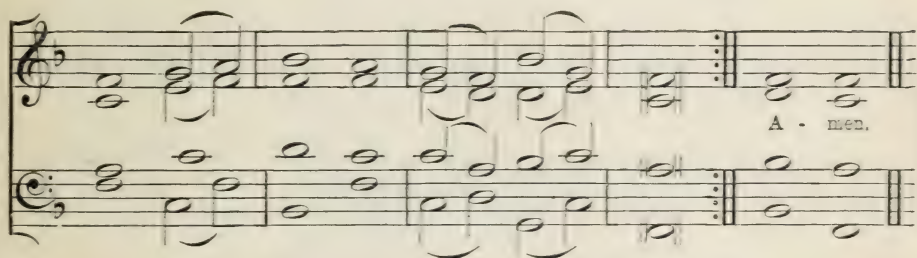
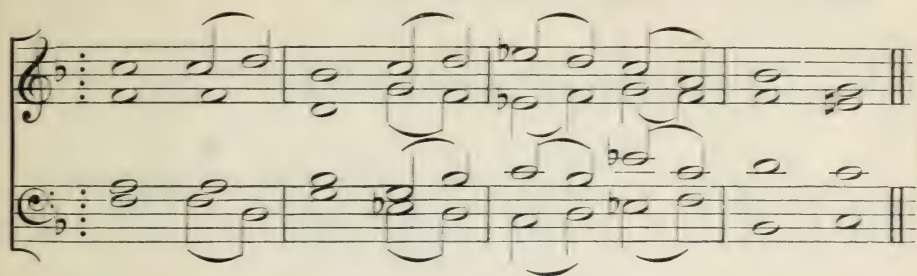
Hymn 440. ALLA TRINITÀ.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 100.$





# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.



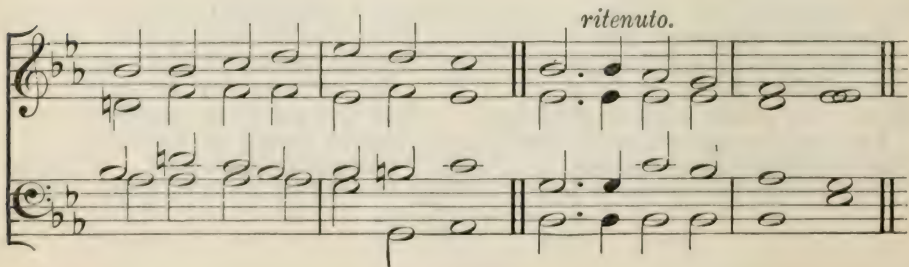
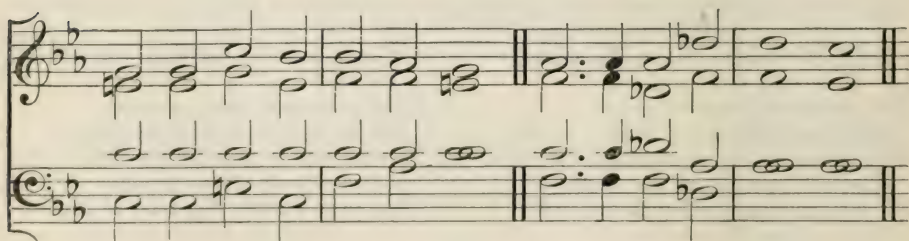
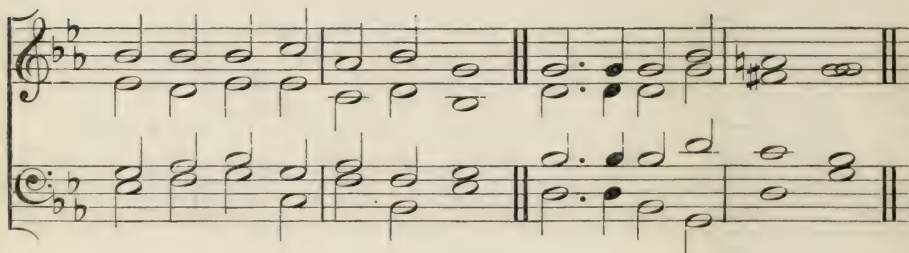
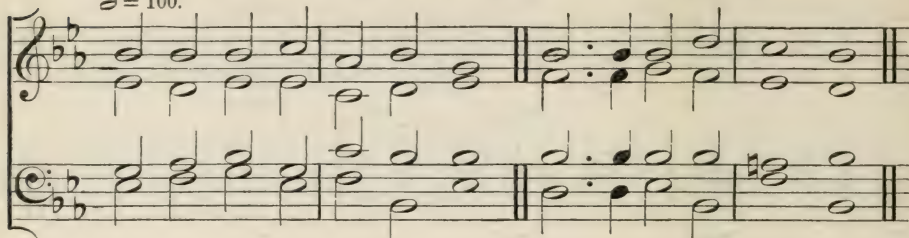
*"They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; being destitute, afflicted, tormented: of whom the world was not worthy."*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <i>mf</i> BLESSED feasts of blessed Martyrs,       | <i>p</i> So they pass'd through pain and sorrow, |
| Holy days of holy men,                             | Till they sank in death to rest;                 |
| With affection's recollections                     | <i>cr</i> Earth's rejected, God's elected,       |
| Greet we your return again.                        | Gain'd a portion with the blest.                 |
| <i>f</i> Worthy deeds they wrought and wonders,    | <i>mf</i> By contempt of worldly pleasures,      |
| Worthy of the Name they bore;                      | And by deeds of valour done,                     |
| We with meepest praise and sweetest                | <i>f</i> They have reach'd the land of Angels,   |
| Honour them for evermore.                          | And with them are knit in one.                   |
| <i>mf</i> Faith prevailing, hope unailing,         | Made co-heirs with CHRIST in glory,              |
| Jesus loved with single heart—                     | His celestial bliss they share;                  |
| <i>f</i> Thus they glorious and victorious         | <i>p</i> May they now before Him bending         |
| Bravely bore the Martyr's part.                    | Help us onward by their prayer;                  |
| <i>mf</i> Rack'd with torture, haled to slaughter, | That, this weary life completed,                 |
| Fire, and axe, and murderous sword,                | And its fleeting trials past,                    |
| <i>f</i> Chains and prison, foes' derision         | <i>f</i> We may win eternal glory                |
| They endured for CHRIST the LORD.                  | In our FATHER's home at last.                    |

# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 441. ST. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



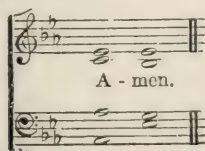
# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

*"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."*

*f* **L**ET our Choir new anthems raise,  
Wake the song of gladness ;  
God Himself to joy and praise  
Turns the Martyrs' sadness :  
Bright the day that won their crown,  
Open'd Heav'n's bright portal,  
*dim* As they laid the mortal down  
*er* To put on the immortal.

*mf* Never flinch'd they from the flame,  
From the torture never ;  
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,  
Satan's best endeavour :  
*er* For by faith they saw the land  
Deck'd in all its glory,  
*f* Where triumphant now they stand  
With the victor's story.

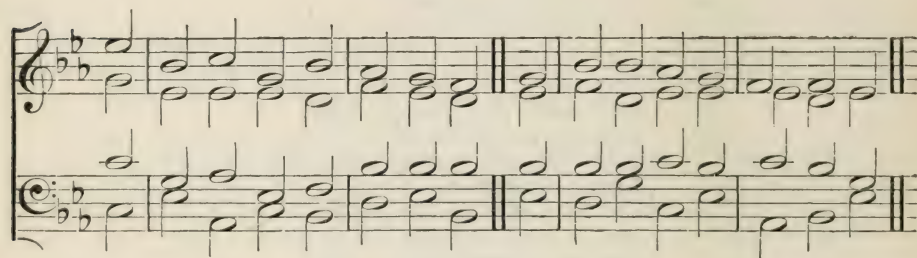
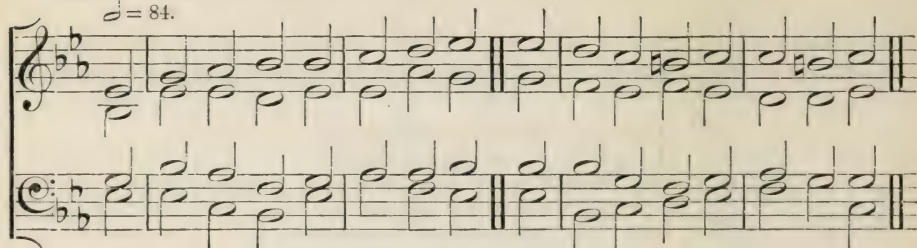
Up and follow, Christian men !  
Press through toil and sorrow ;  
Spurn the night of fear, and then,  
Oh, the glorious morrow !  
*mf* Who will venture on the strife ?  
*f* Blest who first begin it ;  
*mf* Who will grasp the land of life ?  
*ff* Warriors, up and win it !



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 442. BAVARIA.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life."*

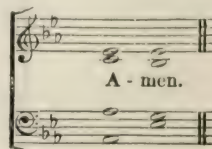
*mf* **O** GOD, Thy soldiers' great Reward,  
 Their Portion, Crown, and faithful  
 From all transgressions set us free [*Lord,*  
 Who sing Thy Martyr's victory. *cr*

*p* We therefore pray Thee, LORD of Love,  
 Regard us from Thy Throne above;  
*cr* On this Thy Martyr's triumph-day  
*p* Wash every stain of sin away.

By wisdom taught he learn'd to know  
 The vanity of all below,  
 The fleeting joys of earth disdain'd,  
 And everlasting glory gain'd.

*f* All praise to GOD the FATHER be,  
 All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,  
 Whom with the SPIRIT we adore  
 For ever and for evermore.

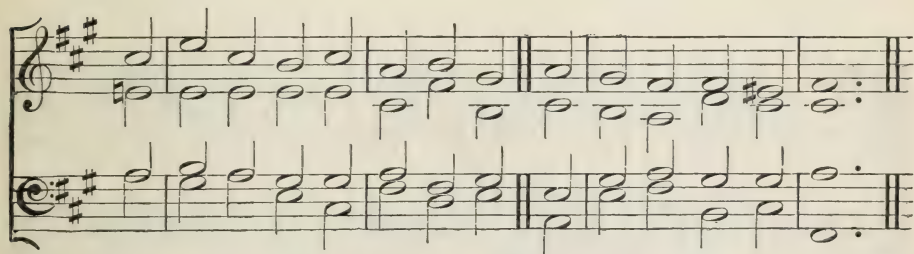
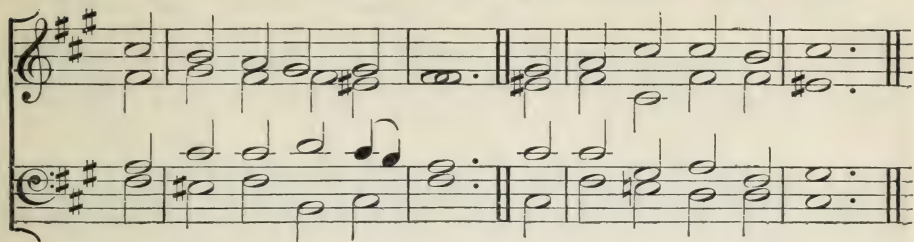
Right manfully his cross he bore,  
 And ran his race of torments sore;  
*dim* For Thee he pour'd his life away.  
*cr* With Thee he lives in endless day.





# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 443. ABERYSTWITH.—S.M. ♩ = 80.



*"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."*

*p* **F**OR man the Saviour shed  
His all-atoning Blood,  
*er* And oh, shall ransom'd man refuse  
To suffer for his God?

*mf* Ashamed who now can be  
To own the Crucified?  
*er* Nay, rather be our glory this,  
To die for Him Who died.

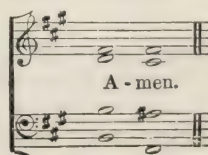
*mf* So felt Thy Martyr, LORD;  
By Thy right hand sustain'd,  
He waged for Thee the battle's strife,  
And threaten'd death disdain'd.

Upon the golden crown  
Gazing with eager breath,  
He fought as one who fain would die,  
And, dying, conquer death.

*f* Alone he stood unmoved  
Amid his cruel foes;  
*f* Oh, wondrous was the might that then  
Above his torturers rose!

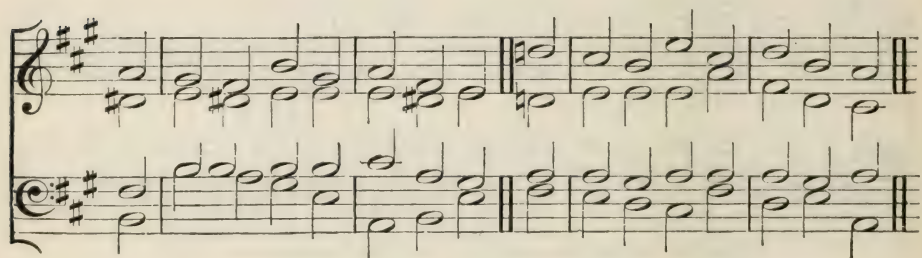
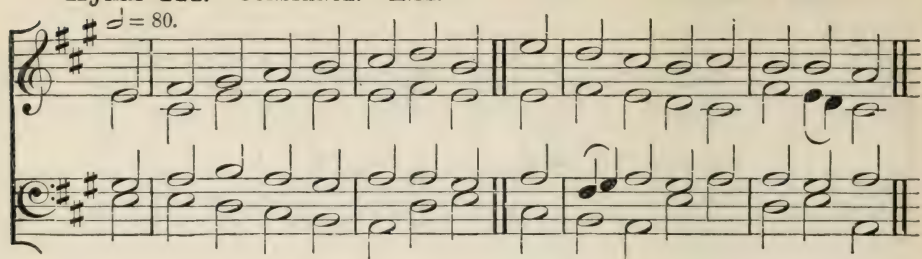
*p* LORD, give us grace to bear  
Like him, our cross of shame,  
To do and suffer what Thou wilt,  
For love of Thy dear Name.

*f* JESU, the King of Saints,  
We praise Thee and adore,  
Who art with GOD the FATHER ONE  
AND SPIRIT evermore.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 444. CONSTANCE.—L.M.

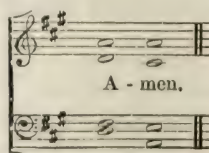


*"Of whom the world was not worthy."*

<p><i>f</i> YE servants of our glorious King, To Him your thankful praises bring; And tell the deeds that grace has done, The triumphs by His Martyrs won.</p>	<p><i>f</i> For ever broken is the chain That sought to bind them, but in vain: <i>mf</i> O let us strive like them to win Our freedom from the bonds of sin.</p>
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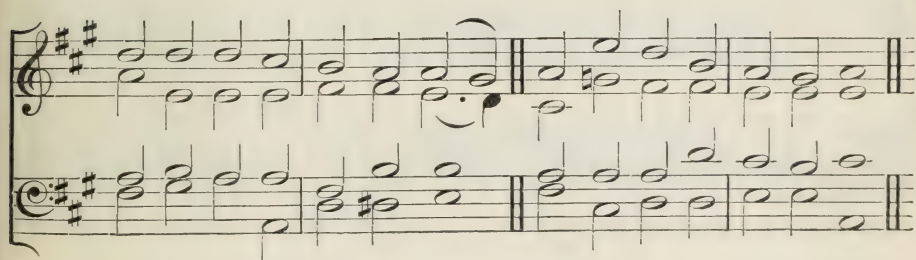
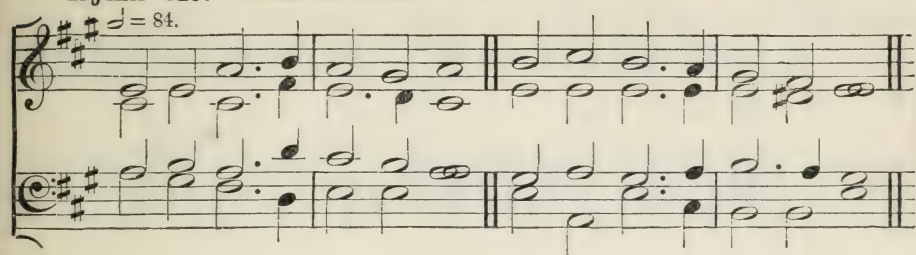
<p><i>mf</i> Since they were faithful to the last, Their holy struggles now are past; The bitterness of death is o'er, <i>f</i> And theirs is bliss for evermore.</p>	<p><i>p</i> O Saviour, may our portion be With those who gave themselves to Thee, <i>f</i> Through all eternity to sing All praise to Thee the Martyrs' King.</p>
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*p* The flame might scorch, the knife lay bare,  
And cruel beasts their members tear;  
*cr* No powers of earth, no powers of hell  
The souls that loved their LORD could quell.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 445. PALMS OF GLORY.—7 7 7 7.



*"Clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands."*

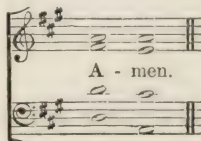
**P**ALMS of glory, raiment bright,  
Crowns that never fade away,  
Gird and deck the Saints in light,  
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

*p* Round the Altar Priests confess,  
If their robes are white as snow,  
'Twas the Saviour's Righteousness,  
And His Blood, that made them so.

*mf* Yet the conquerors bring their palms  
To the LAMB amidst the Throne,  
*r* And proclaim in joyful psalms  
Victory through His Cross alone.

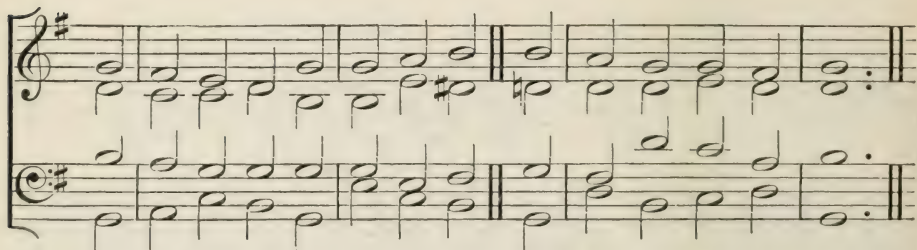
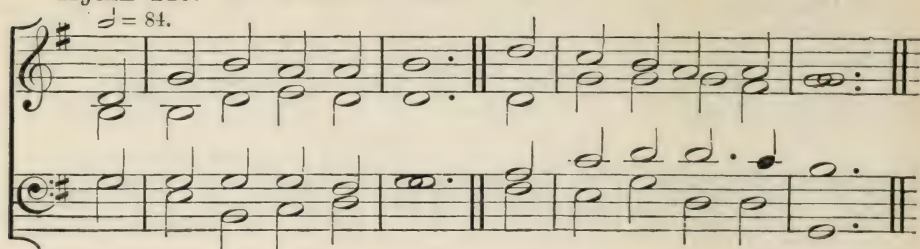
*mf* They were mortal too like us;  
O, when we like them must die,  
*cr* May our souls translated thus  
Triumph, reign, and shine on high.

*mf* Kings their crowns for harps resign,  
Crying, as they strike the chords,  
*r* "Take the Kingdom, it is Thine,  
King of kings, and Lord of lords,"



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 446. ST. MICHAEL.—S.M.



*"I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."*

*mf* **O**H! what, if we are CHRIST's,  
Is earthly shame or loss?  
*or* Bright shall the crown of glory be  
*dim* When we have borne the cross.

*p* Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe,  
When martyr'd Saints, baptized in blood,  
CHRIST's sufferings shared below:

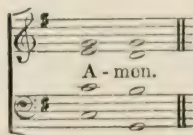
*f* Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where, on the bosom of their God,  
They rest in perfect love.

*mf* LORD, may that grace be ours,  
Like them in faith to bear

*p* All that of sorrow, grief, or pain  
May be our portion here;

*mf* Enough if Thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,  
Where Saints and Angels live.

*f* All glory, LORD, to Thee,  
Whom Heav'n and earth adore;  
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
ONE GOD for evermore.

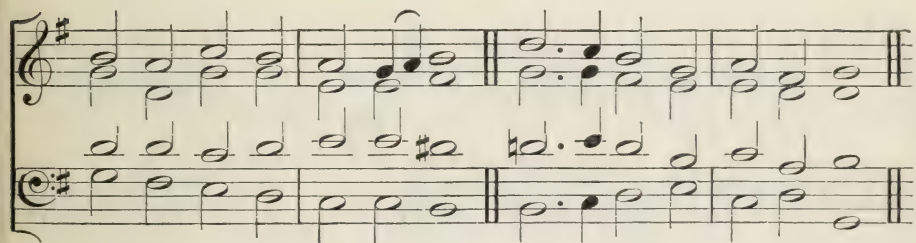
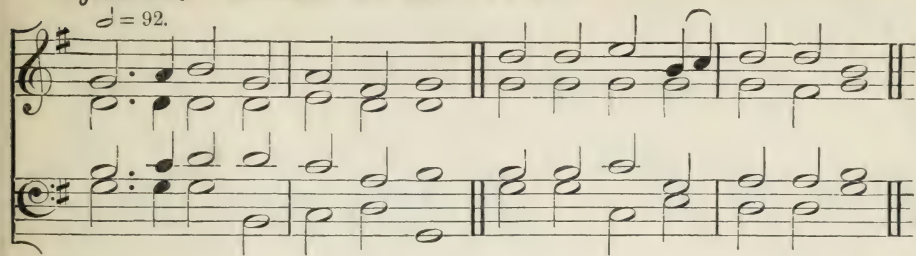




# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 447. REDHEAD. No. 45.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"To him that overcometh."*

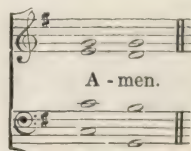
*f* **S**OLDIERS, who are CHRIST's below,  
Strong in faith resist the foe :  
Boundless is the pledged reward  
Unto them who serve the LORD.

*p* Passing soon and little worth  
Are the things that tempt on earth ;  
*mf* Heavenward lift thy soul's regard ;  
God Himself is thy Reward.

*mf* 'Tis no palm of fading leaves  
That the conqueror's hand receives ;  
Joys are his, serene and pure,  
Light that ever shall endure.

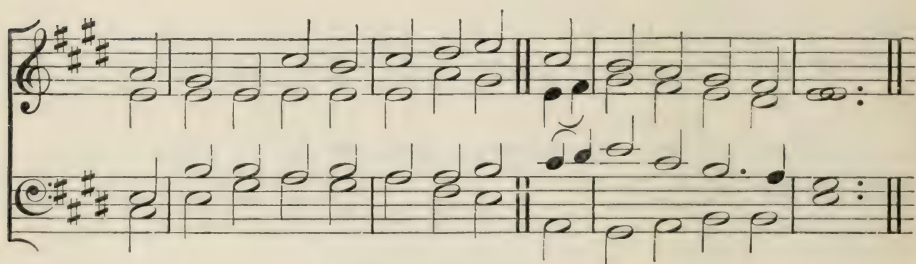
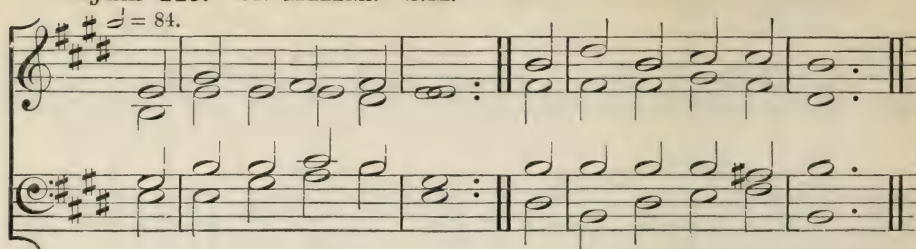
*f* FATHER, Who the crown dost give,  
SAVIOUR, by Whose Death we live,  
SPIRIT, Who our hearts dost raise,  
THREE in ONE, Thy Name we praise.

*cr* For the souls that overcome  
Waits the beauteous heavenly home,  
Where the Blessèd evermore  
Tread, on high, the starry floor.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 448. ST. HELENA.—S.M.



*"And they glorified God in me."*

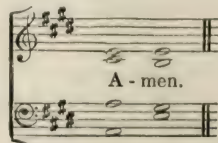
*mf* **F**OR Thy dear Saint, O LORD,  
Who strove in Thee to live,  
Who follow'd Thee, obey'd, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.

JESU, Thy Name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
Who lived and died for Thee.

*p* For Thy dear Saint, O LORD,  
Who strove in Thee to die,  
*cr* And found in Thee a full reward,  
Accept our thankful cry.

*f* All might, all praise, be Thine,  
FATHER, co-equal SON,  
And SPIRIT, Bond of love Divine,  
While endless ages run.

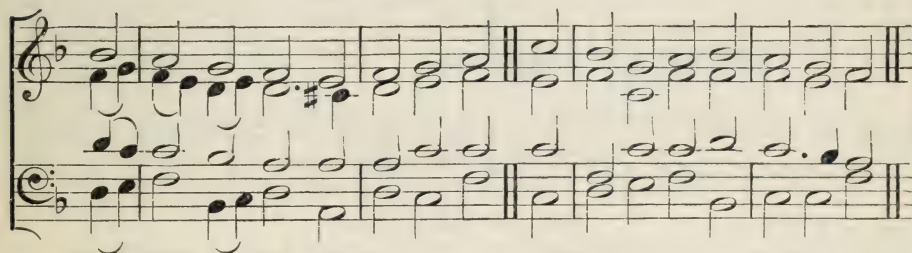
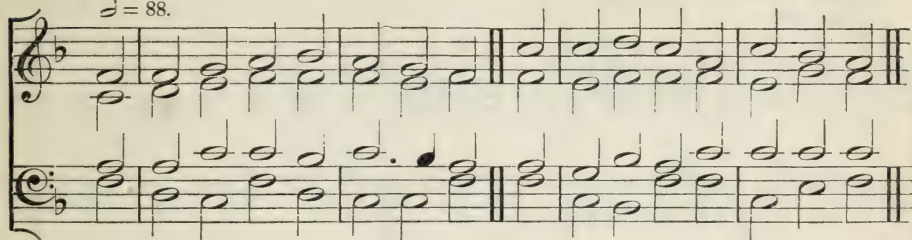
*mf* Thine earthly members fit  
To join Thy Saints above,  
In one communion ever knit,  
One fellowship of love.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 449. ST. AMBROSE.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



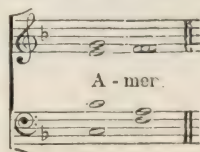
*"Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women."*

FOR THE B. V. MARY.

*mf* THE GOD, Whom earth, and sea, and sky *f* Blest in the message Gabriel brought,  
Adore, and laud, and magnify, Blest by the work the SPIRIT wrought;  
Whose might they own, Whose praise they swell, From whom the great Desire of earth  
*p* In Mary's womb vouchsafed to dwell. *p* Took human flesh and human birth.

*mf* The LORD, Whom sun and moon obey, *f* O LORD, the Virgin-born, to Thee  
Whom all things serve from day to day, Eternal praise and glory be,  
*p* Was by the HOLY GHOST conceived Whom with the FATHER we adore  
Of her who through His grace believed. And HOLY GHOST for evermore.

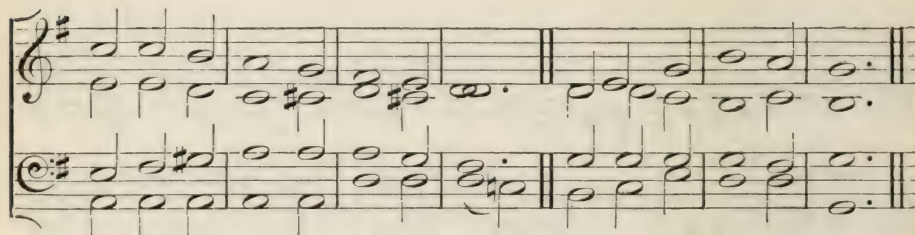
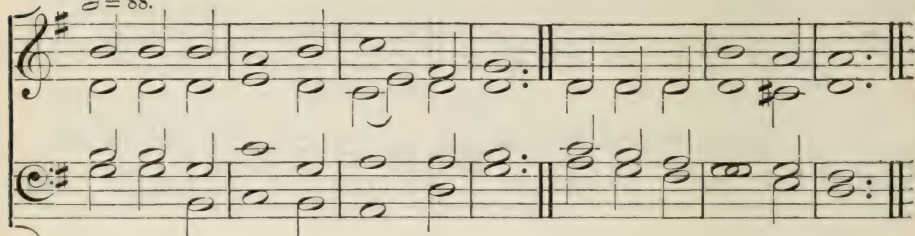
*mf* How blest that Mother, in whose shrine  
The world's Creator, LORD Divine,  
Whose Hand contains the earth and sky,  
*p* Once deign'd, as in His ark, to lie;



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 450. ST. AGNES.—C.M.

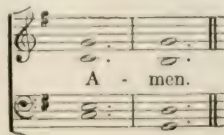
$\text{♩} = 88.$



"Mary, the Mother of Jesus."

FOR THE B. V. MARY.

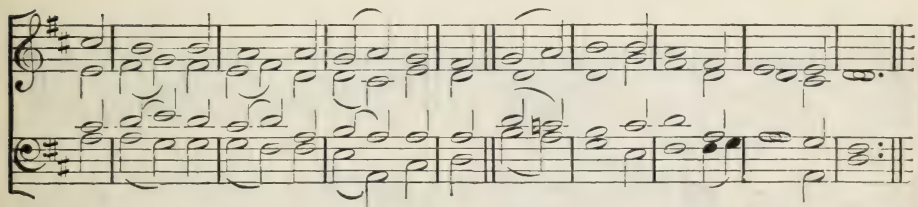
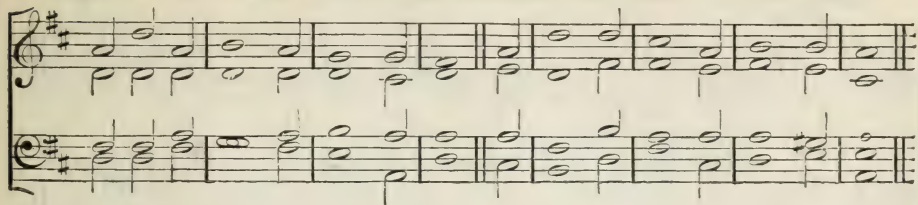
- mf* **S**HALL we not love thee, Mother dear, *mf* O wondrous depth of grace Divine  
Whom JESUS loves so well? That He should bend so low!  
*And, to His glory, year by year, cr* And, Mary, oh, what joy 'twas thine  
Thy joy and honour tell? In His dear love to know;  
*p* Bound with the curse of sin and shame *f* Joy to be Mother of the Lord,  
We helpless sinners lay, And thine the truer bliss,  
*cr* Until in tender love He came In every thought, and deed, and word  
To bear the curse away. To be for ever His.  
*mf* And thee He chose from whom to take *mf* And as He loves thee, Mother dear,  
True flesh His Flesh to be; We too will love thee well;  
*p* In It to suffer for our sake, *cr* And, to His glory, year by year,  
*f* By It to make us free. Thy joy and honour tell.  
*p* Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast, *f* JESU, the Virgin's Holy Son,  
To thee He cried for food; We praise Thee and adore,  
Thy gentle nursing soothed to rest WHO art with GOD the FATHER ONE  
Th' Incarnate SON of God. And SPIRIT evermore.





# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 451. WELLS.—L.M. ♩ = 80.



"Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father Which is in heaven."

FOR A CONFESSOR.

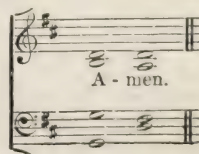
*mf* NOT by the Martyr's death alone  
The Saint his crown in Heav'n has won,  
There is a triumph robe on high  
For bloodless fields of victory.

*p* Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn  
That we through life to die may learn,  
*cr* And thus, when life's brief day is o'er,  
May live with Thee for evermore.

*mf* What though he was not call'd to feel  
The cross, or flame, or torturing wheel,  
*cr* Yet daily to the world he died;  
His flesh, through grace, he crucified.

*mf* O Fount of sanctity and love,  
O perfect Rest of Saints above,  
*f* All praise, all glory be to Thee  
Both now and through eternity.

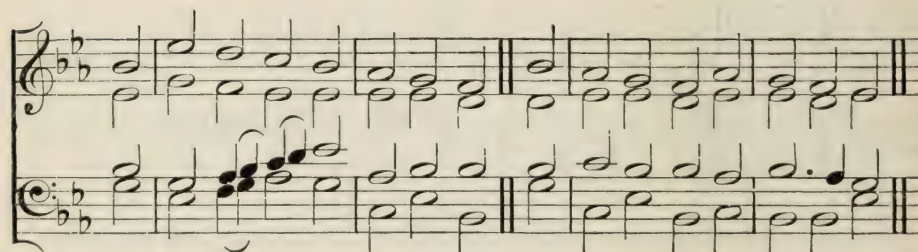
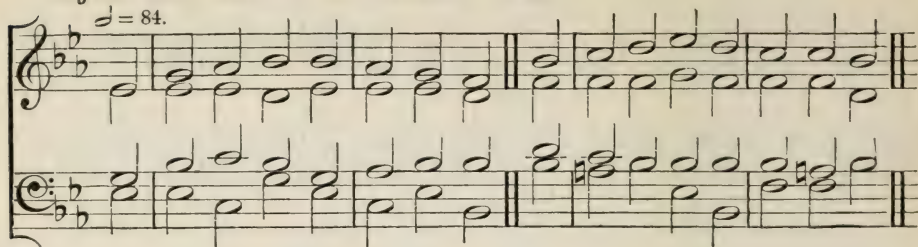
*p* What though nor chains, nor scourges sore,  
Nor cruel beasts his members tore,  
*cr* Enough if perfect love arise  
To CHRIST a grateful sacrifice.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 452. LEIPSIC OR EISENACH.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work."*

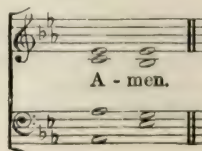
FOR A BISHOP.

*mf* **O** THOU Whose all-redeeming might *p* O grant that we, most gracious God,  
Crowns every Chief in faith's true fight, May follow in the steps he trod;  
On this commemoration day *cr* And, freed from every stain of sin,  
Hear us, good JESU, while we pray. As he hath won may also win.

In faithful strife for Thy dear Name  
Thy servant earn'd the saintly fame,  
Which pious hearts with praise revere  
In constant memory year by year.

*f* To Thee, O CHRIST, our loving King,  
All glory, praise, and thanks we bring;  
Whom with the FATHER we adore  
And HOLY GHOST for evermore.

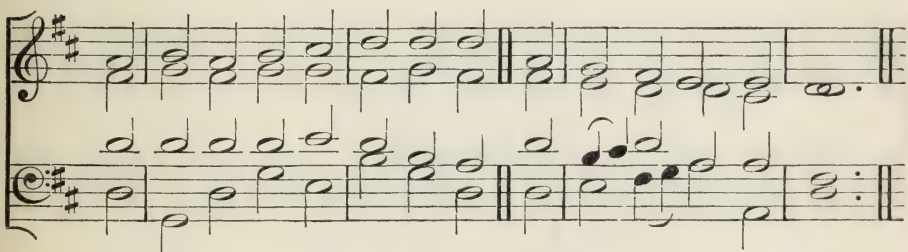
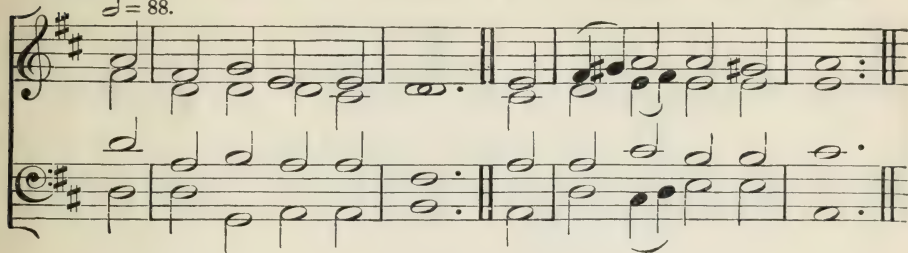
*p* Earth's fleeting joys he counted nought,  
*cr* For higher, truer joys he sought,  
*f* And now, with Angels round Thy Throne,  
Unfading treasures are his own.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 453. SWABIA.—S. M.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

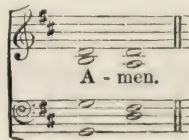


*"The memory of the just is blessed."*

FOR A BISHOP.

*mf* **O** SHEPHERD of the sheep,  
High Priest of things to come,  
Who didst in grace Thy servant keep,  
*p* And take him safely home;  
*f* Accept our song of praise  
For all his holy care,  
His zeal unquench'd through length of days,  
The trials that he bare.  
*mf* Chief of Thy faithful band,  
He held himself the least,  
Though Thy dread keys were in his hand,  
O everlasting Priest.  
*f* So, trusting in Thy might,  
He won a fair renown;  
So, waxing valiant in the fight,  
He trod the lion down.

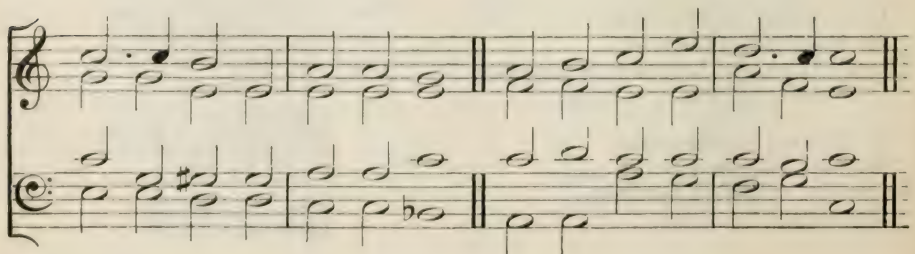
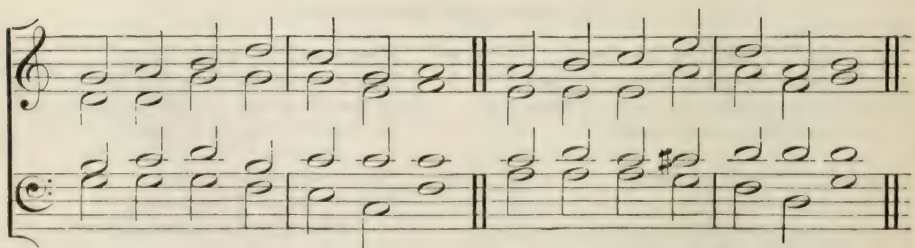
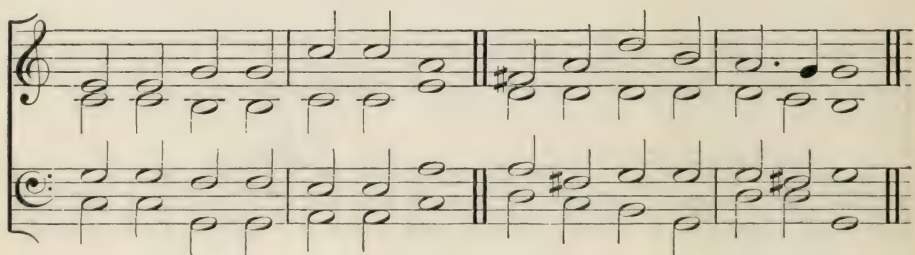
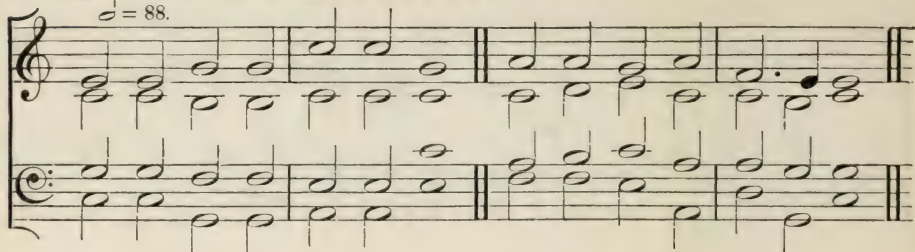
*p* Then render'd up to Thee  
The charge Thy love had given,  
And pass'd away (*cr*) Thy Face to see  
Reveal'd in highest Heav'n.  
*mf* On all our Bishops pour  
The SPIRIT of Thy grace;  
That, as he won the palm of yore,  
So they may run their race;  
That, when this life is done,  
They may with him adore  
The ever Bless'd THREE in ONE,  
In bliss for evermore.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 451. CULFORD.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 88.$





# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

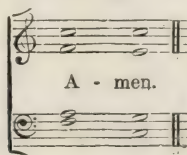
"He gave some . . . . Pastors and Teachers."

FOR A DOCTOR.

*mf* JESU, for the beacon-light  
By Thy holy Doctors given,  
*p* When the mists of error's night  
Gather'd o'er the path to Heav'n;  
*mf* For the witness that they bare  
*er* To the truth they learn'd of Thee,  
*f* For the glory that they share,  
Let our praise accepted be.

*mf* In Jerusalem below  
They were workmen at Thy call,  
*er* Each with one hand met the foe,  
With the other built the wall;  
*f* Watchmen on the mountain set,  
Scribes instructed in Thy Word,  
*dim* Fishers with the Gospel net  
*er* Drawing souls to Thee their LORD.

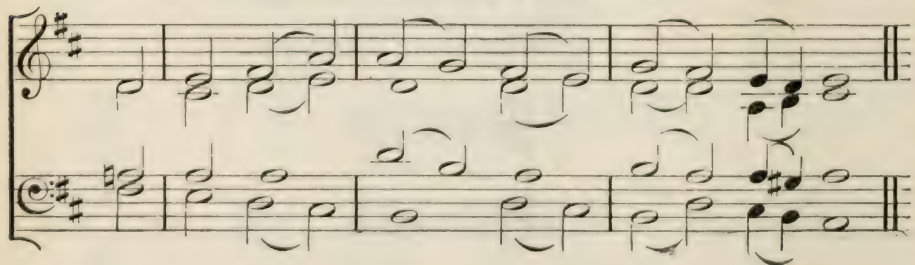
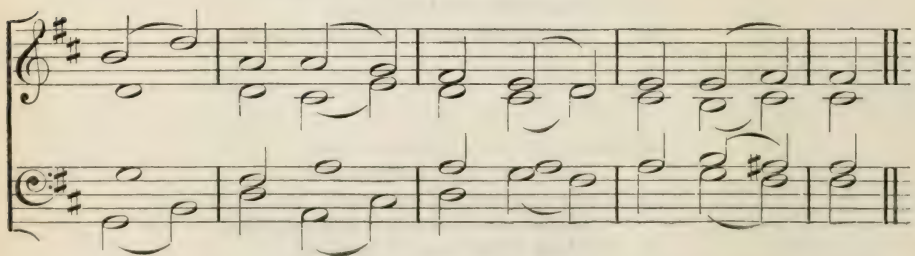
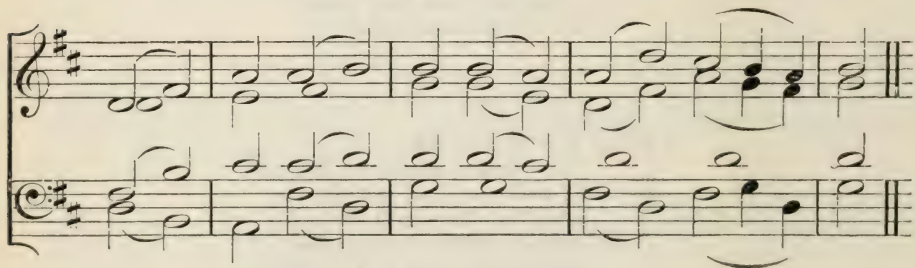
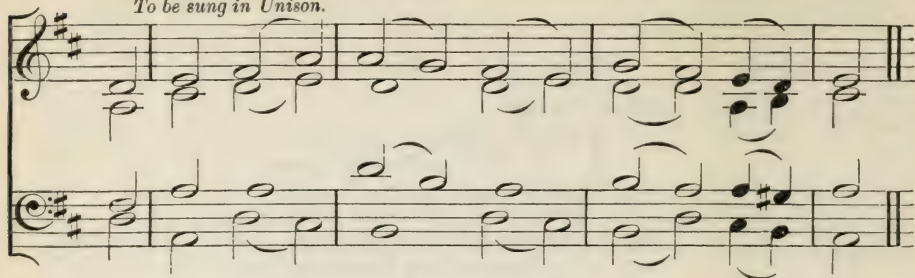
*mf* Like Thy learn'd sons of yore,  
JESU, may Thy Pastors still  
*er* Know and teach Thy sacred lore  
With brave heart and patient skill;  
*p* In these latter days of strife  
*er* Keep, O keep them true to Thee,  
*f* Till beside the well of life  
Light in Thine own Light they see.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 455. JESU DULCIS MEMORIA.—L.M. (First Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 92$ .

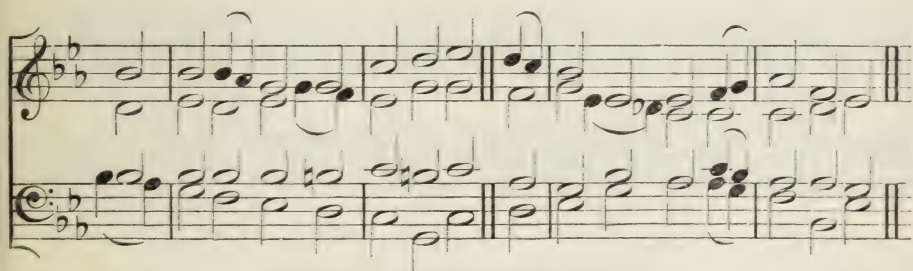
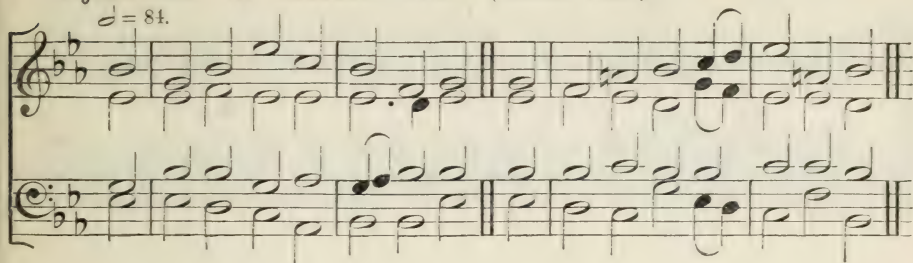
*To be sung in Unison.*



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 455. ST. BERNARD.—L.M. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"Thy Name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love Thee."*

FOR A VIRGIN.

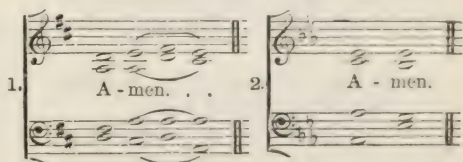
**J**ESU, the Virgins' Crown, do Thou  
Accept us as in prayer we bow,  
Born of that Virgin whom alone  
The Mother and the Maid we own.

*p* O gracious LORD, we Thee implore  
Thy grace on every sense to pour;  
From all pollution keep us free,  
And make us pure in heart for Thee.

Amongst the lilies Thou dost feed,  
And thither choirs of Virgins lead;  
Adorning all Thy chosen brides  
With glorious gifts Thy love provides.

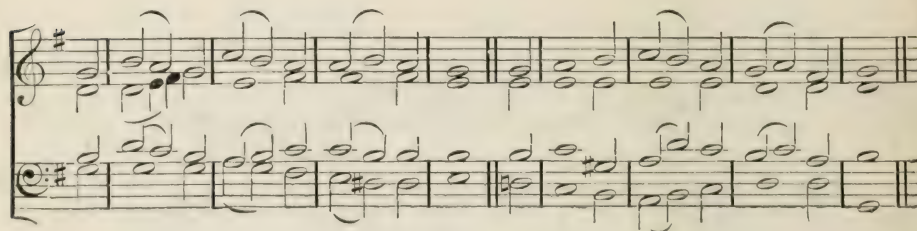
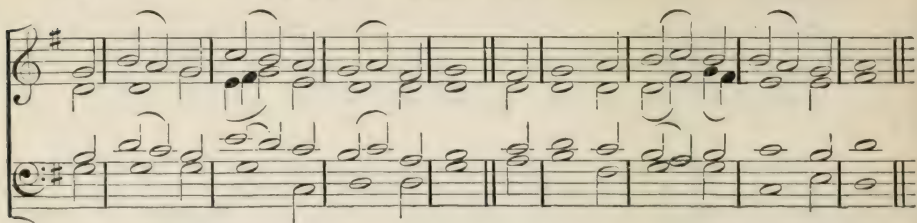
*f* All praise to GOD the FATHER be,  
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,  
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore  
For ever and for evermore.

And whither, LORD, Thy footsteps wend,  
The Virgins still with praise attend;  
For Thee they pour their sweetest song,  
And after Thee rejoicing throng.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 456. INTERCESSION.—L.M. ♩ = 76.



FOR A VIRGIN.

*"My Beloved is mine, and I am His."*

*p* **O** LAMB of God, Whose love Divine  
Draws Virgin-souls to follow Thee;  
*cr* And bids them earthly joys resign  
If so they may Thy beauty see;

*mf* The Saint of whom we sing to-day  
Was faithful to Thy loving call,  
And, casting other hopes away,  
Took Thee to be her God, her All.

To Thee she yielded up her will,  
Her heart was drawn to Thine above;  
Content if Thou wouldst deign to fill  
Thine handmaid with Thy perfect love.

*p* Beneath Thy Cross she loved to stand,  
Like Mary in Thy dying hour,  
That blessings from Thy pierced Hand  
*cr* Might clothe her with undying power;

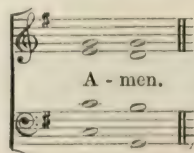
*mf* With power to win the crown of light  
For Virgin-souls laid up on high,  
And ready keep her lamp at night  
To hail the Bridegroom drawing nigh.

*p* And surely Thou at last didst come  
To end the sorrows of Thy bride,

*pp* And bear her to Thy peaceful home  
*cr* With Thee for ever to abide.

*f* All glory, JESU, for the grace  
That drew Thy Saint to follow Thee;

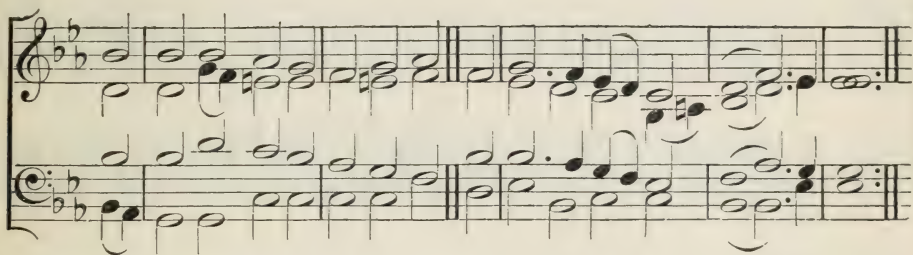
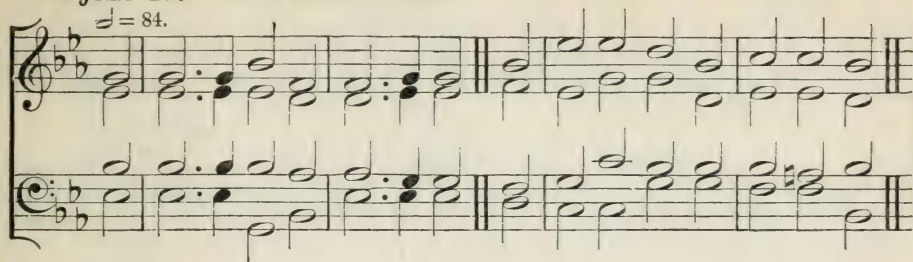
*p* Grant us too in Thy love a place  
Both now and through eternity.





# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 457. ST. PATRICK.—L.M.



*"Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies: the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."*

FOR A HOLY MATRON.

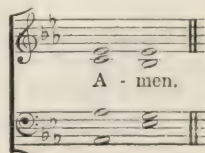
*mf* **H**OW blest the matron, who, endued  
With holy zeal and fortitude,  
Has won through grace a saintly fame,  
And owns a dear and honour'd name.

Such holy love inflamed her breast  
She would not seek on earth her rest,  
But, strong in faith and patience, trod  
The narrow way that leads to God.

*p* She learn'd, through fasting, to control  
The flesh that weigheth down the soul,  
*cr* And then, by prayer's sweet food sustain'd,  
To seek the joys she now has gain'd.

*mf* O CHRIST, from Whom all virtue springs,  
Who only doest wondrous things,  
To Thee, the King of Saints, we pray,  
Accept and bless Thy flock to-day.

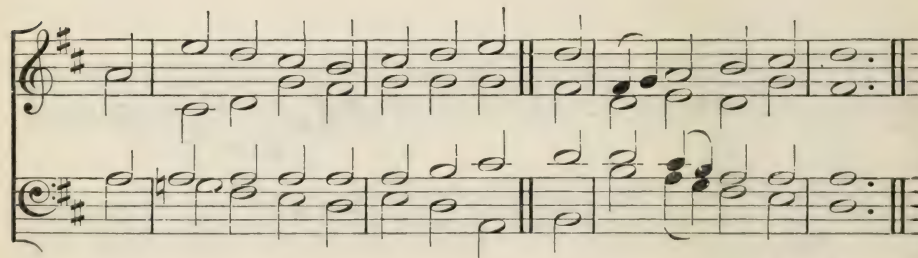
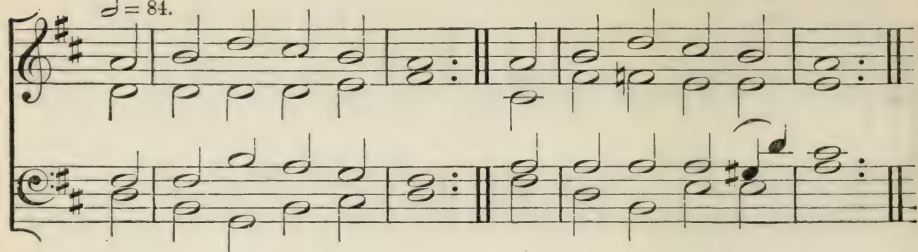
*f* All praise to GOD the FATHER be,  
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,  
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore  
For ever and for evermore.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 458. UTRECHT.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"I John, who also am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ."*

ST. JOHN BEFORE THE LATIN GATE.

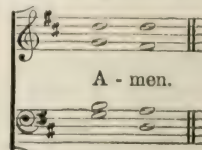
*mf* **A**N exile for the faith  
Of his Incarnate LORD,  
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,  
*cr* His soul in vision soar'd :

*mf* There saw in glory Him  
Who liveth, and was dead,  
There Judah's Lion, and the LAMB  
*p* That for our ransom bled :

*mf* There of the Kingdom learn'd  
The mysteries sublime ;  
*p* How, sown in Martyrs' blood, the faith  
*cr* Should spread from clime to clime.

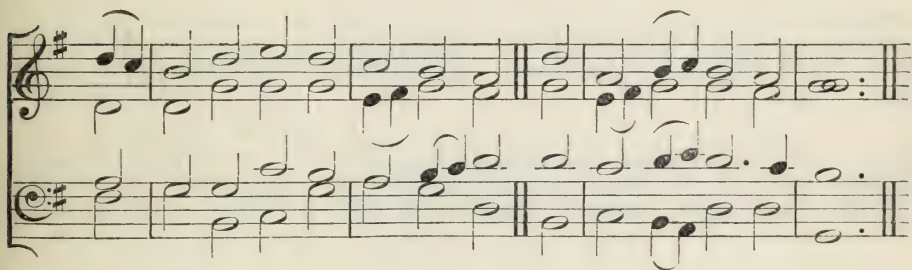
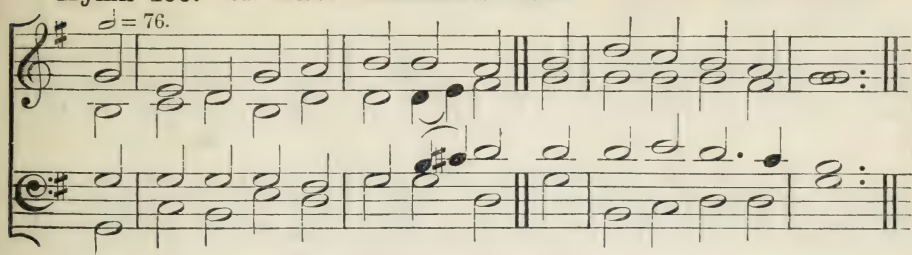
*p* LORD, give us grace, like him,  
In Thee to live and die ;  
*cr* To spurn the fleeting things of earth,  
And seek for joys on high.

*f* JESU, our risen LORD,  
We praise Thee and adore,  
Who art with GOD the FATHER ONE  
And SPIRIT evermore.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 459. ST. MARY MAGDALENE.—C.M.



*"Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils."*

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

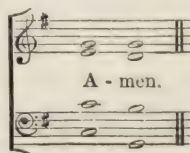
*mf* SON of the Highest, deign to cast  
On us a pitying eye,  
Thou Who repentant Magdalene  
Didst call to joys on high.

*cr* Absolve us by Thy gracious Word,  
Fulfil us with Thy love,  
And guide us through the storms of life  
To perfect rest above.

*mf* Thy long-lost coin is stored at length  
In treasure-house Divine,  
The jewel from pollution cleansed  
Doth now the stars outshine.

*f* All praise, all glory be to Thee,  
O everlasting Lord,  
Whose mercy doth our souls forgive,  
Whose bounty doth reward.

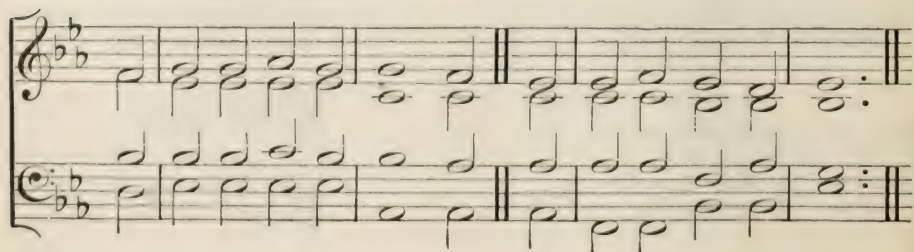
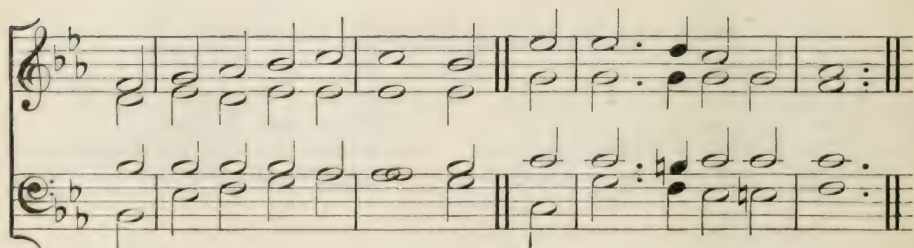
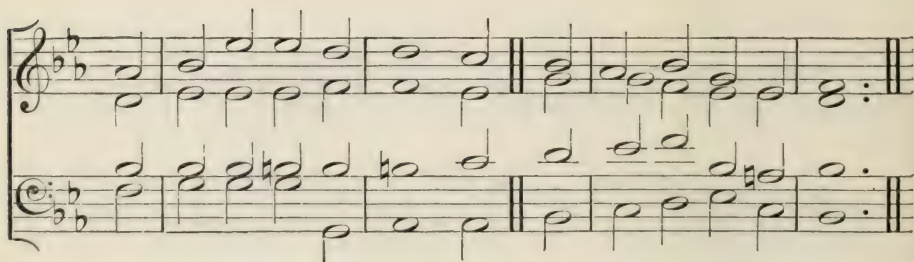
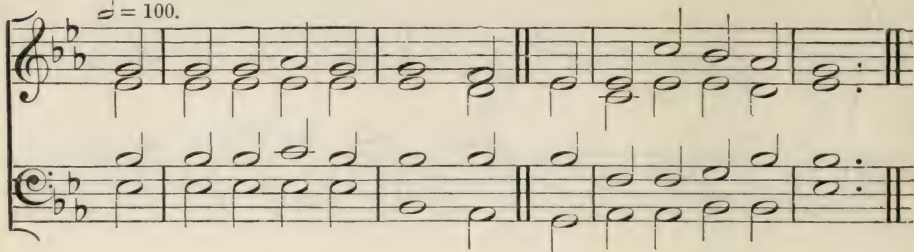
JESU, the balm of every wound,  
The sinner's only stay,  
Grant us, like Magdalene, to weep  
In this Thy mercy's day;



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 460. AURELIA.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 100.$





# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

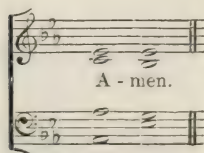
*"His Face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light."*

## THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD.

*f* IN days of old on Sinai  
The Lord Almighty came  
*cr* In majesty of terror,  
In thunder-cloud and flame :  
*mf* On Tabor, with the glory  
Of sunniest light for vest,  
The excellence of beauty  
In Jesus was express'd.

*p* All light created paled there,  
And did Him worship meet ;  
The sun itself adored Him,  
And bow'd before His Feet ;  
*cr* While Moses and Elias,  
Upon the Holy Mount,  
The co-eternal glory  
Of CHRIST our God recount.

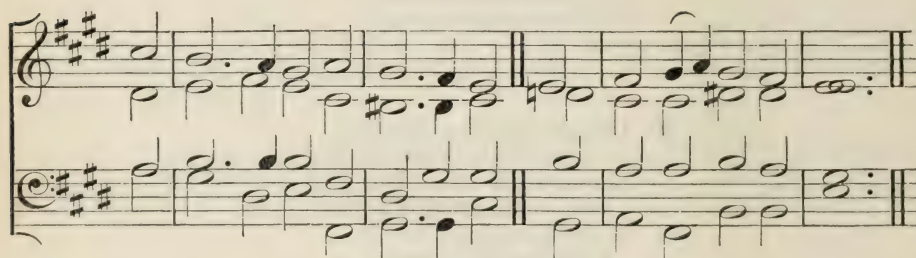
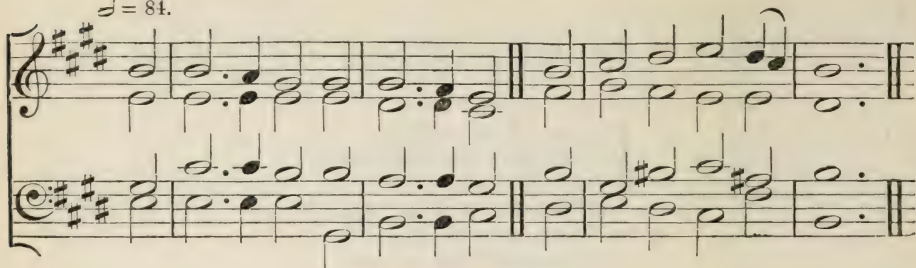
*p* O holy, wondrous vision !  
*cr* But what when, this life past,  
The beauty of Mount Tabor  
Shall end in Heav'n at last ?  
*f* But what when all the glory  
Of uncreated light  
Shall be the promised guerdon  
Of them that win the fight ?



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 461. SEMPER ASPECTEMUS.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



"Lord, it is good for us to be here."

THE TRANSFIGURATION OF OUR LORD.

*mf* **F**OR ever we would gaze on Thee,  
O LORD, upon the Mount;  
With Moses and Elias see  
*f* That light from Light's own Fount;

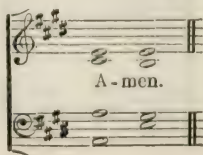
*mf* For ever with the chosen three  
Would stand upon that height,  
And in that blessed company  
Be plunged in pure delight.

For ever would we train the ear  
To that celestial Voice;  
*cr* In Thee, the SON of GOD, so near,  
For evermore rejoice.

*mf* Here would we pitch our constant tent,  
For ever here abide;  
And dwell in peace and full content,  
Dear Master, at Thy side.

*p* But no! not yet to man 'tis given  
To rest upon that height;  
'Tis but a passing glimpse of Heav'n;  
We must descend and fight.

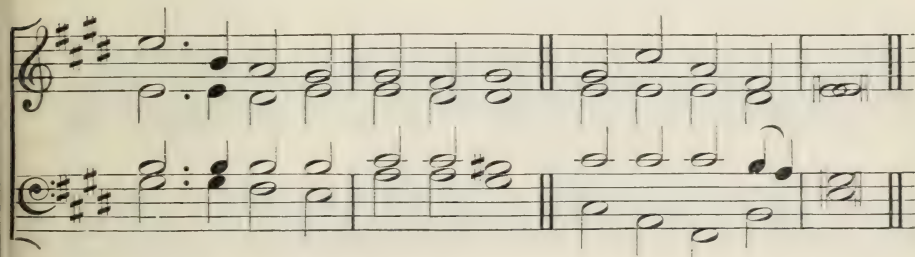
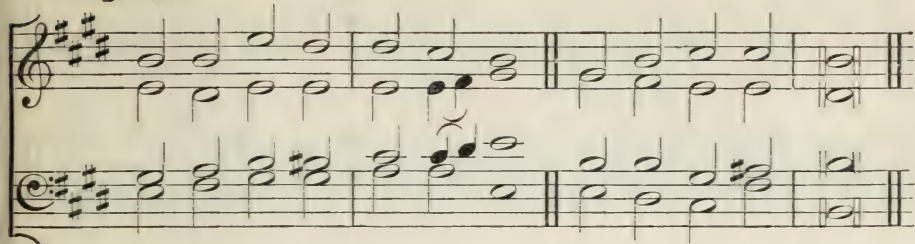
*mf* Beneath the Mount is toil and pain;  
*cr* O CHRIST, Thy strength impart;  
*f* Till we, transfigured too, shall reign  
For ever where Thou art.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 462. ST. NICOLAS.—7 5 7 5.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



"And Herod sent and beheaded John in the prison."

THE BEHEADING OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST.

*mf* **H**ERALD, in the wilderness  
Breaking up the road,  
Sinking mountains, raising plains,  
For the path of God;

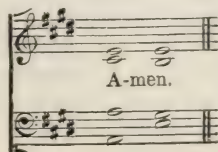
Prophet, to the multitudes  
Calling to repent,  
In the way of righteousness  
Unto Israel sent;

Messenger, God's chosen One  
Foremost to proclaim,  
Proffer'd titles passing by,  
Pointing to the LAMB;

Captive, for the word of truth  
Boldly witnessing;  
*dim* Then in Herod's dungeon-cave  
Faint and languishing;

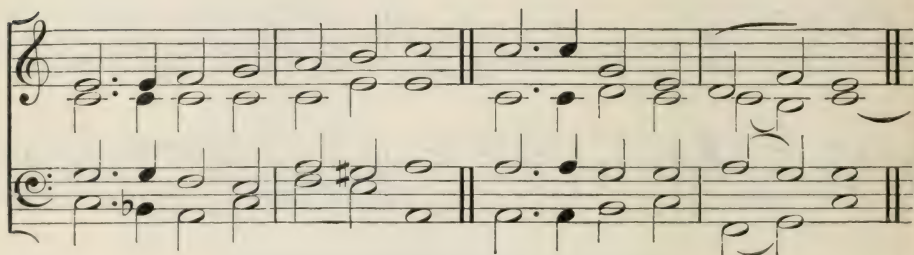
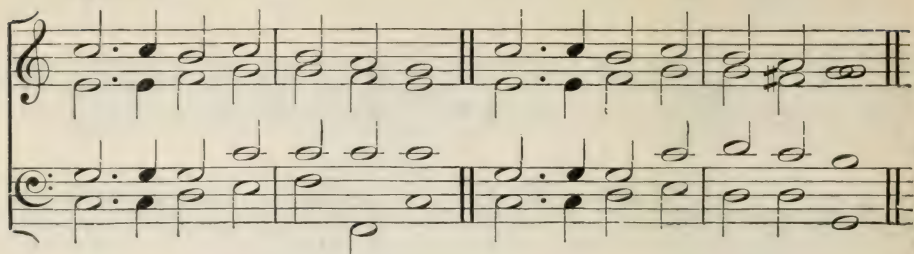
*p* Martyr, sacrificed to sin  
At that feast of shame;  
*cr* As his life foreshow'd the LORD,  
In his death the same—

*p* Holy Jesus, when He heard,  
Went apart to pray:  
*cr* Thus may we our lesson take  
From His Saint to-day.



# Litany of the Four Last Things.

Hymn 463.  $\text{♩} = 84$ .



*mf* GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
 GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
 Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,  
*p* Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

*p* Thou before Whose great white Throne  
 All our doings must be shown,  
 Pleading now for us Thine own,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* JESU, Life of those who die,  
 Advocate with GOD on high,  
 Hope of immortality,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou Whose Death was borne that we,  
 From the power of Satan free,  
 Might not die eternally,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou Whose Death to mortals gave  
 Power to triumph o'er the grave,  
 Living now from death to save,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

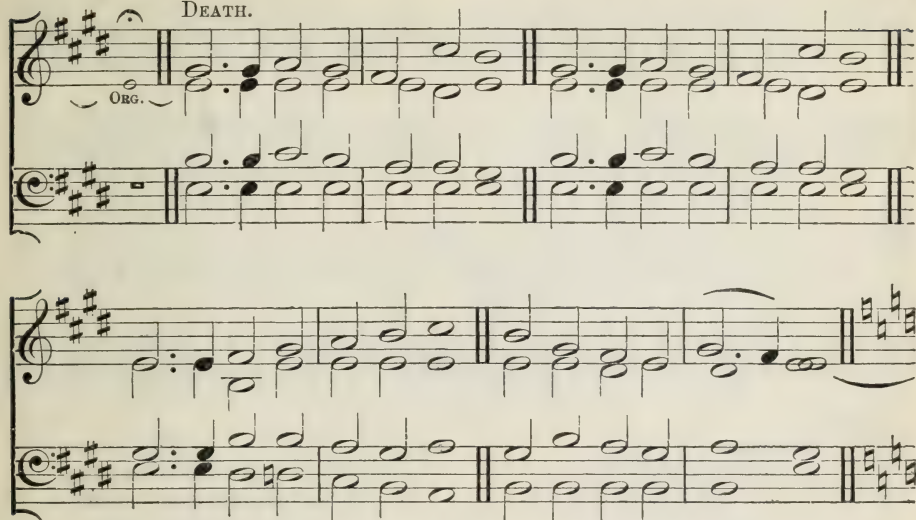
*mf* Thou Who dost a place prepare,  
 That in heavenly mansions fair  
 Sinners may Thy glory share,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU,



# Litany of the Four Last Things.

♩ = 60.

DEATH.



DEATH.

*p* We are dying day by day;  
Soon from earth we pass away;  
LORD of life, to Thee we pray :  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Ere we hear the Angel's call,  
And the shadows round us fall,  
*cr* Be our SAVIOUR, be our All :  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* Wean our hearts from things below,  
Make us all Thy love to know,  
Guard us from our ghostly foe :  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

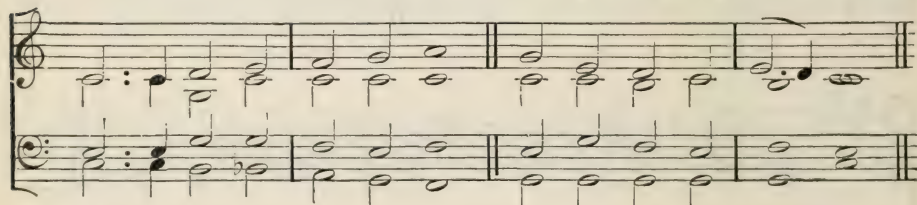
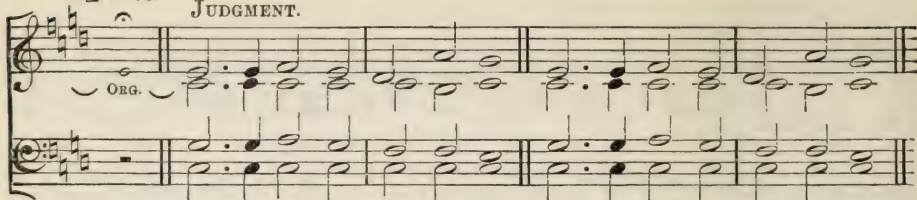
*p* Shelter us with Angel's wing,  
To our souls Thy pardon bring;  
So shall death have lost its sting :  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

In the gloom Thy light provide;  
Safely through the valley guide;  
Thee we trust, for Thou hast died :  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

# Litany of the Four Last Things.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

## JUDGMENT.



### JUDGMENT.

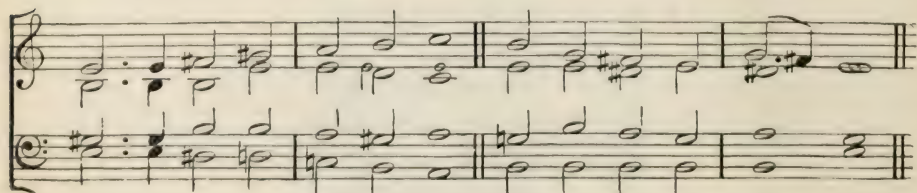
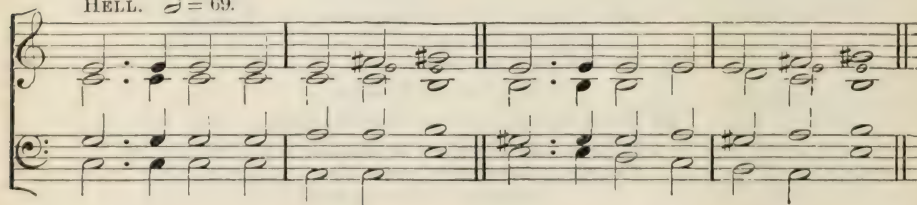
*p* When Thy summons we obey  
On the dreadful Judgment Day,  
Let not fear our soul dismay :  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* May we see Thee on Thy Throne  
As the SAVIOUR we have known,  
And have follow'd as our own :  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*cr* While the lost in terror fly,  
May we see with joyful eye  
Our Redemption drawing nigh :  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

May we then, among the blest  
Who Thy Name on earth confess'd,  
Hear Thee calling us to rest :  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

HELL.  $\text{♩} = 69.$



# Litany of the Four Last Things.

## HELL.

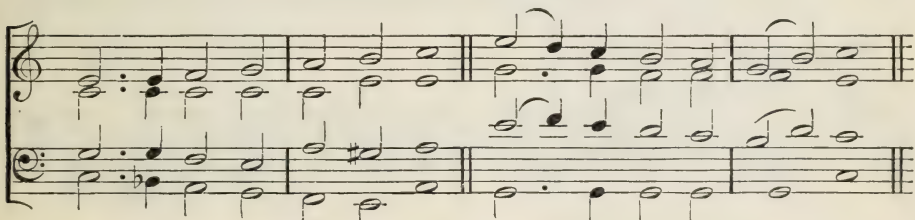
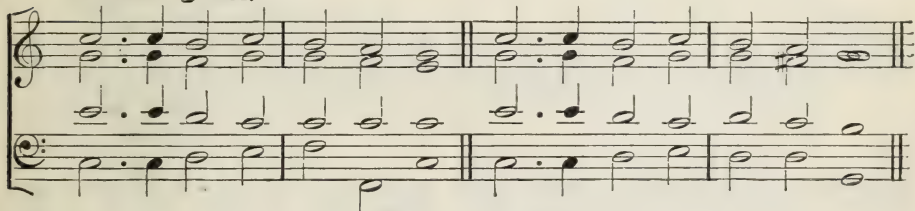
*p* From the awful place of doom,  
Where in rayless outer gloom  
Dead souls lie as in a tomb,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

From the unknown agonies  
Of the soul that helpless lies,  
From the worm that never dies,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

From the black, the dull despair  
Ruin'd men and angels share,  
From the dread companions there,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

From the lusts that none can tame,  
From the fierce mysterious flame,  
From the everlasting shame,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

HEAVEN.  $\text{♩} = 84.$



## HEAVEN.

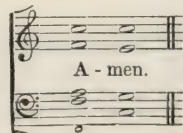
*f* Where Thy Saints in glory reign,  
Free from sorrow, free from pain,  
Pure from every guilty stain,  
Bring us, Holy JESU.

Where in wondrous light are shown  
All Thy dealings with Thine own,  
Who shall know as they are known,  
Bring us, Holy JESU.

*mf* Where the captives find release,  
Where all foes from troubling cease,  
Where the weary rest in peace,  
Bring us, Holy JESU.

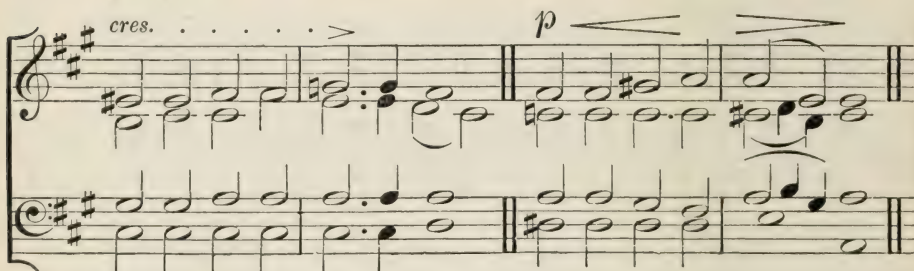
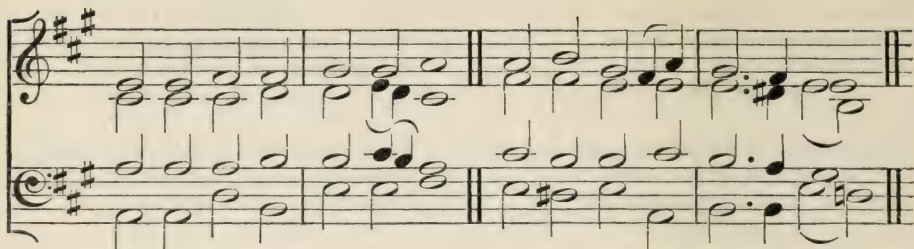
*f* Where, with loved ones gone before,  
We may love Thee and adore  
In Thy Presence evermore,  
Bring us, Holy JESU.

*cr* Where the pleasures never cloy,  
Where in Angels' holy joy  
Thy redeem'd their powers employ,  
Bring us, Holy JESU.



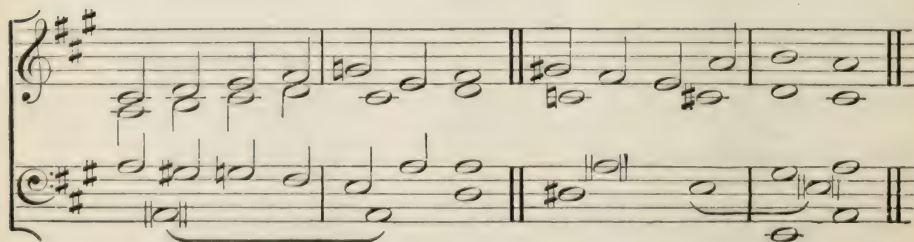
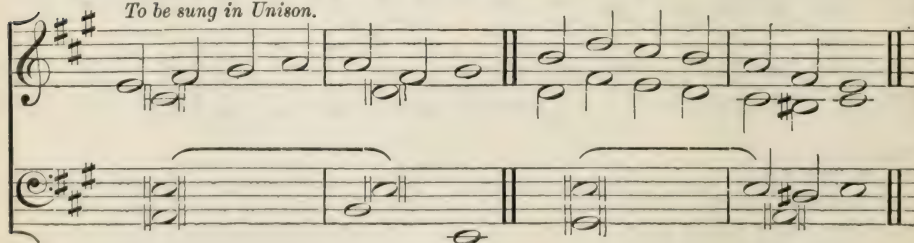
# Litany of the Incarnate Word.

Hymn 464. (First Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 84$ .



Hymn 464. (Second Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 92$ .

*To be sung in Unison.*





# Litany of the Incarnate Word.

*f* GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,  
*p* Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

*f* SON of GOD, for man decreed  
To be born the woman's Seed,  
Very GOD and Man indeed,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou Whose Wisdom all things plann'd,  
Held by Whose Almighty Hand  
All things in their order stand,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

GOD with us, Emmanuel,  
Coming here as Man to dwell,  
Saving us when Adam fell,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

SAVIOUR, full of truth and grace,  
Leaving Thine eternal place  
To restore our fallen race,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Image of the GOD unseen,  
Still what Thou hadst ever been,  
Though in form of Infant mean,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

WORD, by Whom the worlds were made,  
In a lowly manger laid,  
Taught on earth an humble trade,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, led by love to share  
All the forms of grief and care,  
That we sinful mortals bear,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* Good Physician, come to cure  
All the ills that men endure,  
And to make our nature pure,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*p* Man of Sorrows, weak and worn  
With Thy woes for sinners borne,  
Lest we should for ever mourn,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

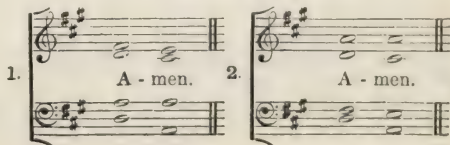
*mf* Shepherd, Who Thy watch dost keep,  
Guarding still Thy chosen sheep  
From the spoiler's malice deep,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*p* LAMB, from earth's foundation slain,  
By Whose bitter stripes of pain  
We are freed from guilty stain,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* Only Victim we can plead,  
Our High Priest to intercede,  
Advocate in all our need,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

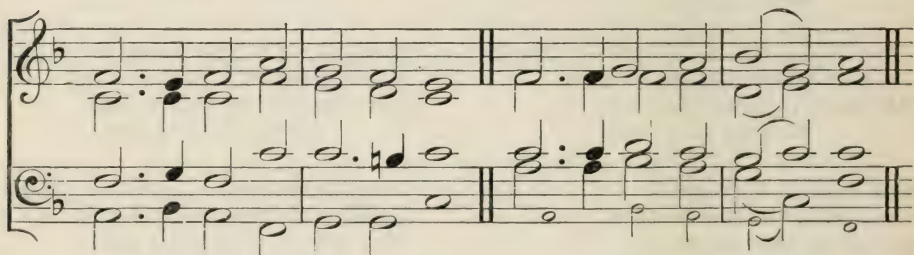
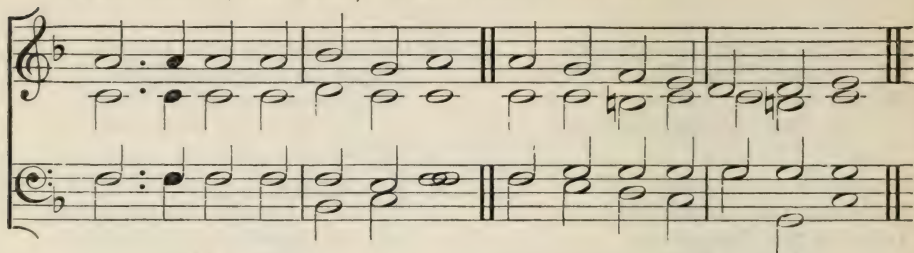
Standing now before the Throne,  
Pleading that which can alone  
For the sin of man atone,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Only Hope of those who pray,  
Only Help while here we stay,  
Life of those who pass away,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

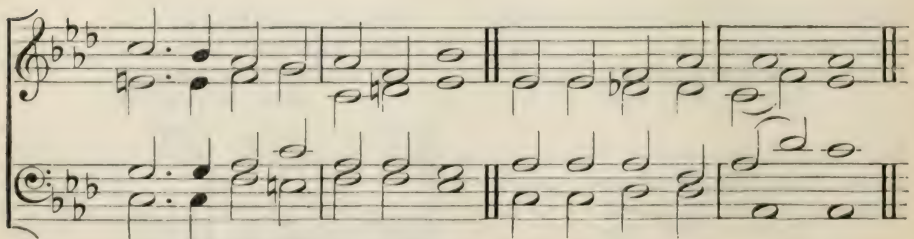
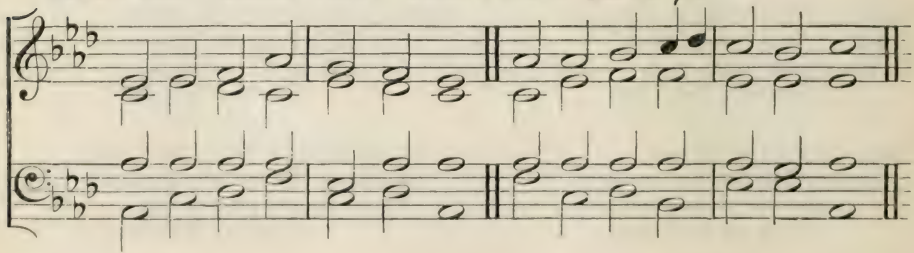


# Litanies of Penitence.

Hymn 465. (*First Tune.*) PARTS 1 and 3. ♩ = 92.



Hymn 465. (*Second Tune.*) PARTS 1 and 3. ♩ = 92.



*For the music of Part 2 see next music page.*

# Vitanies of Penitence.

## No. 1. PART 1.

*mf* **G**OD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,  
*p* Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

FATHER, hear Thy children's call :  
Humbly at Thy feet we fall,  
Prodigals, confessing all :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

CHRIST, beneath Thy Cross we blame  
All our life of sin and shame,  
Penitent we breathe Thy Name :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

HOLY SPIRIT, grieved and tried,  
Oft forgotten and defied,  
Now we mourn our stubborn pride :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* LOVE, that caused us first to be,  
*p* LOVE, that bled upon the Tree,  
*cr* LOVE, that draws us lovingly :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*p* We Thy call have disobey'd,  
Into paths of sin have stray'd,  
And repentance have delay'd :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Sick, we come to Thee for cure,  
Guilty, seek Thy mercy sure,  
Evil, long to be made pure :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Blind, we pray that we may see,  
Bound, we pray to be made free,  
Stain'd, we pray for sanctity :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* Thou Who hear'st each contrite sigh,  
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,  
Willing not that one should die,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

**PART 3.\***  
*p* Teach us what Thy love has borne,  
That with loving sorrow torn  
Truly contrite we may mourn :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* Gifts of light and grace bestow,  
Help us to resist the foe,  
Fearing what alone is woe :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Let not sin within us reign,  
May we gladly suffer pain,  
If it purge away our stain :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

May we to all evil die,  
Fleshly longings crucify,  
Fix our hearts and thoughts on high :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

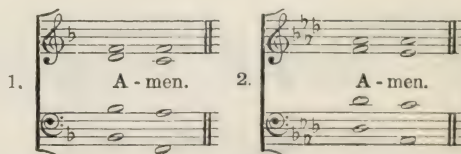
Grant us faith to know Thee near,  
Hail Thy grace, Thy judgment fear,  
And through trial persevere :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Grant us hope from earth to rise,  
And to strain with eager eyes  
Towards the promised heavenly prize :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

Grant us love Thy love to own,  
Love to live for Thee alone,  
And the power of grace make known :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

All our weak endeavours bless,  
As we ever onward press,  
Till we perfect holiness :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

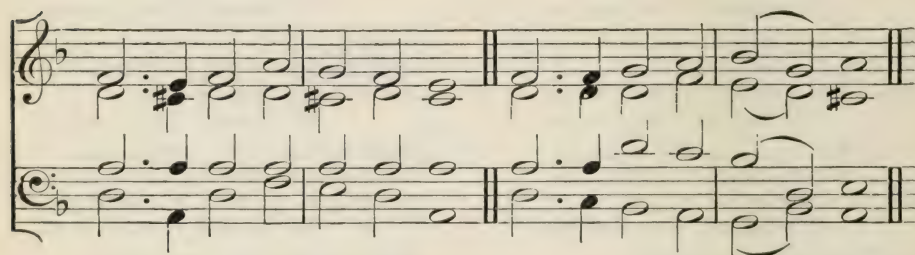
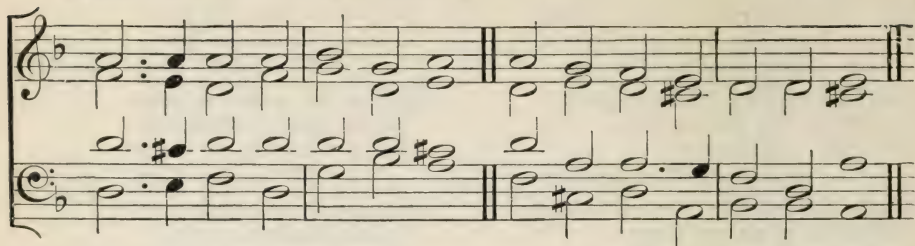
*cr* Lead us daily nearer Thee,  
Till at last Thy Face we see,  
Crown'd with Thine own purity :  
We beseech Thee, hear us.



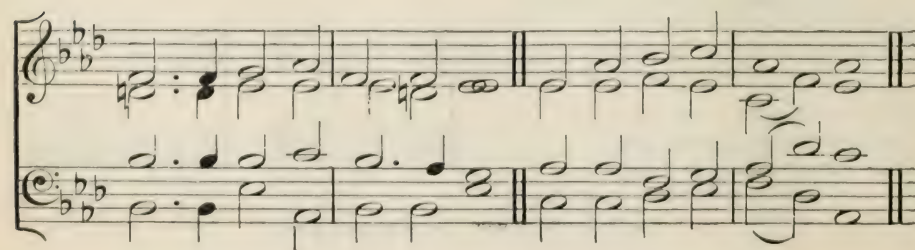
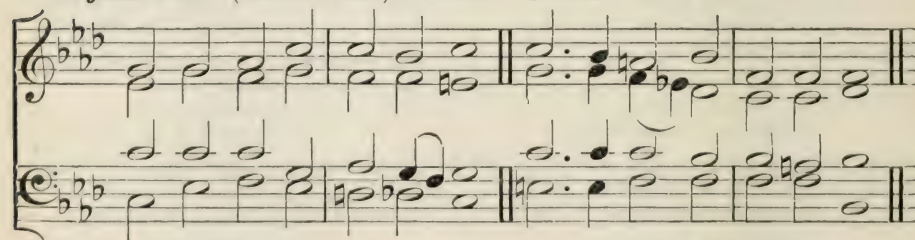
\* For the words of Part 2 see next word page.

# Litanies of Penitence.

Hymn 465. (*First Tune.*) PART 2. ♩ = 92.



Hymn 465. (*Second Tune.*) PART 2. ♩ = 92.





# Litanies of Penitence.

## PART 2.\*

*mf* By the gracious saving call  
Spoken tenderly to all  
Who have shared in Adam's fall,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*p* By the nature Jesus wore,  
By the Stripes and Death He bore,  
*cr* By His Life for evermore,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

*mf* By the love that longs to bless,  
Pitying our sore distress,  
Leading us to holiness,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love so calm and strong,  
Patient still to suffer wrong  
And our day of grace prolong,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

By the love that speaks within,  
Calling us to flee from sin  
And the joy of goodness win,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

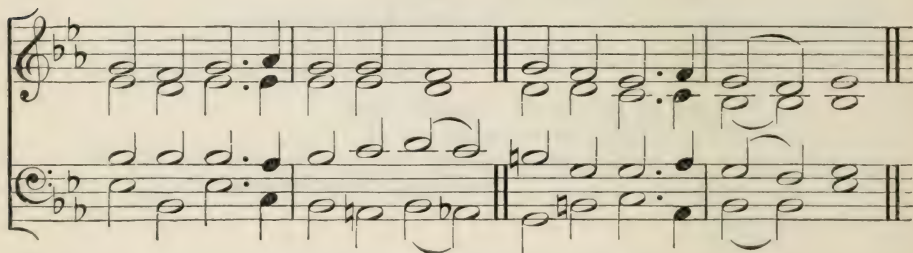
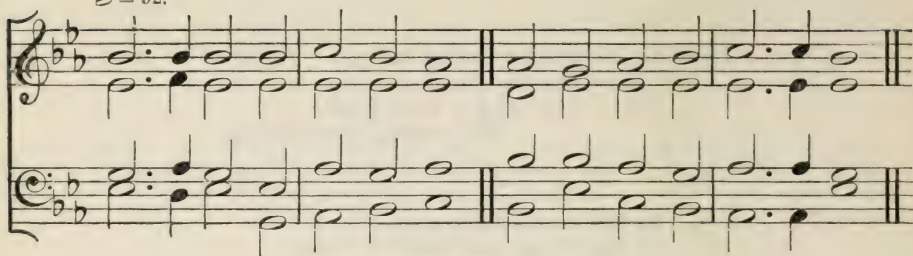
By the love that bids Thee spare,  
*cr* By the Heav'n Thou dost prepare,  
By Thy promises to prayer,  
We beseech Thee, hear us.

\* For the words and music of Part 3 see the two preceding pages.

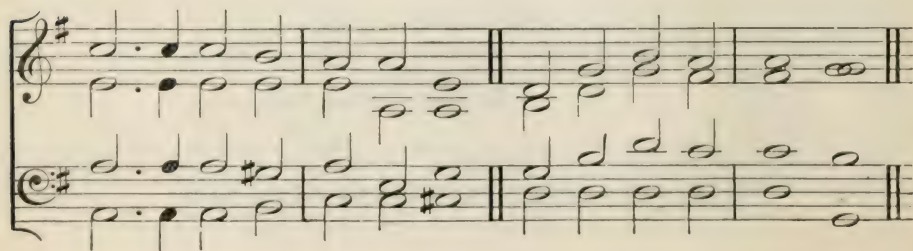
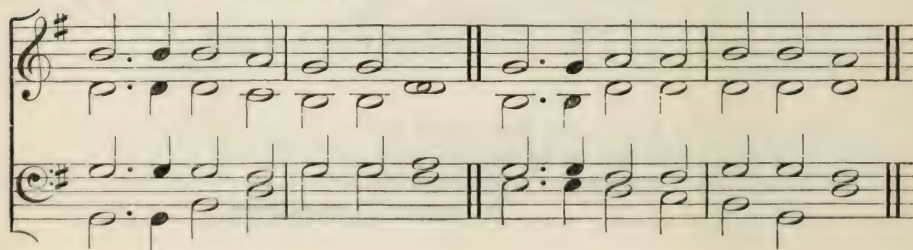
# Litanies of Penitence.

## Hymn 466. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 92.$



## Hymn 466. (*Second Tune.*) $\text{♩} = 92.$



# Litanies of Penitence.

No. 2.

*mf* **G**OD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,  
*p* Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

Thou Who leaving Crown and Throne  
Camest here, an outcast lone,  
That Thou mightest save Thine own,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* Thou with sinners wont to eat,  
Who with loving Words didst greet  
Mary weeping at Thy Feet,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou Whose sadden'd look did chide  
Peter when he thrice denied,  
Till with bitter tears he cried,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou Who hanging on the Tree  
To the thief saidst, "Thou shalt be  
To-day in Paradise with Me,"  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*p* Thou, despised, denied, refused,  
And for man's transgressions bruised,  
Sinless, yet of sin accused,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* Thou Who on the Cross didst reign,  
Dying there in bitter pain,  
Cleansing with Thy Blood our stain,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Shepherd of the straying sheep,  
Comforter of them that weep,  
Hear us crying from the deep,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

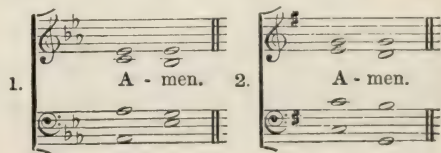
That in Thy pure innocence  
We may wash our souls' offence,  
And find truest penitence,  
We beseech Thee, JESU.

That we give to sin no place,  
That we never quench Thy grace,  
That we ever seek Thy Face,  
We beseech Thee, JESU.

That denying evil lust,  
Living godly, meek, and just,  
In Thee only we may trust,  
We beseech Thee, JESU.

That to sin for ever dead  
We may live to Thee instead,  
And the narrow pathway tread,  
We beseech Thee, JESU.

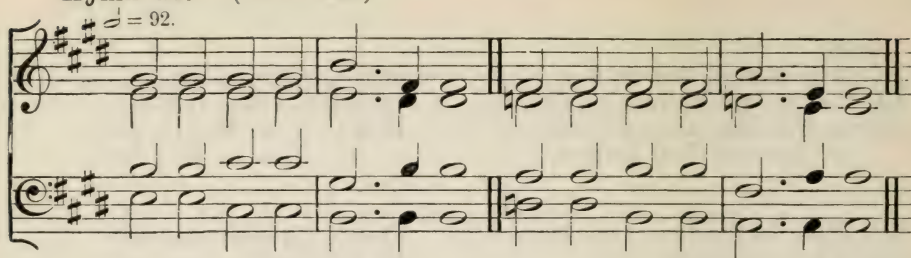
*f* When shall end the battle sore,  
When our pilgrimage is o'er,  
*p* Grant Thy peace for evermore,  
We beseech Thee, JESU.



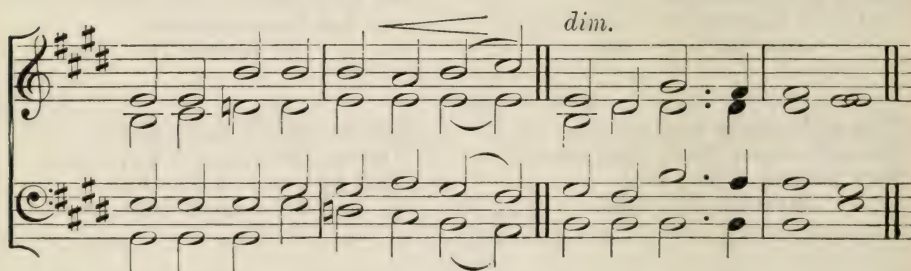
# Litany of the Passion.

## Hymn 467. (First Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 92.$

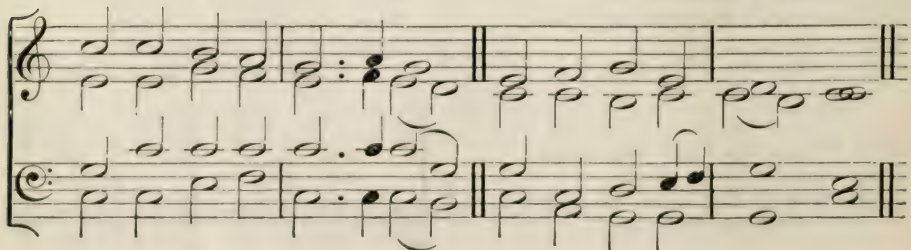
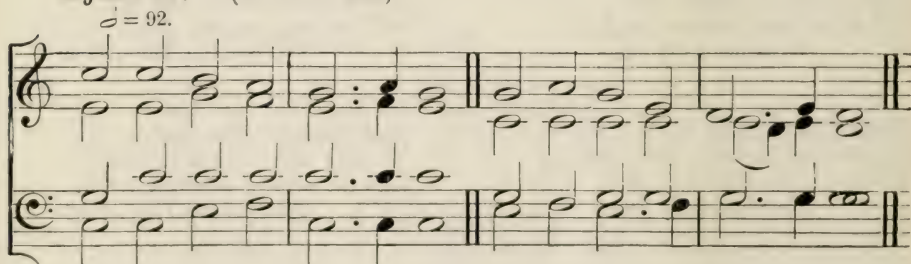


*dim.*



## Hymn 467. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# Litany of the Passion.

*mf* GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,  
*p* Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

JESU, Who for us didst bear  
Scorn and sorrow, toil and care,  
Hearken to our lowly prayer;  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*pp* By that hour of Agony,  
Spent while Thine Apostles three  
Slumber'd in Gethsemane,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*cr* By the prayer Thou thrice didst pray  
That the cup might pass away,  
So Thou mightest still obey,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*p* By the kiss of treachery  
To Thy foes betraying Thee,  
By Thy harsh captivity,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

By the scourging Thou hast borne,  
By the purple robe of scorn,  
By the reed and crown of thorn,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

By the insult of the Jews,  
When Barabbas they would choose  
And did Thee their King refuse,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

By Thy going forth to die,  
When they raised the wicked cry,  
"Crucify Him, crucify!"  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

By the Cross which Thou didst bear,  
By the cup they bade Thee share,  
Mingled gall and vinegar,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

By Thy nailing to the Tree,  
By the title over Thee,  
By the gloom of Calvary,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

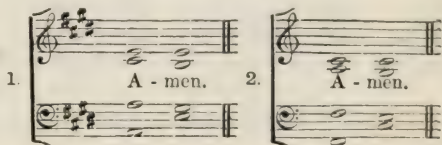
By the parting of Thy clothes,  
By the mocking of Thy foes,  
As they watch'd Thy dying woes,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

By Thy seven Words then said,  
*pp* By the bowing of Thy Head,  
By Thy numbering with the dead,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* When temptation sore is rife,  
When we faint amidst the strife,  
Thou, Whose Death hath been our life,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

While on stormy seas we toss,  
Let us count all things as loss  
But Thee only on Thy Cross :  
Save us, Holy JESU.

*p* So, with hope in Thee made fast,  
*cr* When death's bitterness is past  
We may see Thy Face at last :  
Save us, Holy JESU.

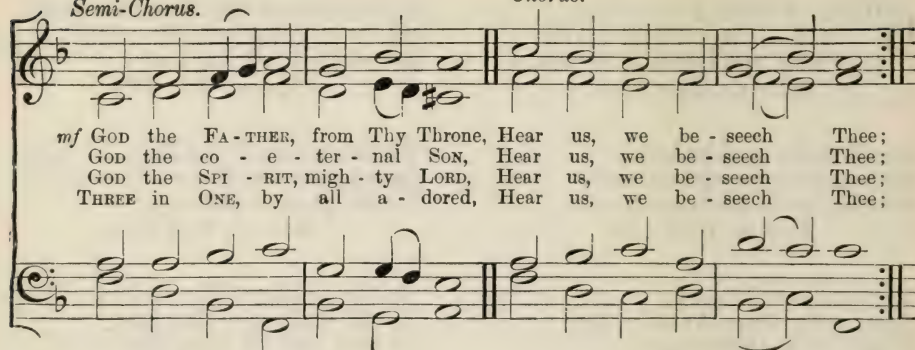


# Litany for the Rogation Days.

Hymn 468. ♩ = 84.

*Semi-Chorus.*

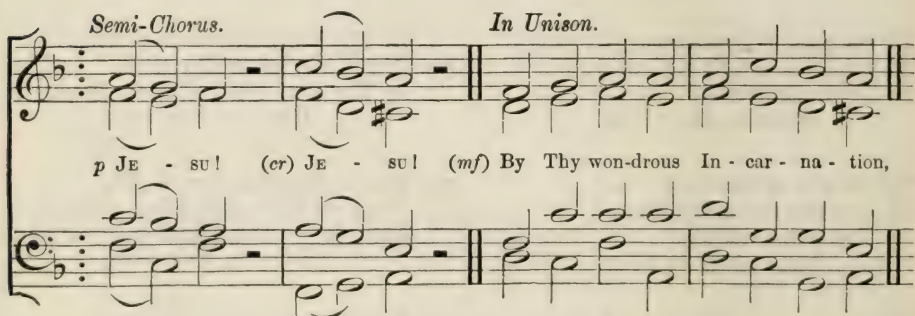
*Chorus.*



*mf* GOD the FA-THER, from Thy Throne, Hear us, we be - seech Thee;  
 GOD the co - e - ter - nal SON, Hear us, we be - seech Thee;  
 GOD the SPI - RIT, migh - ty LORD, Hear us, we be - seech Thee;  
 THREE in ONE, by all a - dored, Hear us, we be - seech Thee;

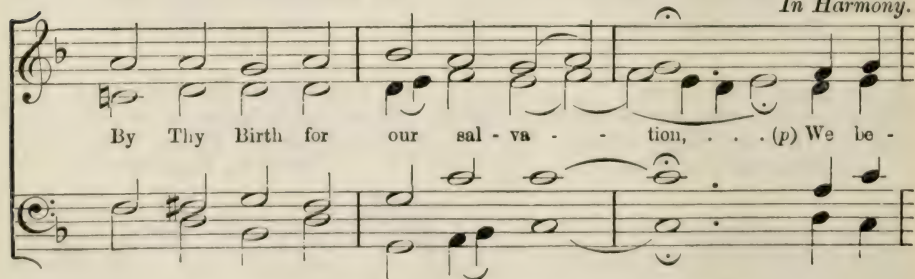
*Semi-Chorus.*

*In Unison.*



*p* JE - su! (*cr*) JE - su! (*mf*) By Thy won-drous In - car - na - tion,

*Chorus.*  
*In Harmony.*



By Thy Birth for our sal - va - - tion, . . . (*p*) We be -

*This Litany may also be sung in any time of special supplication.*

# Litany for the Rogation Days.

*cres.* *mf*

- - seech Thee, we be - seech Thee, From ev' - ry ill de - fend us,

Thy grace and mer - cy send . . . us. A - men.

JESU ! JESU !

*mf* By Thy Fasting and Temptation,  
By Thy nights of supplication,  
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,  
*mf* From every ill defend us,  
Thy grace and mercy send us.

JESU ! JESU !

*mf* By Thy works of sweet compassion,  
By Thy Cross and bitter Passion,  
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,  
*mf* From every ill defend us,  
Thy grace and mercy send us.

JESU ! JESU !

*mf* By Thy Blood for sinners flowing,  
By Thy Death true life bestowing,  
We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,  
*mf* From every ill defend us,  
Thy grace and mercy send us

*p* JESU ! JESU !

*f* By Thy glorious Resurrection,  
Earnest of our own perfection,  
*p* We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,  
*mf* From every ill defend us,  
Thy grace and mercy send us.

*p* JESU ! JESU !

*f* To the FATHER's Throne ascended,  
All Thy pain and sorrows ended,  
*p* We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,  
*mf* From every ill defend us,  
Thy grace and mercy send us.

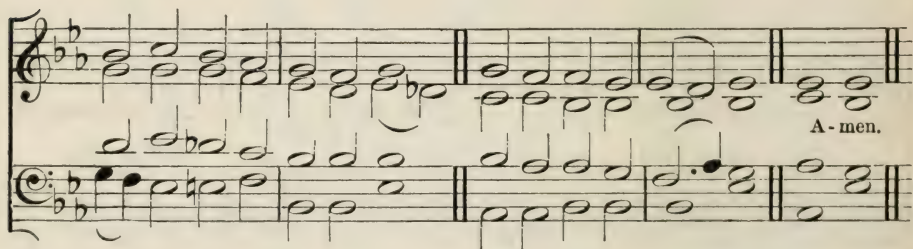
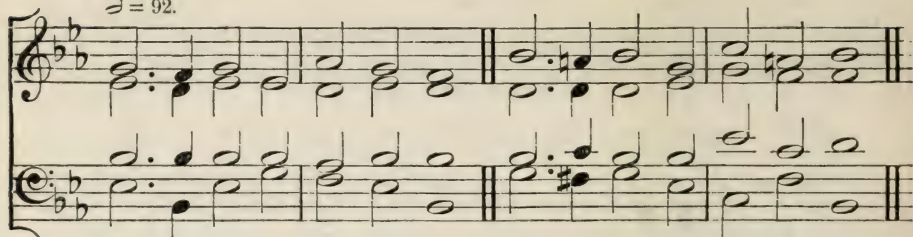
*p* JESU ! JESU !

*mf* Advocate for sinners pleading,  
With the FATHER interceding,  
*p* We beseech Thee, we beseech Thee,  
*mf* From every ill defend us,  
Thy grace and mercy send us

# Vitany of Jesus Glorified.

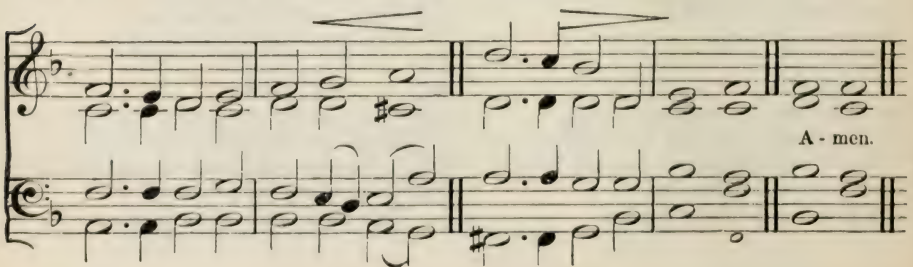
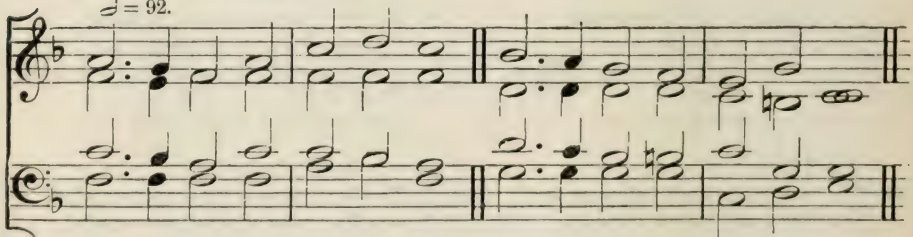
## Hymn 469. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 92.$



## Hymn 469. (*Second Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# Litany of Jesus Glorified.

*mf* GOD the FATHER, throned on high,  
SAVIOUR, Who didst come to die,  
SPIRIT, Who dost sanctify,  
*p* Save us, Holy TRINITY.

*mf* JESU, Prince of life and light,  
Dwelling now in glory bright,  
Ruling all things by Thy might,  
*p* Hear us, Holy JESU.

*er* Thou Whose Death did death destroy,  
Who through pain didst pass to joy  
Endless and without alloy,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*f* Thou Who didst to Heav'n ascend  
Still to be the sinner's Friend,  
Still Thy people to defend,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, raised to God's right hand,  
Round Whose Throne the Angel band  
Waits Thy Word of dread command,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou Who dost the Sceptre bear  
And in Heav'n a place prepare  
That we may be with Thee there,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou Who must in glory reign,  
Conqueror of sin and pain,  
Till no enemy remain,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*f* JESU, Who art glorified  
In the very Flesh that died,  
With the pierc'd Hands and Side,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*f* JESU, though enthroned on high,  
Still for our infirmity  
Touch'd with human sympathy,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, in our time of need  
Our High Priest to intercede,  
Living still Thy Death to plead,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, able to bestow  
On Thy struggling Church below  
More than we can ask or know,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Who to Heav'n upborne  
Didst not leave Thy Church to mourn,  
*p* Orphan'd, comfortless, forlorn,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* Thou Who, still our Saviour Friend,  
Didst the HOLY SPIRIT send  
To be with us to the end,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*p* JESU, Who Thy Flesh and Blood,  
Offer'd once upon the Rood,  
Givest for Thy children's Food,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* Only Balm for souls distress'd,  
Happiness of all the bless'd,  
Peace of those who long for rest,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*f* Thou Who, as Thou once didst rise,  
Shalt be seen by human eyes  
Coming through the parted skies,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*p* Thou Who then on quick and dead,  
All for whom Thy Blood was shed,  
Shalt pronounce the judgment dread,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* JESU, God's Incarnate Son,  
By Thy work for sinners done,  
By the gifts for sinners won,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

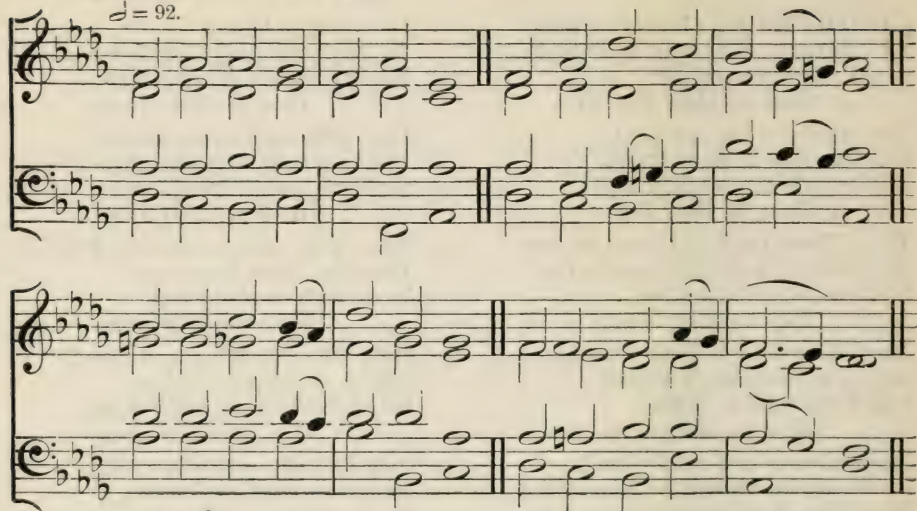
That while pilgrims toiling here  
We Thy Name may love and fear,  
And to death may persevere,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*er* That when earthly toil is o'er  
We, in rest for evermore,  
May behold Thee and adore,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

# Litany of the Holy Ghost.

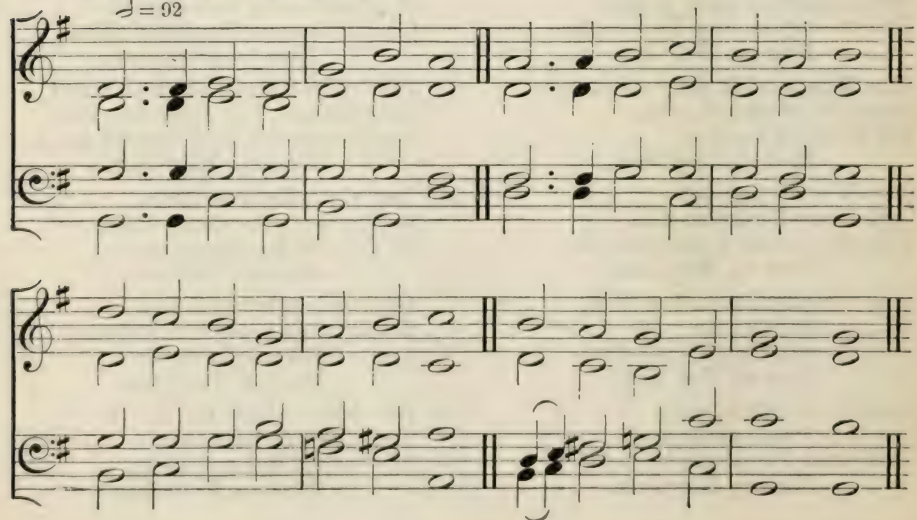
## Hymn 470. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 92.$



## Hymn 470. (*Second Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 92$



# Litany of the Holy Ghost.

*mf* GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
 GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
 Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,  
*p* Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

*mf* HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,  
 Dew descending from above,  
 Breath of life, and Fire of love,  
*p* Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Source of strength, of knowledge clear,  
 Wisdom, godliness sincere,  
 Understanding, counsel, fear,  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Source of meekness, love, and peace,  
 Patience, pureness, faith's increase,  
 Hope and joy that cannot cease,  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

*cr* SPIRIT guiding us aright,  
 SPIRIT making darkness light,  
 SPIRIT of resistless might,  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

*p* Thou by Whom the Virgin bore  
 Him Whom heaven and earth adore,  
 Sent our nature to restore,  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

*mf* Thou Whom JESUS from His Throne  
 Gave to cheer and help His own,  
 That they might not be alone,  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT

COMFORTER, to Whom we owe  
 All that we rejoice to know  
 Of our Saviour's work below,  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Thou Whose sound Apostles heard,  
 Thou Whose power their spirit stirr'd,  
 Giving them the living Word,  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,  
 Showing her God's perfect Will,  
 Making JESUS present still,  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Coming with Thy power to save,  
 Moving on Baptismal wave,  
 Raising us from sin's dark grave,  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

*p* All our evil passions kill,  
 Bend aright our stubborn will,  
 Though we grieve Thee, patient still;  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

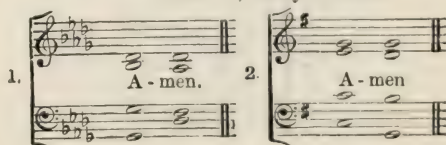
*mf* Come to raise us when we fall,  
 And, when snares our souls enthrall,  
 Lead us back with gentle call;  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Come to strengthen all the weak,  
 Give Thy courage to the meek,  
 Teach our faltering tongues to speak;  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Come to aid the souls who yearn  
 More of truth Divine to learn,  
 And with deeper love to burn;  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Keep us in the narrow way,  
 Warn us when we go astray,  
 Plead within us when we pray;  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

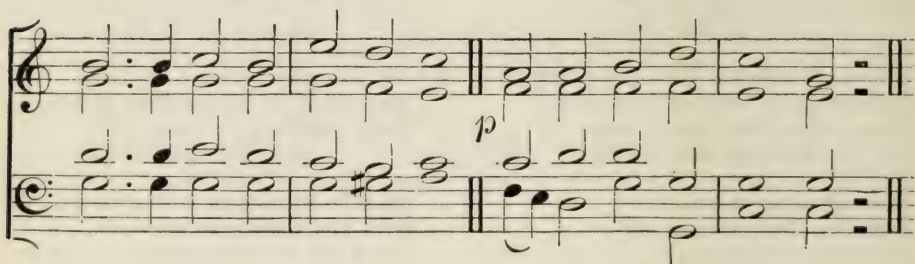
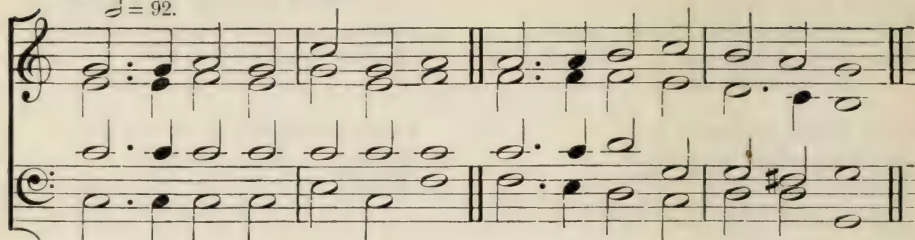
*cr* Holy, loving, as Thou art,  
 All Thy sevenfold gifts impart,  
 Nevermore from us depart;  
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.



# Litany of the Church.

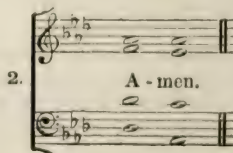
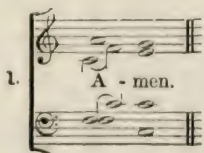
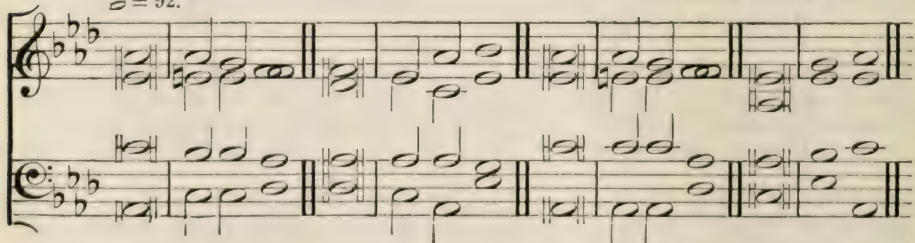
## Hymn 471. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 92.$



## Hymn 471. (*Second Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# Litany of the Church.

*mf* GOD the FATHER, GÓD the SON,  
 GOD the SPIRIT, THRÉE in ONE,  
 Hear us from Thy héavenly Throne,  
*p* Spare us, Holy TRÍNITY.

*mf* JESU, with Thy Chùrch abide,  
 Be her SAVIOUR, LÓRD, and Guide,  
 While on earth her fáith is tried :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

Arms of love aróund her throw,  
 Shield her safe from évery foe,  
*im* Comfort her in time of woe :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

*mf* Keep her life and dóctrine pure,  
 Grant her patience tó endure,  
 Trusting in Thy prómise sure :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

May her voice be éver clear,  
 Warning of a júdgment near,  
 Telling of a Sáviour dear :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

All her fetter'd pówers release,  
 Bid our strife and énvý cease,  
 Grant the heavenly gift of peace :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

All that she has lóst restore,  
 May her strength and zéal be more  
 Than in brightest dáys of yore :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

May she one in dóctrine be,  
 One in truth and chárity,  
 Winning all to fáith in Thee :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

May she guide the póor and blind,  
 Seek the lost until she find,  
 And the broken-héarted bind :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

Save her love from grówing cold,  
 Make her watchmen stróng and bold,  
 Fence her round, Thy péaceful fold :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

May her Priests Thy péople feed,  
 Shepherds of the flock indeed,  
 Ready, where Thou cáll'st, to lead :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

*p* Judge her not for wórk undone,  
 Judge her not for fields unwon,  
*cr* Bless her works in Thée begun :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

*p* For the past give déeper shame,  
*cr* Make her jealous fór Thy Name,  
 Kindle zeal's most hóly flame :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

*f* Raise her to her cálling high,  
 Let the nations fár and nigh  
 Hear Thy heralds' wárning cry :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

May her lamp of trùth be bright,  
 Bid her bear aloft its light  
 Through the realms of héathen night :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

*mf* May her scatter'd children be  
 From reproach of évil free,  
 Blameless witnessés for Thee :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

Arm her soldiers with the Cross,  
 Brave to suffer tóil or loss,  
 Counting earthly gáin but dross :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

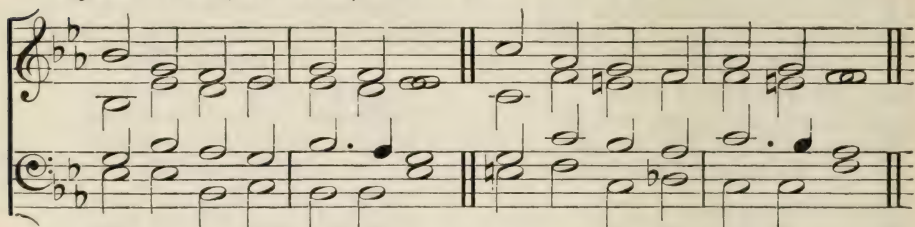
*cr* May she holy triúmphs win,  
 Overthrow the hósts of sin,  
 Gather all the nátions in :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

*f* May she soon all glórious be,  
 Spotless and from wrinkle free,  
 Pure, and bright, and wóorthy Thee :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

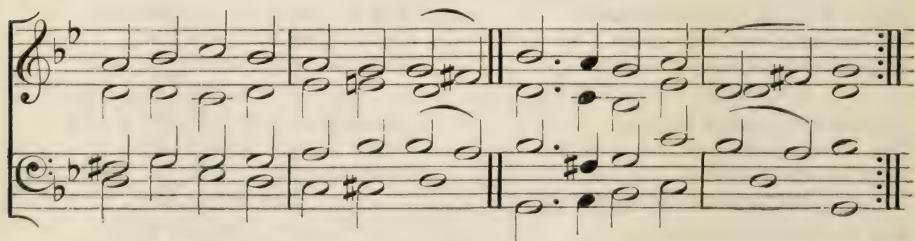
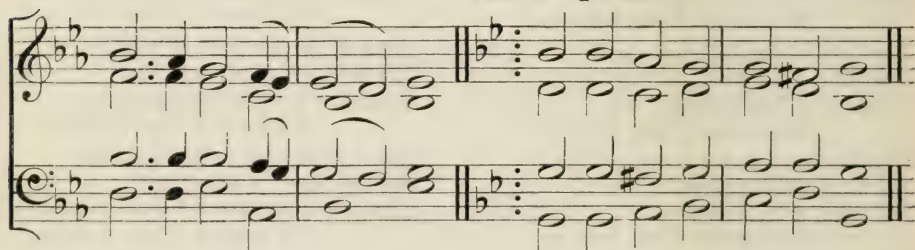
Fit her all Thy jóy to share  
 In the home Thou dóst prepare,  
 And be ever bléssèd there :  
 We beseech Thee, héar us.

# Vitany of the Blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ.

Hymn 472. (First Tune.) PARTS 1 and 3. ♩ = 92.

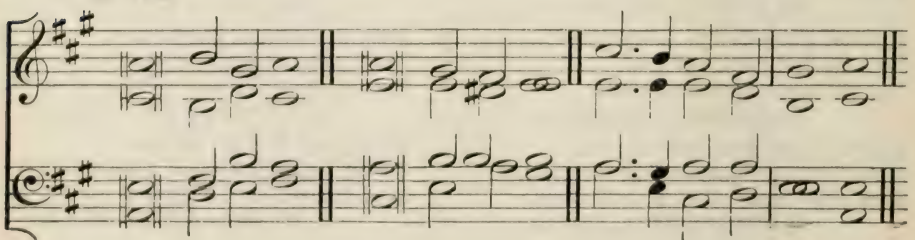


PART 2. ♩ = 84.



Hymn 472. (Second Tune.)

♩ = 92.



# Litany of the Blessed Sacrament

## of the Body and Blood of Christ.

*mf* **G**OD the FATHER, GÓD the SON,  
 GOD the SPIRIT, THRÉE in ONE,  
*p* Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

*f* GOD of GOD, and Light of Light,  
 King of glory, LÓRD of might,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

*p* Very Man, Who fór our sake  
 Didst true Flesh of Máry take,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* Shepherd, Whom the FÁTHÉR gave  
 His lost sheep to find and save,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

Priest and Victim, Whóm of old  
 Type and propheey foretold,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

King of Salem, Priest Divine,  
 Bringing forth Thy Bréad and Wine,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

Paschal Lamb, Whose sprinkled Blood  
 Saves the Israél of God,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

Manna, found at dáwn of day,  
 Pilgrim's Food in désert-way,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

Offering pure, in évery place  
 Pledge and means of héavenly grace,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

### PART 2.

*p* By the mercy, thát of yore  
 Shadow'd forth Thy gifts in store,  
 Save us, Holy JESU.

*cr* By the love, on thát last night  
 That ordain'd the bétter rite,  
 Save us, Holy JESU.

*p* By the Death, that cöld alone  
 For the whole world's sin atone,  
 Save us, Holy JESU.

By the Wounds, that éver plead  
 For our help in tíme of need,  
 Save us, Holy JESU.

### PART 3.

That we may remémber still  
 Kedron's brook and Cálvary's hill,  
 Grant us, Holy JESU.

*mf* That our thankful héarts may glow  
 As Thy precious Déath we show,  
 Grant us, Holy JESU.

That, with humble cóntrite fear,  
 We may joy to féel Thee near,  
 Grant us, Holy JESU.

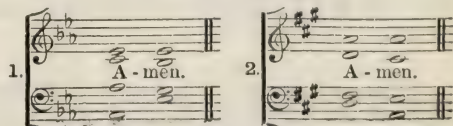
*cr* That in faith we máy adore,  
 Praise, and love Thee móre and more,  
 Grant us, Holy JESU.

*p* That Thy Sacred Flésh and Blood  
 Be our true life-giving Food,  
 Grant us, Holy JESU.

*mf* That in all our wórds and ways  
 We may daily shów Thy praise,  
 Grant us, Holy JESU.

*cr* That, as death's dark vále we tread,  
 Thou mayst be our stréngthening Bread,  
 Grant us, Holy JESU.

*mf* That, unworthy though we be,  
 We may ever dwéll with Thee,  
 Grant us, Holy JESU.

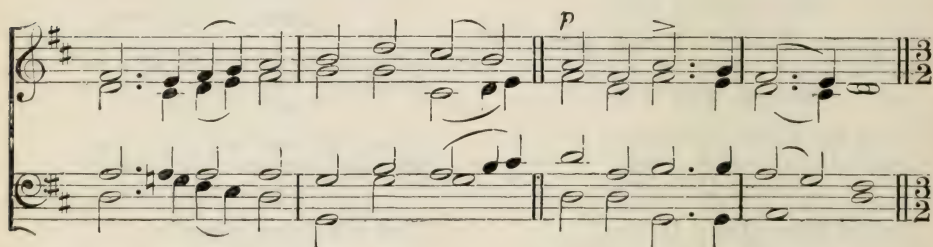
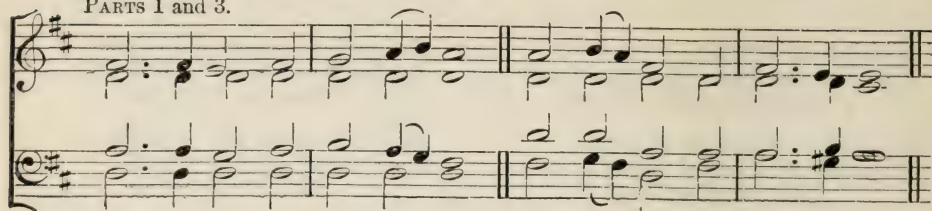




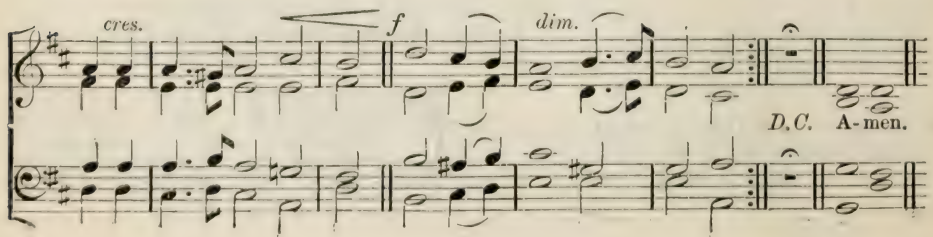
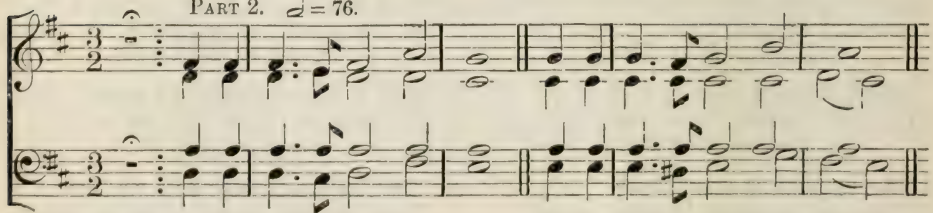
# Litany for Children.

Hymn 473. (First Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 84$ .

PARTS 1 and 3.



PART 2.  $\text{♩} = 76$ .





# Litany for Children.

*mf* GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
 GOD the SPIRIT, THREE IN ONE,  
 Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,  
*p* Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

*p* JESU, Saviour ever mild,  
 Born for us a little Child  
 Of the Virgin undefiled,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, by the Mother-Maid  
 In Thy swaddling-clothes array'd,  
 And within a manger laid,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, at Whose Infant Feet  
 Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,  
 Knelt to pay their worship meet,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* JESU, unto Whom of yore  
 Wise men, hastening to adore,  
 Gold and myrrh and incense bore,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, to Thy Temple brought,  
 Whom, by Thy good SPIRIT taught,  
 Simeon and Anna sought,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

*p* JESU, Who didst deign to flee  
 From King Herod's cruelty  
 In Thy earliest Infancy,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

*cr* JESU, Whom Thy Mother found  
 'Midst the doctors sitting round,  
 Marvelling at Thy Words profound,  
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

## PART 2.

*p* From all pride and vain conceit,  
 From all spite and angry heat,  
 From all lying and deceit.  
 Save us, Holy JESU.

From all sloth and idleness,  
 From not caring for distress,  
 From all lust and greediness,  
 Save us, Holy JESU.

From refusing to obey,  
 From the love of our own way,  
 From forgetfulness to pray,  
 Save us, Holy JESU.

## PART 3.

*mf* By Thy Birth and early years,  
 By Thine Infant wants and fears.  
 By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,  
 Save us, Holy JESU.

By Thy Pattern bright and pure,  
 By the pains Thou didst endure  
 Our salvation to procure,  
 Save us, Holy JESU.

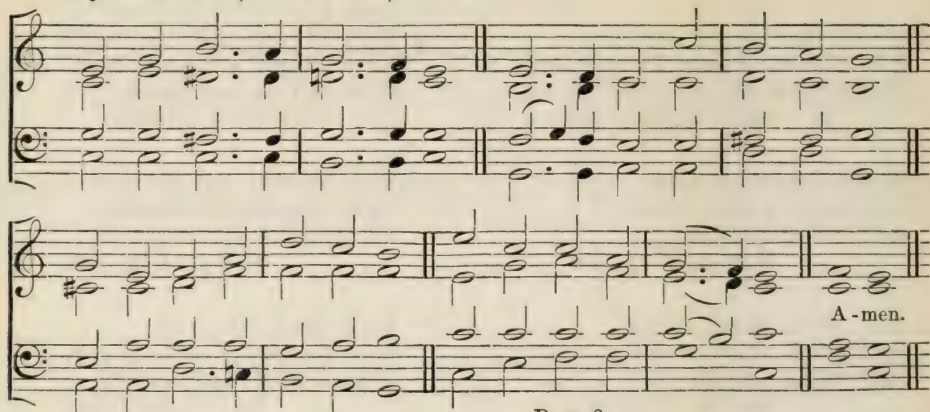
*p* By Thy Wounds and thorn-crown'd  
 By Thy Blood for sinners shed, [Head,  
*mf* By Thy Rising from the dead,  
 Save us, Holy JESU.

By the Name we bow before,  
 Human Name, which evermore  
 All the hosts of Heav'n adore,  
 Save us, Holy JESU.

*f* By Thine own unconquer'd might,  
 By Thy glory in the height,  
 By Thy mercies infinite,  
 Save us, Holy JESU.

# Litany for Children.

Hymn 473. (Second Tune.)  $\text{♩} = 80$ .



*mf* GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,  
*p* Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

*p* JESU, Saviour ever mild,  
Born for us a little Child  
Of the Virgin undefiled,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, by the Mother-Maid  
In Thy swaddling-clothes array'd,  
And within a manger laid,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, at Whose Infant Feet  
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,  
Knelt to pay their worship meet,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mf* JESU, unto Whom of yore  
Wise men, hastening to adore,  
Gold and myrrh and incense bore,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, to Thy Temple brought,  
Whom, by Thy good SPIRIT taught,  
Simeon and Anna sought,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*p* JESU, Who didst deign to flee  
From King Herod's cruelty  
In Thy earliest Infancy,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*cr* JESU, Whom Thy Mother found  
Midst the doctors sitting round,  
Marvelling at Thy Words profound,  
Hear us, Holy JESU.

*p* PART 2.  
From all pride and vain conceit,  
From all spite and angry heat,  
From all lying and deceit,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

From all sloth and idleness,  
From not caring for distress,  
From all lust and greediness,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

From refusing to obey,  
From the love of our own way,  
From forgetfulness to pray,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

*mf* PART 3.  
By Thy Birth and early years,  
By Thine Infant wants and fears,  
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

By Thy Pattern bright and pure,  
By the pains Thou didst endure  
Our salvation to procure,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

*p* By Thy Wounds and thorn-crown'd Head,  
By Thy Blood for sinners shed,  
*mf* By Thy Rising from the dead,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

By the Name we bow before,  
Human Name, which evermore  
All the hosts of Heav'n adore,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

*f* By Thine own unconquer'd might,  
By Thy glory in the height,  
By Thy mercies infinite,  
Save us, Holy JESU.

# SUPPLEMENTAL HYMNS.

## Morning.

Hymn 474. GERRANS.—6 6 8 6 11 11.

$\text{♩} = 108.$

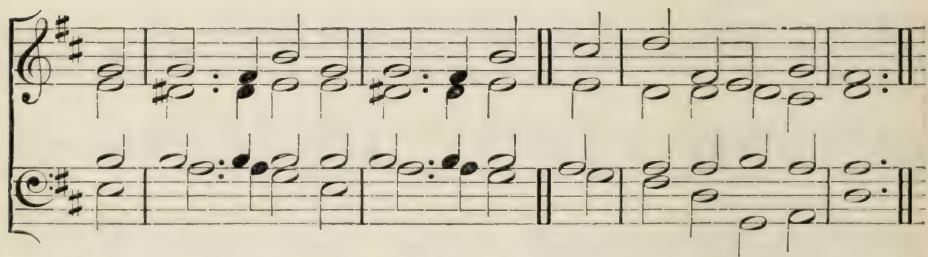
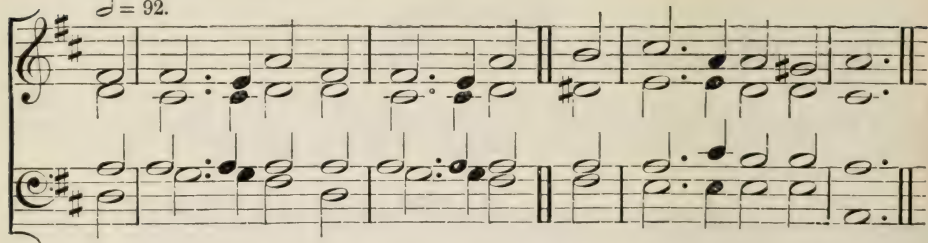
*"I laid me down and slept, and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me."*

- mf* **A**WAKED from sleep we fall  
 Before Thee, God of love,  
 And chant the praise the Angels raise,  
 O God of might, above ;  
 Holy, Holy, Holy ! Thou art God adored !  
*p* In Thy pitying mercy show us mercy, LORD.  
*mf* Thou wakedst me from sleep ;  
 Shine on this mind and heart,  
 And touch my tongue, that I among  
 Thy choir may take my part ;  
 Holy, Holy, Holy ! TRINITY adored !  
*p* In Thy pitying mercy show me mercy, LORD,  
*mf* The Judge will come with speed,  
 And each man's deeds be known ;  
*dim* Our trembling cry shall rise on high  
 At midnight to Thy Throne ;  
 Holy, Holy, Holy ! King of Saints adored !  
*p* In the hour of judgment show us mercy, LORD.

# Mid-day—for a City Church.

Hymn 475. ELM.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



"A House of rest."

*mf* **B**EHOLD us, Lord, a little space  
From daily tasks set free,  
And met within Thy holy place  
To rest awhile with Thee.

Around us rolls the ceaseless tide  
Of business, toil, and care;

*p* And scarcely can we turn aside  
For one brief hour of prayer.

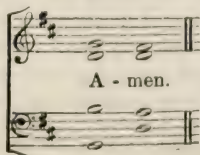
Yet these are not the only walls  
Wherein Thou may'st be sought;

*cr* On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,  
In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,  
The wealth of land and sea;  
The worlds of science and of art,  
Reveal'd and ruled by Thee.

*mf* Then let us prove our heavenly birth  
In all we do and know;  
And claim the kingdom of the earth  
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought  
As Thou wouldst have it done;  
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,  
Itself with work be one.



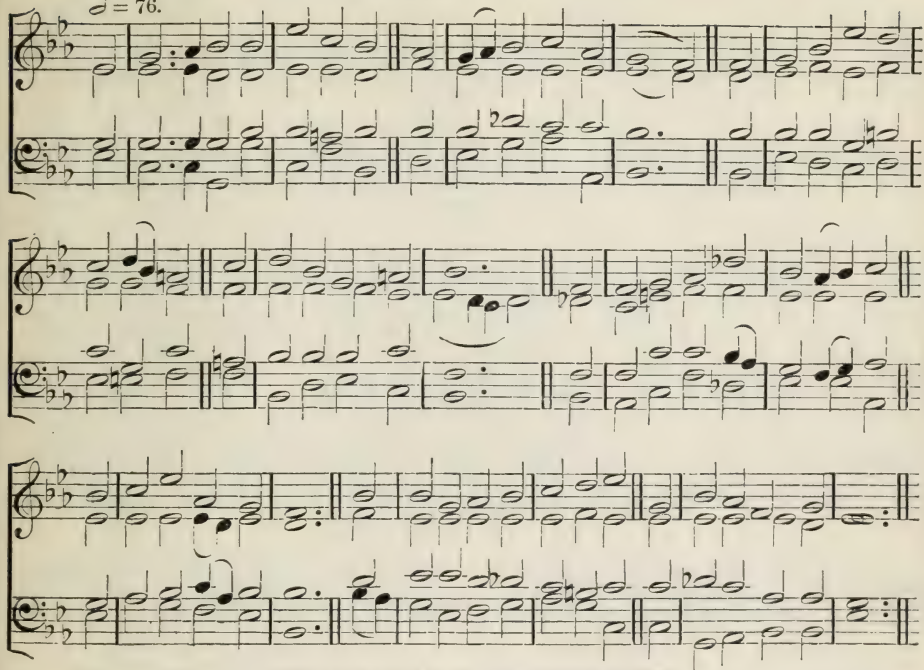
A - men.



# Evening.

Hymn 476. BRIGHTNESS.—D.C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

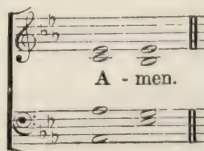


“The Lord shall be thine everlasting light.”

*f* **B**EHOOLD the sun, that seem'd but now *or* LORD ! though the sun forsake our sight,  
 Enthronèd overhead,  
 Beginneth to decline below  
 The globe whereon we tread ;  
 And he, whom yet we look upon  
 With comfort and delight,  
*m* Will quite depart from hence anon,  
 And leave us to the night.

Thus time, unheeded, steals away  
 The life which nature gave ;  
 Thus are our bodies every day  
 Declining to the grave ;  
 Thus from us all our pleasures fly  
 Whereon we set our heart ;  
 And when the night of death draws nigh,  
 Thus will they all depart.

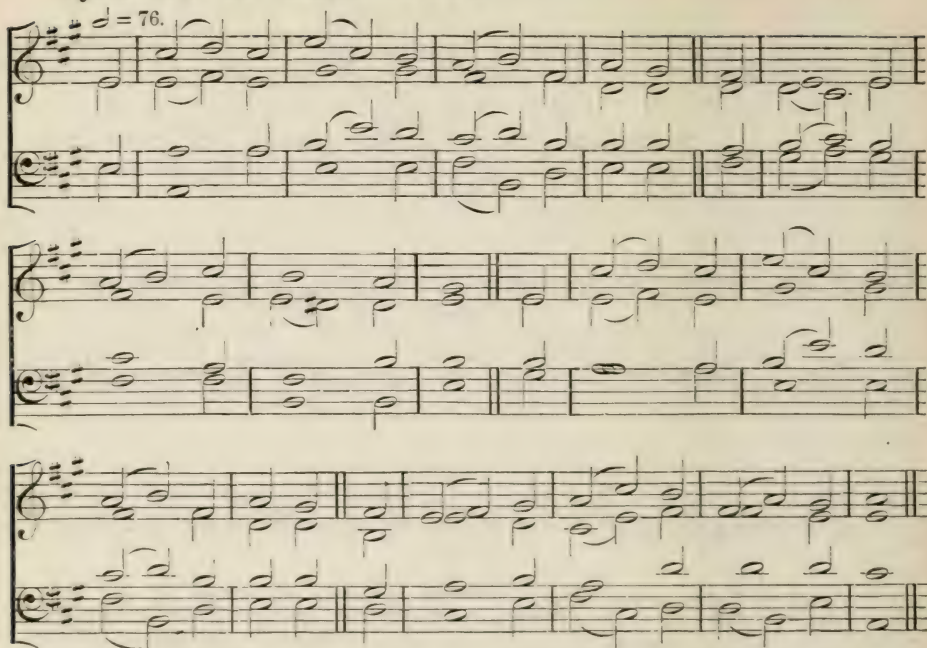
*mf* Let still Thine everlasting light  
 Within our souls remain ;  
 And in the nights of our distress  
 Vouchsafe those rays Divine,  
*or* Which from the Sun of Righteousness  
 For ever brightly shine.



*This Hymn may also be sung to the Tune of Hymn 216.*

# Evening.

Hymn 477. ST. CLEMENT.—9 8 9 8.



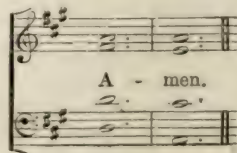
*"The Lord's Name is praised from the rising up of the sun unto the going down of the same."*

*mf* **T**HE day Thou gavest, LORD, is ended,  
     The darkness falls at Thy behest;  
     To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
*cr* Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
     Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
     And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
     Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

*mf* We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleep-*er* So be it, LORD; Thy Throne shall never,  
     While earth rolls onward into light.[ing,      Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
     Through all the world her watch is keeping, *f* Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
     And rests not now by day or night.      Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

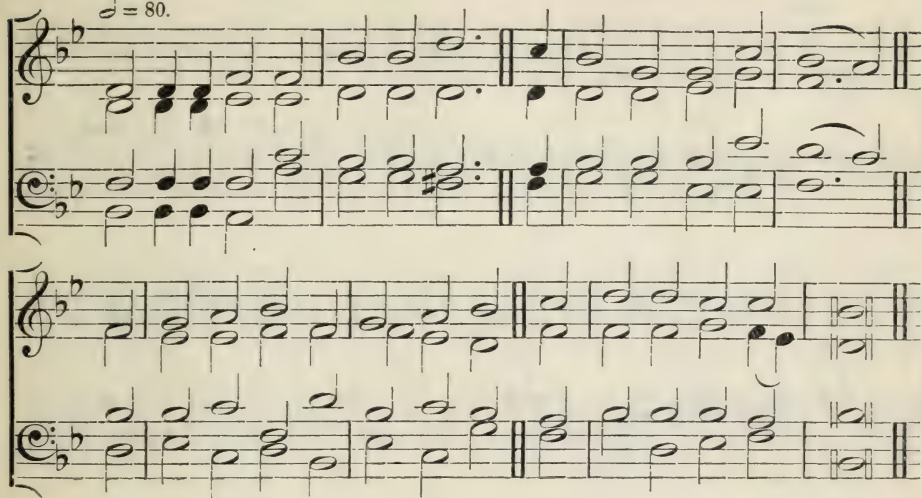
As o'er each continent and island  
     The dawn leads on another day,  
     The voice of prayer is never silent,  
     Nor dies the strain of praise away.



# Sunday.

Hymn 478. NATIVITY.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

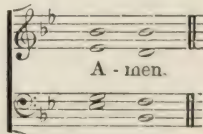
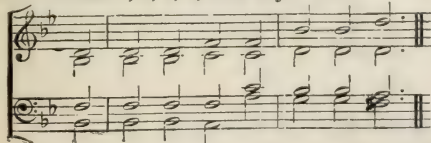


"A good day."

- mf* **T**HIS is the day the LORD hath made,  
 He calls the hours His own;  
 Let Heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
 And praise surround the Throne.
- dim* \*Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
 To David's Holy Son!  
*cr* Make haste to help us, LORD, and bring  
 Salvation from Thy Throne.
- \*To-day He rose and left the dead,  
 And Satan's empire fell;  
 To-day the saints His triumphs spread,  
 And all His wonders tell.
- \*Bless'd be the LORD, Who comes to men  
 With messages of grace;  
*dim* Who comes, in God His Father's Name,  
 To save our sinful race.

*f* \*Hosanna in the highest strains  
 The Church on earth can raise;  
 The highest Heav'ns in which He reigns  
 Shall give Him nobler praise.

\* Verses 2, 3, 4, 5, must begin thus:

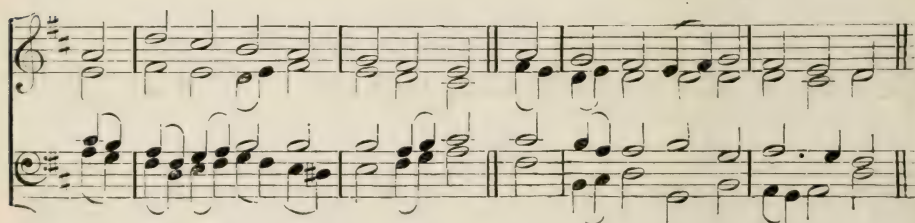
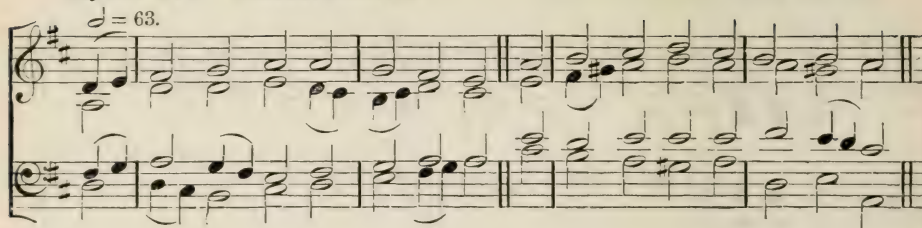


This Hymn may also be sung to the Tune of Hymn 125.



# Sunday.

Hymn 479. EISENACH.—L.M.



"There shall be no night there."

EVENING.

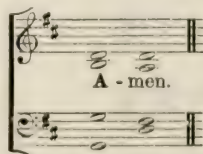
*mf* **G**REAT GOD, Who, hid from mortal sight, *p* Too long, alas! it still delays,  
Dost dwell in unapproachèd light,  
Before Whose Throne with veiled brow,  
Thy sinless Angels trembling bow,  
The flesh, with all its load of sin,  
Must perish, ere its joy we win.

*dim* Awhile in darkness here below  
We lie oppress'd with sin and woe;  
*cr* But soon the everlasting day  
Shall chase the night of gloom away;—

*cr* Then from these earthly bonds set free  
The soul shall fly, O God, to Thee;  
To see Thee, love Thee, and adore,  
Her blissful task for evermore.

The day prepared for us by Thee;  
The day reserved for us to see;—  
A day but faintly imaged here  
By brightest sun at noontide clear.

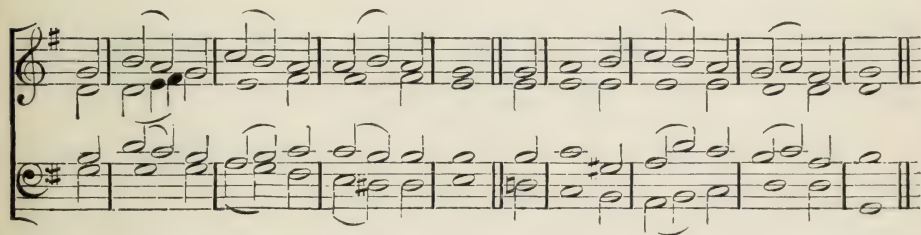
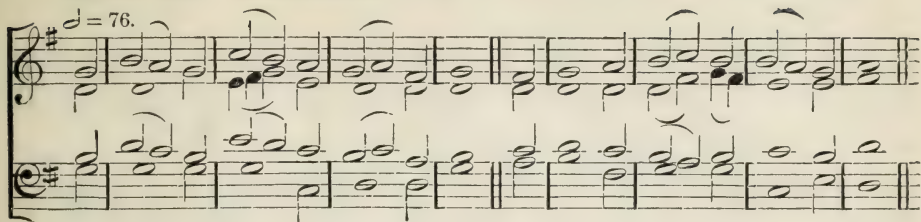
*mf* All bounteous TRINITY! prepare  
Our souls Thy hidden joy to share,  
That our brief daytime, used aright,  
May issue in eternal light.





# Friday.

Hymn 480. INTERCESSION.—L. M.

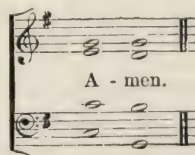


*"The marks of the Lord Jesus."*

*p* **O** JESU, crucified for man, And week by week this day we ask  
*cr* O Lamb, all glorious on Thy Throne, That holy memories of Thy Cross  
 Teach Thou our wond'ring souls to scan May sanctify each common task,  
 The mystery of Thy love unknown. And turn to gain each earthly loss.

We pray Thee, grant us strength to take Grant us, dear LORD, our cross to bear  
 Our daily cross, whate'er it be, Till at Thy Feet we lay it down,  
*mf* And gladly, for Thine own dear sake, *cr* Win through Thy Blood our pardon there,  
*p* In paths of pain to follow Thee. And through the Cross attain the crown.

*mf* As on our daily way we go,  
 Through light or shade, in calm or strife,  
 Oh! may we bear Thy marks below  
 In conquer'd sin and chasten'd life.

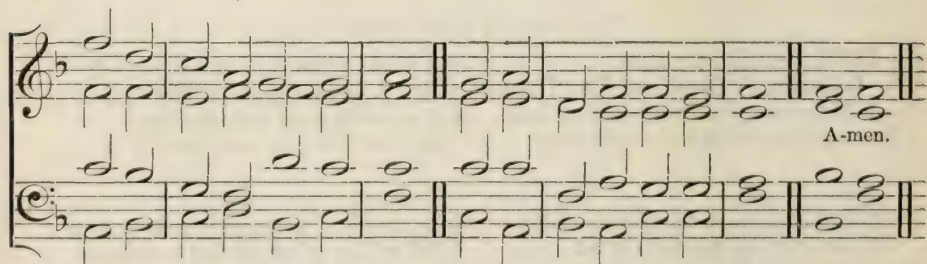
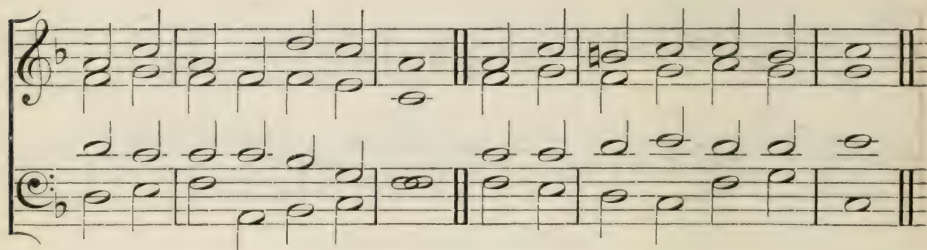
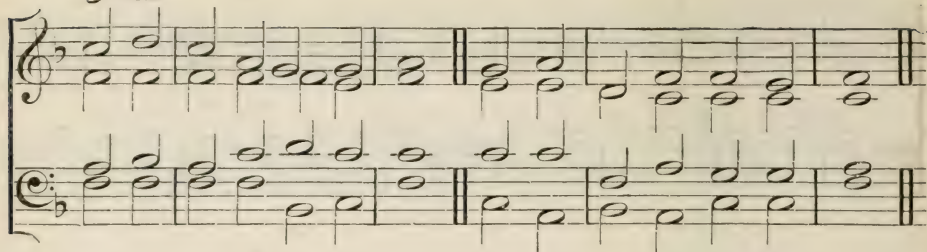


*This Hymn may also be sung to the Tune of Hymn 108.*

# Saturday.

Hymn 481. ST. CLEMENT.—7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 82.$



A-men.

EVENING.

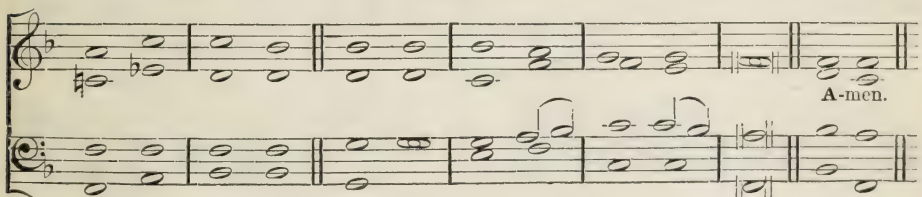
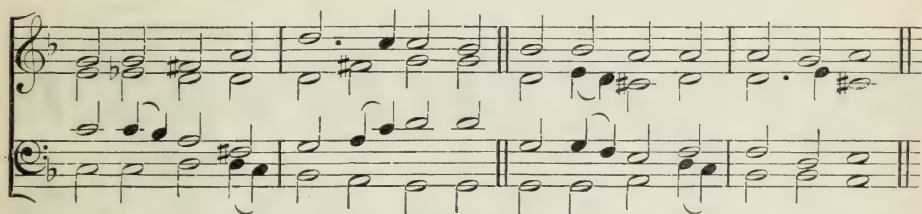
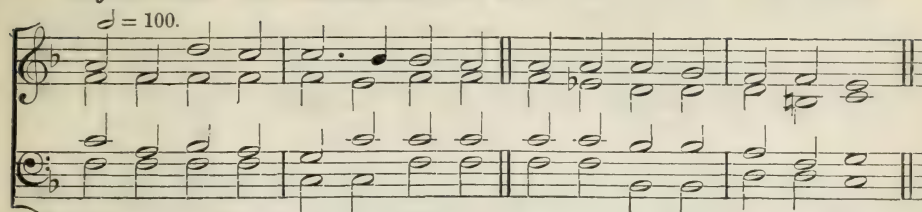
"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."

*mf* NOW the busy week is done,  
*N*ow the rest-time is begun;  
 Thou hast brought us on our way,  
 Kept and led us day by day;  
*cr* Now there comes the first and best,  
 Day of worship, light and rest.  
*p* Hallow, LORD, the coming day!  
 When we meet to praise and pray,  
*cr* Hear Thy Word, Thy Feast attend,  
 Hours of happy service spend;  
 To our hearts be manifest,  
 LORD of labour and of rest!

For Thy children gone before  
 We can trust Thee and adore;  
*p* All their earthly week is past,  
 Sabbath-time is theirs at last;  
 Fold them, FATHER, to Thy breast,  
*dim* Give them everlasting rest.  
*mf* Guide us all the days to come,  
 Till Thy mercy call us home:  
 All our powers do Thou employ,  
 Be Thy work our chiefest joy;  
 Then, the promised land possess,  
*p* Bid us enter into rest.

# Christmas.

Hymn 482. ST. OSMUND.—8 7 8 7 4 7.



"We are come to worship Him."

*mf* **A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;  
*cr* Come and worship,  
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.

*mf* Sages, leave your contemplations,  
Brighter visions beam afar;  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star;  
*cr* Come and worship,  
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.

*mf* Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the Infant Light;  
*cr* Come and worship,  
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.

*mf* All creation, join in praising  
GOD the FATHER, SPIRIT, SON—  
Evermore your voices raising  
To th' Eternal THREE in ONE;  
*cr* Come and worship,  
*f* Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.

# Christmas.

Hymn 483. PLAIN-SONG.—L.M. (*First Tune.*)

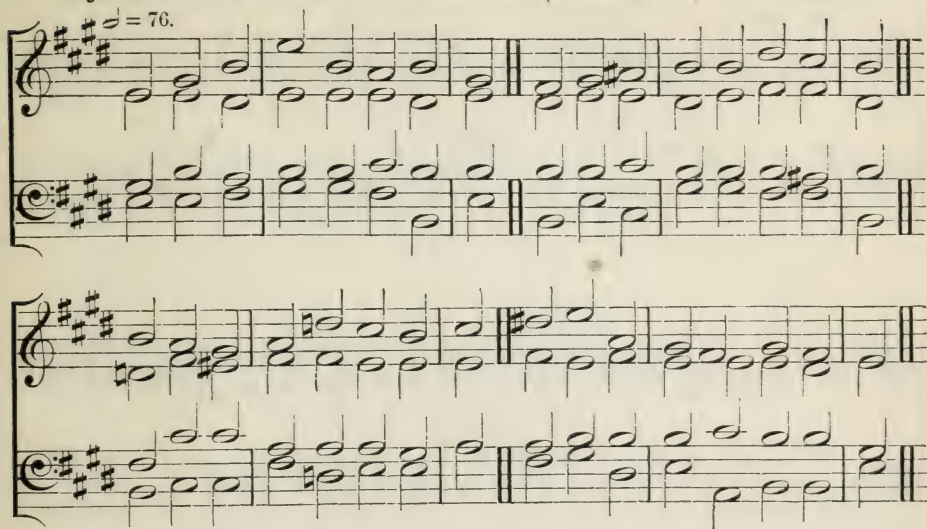
$\text{♩} = 96.$  (*To be sung in Unison.*)

The musical score is presented in four systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is indicated as 96 beats per minute. The instruction "(To be sung in Unison.)" is provided. The score includes repeat signs at the end of the first, second, third, and fourth systems.



# Christmas.

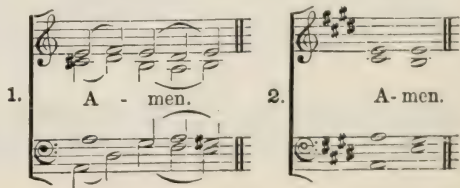
Hymn 483. TRINITY COLLEGE.—L.M. (Second Tune.)



“Who being in the form of God . . . made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men.”

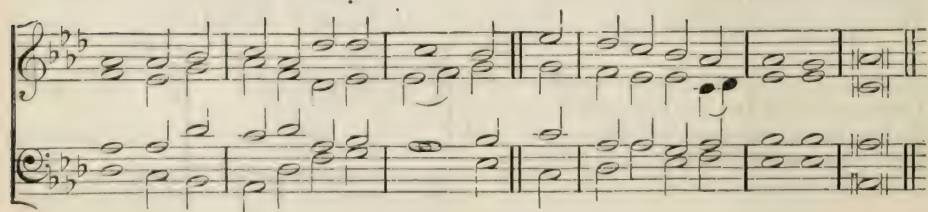
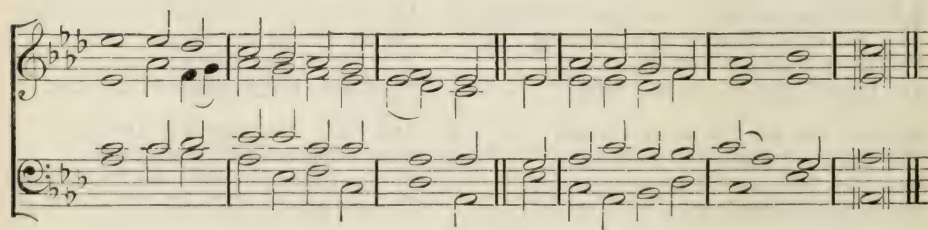
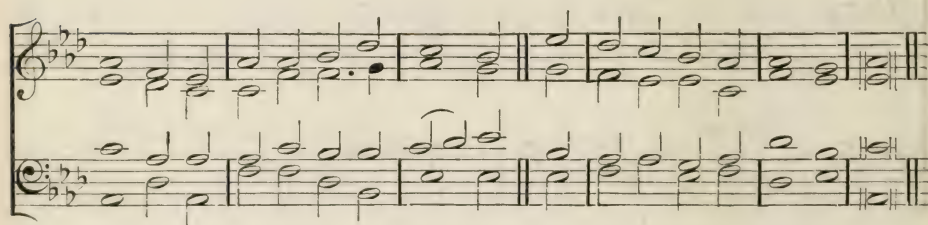
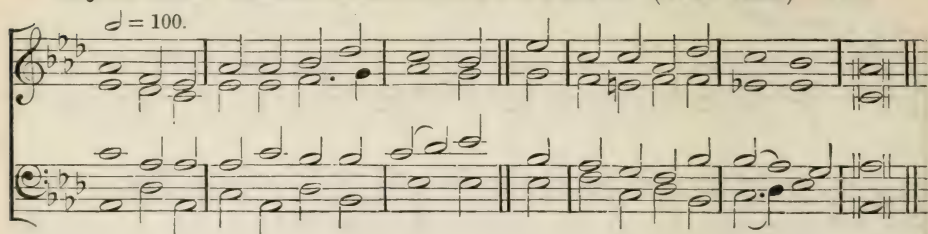
- f* FROM east to west, from shore to shore, *p* He shrank not from the oxen's stall,  
*dim* Let every heart awake and sing He lay within the manger bed,  
*f* The HOLY CHILD Whom Mary bore, And He Whose bounty feedeth all  
*f* The CHRIST, the everlasting King. At Mary's breast Himself was fed.
- mf* Behold! the world's Creator wears *cr* And while the Angels in the sky  
 The form and fashion of a slave; Sang praise above the silent field,  
 Our very flesh our Maker shares, *mf* To shepherds poor the LORD Most High,  
 His fallen creature, man, to save. The one great Shepherd, was reveal'd.
- For this how wondrously He wrought! *f* All glory for this blessèd morn  
*dim* A maiden, in her lowly place, To GOD the FATHER ever be;  
 Became, in ways beyond all thought, All praise to Thee, O Virgin-born,  
 The chosen vessel of His grace. All praise, O HOLY GHOST, to Thee.

She bow'd her to the Angel's word  
 Declaring what the FATHER will'd,  
 And suddenly the promised LORD  
 That pure and hallow'd temple fill'd.



# Christmas.

Hymn 484. FRENCH MELODY.—9 8 9 8 9 8 9 8. (*First Tune.*)



# Christmas.

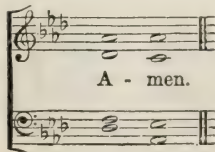
*"Jesus Christ is come in the flesh."*

*f* CHRISTIANS, sing out with exultation,  
And praise your Benefactor's Name!  
To-day the Author of Salvation,  
The Father's well beloved came.  
*mf* Of undefiled Virgin Mother  
An Infant, all Divine, was born,  
*cr* And God Himself became your Brother  
Upon this happy Christmas morn.

*mf* In Him eternal might and power  
To human weakness hath inclined;  
And this poor Child brings richest dower  
Of gifts and graces to mankind.  
*dim* While here His Majesty disguising,  
A servant's form the Master wears,  
*cr* Behold the beams of glory rising  
E'en from His poverty and tears.

*p* A stable serves Him for a dwelling,  
And for a bed a manger mean;  
*cr* Yet o'er His Head, His Advent telling,  
A new and wondrous star is seen.  
Angels rehearse to men the story,  
The joyful story of His birth;  
To Him they raise the anthem—(*f*) "Glory  
To God on high, and peace on earth!"

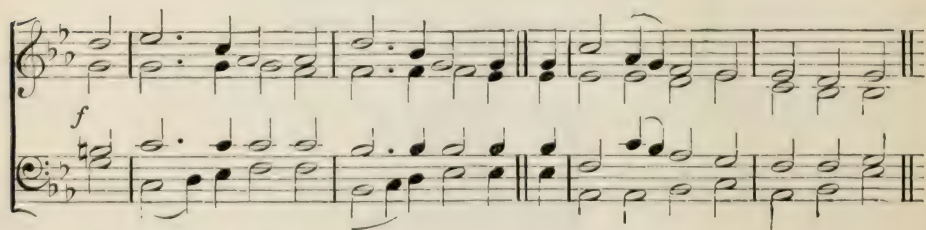
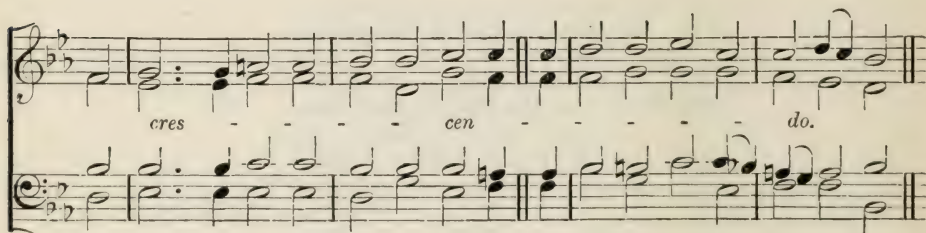
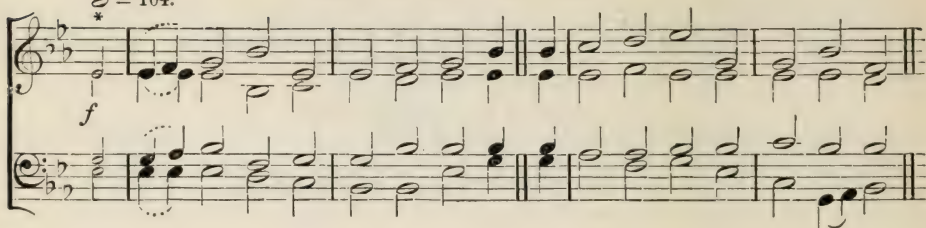
For through this holy Incarnation  
The primal curse is done away;  
*dim* And blessed peace o'er all creation  
Hath shed its pure and gentle ray.  
*cr* Then, in that heavenly concert joining,  
O Christian men, with one accord,  
*f* Your voices tunefully combining,  
Salute the Birthday of your LORD!



# Christmas.

Hymn 484. ST. MARTIN ORGAR.—9 8 9 8 9 8 9 8. (*Second Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 104.$



\* This note must be used for all verses except the first.



# Christmas.

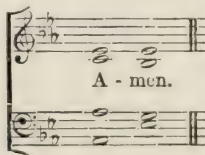
"Jesus Christ is come in the flesh."

*f* CHRISTIANS, sing out with exultation,  
And praise your Benefactor's Name!  
To-day the Author of Salvation,  
The Father's well beloved came.  
*mf* Of undefiled Virgin Mother  
An Infant, all Divine, was born,  
*cr* And God Himself became your Brother  
Upon this happy Christmas morn.

*mf* In Him eternal might and power  
To human weakness hath inclined;  
And this poor Child brings richest dower  
Of gifts and graces to mankind.  
*dim* While here His Majesty disguising,  
A servant's form the Master wears,  
*cr* Behold the beams of glory rising  
E'en from His poverty and tears.

*p* A stable serves Him for a dwelling,  
And for a bed a manger mean;  
*cr* Yet o'er His Head, His Advent telling,  
A new and wondrous star is seen.  
Angels rehearse to men the story,  
The joyful story of His birth;  
To Him they raise the anthem—(*f*) "Glory  
To God on high, and peace on earth!"

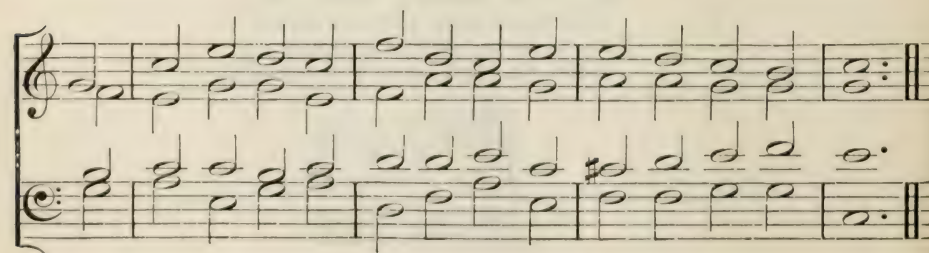
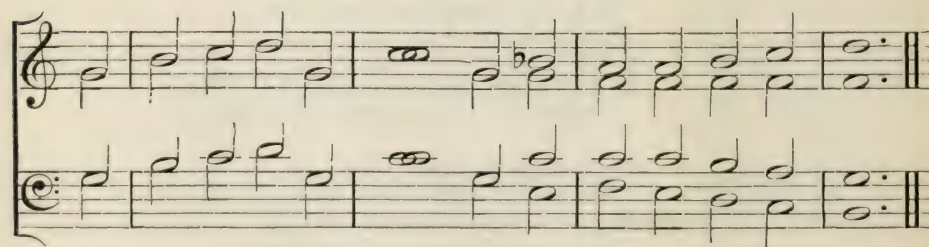
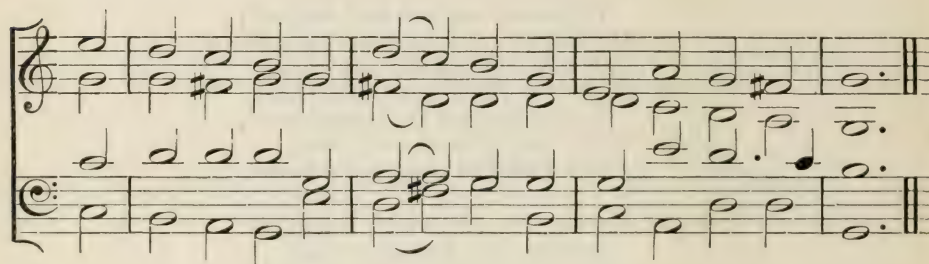
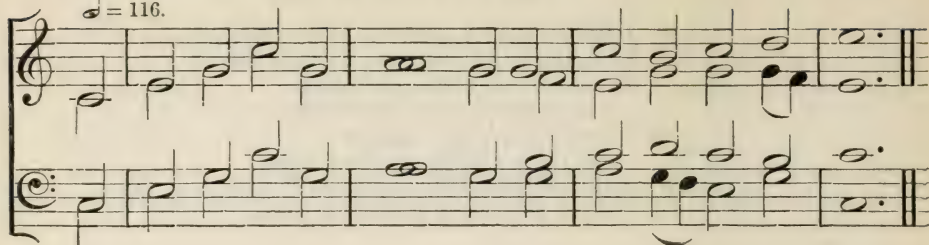
For through this holy Incarnation  
The primal curse is done away;  
*dim* And blessed peace o'er all creation  
Hath shed its pure and gentle ray.  
*cr* Then, in that heavenly concert joining,  
O Christian men, with one accord,  
*f* Your voices tunefully combining,  
Salute the Birthday of your LORD!



# New Year's Day.

Hymn 485. ST. COLUMB.—7 6 7 6 7 6 8 6.

$\text{♩} = 116.$



# New Year's Day.

*"They will go from strength to strength."*

*f* FROM glory unto glory! Be this our joyous song,  
As on the King's own highway, we bravely march along!  
From glory unto glory! O word of stirring cheer,  
*mf* As dawns the solemn brightness of another glad New Year.

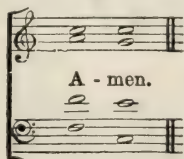
*f* From glory unto glory! What great things He hath done,  
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!  
From glory unto glory! What mighty blessings crown  
The lives for which our LORD hath laid His own so freely down!

The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;  
The fulness of His promises crowns every bright'ning day;  
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,  
While more and more we learn to know the fulness of His love.

And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,  
Uniting all who love our LORD in pure sincerity;  
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,  
As more and more are taught of God that mighty Love to know.

*mf* O let our adoration for all that He hath done,  
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;  
*dim* And let our consecration be real, deep, and true;  
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew.

*f* Now onward, ever onward, from strength to strength we go,  
While grace for grace abundantly shall from His fulness flow,  
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,  
*ff* Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year.



Epiphany.

Hymn 486. PLAIN-SONG.—L.M. (*First Tune.*)

$\mathcal{J} = 80.$

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The tempo is marked "♩ = 80." (quarter note = 80). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The time signature is 4/4. The music is in common time. The score consists of two staves. The upper staff is for the voice, and the lower staff is for the piano. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody is characterized by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Handwritten musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The melody is in the Treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the Bass staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The music consists of a single system with a repeat sign at the end. The lyrics "The Rose Tree" are written below the Treble staff. The handwriting is in ink on aged paper.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, with the bass staff providing a simple harmonic accompaniment. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

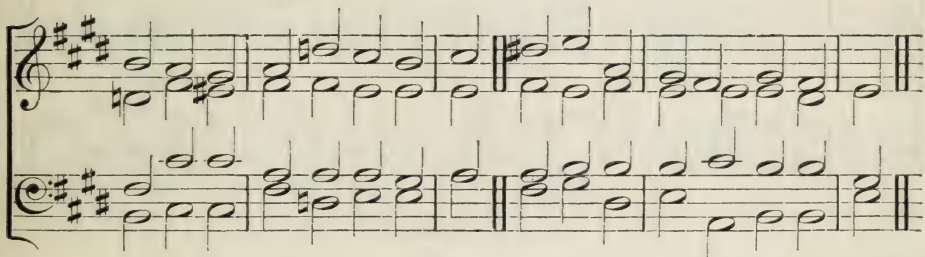
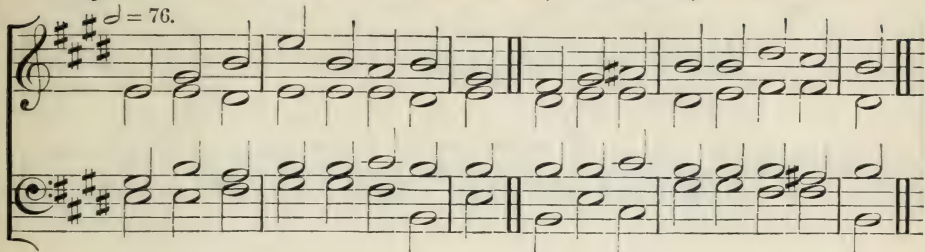
A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes. There are several large brackets above and below the staves, likely indicating phrasing or fingerings. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.



# Epiphany.

Hymn 486. TRINITY COLLEGE.—L.M. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 76.$



"The kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared."

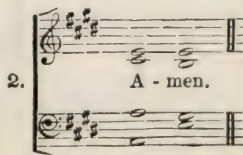
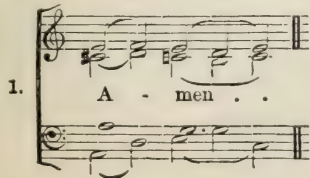
*f* **T**HE FATHER's sole-begotten SON  
*im* Was born, the Virgin's Child, on earth;  
*f* His Cross for us adoption won,—  
*f* The life and grace of second birth.

Abide with us, O LORD, we pray,  
 Dispel the gloom of doubt and woe;  
 Wash every stain of guilt away,  
 Thy tender healing grace bestow.

*f* Forth from the height of Heav'n He came, *mf* LORD, Thou hast come, and well we know  
*im* In form of man with man abode;  
*f* Redeem'd His world from death and shame, That Thou wilt likewise come again;  
 The joys of endless life bestow'd. Thy Kingdom shield from every foe,  
 Thy honour and Thy rule maintain.

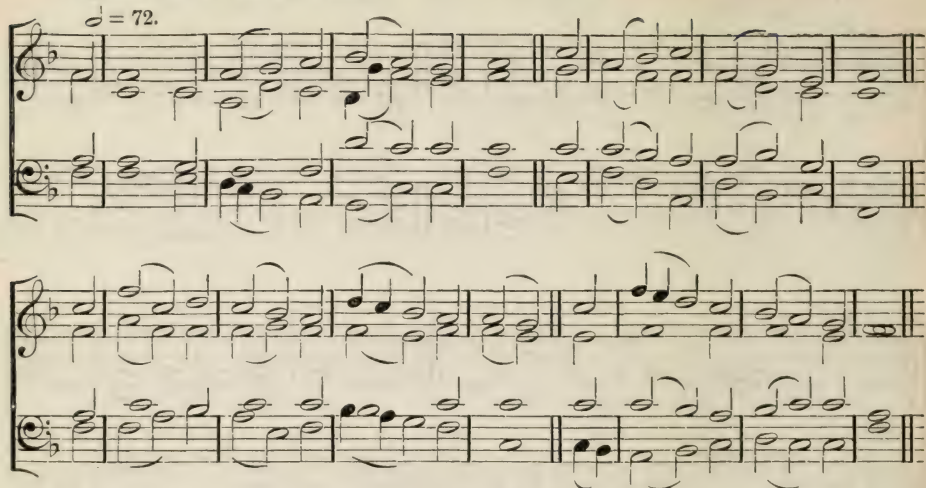
Redeemer, come with power benign,  
 Dwell in the souls that look for Thee;  
 O let Thy light within us shine  
 That we may Thy salvation see.

*f* Eternal glory, LORD, to Thee,  
 Whom, now reveal'd, our hearts adore;  
 To God the FATHER glory be,  
 And HOLY SPIRIT evermore.



# Epiphany.

Hymn 487. IRISH.—C.M.



"He was baptized."

*mf* **T**HE Son of Man from Jordan rose,  
And pray'd to God above;  
When lo, the op'ning Heav'n's disclose  
A swift-descending Dove.

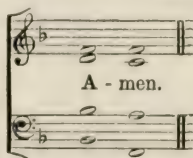
The SPIRIT, lighting on His Brow,  
Anoints the Holy One;—  
The FATHER's voice declaring—"Thou  
Art My Belovèd Son."

So when, through His Baptizing bless'd  
The Font new birth conveys,  
Man kneels a son of God confess'd,  
Heav'n opens as he prays.

*p* Fair innocency, like the dove's,  
Invests him, purged from sin;  
For God the brooding SPIRIT moves,  
Directs and rules within.

*mf* **O** CHRIST, Whose mercy cleansed our  
With streams of grace Divine; [stain  
Let us not soil the robes again  
Made white in Blood of Thine.

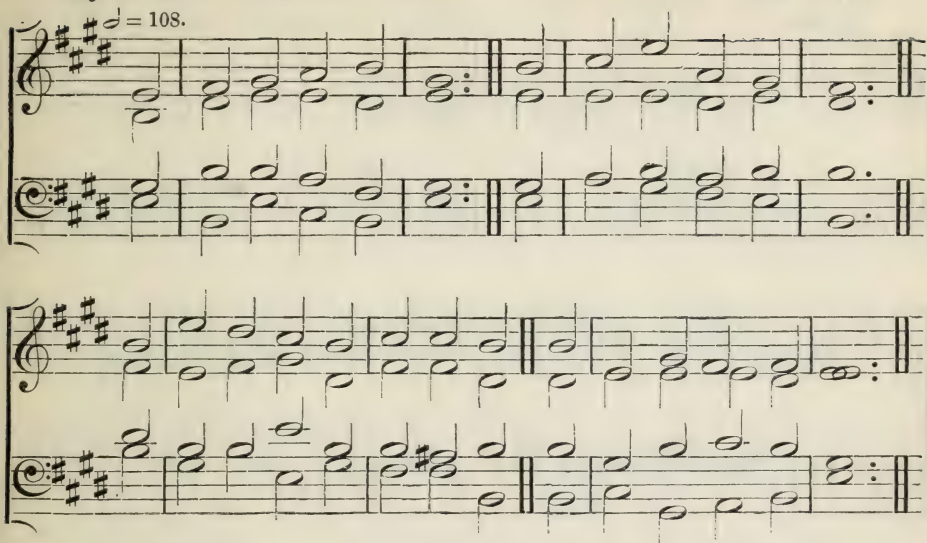
Redeemer of a world undone,  
We praise Thee and adore;—  
JESU, with GOD the FATHER ONE,  
And SPIRIT evermore.



*This Hymn is suitable for an Adult Baptism.*

# Epiphany.

Hymn 488. FRANCONIA.—S.M.



*"The Lord shall suddenly come to His temple."*

**W**ITHIN the FATHER's house  
The SON hath found His home;  
And to His temple suddenly  
'The LORD of life hath come.

*p* LORD, visit Thou our souls,  
And teach us by Thy grace  
Each dim revealing of Thyself  
With loving awe to trace;

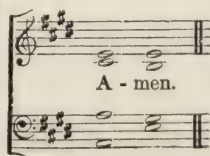
The doctors of the law  
Gaze on the wondrous Child,  
And marvel at His gracious words  
Of wisdom undefiled.

*cr* Till from our darken'd sight  
The cloud shall pass away,  
And on the cleansed soul shall burst  
*mf* The everlasting day;

Yet not to them is giv'n  
The mighty truth to know,  
To lift the fleshly veil which hides  
Incarnate God below.

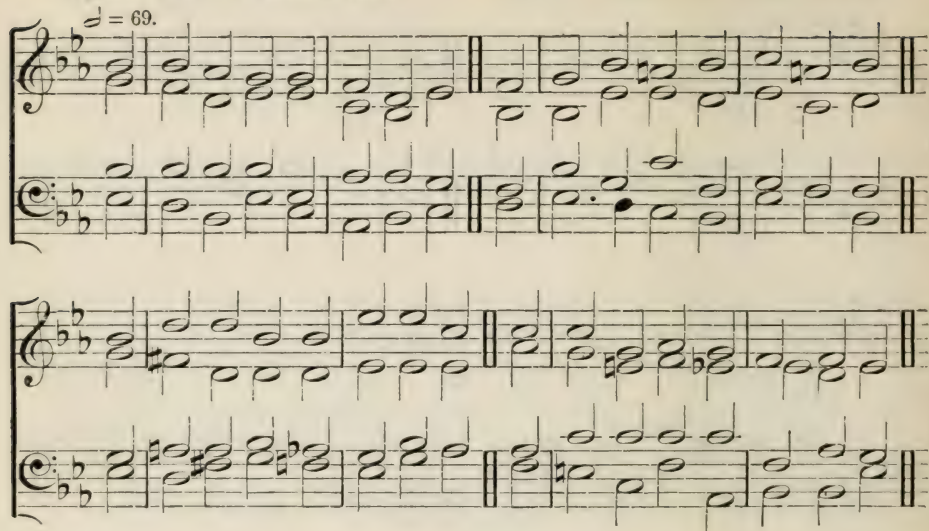
Till we behold Thy Face,  
And know, as we are known,  
*f* Thee, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Co-equal THREE in ONE.

The secret of the LORD  
Escapes each human eye,  
And faithful pond'ring hearts await  
The full Epiphany.



# Septuagesima.

Hymn 489. STYALL.—L.M.



*“ God Who created all things by Jesus Christ.”*

*mf* **O** GOD, the joy of Heav’n above,  
Thou didst not need Thy creatures’  
When from Thy secret place of rest [love,  
Thy Word the earth’s foundations blest.

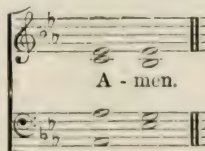
Thou spakest;—worlds began to be;  
They bow before Thy Majesty;  
And all to their Creator raise  
A wondrous harmony of praise.

But ere, O LORD, this lovely earth  
From Thy creative will had birth,  
Thou in Thy counsels didst unfold  
Another world of fairer mould.

*cr* That realm shall our Redeemer frame,  
And build upon His mighty Name;  
His Hand the word of power shall sow,  
That all the earth His truth may know.

When time itself has pass’d away,  
His Church, secure in Heav’n for aye,  
Shall share His Table and His Throne,  
And God the FATHER reign alone.

*f* **O** FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT BLEST,  
One God in Heav’n and earth confest,  
Preserve, direct, and fill with love  
Thy realm on earth, Thy realm above.



*The following Hymn is suitable for this season :*

533 Oh how fair that morning broke.



# Cent.

## Hymn 490. SHOTTERY.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

A-men.

“Hear my crying, O God : give ear unto my prayer.”

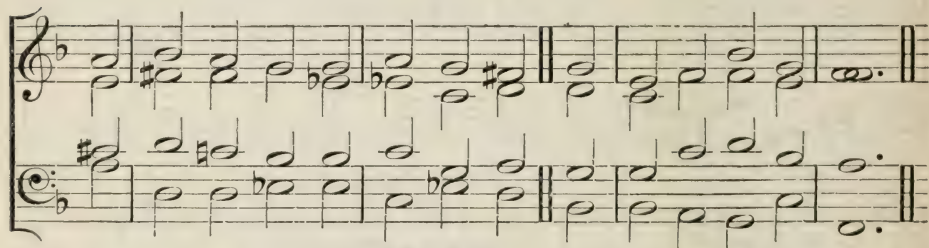
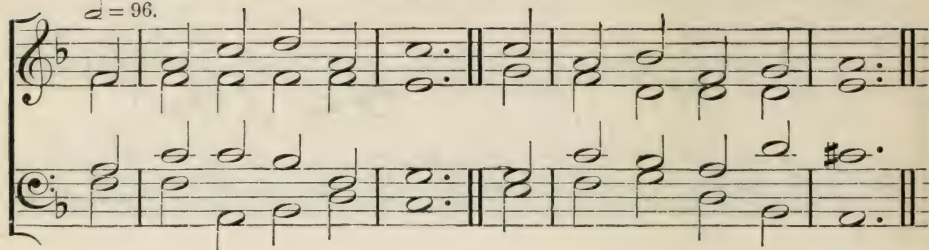
<p><b>S</b>WEET SAVIOUR ! in Thy pitying grace          Thy sweetness to our souls impart ;          Thou only Lover of our race          Give healing to the wounded heart ;          Oh ! hear Thy contrite servants' cry,          And save us, JESU ! lest we die.</p>	<p><i>p</i> All we have broken Thy command ;          LORD, help us for Thy mercies' sake ;          Deliver us from Satan's hand,          And safely to Thy Kingdom take ;          Oh ! hear Thy contrite servants' cry,  <i>pp</i> And save us, JESU ! lest we die.</p>
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<p><b>L</b>ong-suffering JESU ! hear our prayer          Who weep before Thee in our shame ;          We have no hope but Thee ; O spare,          LORD, spare us from th' undying flame ;          Oh ! hear Thy contrite servants' cry,          And save us, JESU ! lest we die.</p>	<p><i>p</i> We flee for refuge to Thy love.  <i>cr</i> Salvation of the helpless soul ;          Pour down Thy radiance from above,          And make these sin-worn spirits whole ;  <i>p</i> Good LORD, in mercy hear our cry  <i>pp</i> And save us, JESU ! lest we die.</p>
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# Lent.

Hymn 491. ST. OMER.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 96.$



*"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"*

*p* **F**AIN would I, LORD of grace,  
With penitential tears  
The record of my sins efface,  
That in Thy book appears:—

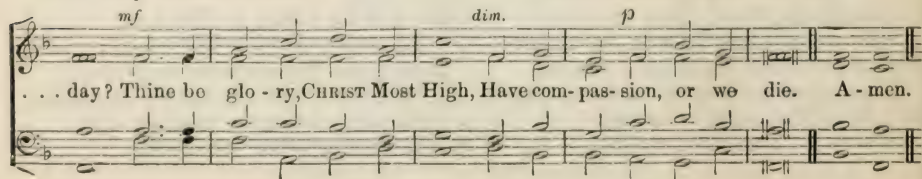
*mf* Fain would I journey hence,  
In garb of stainless white,  
*cr* And made by mine own penitence  
Well pleasing in Thy sight.

*p* Fond idle dream! the foe  
But lures and fools my soul;  
Not all my tears can peace bestow;—  
Thou only makest whole.

Hath ever sailor tost,  
Or sufferer rack'd in pain,  
*cr* Within Thine anchorage been lost,  
Or found Thy Gilead vain?

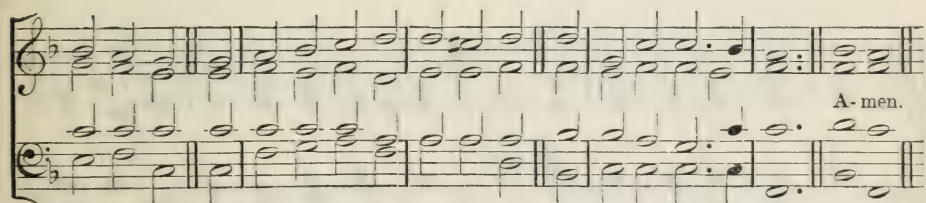
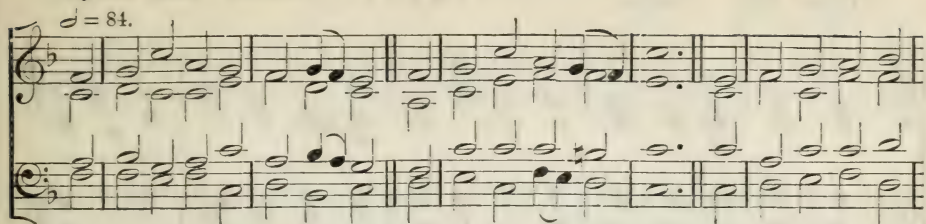
*mf* Maker and Hope of all!  
*p* Wounded and sick am I:  
Great Healer, save me, lest I fall  
And perish utterly.

*cr* Can boundless love reject?  
Shall mercy say me nay,  
Who cry with all Thine own elect  
Before Thee, night and day?



# Lent.

Hymn 492. ENGEDI.—8 6 8 8 6.



*"Redeeming the time"*

*mf* **L**O! now the time accepted peals  
Its tidings of release;  
A time that with salvation heals,  
And to repentant tears reveals  
The mercy-seat of peace.

'Tis now that zealous charity  
Her goods more largely spends,  
Lays up her treasure in the sky,  
And freely yields, ere death draw nigh,  
To God the wealth He lends.

Then let us wisely now restrain  
Our food, our drink, our sleep;  
From idle word and jest refrain,  
And steadfastly begin again  
A stricter watch to keep.

*p* Then consecrate us, LORD, anew,  
And fire our hearts with love;  
That all we think, and all we do,  
Within, without, be pure and true,  
Rekindled from above.

*cr* Now heaven-taught love will haste to rise  
And seek the cheerless bed,  
Where cold and wan the sufferer lies,  
And CHRIST Himself to heedful eyes  
Is hungering for bread.

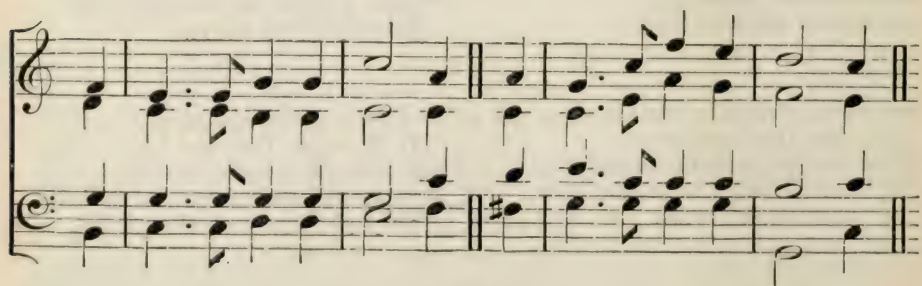
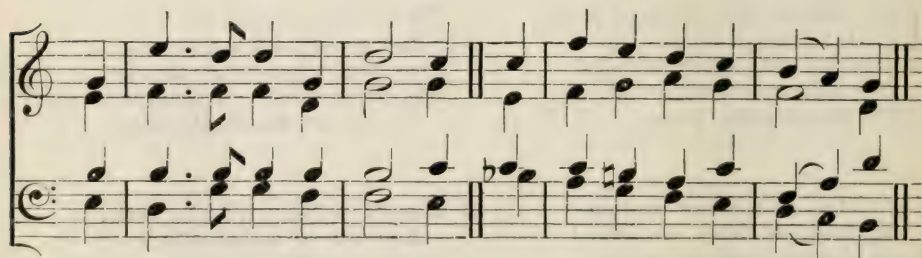
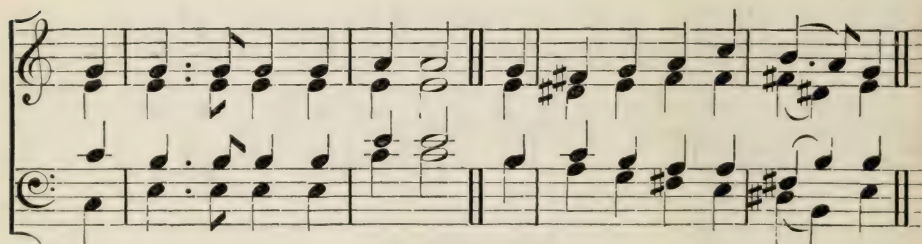
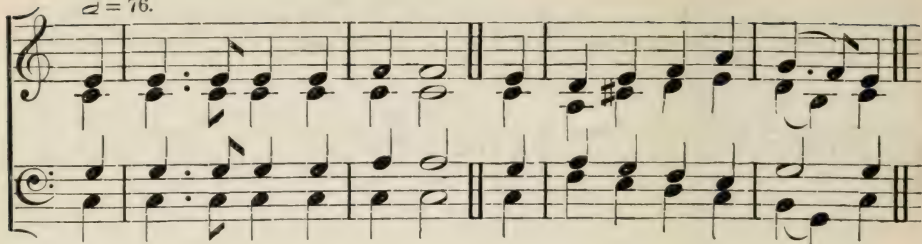
*mf* Now fuller praise and glory be  
To Thee, the First and Last;  
And make us, Blessèd TRINITY,  
More faithful soldiers, worthier Thee,  
Through this our chastening fast.



# Lent.

Hymn 493. MINSTER.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$





# Lent.

*"Resist the devil, and he will flee from you; draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."*

FOR A LATE EVENING SERVICE.

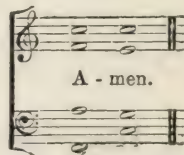
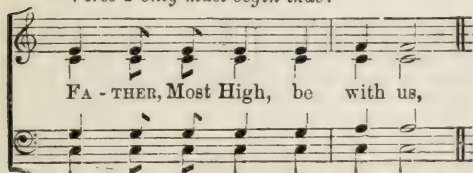
*mf* **F**ATHER, Most High, be with us,\*  
Unseen, Thy goodness showing,  
And CHRIST the WORD Incarnate,  
And SPIRIT grace bestowing.  
*cr* O Trinity, O Oneness  
Of light and power exceeding;  
O GOD of GOD Eternal,  
O GOD, from Both proceeding!

*mf* Begone, ye powers of evil  
With snares and wiles unholy!  
Disturb not with your temptings  
The spirits of the lowly,  
Depart! for CHRIST is present,  
Beside us, yea, within us;  
Away! His sign, ye know it,  
The victory shall win us.

*mf* While daylight hours are passing,  
We live and work before Thee;  
*dim* Now, ere we rest in slumber,  
We gather to adore Thee.  
Our Christian name and calling  
Of our new birth remind us;  
The SPIRIT's gifts and sealing  
To firm obedience bind us.

*p* Awhile the body resteth;  
The spirit, wakeful ever,  
*cr* Abideth in communion  
With CHRIST, Who sleepeth never.  
*f* To GOD, th' Eternal FATHER,  
To CHRIST, our sure salvation,  
To GOD, the HOLY SPIRIT,  
Be endless adoration.

\* Verse 1 only must begin thus:



*The following Hymns are suitable for this season:*

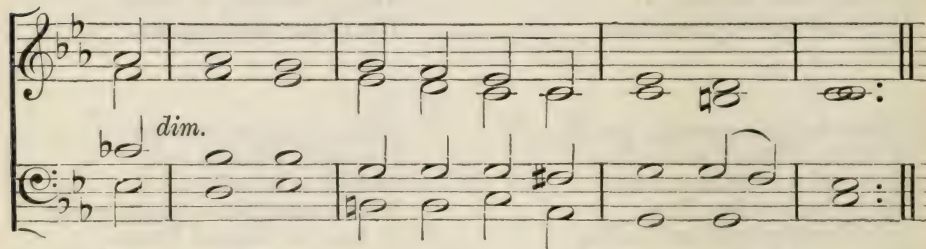
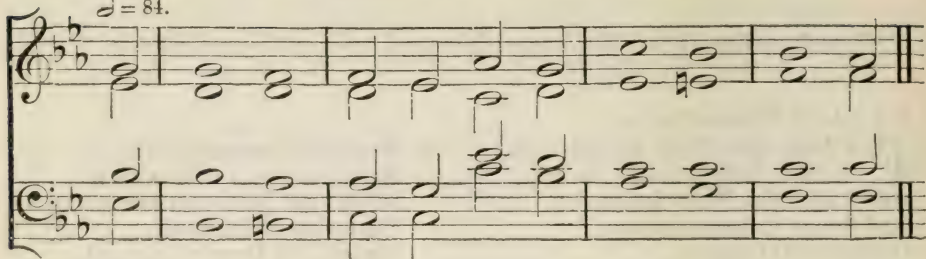
528 Not for our sins alone.

638 O GOD, to know that Thou art just.

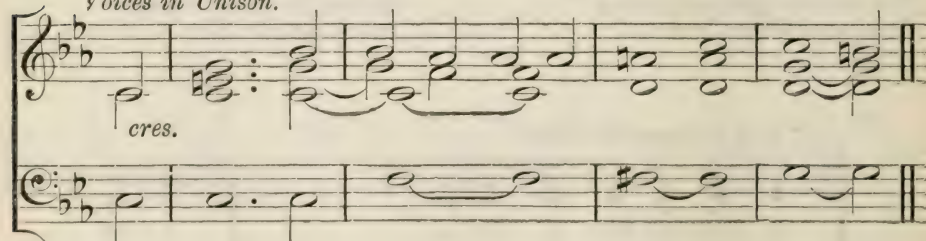
# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 494. WOODLYNN.—11 10 11 10. (*First Tune.*)

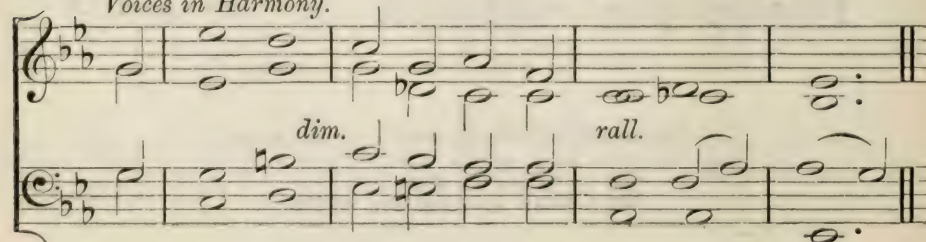
$\text{♩} = 84.$



*Voices in Unison.*



*Voices in Harmony.*



# Hymns on the Passion.

"Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind."

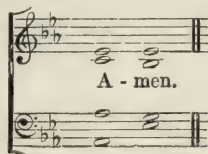
*mf* **M**Y LORD, my Master, at Thy Feet adóring,  
I see Thee bow'd beneath Thy load of woe;  
For me, a sinner, is Thy Life-Blood póuring;  
*dim* For Thee, my SAVIOUR, scarce my téars will flow.

*mf* Thine own disciple to the Jews has sóld Thee,  
With friendship's kiss and loyal wórd he came;  
How oft of faithful love my lips have tóld Thee,  
*dim* While Thou hast seen my falsehood ánd my shame!

*mf* With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems Thy wéakness,  
With blows and outrage adding páin to pain;  
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in Thy méekness;  
*dim* When I am wrong'd how quickly I complain!

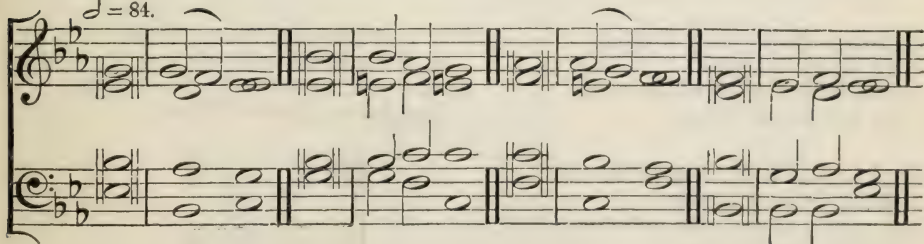
*p* My LORD, my SAVIOUR, when I see Thee wéaring  
Upon Thy bleeding brow the crówn of thorn,  
*cr* Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from béaring  
Whate'er my lot may be of páin or scorn?

*mf* O Victim of Thy love! O pangs most héaling!  
*dim* O saving Death! O wounds that I adore!  
*mf* O shame most glorious! CHRIST, before Thee knéeling,  
*p* I pray Thee keep me Thine for évermore.



**Hymn 494.** CHANT.—11 10 11 10. (Second Tune.)

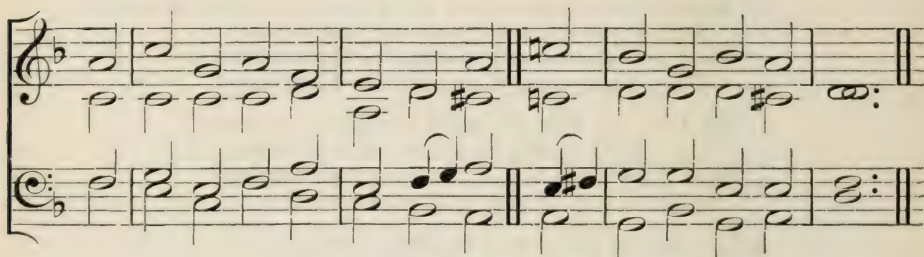
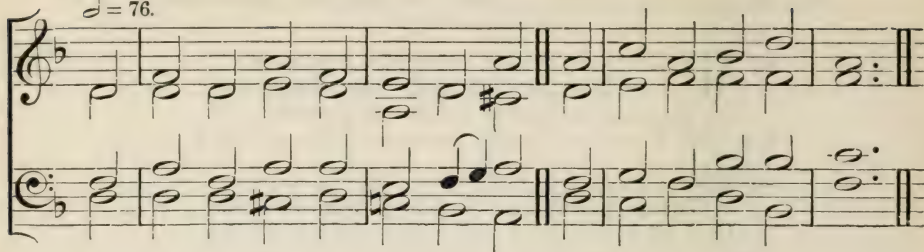
$\text{♩} = 84.$



# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 495. OLD MARTYRS.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves."*

*p* **W**EEP not for Him Who onward bears He sees the souls for whom He dies  
His Cross to Calvary; Yet clinging to their sin,  
He does not ask man's pitying tears, And heirs of mansions in the skies  
Who wills for man to die. Who will not enter in.

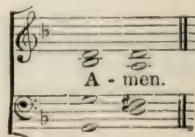
The awful sorrow of His Face,  
The bowing of His Frame,  
Come not from torture or disgrace;  
He fears not Cross or shame.

*cr* Ah! this, my SAVIOUR, was the shame  
That bow'd Thy Head so low!  
These were the wounds that rack'd Thy  
And made Thy Tears to flow. [Frame,

There is a deeper pang of grief,  
An agony unknown,  
In which His Love finds no relief  
He bears it all alone.

*p* Oh! may I in Thy sorrow share,  
And mourn that sins of mine  
Should ever wound with grief or care  
That loving Heart of Thine.

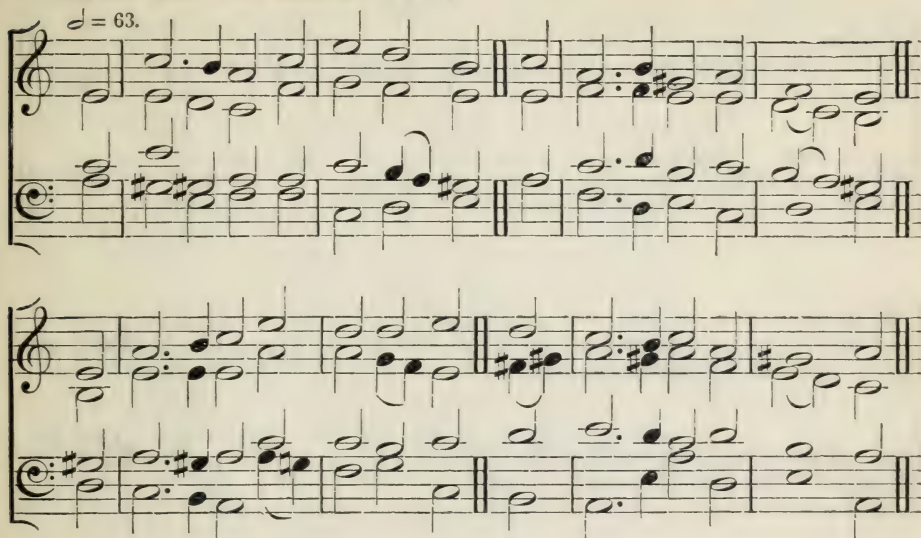
He thinks of all for whom His Life  
Of lowliness and pain,  
And weariness and care and strife,  
Will be alas! in vain.





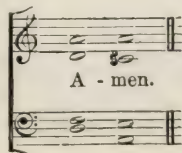
# Hymns on the Passion.

Hymn 496. ST. ALBAN.—8 7 8 7.



*“A very scorn of men, and the outcast of the people.”*

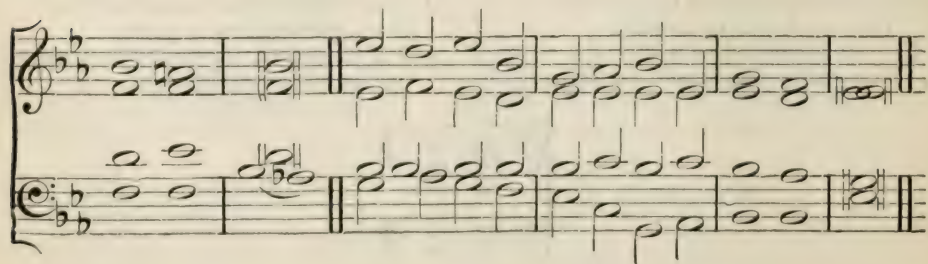
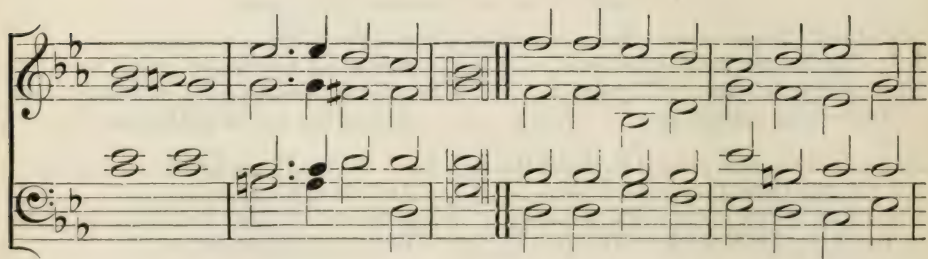
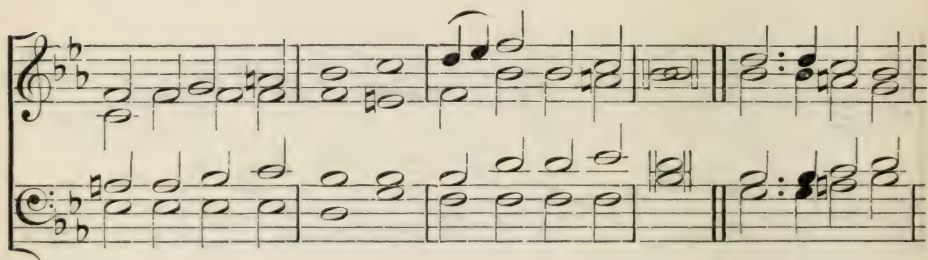
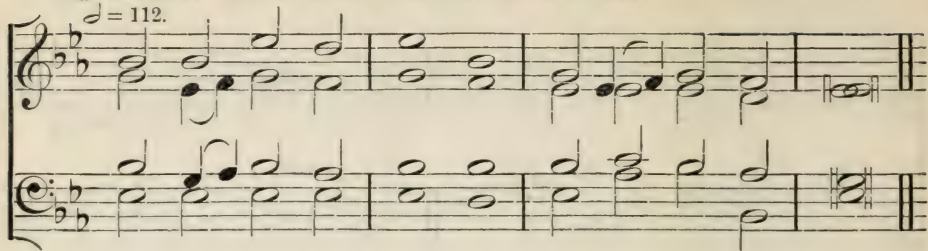
<p><i>mf</i> <b>O</b> SCORN'D and outcast LORD, beneath          Thy burden meekly bending,          Thou, our true Isaac, to Thy death          Art wearily ascending.</p>	<p><i>p</i> Our sin's pollution to remove          His Blood was freely given;  <i>cr</i> So mighty was the SAVIOUR'S love,          So just the wrath of Heaven.</p>
<p><i>dim</i> And soon, with nail-pierced Feet and Hands          Upon the Cross they raise Thee;          The Cross, which there uplifted stands,          To all the earth displays Thee.</p>	<p>Yes! 'tis the Cross that breaks the rod          And chain of condemnation,  <i>cr</i> And makes a league 'twixt man and God          For our entire salvation.</p>
<p><i>mf</i> Oh! wondrous love of God on high,          The sinful thus to cherish!          He gave His guiltless Son to die,  <i>dim</i> Lest guilty man should perish.</p>	<p><i>f</i> O praise the FATHER, praise the Son,          The Lamb for sinners given,          And HOLY GHOST, through Whom alone          Our hearts are raised to Heaven.</p>



# Easter.

Hymn 497. SALVE FESTA DIES.—11 11 11 11 11.

$\text{♩} = 112.$



# Easter.

"Let us keep the Feast."

*mf* "WELCOME, happy morning!" age to age shall say;  
Hell to-day is vanquish'd! Heav'n is won to-day!  
*f* Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!  
Him, their true Creator, all His works adore:  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

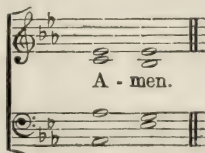
Earth with joy confesses, clothing her for Spring,  
All good gifts return with her returning King;  
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
Speak His sorrows ended, hail His triumph now:  
Hell to-day is vanquish'd! Heav'n is won to-day!

*mf* Months in due succession, days of length'ning light,  
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;  
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,  
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee:  
"Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,  
Thou from Heav'n beholding man's abasing fall,  
Of th' Eternal FATHER true and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on:  
Hell to-day is vanquish'd! Heav'n is won to-day!

Thou, of life the Author, (*dim*) death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, (*cr*) saving strength to show;  
*mf* Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;  
'Tis Thine own Third Morning! rise, O buried LORD!  
*f* "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

Loose the souls long prison'd, bound with Satan's chain;  
All that now is fallen raise to life again;  
Show Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see!  
Bring again our daylight: day returns with Thee;  
*f* Hell to-day is vanquish'd! Heav'n is won to-day!



# Easter.

## Hymn 498. THE FOE.—Irregular.

*"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."*

$\text{♩} = 132.$

VOICES IN UNISON.

*f*

The foe be - hind, the deep be - fore, Our hosts have dared and past the

sea; And Pha-raoh's war - riors strew the shore, And Is - rael's ransom'd tribes are

*ff* HARMONY.

free. Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re - joi - ces

UNISON. HARMONY.

now; The LORD hath triumph'd glo-rious-ly! The LORD shall reign vic - to - rious - ly!



# Easter.

TREBLES ONLY.

*mf*

HARM.—TRE. & TEN.

Hap - py mor - row, Turn - ing sor - row In - to peace and mirth! Bond - age end - ing,

TENORS ONLY.

Love de - scend - ing O'er the earth. Seals as - sur - ing, Guards se - cur - ing,

HARMONY.

*ff*

Watch His earth - ly prison : Seals are shatter'd, Guards are scatter'd ; CHRIST is risen !

TREBLES ONLY.

*mf*

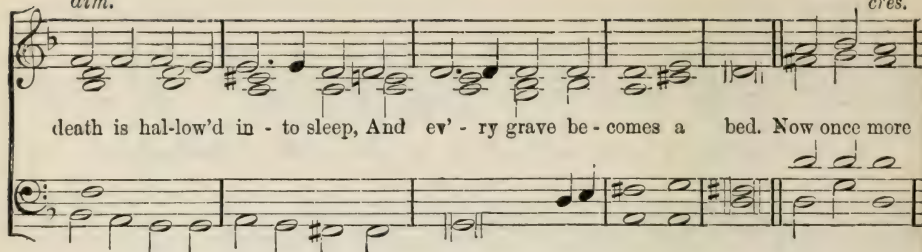
No long - er must the mourn - ers weep, Nor call de - part - ed Christians dead ; For

# Easter.

HARMONY.

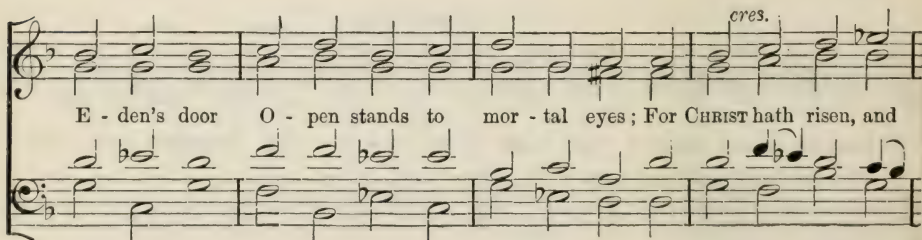
*dim.*

*cres.*

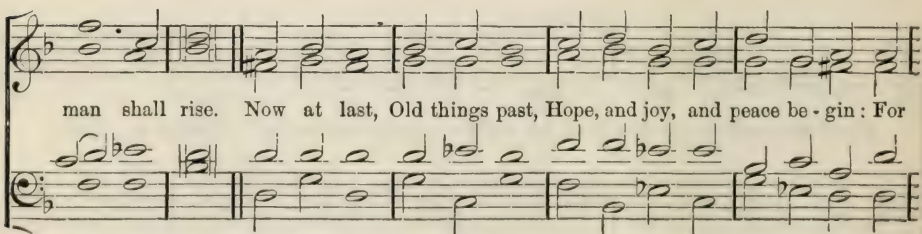


death is hal-low'd in - to sleep, And ev' - ry grave be - comes a bed. Now once more

*cres.*



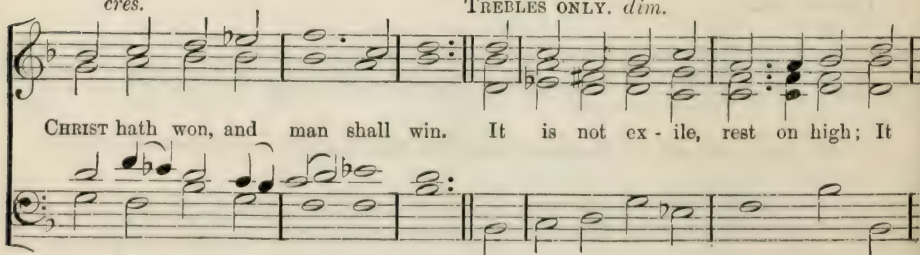
E - den's door O - pen stands to mor - tal eyes ; For CHRIST hath risen, and



man shall rise. Now at last, Old things past, Hope, and joy, and peace be - gin : For

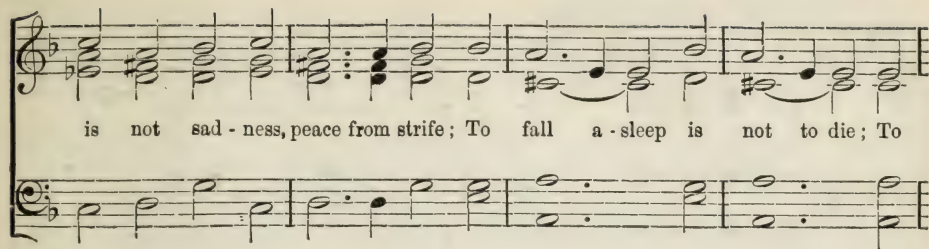
*cres.*

TREBLES ONLY. *dim.*



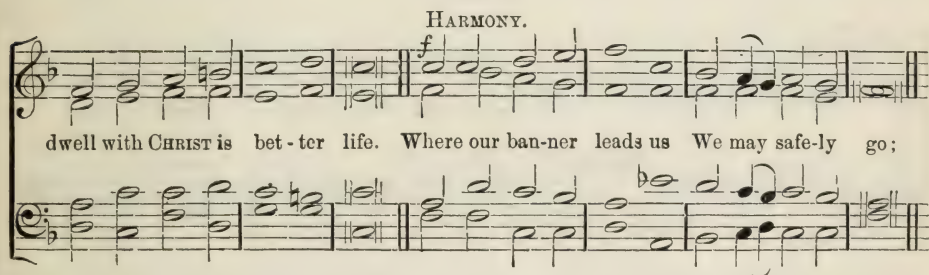
CHRIST hath won, and man shall win. It is not ex - ile, rest on high ; It

# Easter.

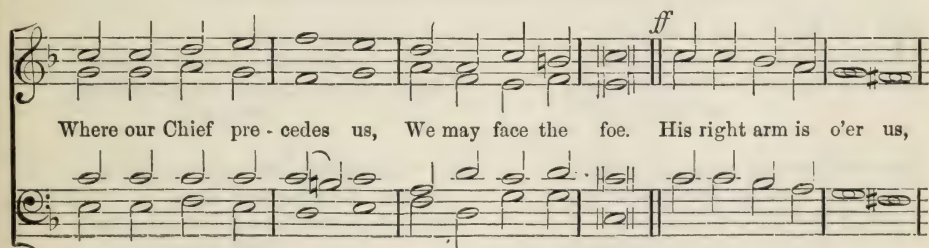


is not sad - ness, peace from strife ; To fall a - sleep is not to die ; To

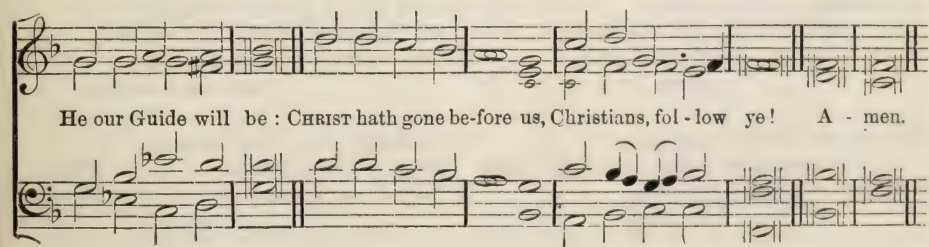
HARMONY.



dwel with CHRIST is bet - ter life. Where our ban - ner leads us We may safe - ly go ;



Where our Chief pre - cedes us, We may face the foe. His right arm is o'er us,

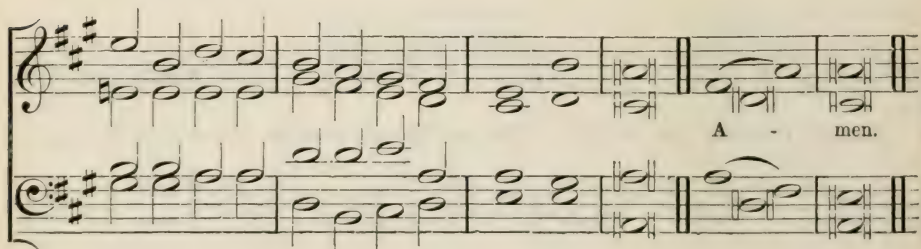
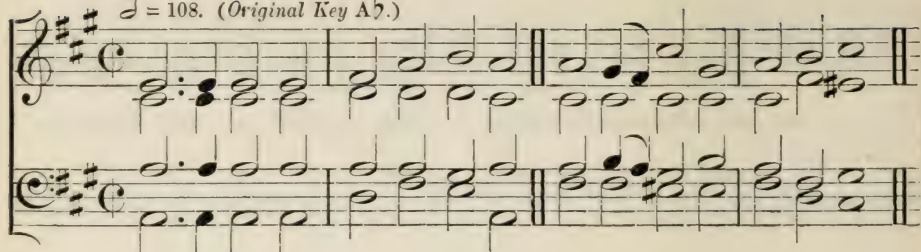


He our Guide will be : CHRIST hath gone be - fore us, Christians, fol - low ye ! A - men.

# Easter.

Hymn 499. MANSFIELD.—8 7 8 3.

♩ = 108. (Original Key A♭.)



"When I awake up after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it."

*f* **O**N the Resurrection morning  
Soul and body meet again;  
No more sorrow, no more weeping,  
no more pain!

*cr* Soul and body reunited  
Thenceforth nothing shall divide,  
Waking up in CHRIST's own likeness,  
satisfied.

*p* Here awhile they must be parted,  
And the flesh its Sabbath keep,  
Waiting in a holy stillness,  
wrapt in sleep.

*f* Oh! the beauty, Oh! the gladness  
Of that Resurrection day,  
Which shall not through endless ages  
pass away!

For a while the tirèd body  
Lies with feet toward the morn;  
*cr* Till the last and brightest Easter  
day be born.

*mf* On that happy Easter morning  
All the graves their dead restore;  
Father, sister, child, and mother,  
meet once more.

But the soul in contemplation  
Utters earnest prayer and strong,  
*mf* Bursting at the Resurrection  
into song.

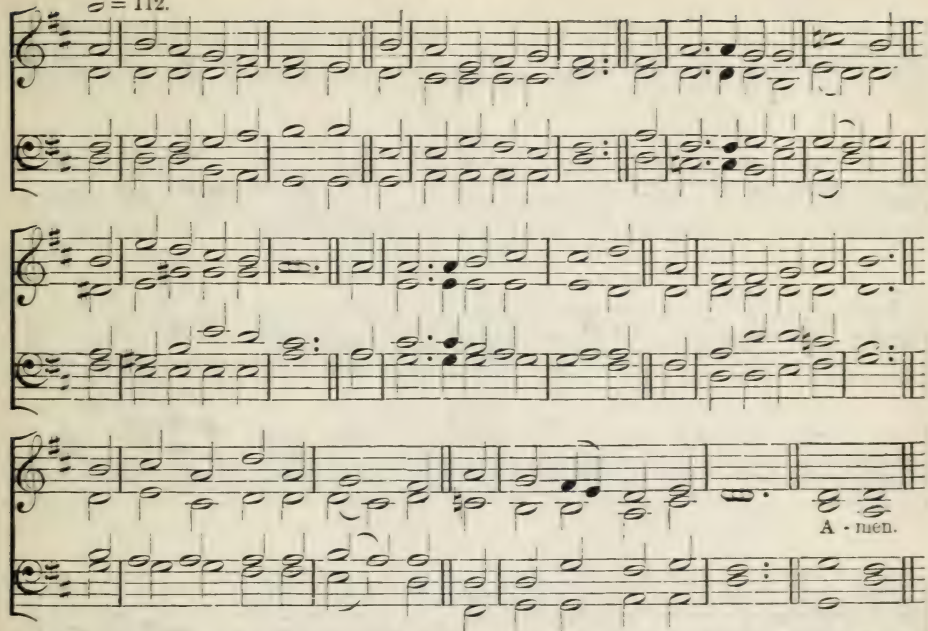
To that brightest of all meetings  
*dim* Bring us, JESU CHRIST, at last; [ment,  
By Thy Cross, through death (*cr*) and judg-  
holding fast.



# Easter.

Hymn 500. O VOICE.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 112.$



"My Beloved spoke and said unto me, Rise up, My love, My fair one, and come away. For the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear upon the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

O VOICE of the Belovèd!  
Thy Bride hath heard Thee say,—  
"Rise up, My love, My fair one,  
Arise and come away.  
For lo, 'tis past, the winter,  
The winter of thy year;  
The rain is past and over,  
The flowers on earth appear.

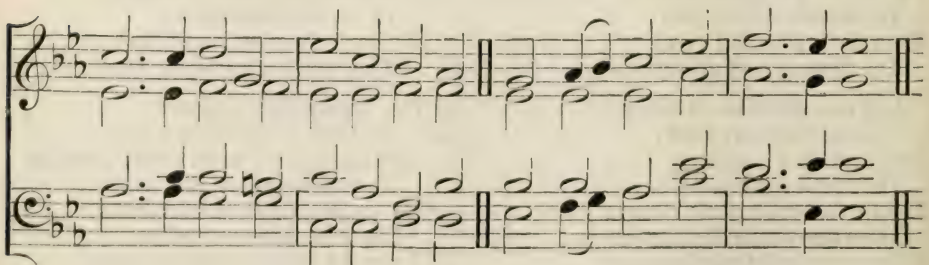
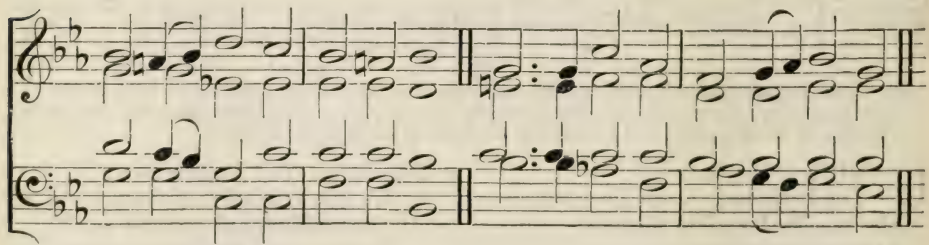
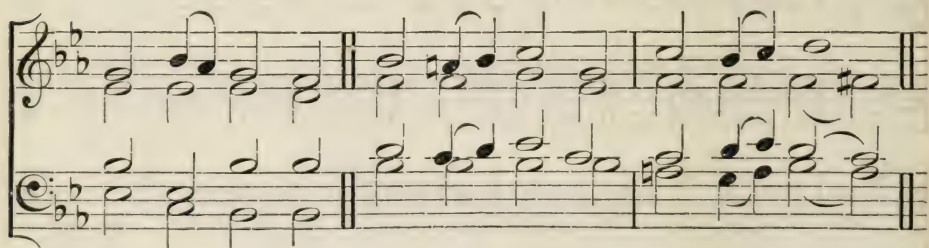
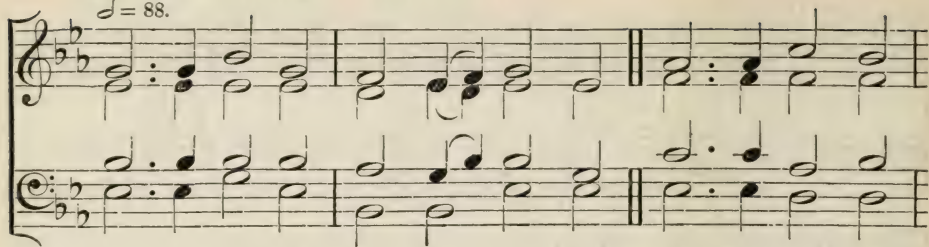
"And now the time of singing  
Is come for every bird;  
And over all the country  
The turtle dove is heard:  
The fig her green fruit ripens,  
The vines are in their bloom;  
Arise and smell their fragrance,  
My love, My fair one, come!"

*p* Yea, LORD! Thy Passion over,  
We know this life of ours  
*cr* Hath pass'd from death and winter  
To leaves and budding flowers:  
No more Thy rain of weeping  
In drear Gethsemane;  
No more the clouds and darkness,  
*p* That veil'd Thy bitter Tree.  
*mf* Our Easter Sun is risen!  
*dim* And yet we slumber long,  
And need Thy Dove's sweet pleading  
To waken prayer and song.  
*p* Oh breathe upon our deadness,  
Oh shine upon our gloom;  
*cr* LORD, let us feel Thy Presence,  
*f* And rise and live and bloom.

# Easter.

Hymn 501. VICTORY.—8 8 7 7 8 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



# Easter,

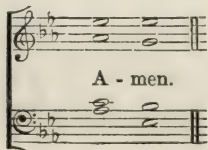
*"Thanks be to God, Who giveth us the victory."*

*mf* **F**AR be sorrow, tears, and sighing !  
Waves are calming, storms are dying ;  
Moses hath o'erpass'd the sea,  
Israel's captive hosts are free ;  
Life by death slew death and saved us,  
In His Blood the Lamb hath laved us,  
Clothing us with victory.

*f* **J**ESUS CHRIST from death hath risen,  
Lo ! His Godhead bursts the prison,  
While His Manhood passes free,  
Vanquishing our misery.

*mf* Rise we free from condemnation ;  
*dim* Through our God's humiliation,  
*f* Ours is now the victory.

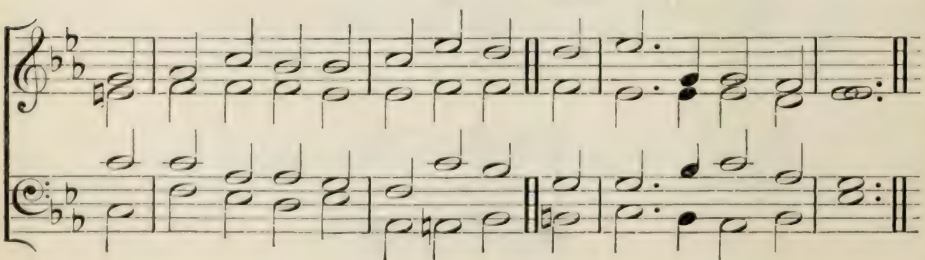
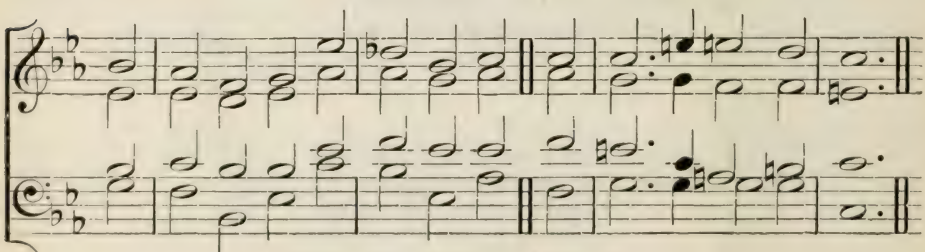
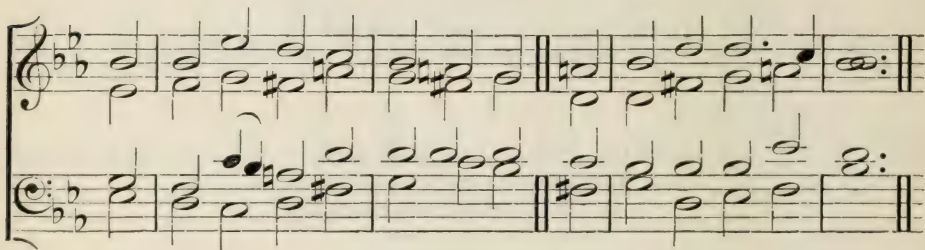
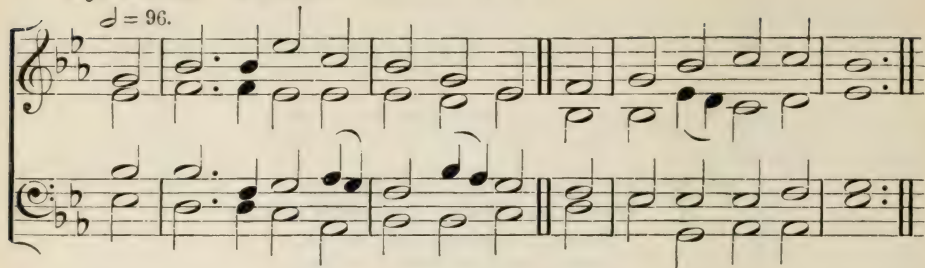
*mf* Vain the foe's despair and madness !  
See the dayspring of our gladness !  
Slaves no more of Satan we ;  
Children, by the Son set free ;  
*f* Rise, for Life with death hath striven,  
All the snares of hell are riven,  
Rise and claim the victory.



# Easter.

Hymn 502. MIDSOMER NORTON.—D.C.M.

$\text{♩} = 96.$





# Easter.

*"Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength?"*

*mf* **T**O Thee and to Thy CHRIST, O God,  
We sing—we ever sing;

For He the lonely winepress trod,  
Our cup of joy to bring.

*cr* His glorious Arm the strife maintain'd,  
He march'd in might from far;  
His robes were with the vintage stain'd,  
Red with the wine of war.

To Thee and to Thy CHRIST, O God,  
We sing—we ever sing;

*dim* For He invaded Death's abode,

*cr* And robb'd him of his sting.  
The house of dust enthral'd no more,  
For He, the Strong to save,  
Himself doth guard that silent door,  
Great Keeper of the grave.

*mf* To Thee and to Thy CHRIST, O God,  
We sing—we ever sing;

For He hath crush'd beneath His rod  
The world's proud rebel king.

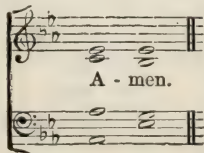
He plunged in His imperial strength  
To gulfs of darkness down;  
He brought His trophy up at length,  
The foil'd usurper's crown.

To Thee and to Thy CHRIST, O God,  
We sing—we ever sing;

*dim* For He redeem'd us with His Blood  
From every evil thing.

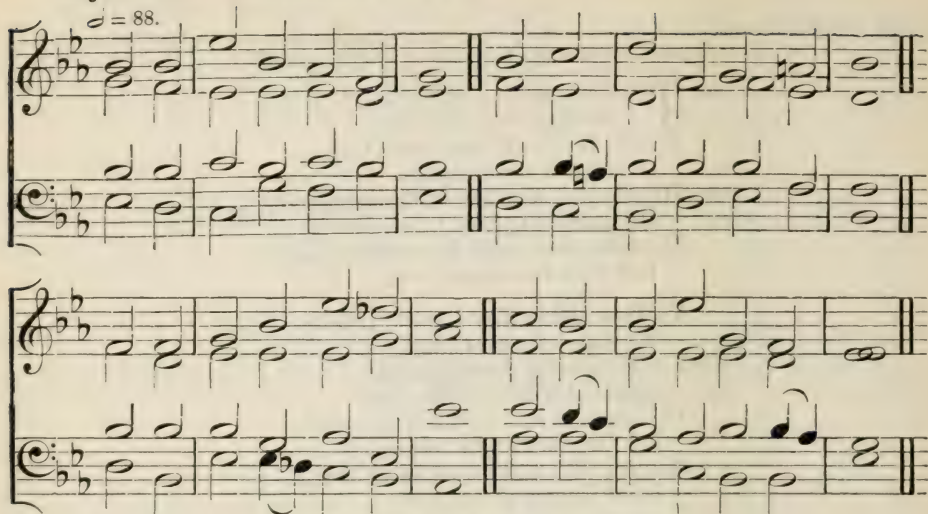
*mf* Thy saving strength His Arm upbore,  
The Arm that set us free;

*f* Glory, O God, for evermore  
Be to Thy CHRIST and Thee.



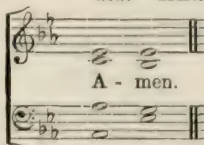
# Easter.

Hymn 503. CONFIDENCE.—7 7 7 7.



“ Being seen of them forty days.”

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <i>mf</i> FORTY days Thy seer of old<br>Communed with Thee, O Most High;<br>Fain Thy goings to behold<br>And Thy glory passing by.                  | <i>mf</i> Risen Master, fain would we,<br>Sharing those unearthly days,<br>Morn and eve, on shore and sea, [ways;—<br>Watch Thy movements, mark Thy |
| <i>p</i> In the rocky cleft he bow'd;<br>Thou, as mortal gaze might bear,<br>Part reveal'd and part in cloud,                                       | Catch by faith each glad surprise<br>Of Thy footstep drawing nigh,<br>Hear Thy sudden greeting rise—  |
| <i>cr</i> Didst Thy secret Name declare.  | <i>dim</i> “Peace be to you! It is I;”—   |
| <i>mf</i> Forty days of Easter-tide<br>Thou didst commune with Thine own;<br>Now by glimpses, LORD, desier'd,<br>Handled now and proved and known;— | <i>mf</i> Secrets of Thy Kingdom learn,<br>Read the vision open spread,<br>Feel Thy Word within us burn,<br>Know Thee in the broken Bread.          |
| <i>p</i> Known, Most Merciful, yet veil'd;<br>Else before the awful sight<br>Surely heart and flesh had fail'd,<br>Smitten with exceeding light.    | So Thy glory's skirts beside<br>Gently led from grace to grace,<br>We Thy coming may abide,<br><i>dim</i> And adore Thee face to face.              |

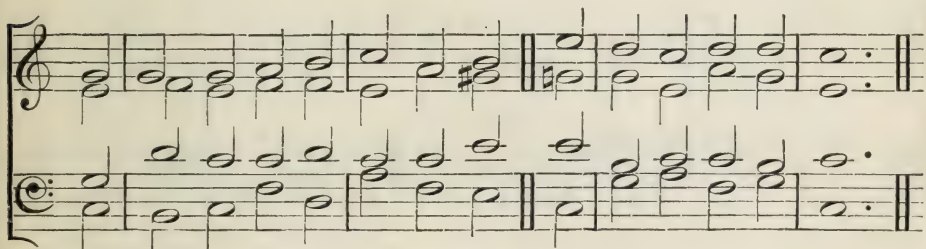
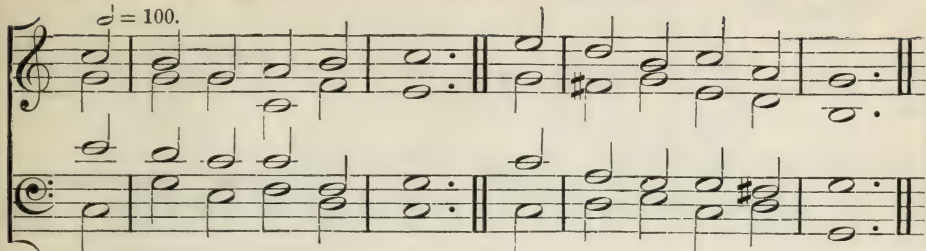


Or the Tune of Hymn 445 may be sung.

# Easter.

Hymn 504. NARENZA.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



*"Risen with Him."*

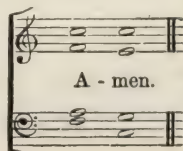
*f* **T**HE LORD is risen indeed ;  
Now is His work perform'd ;  
Now is the mighty Captive freed,  
And death's strong castle storm'd.

*f* The LORD is risen indeed ;  
Attending Angels, hear !  
Up to the Courts of Heav'n with speed  
The joyful tidings bear.

The LORD is risen indeed ;  
Then Hell has lost his prey ;  
With Him is risen the ransom'd seed  
To reign in endless day.

Then take your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful chord ;  
Join, all ye bright celestial choirs,  
To sing our risen LORD.

*im* The LORD is risen indeed ;  
He lives, to die no more ;  
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,  
Whose curse and shame He bore.

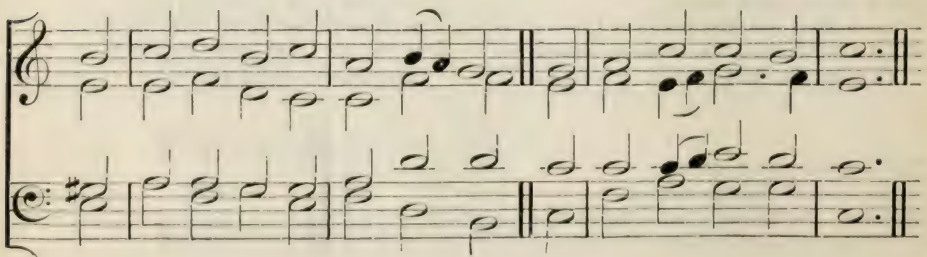
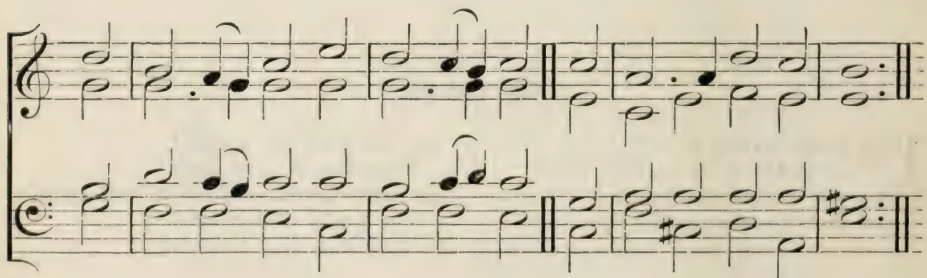
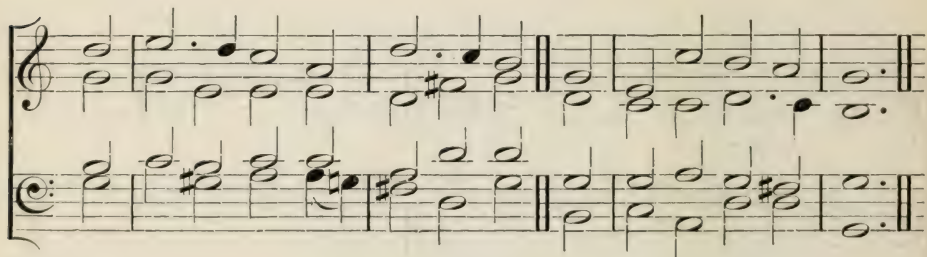
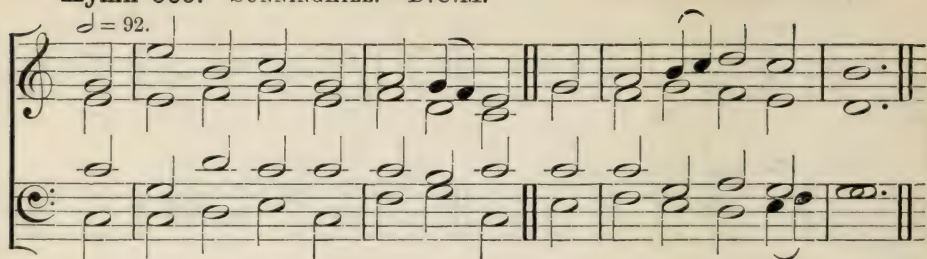


A - men.

# Rogation Days.

Hymn 505. SUNNINGHILL.—D.C.M.

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# Rogation Days.

*"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof."*

*f* **O** THRONED, O crown'd with all  
renown,  
Since Thou the earth hast trod,  
Thou reignest, and by Thee come down  
Henceforth the gifts of God.  
[By Thee the suns of space, that burn  
Unspent, their watches hold;  
The hosts that turn, and still return,  
Are sway'd, and poised, and roll'd.

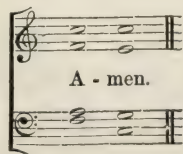
*cr* Thus in their change let frost and  
heat  
And winds and dews be given;  
All fostering power, all influence sweet,  
Breathe from the bounteous heav'n.  
Attemper fair with gentle air  
The sunshine and the rain,  
That kindly earth with timely birth  
May yield her fruits again;

The powers of earth, for all her ills,  
An endless treasure yield;  
The precious things of the ancient hills,  
Forest, and fruitful field.]  
Thine is the health, and Thine the wealth  
That in our halls abound;  
And Thine the beauty and the joy  
With which the years are crown'd.

*mf* That we may feed Thy poor aright,  
And, gath'ring round Thy Throne,  
Here in the holy Angels' sight  
Repay Thee of Thine own.  
For so our sires in olden time  
Spared neither gold nor gear,  
Nor precious wood, nor hewn stone,  
Thy sacred shrines to rear.

*im* [And as, when ebb'd the flood, our sires  
Kneel'd on the mountain sod,  
While o'er the new world's altar fires  
Shone out the bow of God;  
And sweetly fell the peaceful spell—  
Word that shall aye avail—  
"Summer and winter shall not cease,  
Seed time nor harvest fail;"]

*cr* For there to give the second birth  
In mysteries and signs,  
The Face of CHRIST o'er all the earth  
On kneeling myriads shines.  
*mf* And if so fair beyond compare  
Thine earthly houses be,  
*cr* In how great grace shall we Thy Face  
In Thine own Palace see?

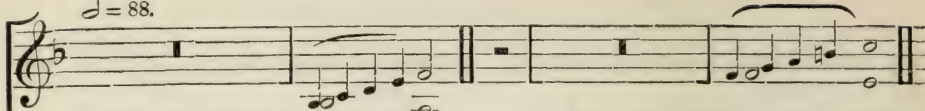


*The parts within [brackets] may be omitted if the Hymn be thought too long.*

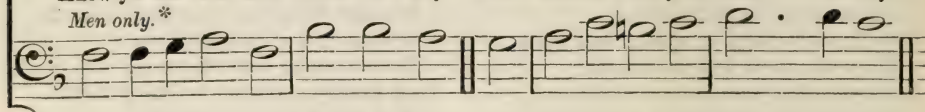
# Ascension.

Hymn 506. TRIUMPH.—8 8 7 7 7 7.

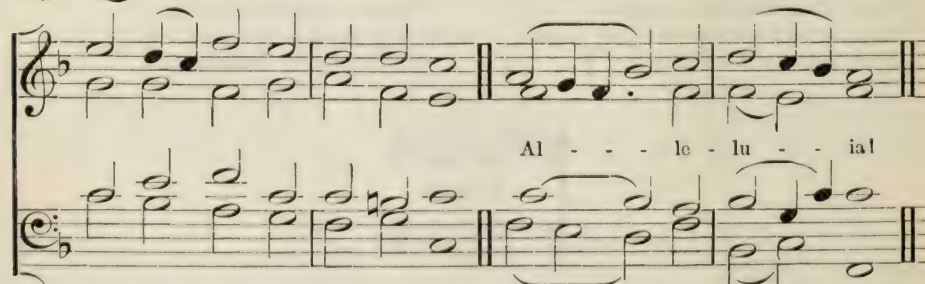
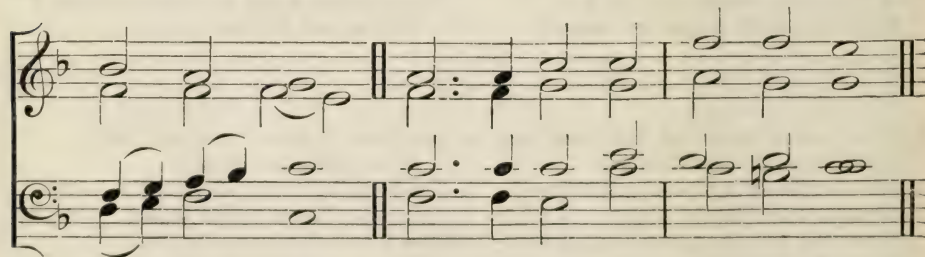
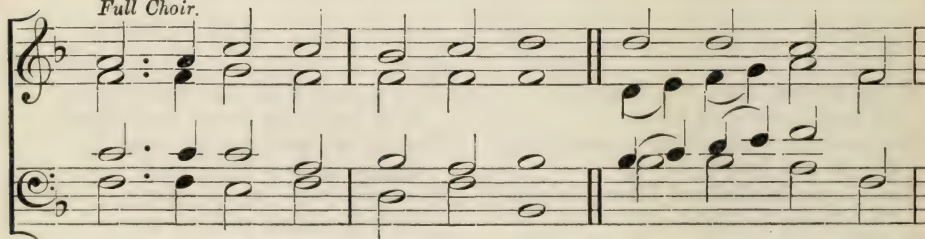
$\text{♩} = 88.$



Know ye the LORD hath borne a - way Your Mas-ter from your head to-day?  
Men only.\*



*Full Choir.*



Al - - - le - lu - - ia!

\* If there are no men in the Choir, the 1st and 2nd lines must be sung by the Choir Trebles, and the accompaniment played an octave higher.

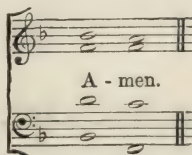
# Ascension.

"Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy Master from thy head to-day?"

<i>f</i> <b>K</b> NOW ye the LORD hath borne away Your Master from your head to-day? Yea, we know it; yet we raise Joyous strains of hope and praise! He is gone, but not before All His earthly work is o'er. Alleluia!	Know ye the LORD hath borne away Your Master from your head to-day? Yea, we know it; wondrous love Bids Him seek His Home above: <i>dim</i> He hath said 'tis better so; See His mantle dropt below! Alleluia!
--	--

Know ye the LORD hath borne away Your Master from your head to-day? Yea, we know it; stand afar; Mark His bright triumphal car, Mighty end of mighty deeds, Clouds His chariot, winds His steeds! Alleluia!	<i>mf</i> Know ye the LORD hath borne away Your Master from your head to-day? Yea, we know it; lo! we trace Plenteous portions of His grace, Sent to all whose hearts can soar Whither He has gone before. Alleluia!
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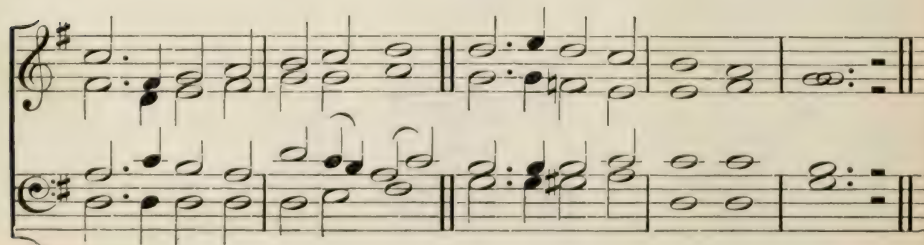
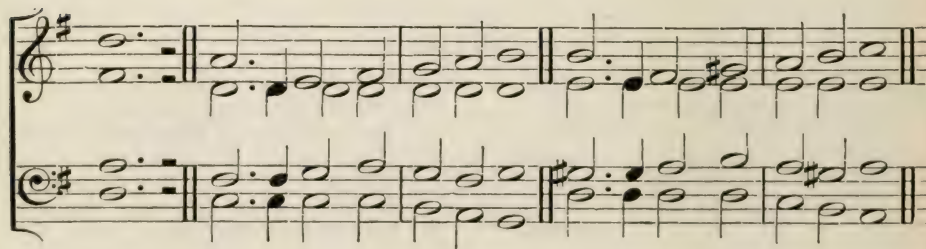
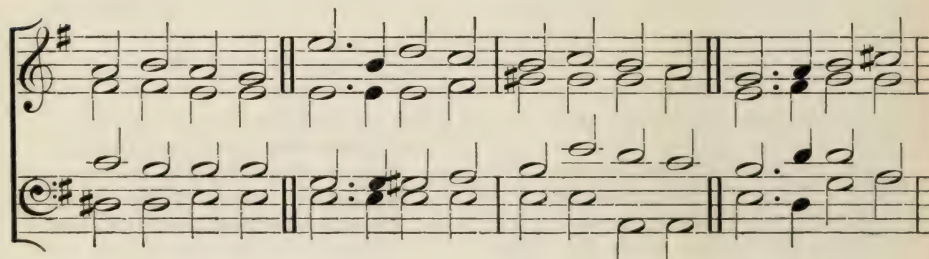
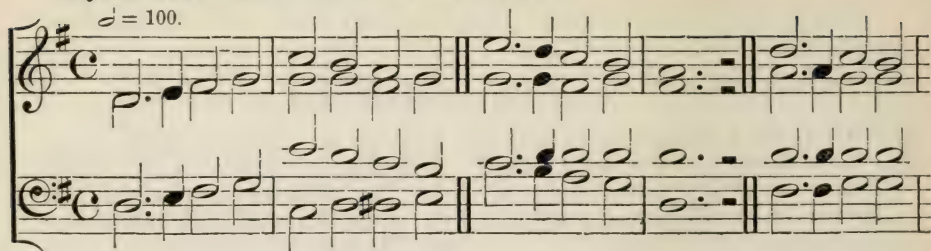
Know ye the LORD hath borne away Your Master from your head to-day? Yea, we know it; ere He left, Jordan's stream in twain was cleft: With that glorious act in view, We shall one day cleave it too! Alleluia!	Know ye the LORD hath borne away Your Master from your head to-day? Yea, we know it; search would fail, <i>cr</i> If ye pass'd through mount and vale: [wide: Earth contains Him not, though <i>ff</i> Seek Him at His Father's side! Alleluia!
---	--



# Whitsuntide.

Hymn 507. BARMOUTH.—8 5 8 8 5 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 100.$





# Abitsuntide.

"The Spirit of the Lord filleth the world."

*mf* **B**OUNTEOUS SPIRIT, ever shedding  
Life the world to fill!  
Swarms the fruitful globe o'erspreading,  
Shoals their ocean pathway threading,  
*cr* Own Thy quick'ning thrill:  
Author of each creature's birth,  
Life of life beneath the earth,  
Everywhere, O SPIRIT Blest,  
*f* Thou art motion, (*p*) Thou art rest.

*mf*\*Come, Creator! grace bestowing,—  
All Thy sevenfold dower!  
Come, Thy peace and bounty strowing,  
Earth's Renewer! Thine the sowing,  
Thine the gladd'ning shower.  
Comforter! what joy Thou art  
To the blest and faithful heart;  
But to man's primeval foe  
Uttermost despair and woe.

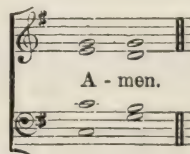
O'er the waters of creation  
Moved Thy Wings Divine;  
When the world, to animation  
Waking 'neath Thy visitation,  
Teem'd with powers benign:  
Thou didst man to being call,  
Didst restore him from his fall;  
Pouring, like the latter rain,  
Grace to quicken him again.

*cr* Thine the Gospel voices, crying  
As with trumpet sound;  
Till the world, in darkness lying,  
Rose from deathly sleep, desecrating  
Heavenly light around.  
Man, to reach that prize reveal'd,  
Arm'd with Thee as with a shield,  
Nerved and girt his fight to win,  
Quells the prince of death and sin.

*mf* \*Lowliest homage now before Thee  
Let the ransom'd pay;  
For Thy wondrous gifts adore Thee,  
By Thy holiness implore Thee,  
While in love they pray:  
*dim* Holy! Holy! we repeat,  
Kneeling at Thy mercy-seat;  
There unbosom every woe,  
Groanings Thou alone canst know.

*mf* Fount of grace for every nation,  
Refuge of the soul!  
Strengthen Thou each new creation,  
With the waters of salvation  
Make the guilty whole:  
Rule on earth the powers that be;  
Give us priests inspired of Thee;  
Through Thy Holy Church increase  
Purest unity and peace.

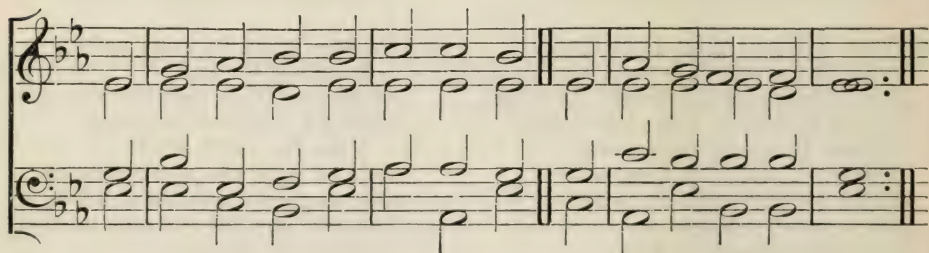
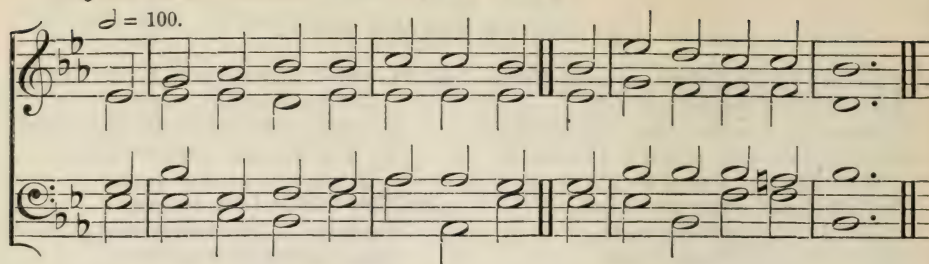
\*Purge and sanctify us wholly  
From the leaven of ill;  
Save from Satan's grasp unholy;  
To a living faith and lowly  
Mould the upright will;  
Till the olden zeal return,  
And with mutual love we burn;  
Till in peace, no more to roam,  
All the flock be gather'd home.



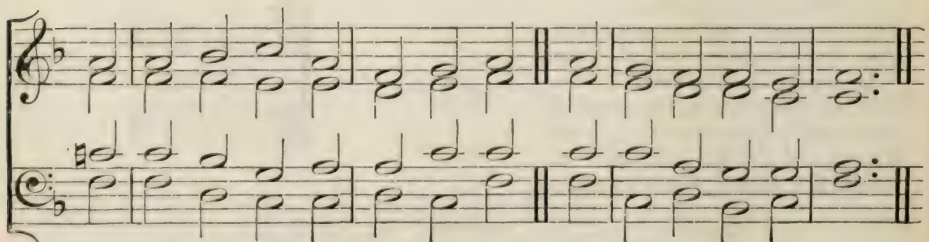
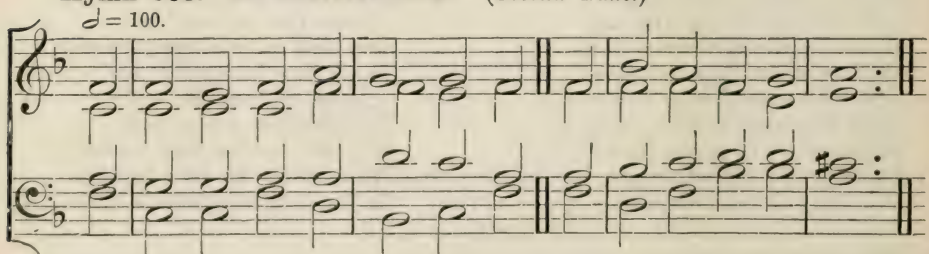
\* These verses may be omitted, if the Hymn be thought too long.

# Whitsuntide.

Hymn 508. TALLIS.—C.M. (*First Tune.*)



Hymn 508. ST. FLAVIAN.—C.M. (*Second Tune.*)



# Whitsuntide.

*"The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost."*

*mf* COME, HOLY GHOST, Eternal God,  
Proceeding from above,  
Both from the FATHER and the SON,  
The God of peace and love ;

*mf* Put back our enemy from us,  
And help us to obtain  
Peace in our hearts with God and man,—  
The best, the truest gain ;

Visit our minds, into our hearts.  
Thy heavenly grace inspire ;  
That truth and godliness we may  
Pursue with full desire.

Of strife and of dissension  
Dissolve, O LORD, the bands,  
And knit the knots of peace and love  
Throughout all Christian lands.

Thou in Thy gifts art manifold ;  
By them CHRIST'S Church doth stand ;  
In faithful hearts Thou writ'st Thy law,  
The Finger of God's hand.

Grant us the grace that we may know  
The FATHER of all might,  
That we of His beloved SON  
May gain the blissful sight ;

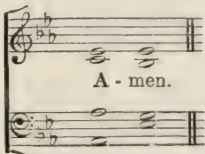
According to Thy promise, LORD,  
Thou givest speech with grace,  
That through Thy help God's praises may  
Resound in every place.

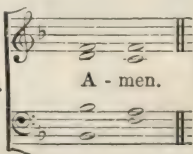
And that we may with perfect faith  
Ever acknowledge Thee,  
The Spirit of FATHER, and of SON,  
One God in Persons Three.

*f* O HOLY GHOST, into our minds  
Send down Thy Heavenly Light ;  
Kindle our hearts with fervent zeal  
To serve God day and night.

*f* To GOD the FATHER laud and praise,  
And to His Blessèd SON,  
And to the HOLY SPIRIT of grace,  
Co-equal THREE in ONE.

Our weakness strengthen and confirm,  
For, LORD, Thou know'st us frail ;  
That neither devil, world, nor flesh,  
Against us may prevail.

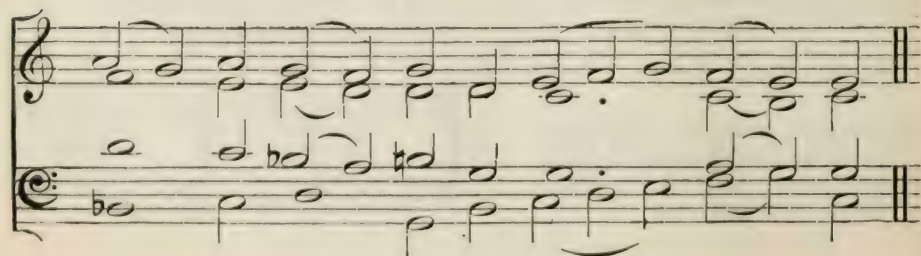
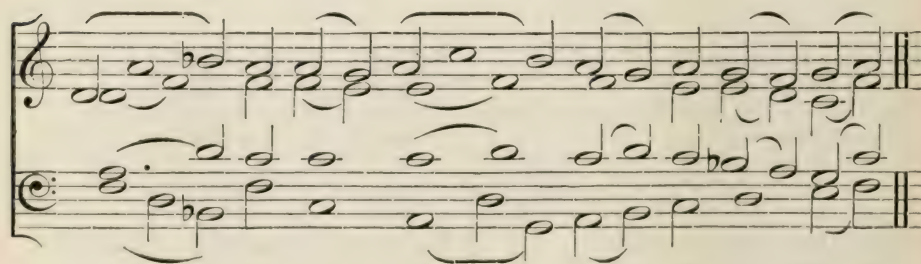
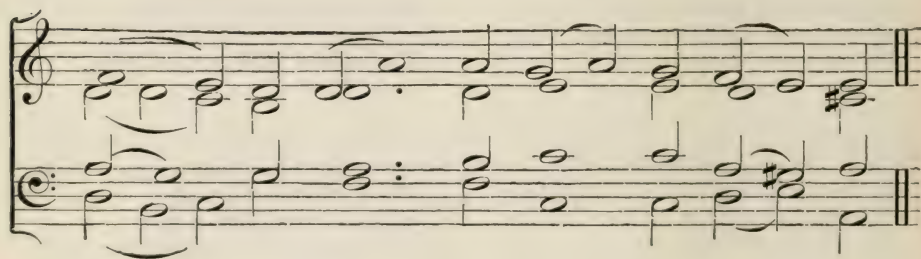
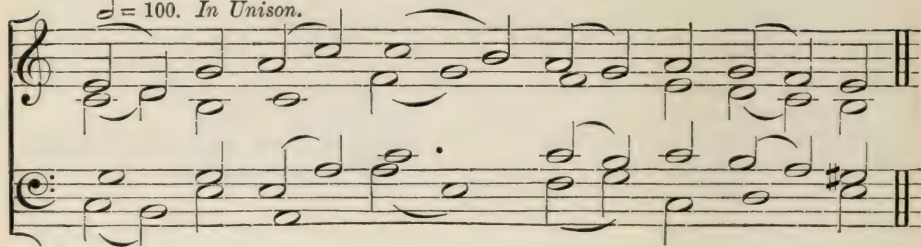
1.  A - men.

2.  A - men.

# Trinity Sunday.

Hymn 509. PLAIN-SONG.—L.M. (*First Tune.*)

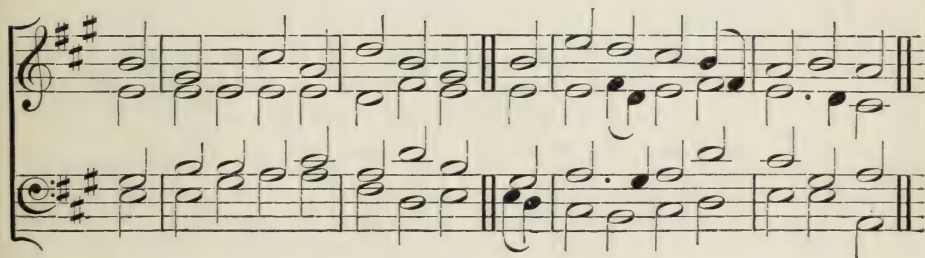
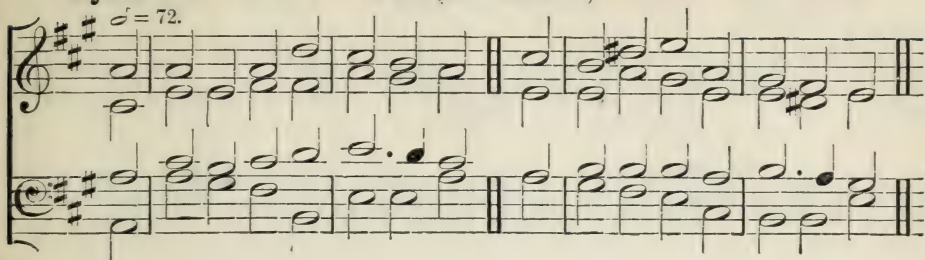
$\text{♩} = 100.$  *In Unison.*





# Trinity Sunday.

Hymn 509. SHARON.—L.M. (Second Tune.)



*"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last."*

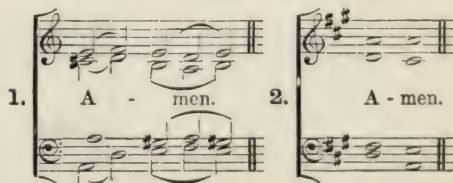
**B**E near us, Holy TRINITY,  
One Light, one only Deity !  
All things are Thine, on Thee depend,  
Who art Beginning without end.

*cr* One we believe Thee, Light Divine,  
And worship in a glorious Trine :  
*mf* O First and Last, we humbly cry,  
And all things having breath reply.

The myriad armies of the sky  
Praise, bless, adore Thy Majesty :  
Earth's triple frame—land, air, and sea—  
Upraise their canticle to Thee.

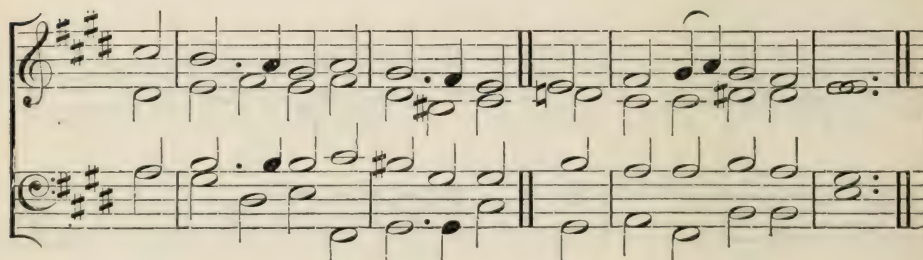
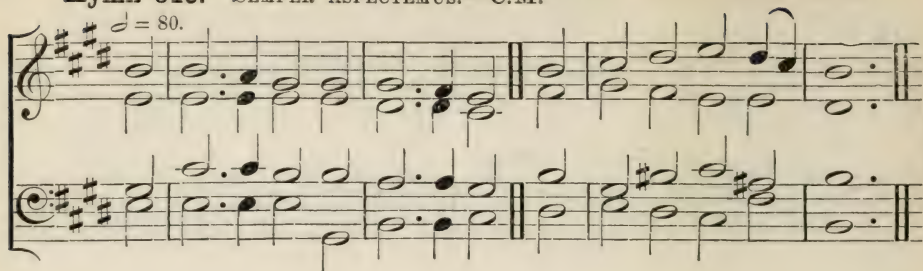
*f* Praise to the FATHER, made of none,  
Praise to His sole-begotten Son,  
Praise to the HOLY SPIRIT be,—  
Mysterious Godhead, ONE in THREE !

*m* We too, Thy suppliant servants all,  
Before Thy feet adoring fall :  
To Thee our vows and prayers we bring,  
With hymns that Saints and Angels sing.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 510. SEMPER ASPECTEMUS.—C.M.



*“Lo, these are parts of His ways.”*

*mf* **H**AIL, FATHER, Whose creating call  
Unnumber'd worlds attend;  
Who art in all and over all,  
Thyself both Source and End:

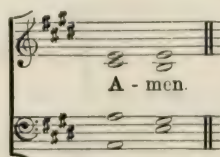
In light unsearchable enthroned,  
Whom Angels dimly see,  
The Fountain of the GODHEAD own'd,  
First-named among the THREE.

From Thee, through an eternal Now,  
Springs Thy co-equal SON;  
An everlasting FATHER Thou,  
Ere time began to run.

*p* Not quite display'd to worlds above,  
Nor quite on earth conceal'd,  
*cr* By wondrous, unexhausted love  
To mortal man reveal'd;

When Nature's outworn robe shall be  
Exchanged for new attire;  
And earth, which rose at Thy decree,  
Dissolve before Thy fire;

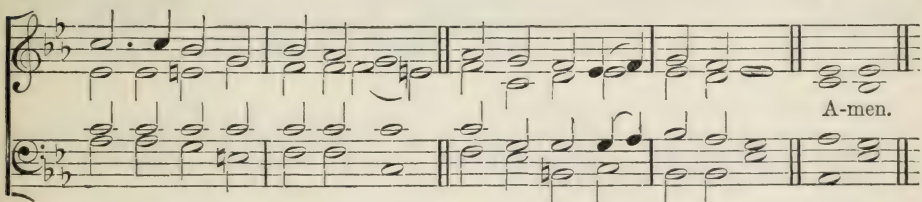
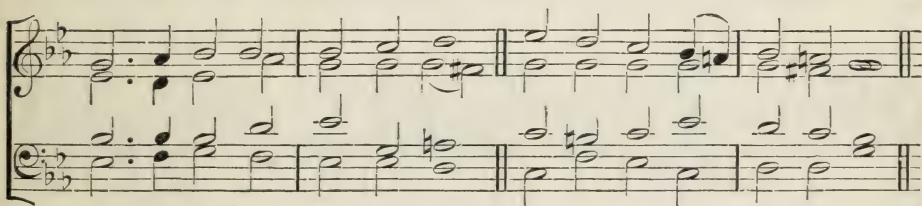
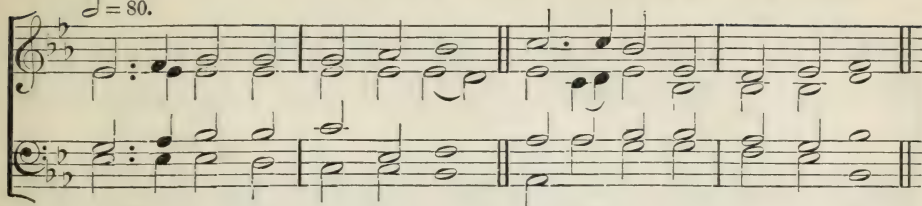
*f* Thy Name, O God, be still adored  
Through ages without end,  
Whom none but Thine essential WORD  
AND SPIRIT comprehend.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 511. GLORIA.—7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



"This glorious and fearful Name, the Lord thy God."

**G** LORIOUS is Thy Name, O LORD!  
Heav'n and earth with one accord  
Tell Thy greatness, part reveal'd,  
But the larger part conceal'd.  
How shall we poor sinners dare  
Seek Thy face in praise and prayer?

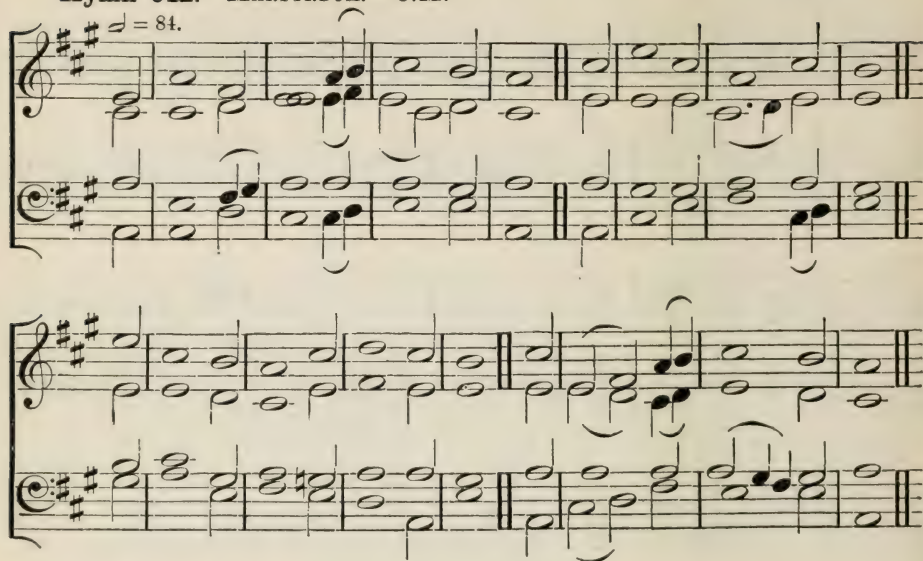
*mf* Yet with all Thy wondrous might  
Far beyond our mortal sight,  
Perfect wisdom, boundless powers,  
*cr* Thou, O glorious God! art ours.  
*dim* So, though fill'd with awe, we dare  
Name Thy Name in praise and prayer.

Fearful is Thy Name, O LORD!  
Dread Thy voice, and sharp Thy sword;  
Thunders roll around Thy path:  
None can stand before Thy wrath!  
How shall trembling sinners dare  
Lift their voice in praise and prayer?

*p* Since, to save a world undone,  
Thou didst give Thine only Son,  
*cr* All Thy greatness, LORD Most High,  
Brings Thee to our hearts more nigh.  
Thus in faith and hope we dare  
*f* Claim Thy love in praise and prayer.

# General Hymns.

## Hymn 512. MARTYRDOM.—C.M.



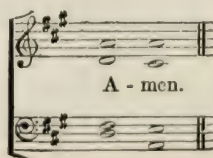
*"Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God."*

*mf* **O** GOD of Jacob, by Whose hand  
Thy people still are fed,  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led;

*p* Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy Throne of grace;  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

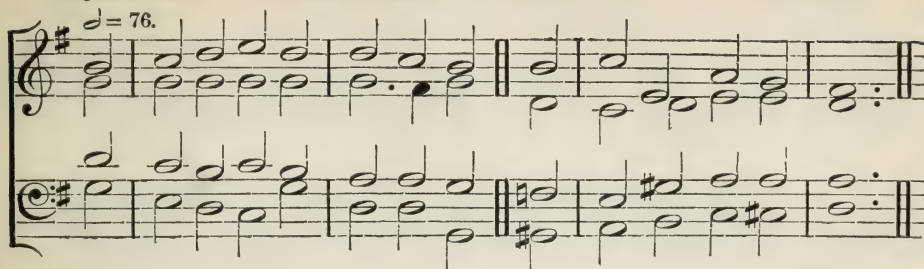
*cr* O spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our FATHER'S loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.





# General Hymns.

Hymn 513. St. LUKE.—C.M.

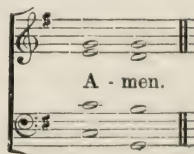


*"Strive for the truth to the death, and the Lord shall fight for thee.—Thou requirest truth in the inward parts."*

*mf* **O** GOD of Truth, Whose living word *cr* Then, God of Truth, for Whom we long—  
 Upholds whate'er hath breath, Thou Who wilt hear our prayer—  
*dim* Look down on Thy creation, Lord, Do Thine own battle in our hearts,  
 Enslaved by sin and death. And slay the falsehood there.

*mf* Set up Thy standard, Lord, that they Yea, come! then, tried as in the fire,  
 Who claim a heavenly birth From every lie set free,  
 May march with Thee to smite the lies Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,  
 That vex Thy ransom'd earth. *mf* And we shall live in Thee.

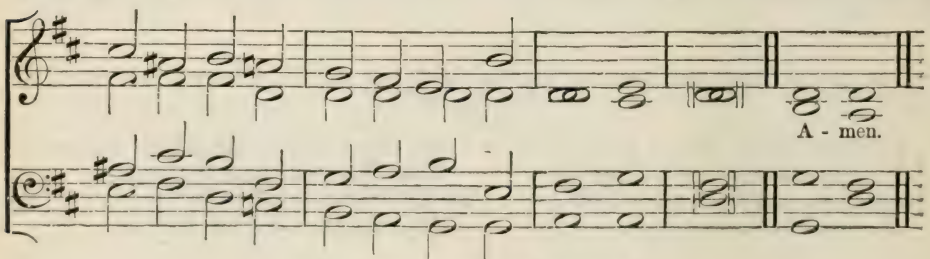
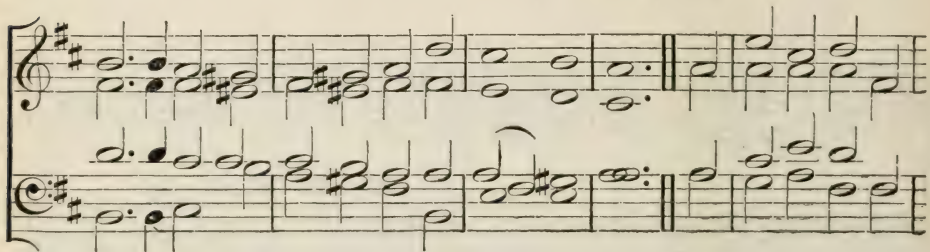
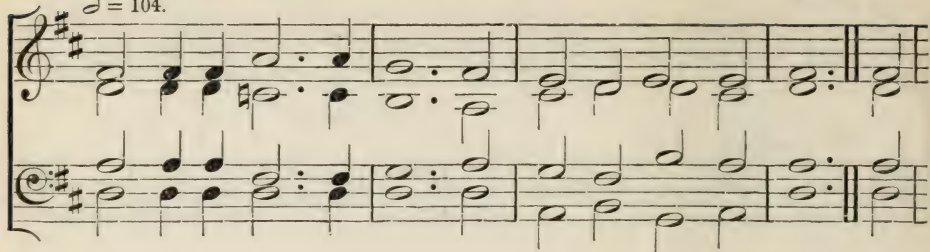
*dim* Ah! would we join that blest array,  
 And follow in the might  
 Of Him, the Faithful and the True,  
 In raiment clean and white?



# General Hymns.

Hymn 514. VIA PACIS.—6 6 6 6 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 104.$



*"Our Father, which art in Heaven."*

*mp* **F**ATHER of all, to Thee  
 With loving hearts we pray,  
 Through Him, in mercy given,  
 The Life, the Truth, the Way;  
*cr* From Heav'n, Thy Throne, in mercy shed  
 Thy blessings on each bended head.

FATHER of all, to Thee  
 Our contrite hearts we raise,  
 Unstrung by sin and pain,  
 Long voiceless in Thy praise;  
 Breathe Thou the silent chords along,  
 Until they tremble into song.

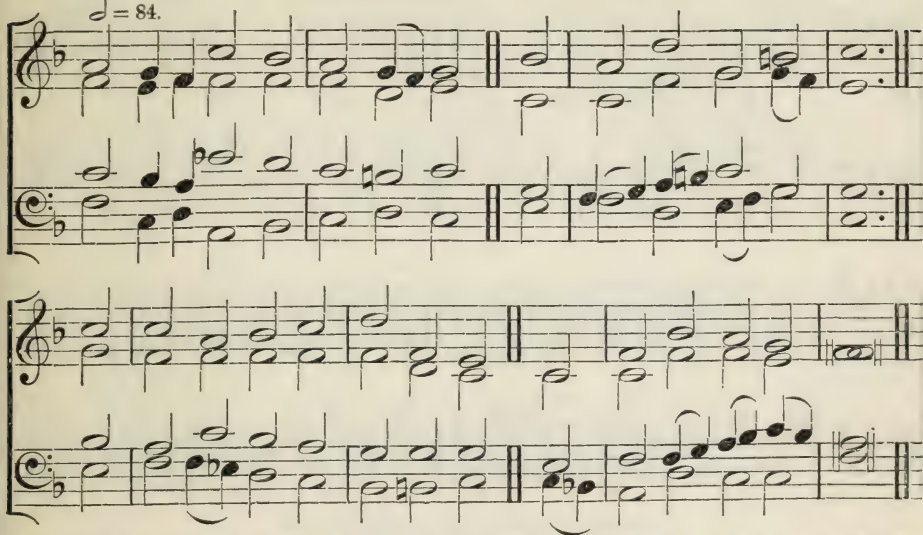
FATHER of all, to Thee  
 We breathe unutter'd fears,  
 Deep-hidden in our souls,  
 That have no voice but tears;  
 Take Thou our hand, and through the wild  
 Lead gently on each trustful child.

*mf* FATHER of all, may we  
 In praise our tongues employ,  
 When gladness fills the soul  
 With deep and hallow'd joy;  
 In storm and calm give us to see  
 The path of peace which leads to Thee.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 515. ST. COLUMBA.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

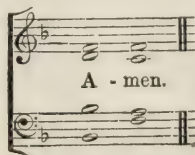


*"Jabez called on the God of Israel, saying, Oh that Thou wouldst bless me indeed . . . and that Thine hand might be with me, and that Thou wouldst keep me from evil . . . And God granted him that which he requested."*

*p* **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy Throne of grace  
Let this petition rise:—

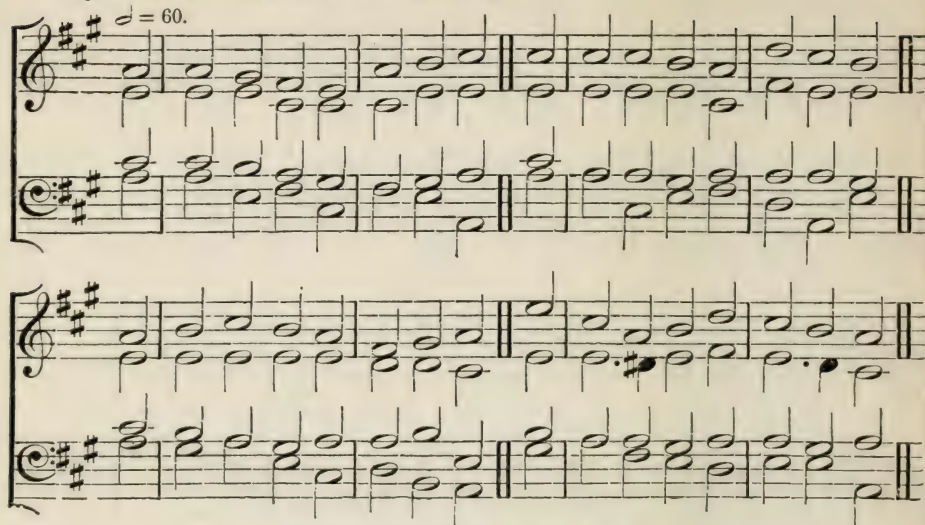
Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And let me live to Thee.

*cr* Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My path of life attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
*mf* And crown my journey's end.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 516. OLD HUNDREDTH.—L.M.



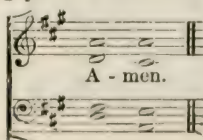
*“O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.”*

*mf* **B**EFORE JEHOVAH's awful Throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;  
*f* Know that the LORD is God alone;  
*mf* He can create, and He destroy.

His sov'reign power, without our aid,  
*dim* Made us of clay, and form'd us men;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to His fold again.

*f* We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs;  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

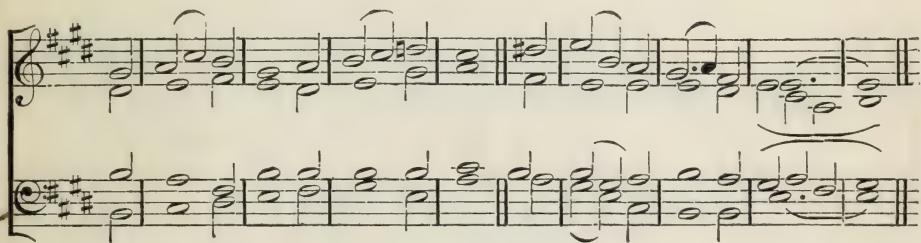
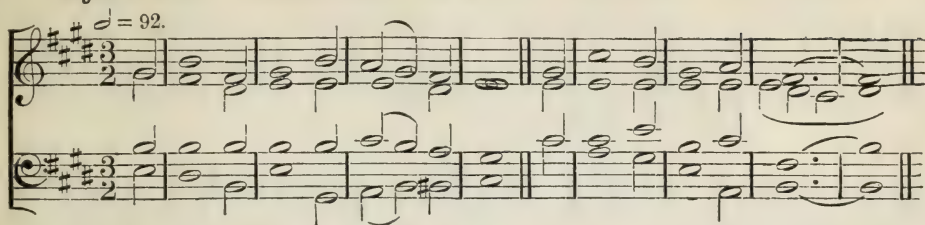
Wide as the world is Thy command;  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.





# General Hymns.

## Hymn 517. CONTEMPLATION.—C.M.



*"The multitude of His mercies."*

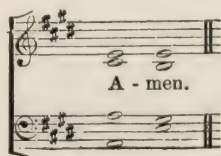
*mf* **W**HEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
*cr* And after death in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From Whom those comforts flow'd.

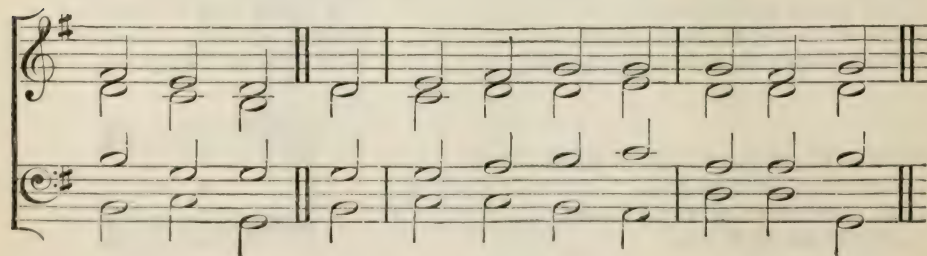
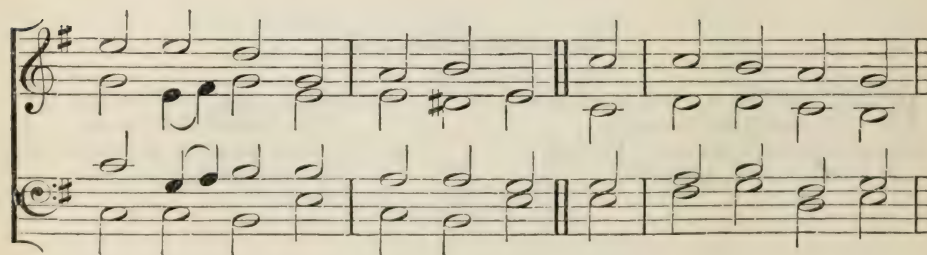
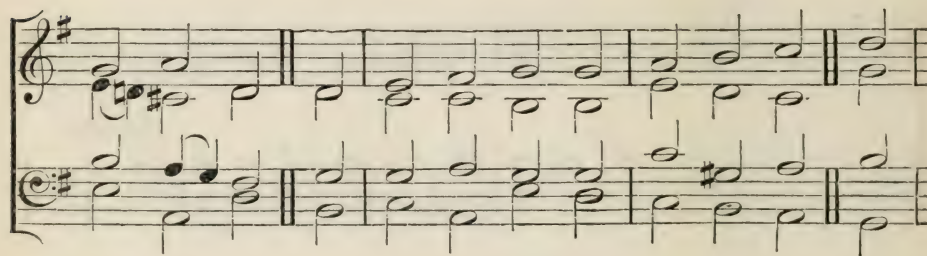
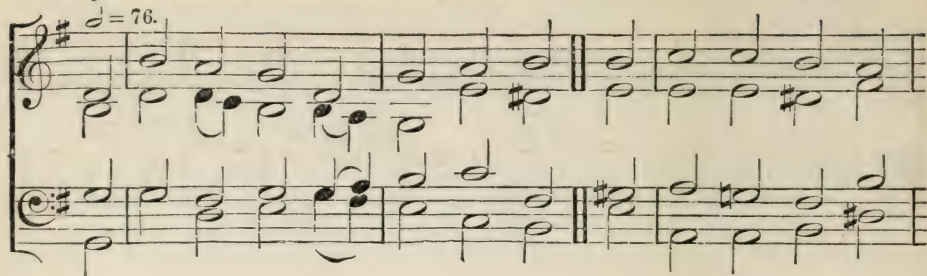
*f* Through all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise.

*p* When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
*cr* Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 518. WESTBOURNE.—8 8 8 8 8.



# General Hymns.

*"I have gone astray like a sheep that is lost; O seek Thy servant."*

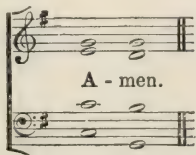
*mf* WE have not known Thee as we ought,  
Nor learn'd Thy wisdom, grace, and power;  
The things of earth have fill'd our thought,  
And trifles of the passing hour.  
*p* LORD, give us light Thy truth to see,  
And make us wise in knowing Thee.

*mf* We have not fear'd Thee as we ought,  
Nor bow'd beneath Thine awful eye,  
Nor guarded deed, and word, and thought,  
Remembering that God was nigh.  
*p* LORD, give us faith to know Thee near,  
And grant the grace of holy fear.

*mf* We have not loved Thee as we ought,  
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee;  
Thy presence we have coldly sought,  
And feebly long'd Thy Face to see.  
*p* LORD, give a pure and loving heart  
To feel and own the love Thou art.

*mf* We have not served Thee as we ought,  
Alas! the duties left undone,—  
*dim* The work with little fervour wrought,—  
The battles lost, or scarcely won!  
LORD, give the zeal, and give the might,  
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

*mf* When shall we know Thee as we ought,  
And fear, and love, and serve aright!  
When shall we out of trial brought  
*cr* Be perfect in the land of light!  
LORD, may we day by day prepare  
To see Thy Face, and serve Thee there.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 519. NUTBOURNE.—7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

“Yea, Lord, I believe that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God.”

*mf* GOD the FATHER's only SON,  
And with Him in glory ONE,  
One in wisdom, One in might,  
Absolute and Infinite;

*f* JESU, I believe in Thee,  
Thou art LORD and GOD to me.

*mf* Preacher of eternal peace,  
CHRIST Anointed to release,  
Setting wide the dungeon door  
Unto sinners chain'd before;

*f* JESU, I believe in Thee,  
CHRIST the Prophet sent to me.

*p* Low in deep Gethsemane,  
*cr* High on dreadful Calvary,  
In the Garden, on the Cross,  
Making good our utter loss;

*f* JESU, I believe in Thee,  
Priest and Sacrifice for me.

*mf* Ruler of Thy ransom'd race,  
And Protector by Thy grace,  
Leader in the way we wend,  
And Rewarder at the end;

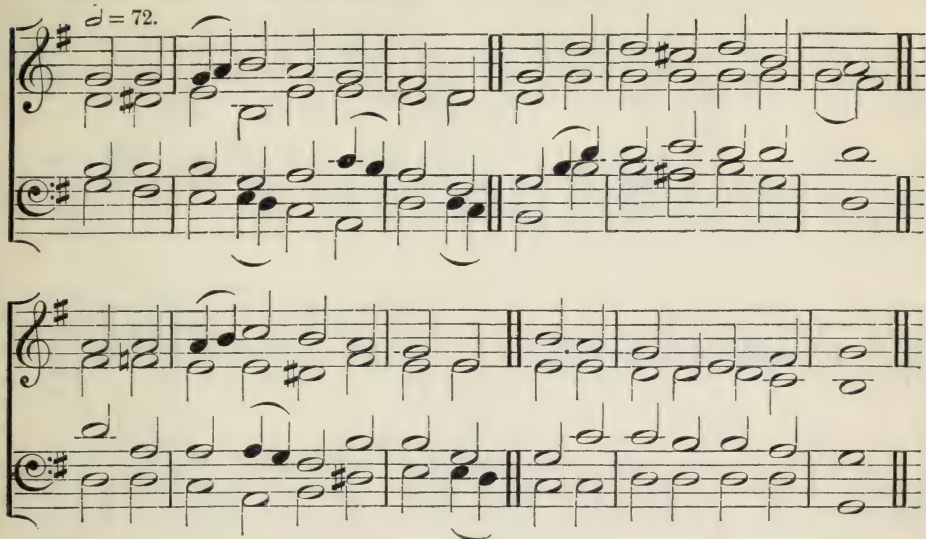
*f* JESU, I believe in Thee,  
CHRIST, the King of kings to me.

A - men.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 520. LOVE DIVINE.—8 7 8 7.



"Visit me with Thy salvation."

*mf* **L**OVE Divine, all loves excelling,  
Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down,  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown.

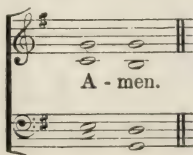
*p* **J**ESU, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love Thou art;  
*cr* **V**isit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy grace receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.

Thou we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thy Hosts above;  
*p* **P**ray, and (*cr*) praise Thee, without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

*mf* **F**inish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly restored in Thee.

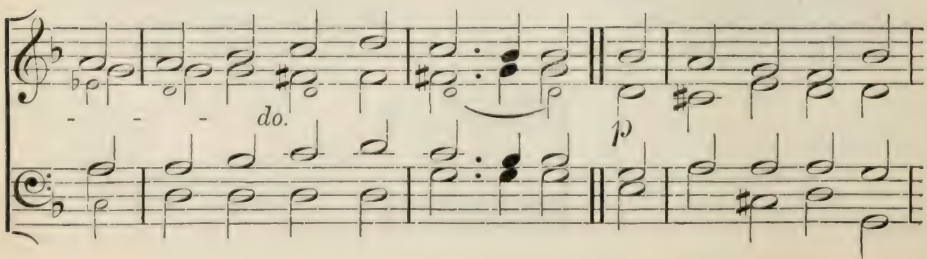
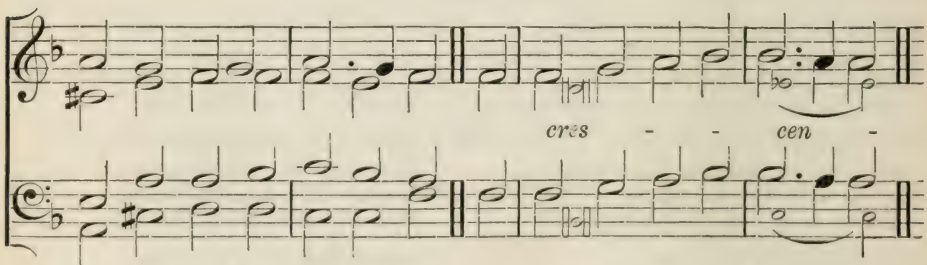
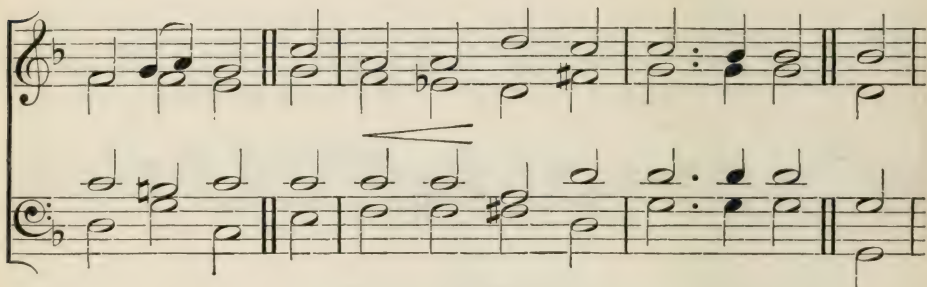
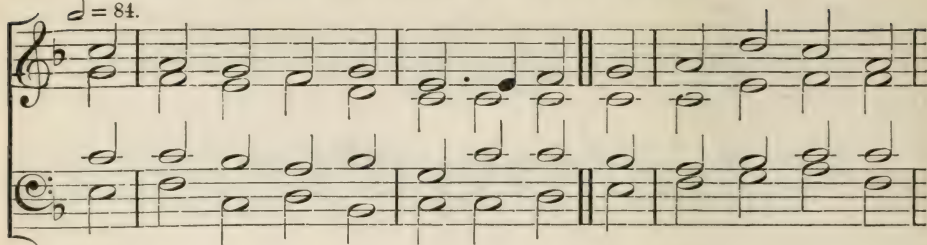
*cr* **C**hanged from glory into glory,  
Till in Heav'n we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



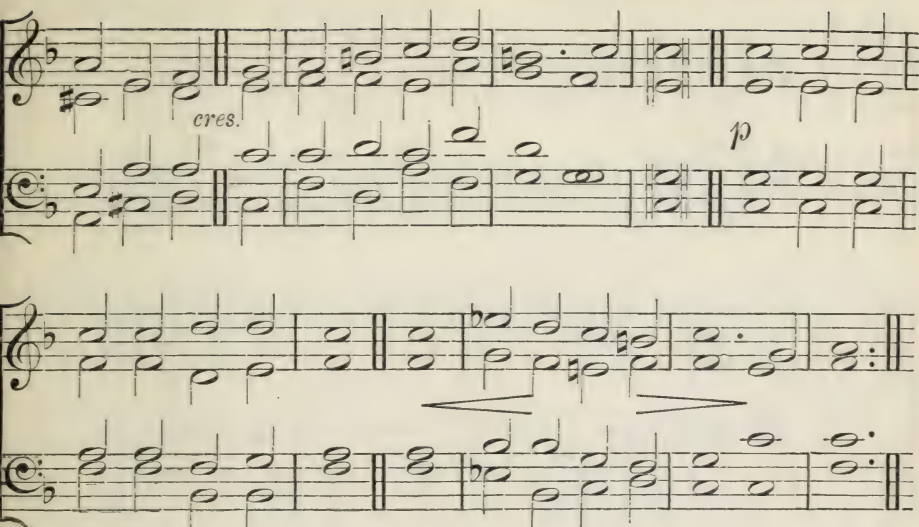
# General Hymns.

Hymn 521. NOMEN TERSANCTUM.—8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

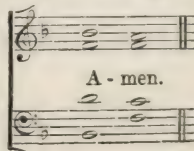


# General Hymns.



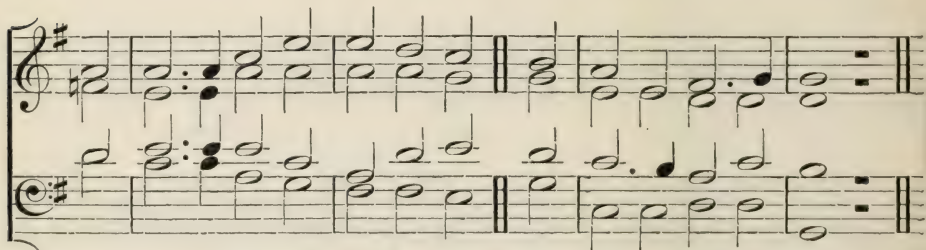
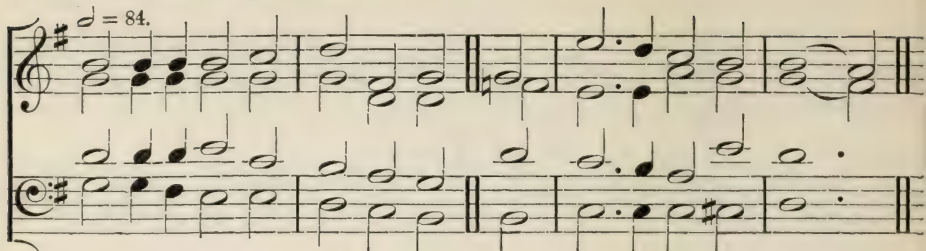
## "The Name of the Lord Jesus."

**T**HREE-HOLY Name! that sweeter sounds  
 Than streams which down the valley run,  
 And tells of more than human love,  
 And more than human power, in one: *mf* Ah! with faith's inward piercing eye  
 First from the gracious herald heard,  
 Heard since through all the choirs on high;  
 O Child of Mary, Son of God,  
 Eternal, hear Thy children's cry!  
*p* While at the blessed Name we bow,  
 LORD JESUS, be among us now!  
 And whisper in the heart, "For you,  
 For you, I left the Heav'ns, and died,"  
 While at the blessed Name we bow,  
 LORD JESUS, be among us now!  
 Within our dim-eyed souls call up  
 The vision of Thine earthly years;  
 The Mount of the transfigured Form;  
 The Garden of the bitter Tears;  
 The Cross uprear'd in darkening skies;  
 The thorn-wreath'd Head, the bleeding  
 Side;  
 Lift Thou our trembling eyes to read  
 In Thy dear Face the mercy-sign.  
*p* While at the blessed Name we bow,  
 LORD JESUS, be among us now.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 522. SELBY.—C.M.



"When ye glorify the Lord, exalt Him as much as ye can : for even yet will He far exceed : and when ye exalt Him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary : for ye can never go far enough."

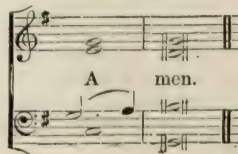
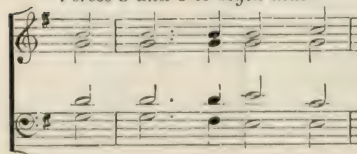
*f* **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing      *mf* \*He speaks;—and, list'ning to His Voice,  
 My blest Redeemer's praise,      New life the dead receive,  
 The glories of my God and King,      The mournful broken hearts rejoice,  
 The triumphs of His grace!      The humble poor believe.

*dim* **JESUS**—the Name that charms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease ;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Hear Him, ye deaf ; His praise, ye dumb,  
 Your loosen'd tongues employ ;  
 Ye blind, behold your SAVIOUR come ;  
 And leap, ye lame, for joy !

\*My gracious Master and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim  
 And spread through all the earth abroad  
*f* The honours of Thy Name.

\* Verses 3 and 5 to begin thus :

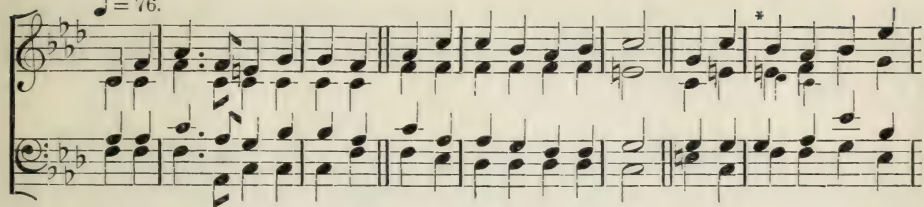




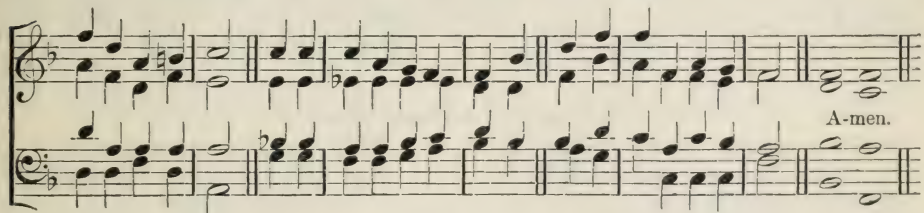
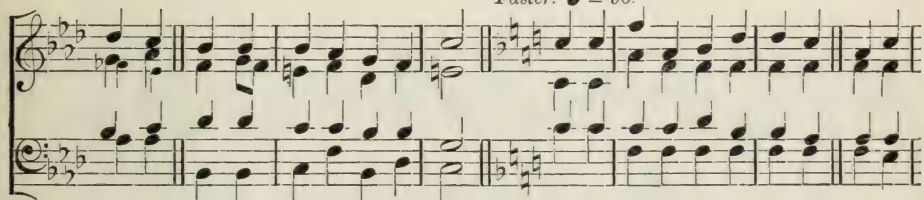
# General Hymns.

Hymn 523. CROSS AND CROWN.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*Faster.*  $\text{♩} = 96.$



"Who is this?"

**W**HO is this so weak and helpless,  
Child of lowly Hebrew maid,  
Rudely in a stable shelter'd,  
Coldly in a manger laid?  
'Tis the LORD of all creation,  
Who this wondrous path hath trod;  
He is God from everlasting,  
And to everlasting God.

Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,  
Walking sadly life's hard way,  
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping  
Over sin and Satan's sway?  
'Tis our God, our glorious SAVIOUR,  
Who above the starry sky  
Now for us a place prepareth,  
Where no tear can dim the eye.

*p* Who is this—behold Him shedding  
Drops of Blood upon the ground?  
Who is this—despised, rejected,  
Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound?  
*f* 'Tis our God, Who gifts and graces  
On His Church now poureth down;  
Who shall smite in righteous judgment  
All His foes beneath His Throne.

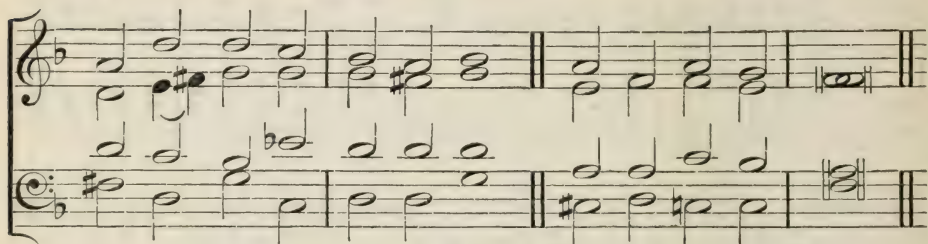
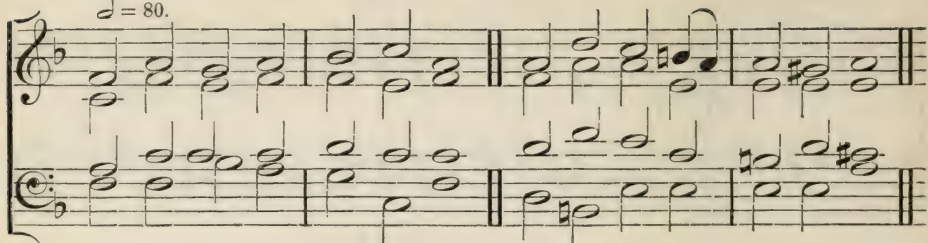
*p* Who is this that hangeth dying,  
While the rude world scoffs and scorns:  
Number'd with the malefactors, [thorns?  
Torn with nails, and crown'd with  
*f* 'Tis the God Who ever liveth  
'Mid the shining ones on high,  
*cr* In the glorious golden city  
Reigning everlastingly.

\* The small notes for the Organ to be used in second verse only.

# General Hymns,

Hymn 524. ABBA.—7 7 7 5.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities."*

*mf* COME to our poor nature's night  
With Thy blessèd inward light,  
HOLY GHOST the Infinite,  
Comforter Divine.

With us, for us, intercede,  
And with voiceless groaning plead  
Our unutterable need,  
Comforter Divine.

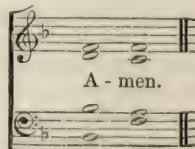
*p* We are sinful,—cleanse us, LORD,  
Sick and faint,—Thy strength afford,  
*cr* Lost, until by Thee restored,  
Comforter Divine.

Earnest of the bliss on high  
Seal of immortality,  
In us "Abba, Father," cry,  
Comforter Divine.

*p* Orphan are our souls and poor,  
Give us from Thy Heavenly store  
*cr* Faith, love, joy for evermore,  
Comforter Divine.

*cr* Search for us the depths of God!  
Upward, by the starry road,  
Bear us to Thy high abode,  
Comforter Divine.

*p* Like the dew Thy peace distil;  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
*cr* Things of CHRIST unfolding still,  
Comforter Divine.

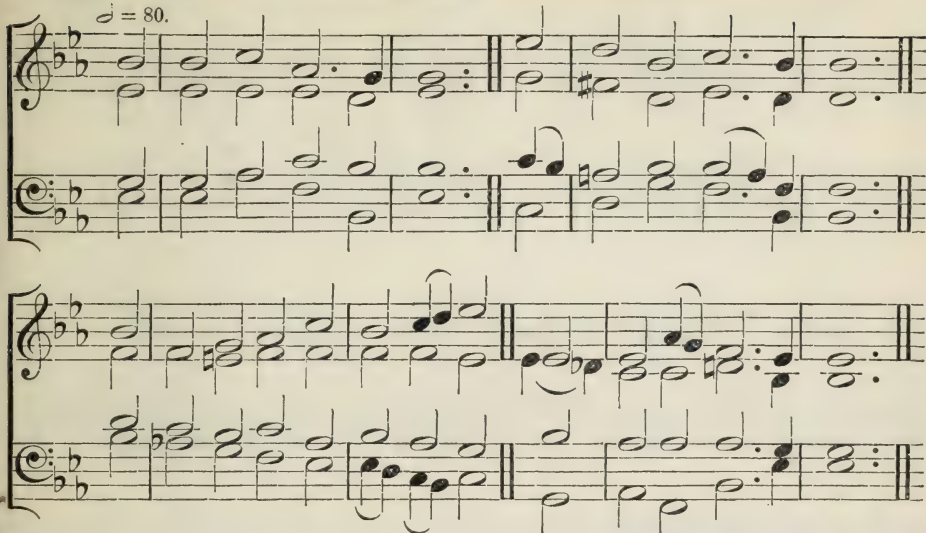


*The Tune to Hymn 163 may also be used.*

# General Hymns.

Hymn 525. ANNUNCIATION.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



"When they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."

*p* **L**ORD God the HOLY GHOST,  
In this accepted hour,  
As on the day of Pentecost,  
Descend in all Thy power.

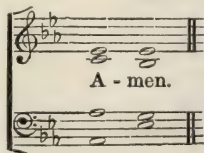
We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our LORD,  
The SPIRIT of all grace.

*r* Like mighty rushing wind  
Upon the waves beneath,  
Move with one impulse every mind,  
One soul, one feeling breathe :

*mf* The young, the old inspire  
With wisdom from above ;  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,  
To pray and praise and love.

SPIRIT of light, explore,  
And chase our gloom away,  
With lustre shining more and more  
Unto the perfect day.

SPIRIT of truth, be Thou  
In life and death our Guide ;  
O SPIRIT of adoption, now  
May we be sanctified.

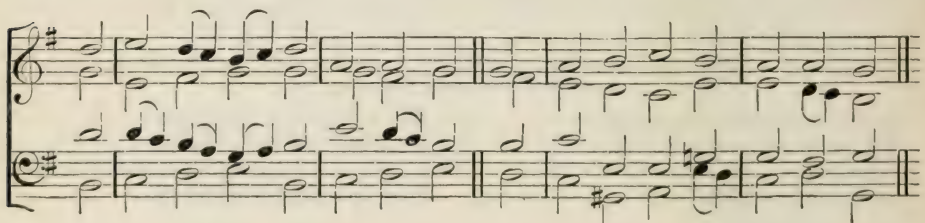
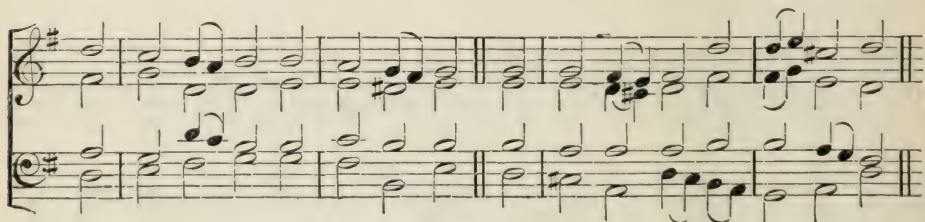
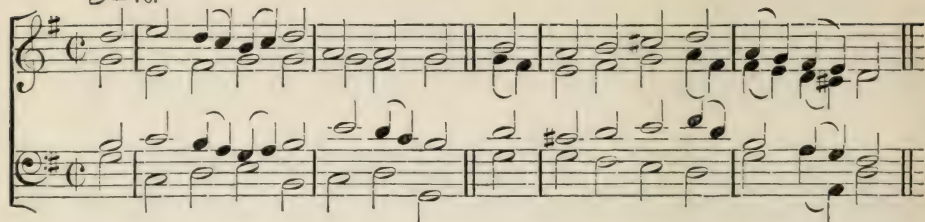




# General Hymns.

Hymn 526. ST. JEROME.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

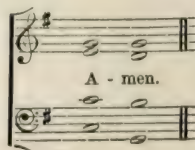


*"The Lord is in this place . . . how dreadful is this place."*

*mf* **L**O! God is here! let us adore,  
And own how dreadful is this place!  
Let all within us feel His power,  
And silent bow before His face;  
*dim* Who know His power, His grace who  
prove,  
*p* Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.

*mf* Being of beings! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;  
Still may we stand before Thy face,  
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will;  
To Thee may all our thoughts arise  
A true and ceaseless sacrifice.

*mf* Lo! God is here! Him day and night  
The united choirs of Angels sing;  
To Him, enthroned above all height,  
The hosts of Heav'n their praises bring;  
*dim* Disdain not, LORD, our meaner song,  
Who praise Thee with a falt'ring tongue.

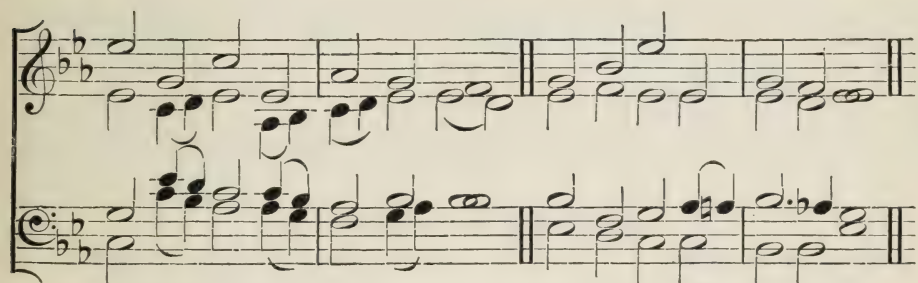
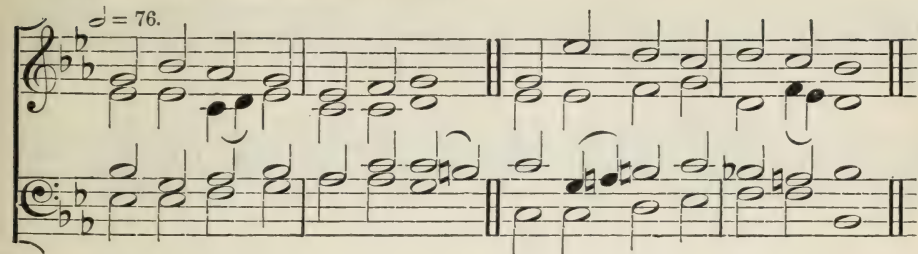




# General Hymns.

Hymn 527. RICHMOND.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"Ask what I shall give thee."*

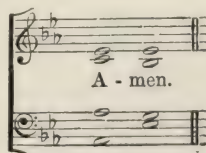
COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
JESUS loves to answer prayer;  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.

LORD, I come to Thee for rest;  
Take possession of my breast;  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

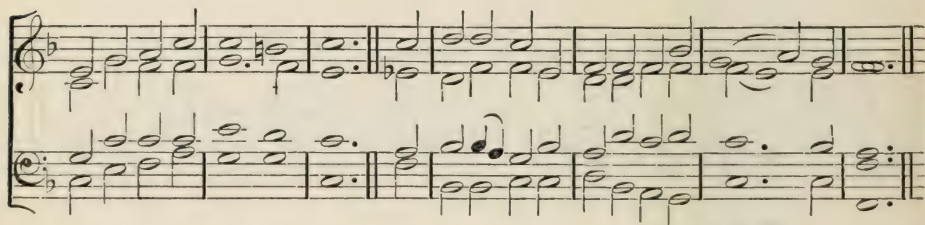
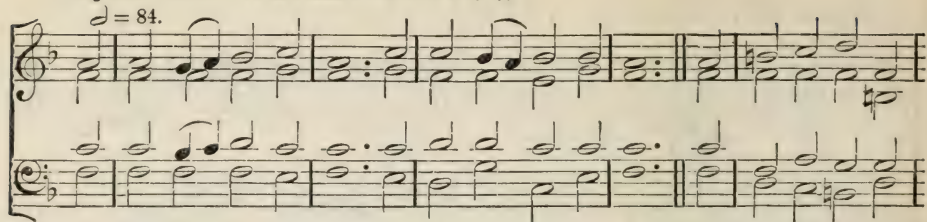
While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
Be my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

With my burden I begin;  
LORD, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy Blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 528. WALTHAM.—6 6 6 6 6 6.



“All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.”

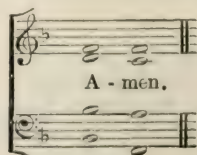
*mf* NOT for our sins alone  
 Thy mercy, LORD, we sue;  
*dim* Let fall Thy pitying glance  
 On our devotions too,  
 What we have done for Thee,  
 And what we think to do.

*mp* And most, when we, Thy flock,  
 Before Thine Altar bend,  
 And strange, bewild'ring thoughts  
 With those sweet moments blend,  
*pp* By Him Whose death we plead,  
 Good LORD, Thy help extend.

*mf* The holiest hours we spend  
 In prayer upon our knees,  
 The times when most we deem  
 Our songs of praise will please,  
 Thou Searcher of all hearts,  
*p* Forgiveness pour on these.

*p* Bow down Thine ear and hear!  
*cr* Open Thine eyes and see!  
 Our very love is shame,  
 And we must come to Thee  
*mf* To make it of Thy grace  
 What Thou would'st have it be.

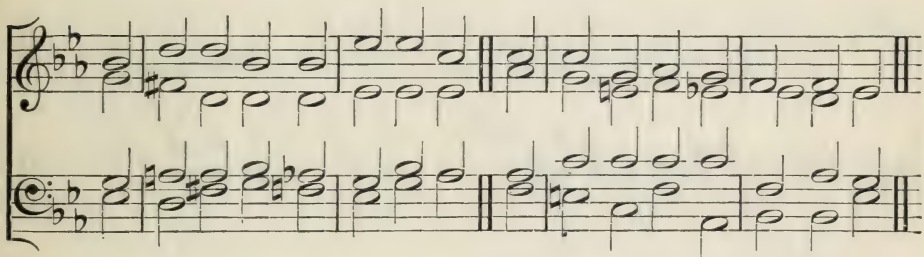
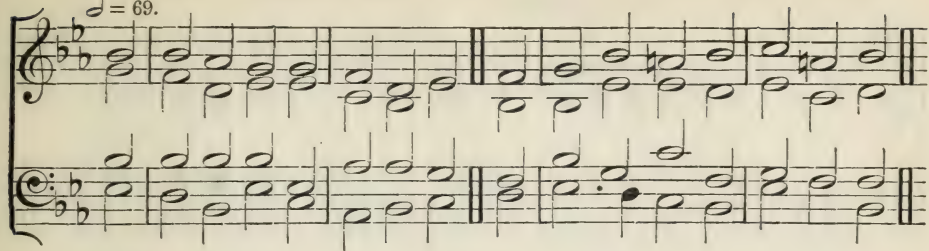
*mf* And all the gifts we bring,  
 And all the vows we make,  
 And all the acts of love  
 We plan for Thy dear sake,  
*p* Into Thy pard'ning thought,  
 O God of mercy, take.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 529. STYALL.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 69.$



*"In all places where I record My Name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee."*

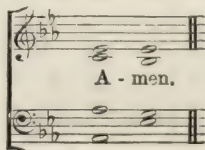
*p* **J**ESUS, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;  
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,  
And every place is hallow'd ground.

Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all Heav'n before our eyes.

For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring Thee when they come, *cr*  
And going, take Thee to their home.

*p* **L**ORD, we are few, but Thou art near,  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear;  
O rend the Heav'ns, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

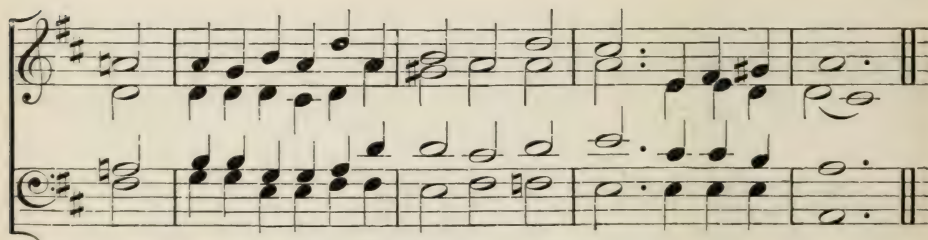
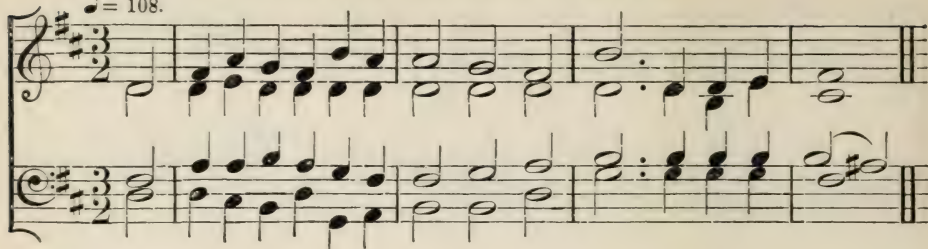
Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.



# General Hymns.

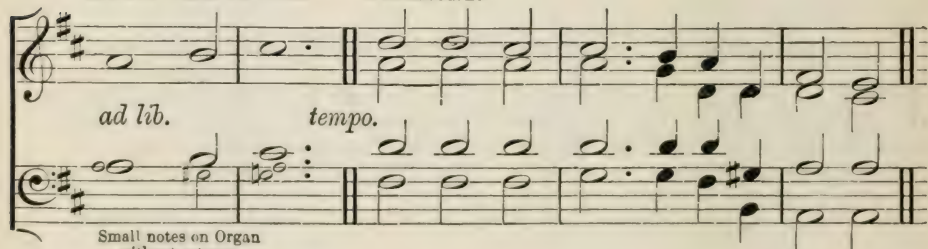
Hymn 530. MELTON MOWBRAY.—9 6 9 6 3 9 6 9 6.

$\text{♩} = 108.$

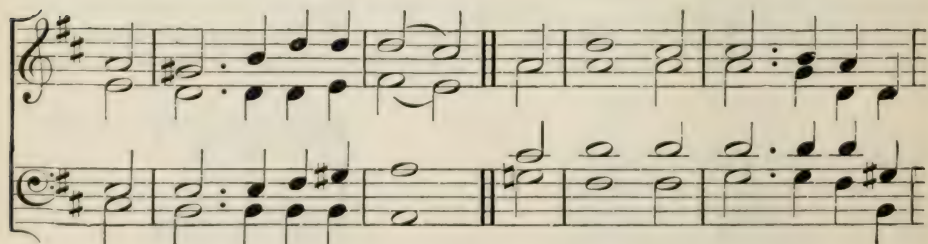


SOP. & TEN. *in 8ves.*

HARMONY.



Small notes on Organ  
without octaves.





# General Hymns.

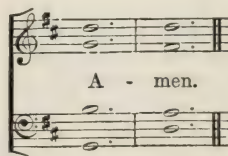


"The entrance of Thy word giveth light."

*f* **T**HE Voice of God's Creation found me *mf* It was the Voice of Revelation  
*im* Perplex'd midst hope and fear, That met my utmost need ;  
*f* For though His sunshine flash'd around me, The wondrous message of salvation  
*im* His storms at times drew near : *cr* Was joy and peace indeed :  
And I said— And I said—  
*mf* Oh! that I knew where He abideth ! Oh! how I love the sacred pages  
For doubts beset our lot, From which such tidings flow,  
*dim* And lo! His glorious face He hideth, As monarchs, patriarchs, poets, sages,  
And men v perceive it not ! *dim* Have long'd v in vain to know !

*f* The Voice of God's Protection told me *f* For now is life a lucid story,  
He loveth all He made ; And death (*dim*) a rest in Him,  
I seem'd to feel His arms enfold me, *cr* And all is bathed in light and glory  
And yet was half afraid : That once was dark or dim :  
And I said— And I said—  
*mf* Oh! that I knew where I might find Him ! *mf* O Thou Who dost my soul deliver,  
His eye would guide me right ; And all its hopes uplift ;  
He leaveth countless tracks behind Him, Give me a tongue to praise the Giver,  
*p* Yet passeth v out of sight. *f* A heart v to prize the gift.

*f* The Voice of Conscience sounded nearer,  
It stirr'd my inmost breast ;  
But though its tones were firmer, clearer,  
*im* 'Twas not the voice of rest :  
And I said—  
Oh! that I knew if He forgiveth !  
My soul is faint within,  
Because in grievous fear it liveth  
Of wages v due to sin.

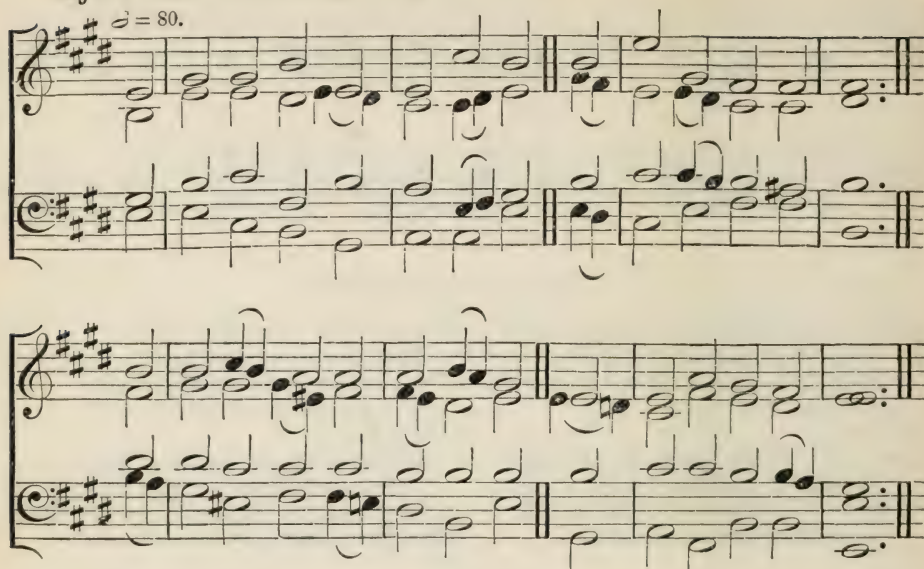


\* No pause in verses 2 and 3.

Breath to be taken at v.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 531. SOUTHWELL.—C.M.



*"O how sweet are Thy words."*

*mf* **F**ATHER of mercies, in Thy Word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be Thy Name adored  
For these celestial lines.

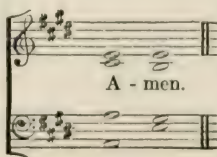
Here may the blind and hungry come,  
And light and food receive;  
Here shall the lowliest guest have room,  
And taste and see and live.

Here springs of consolation rise  
To cheer the fainting mind,  
And thirsting souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find.

Here the Redeemer's welcome Voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around,  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

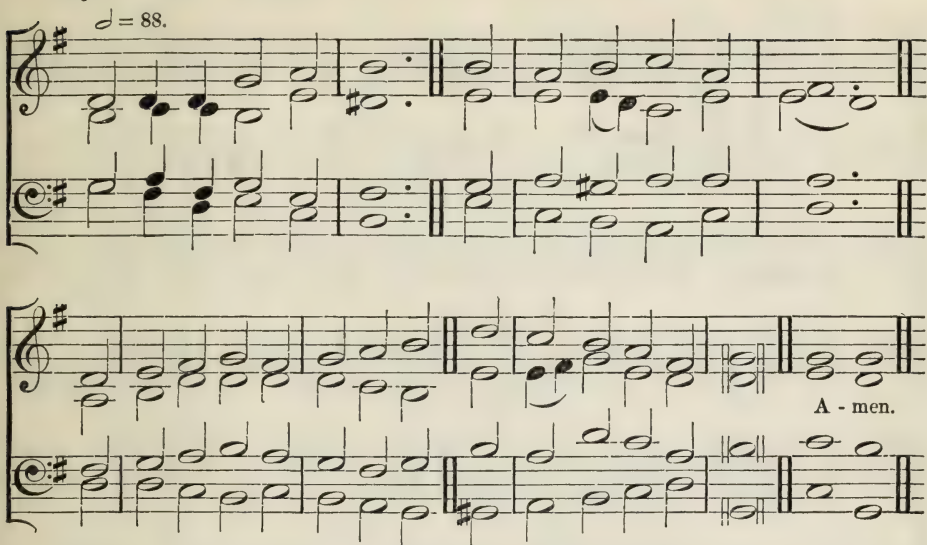
Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight,  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious LORD,  
Be Thou for ever near;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,  
And view my SAVIOUR here.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 532. DOMINICA.—S.M.



*"Thy word is tried to the uttermost; and Thy servant loveth it."*

**C**HURCH of the Living God,  
Pillar and ground of truth,  
Keep the old paths the fathers trod  
In thy illumined youth.

Fear not, though doubts abound,  
And scoffing tongues deride;  
Love of God's Word finds surer ground  
When to the utmost tried.

Lo, in thy bosom lies  
The touchstone for the age;  
Seducing error shrinks and dies  
At light from yonder page.

Toil at thy sacred text;  
More fruitful grows the field;  
Each generation for the next  
Prepares a richer yield.

Woe to the hands that dare,  
By lust of power enticed,  
To mingle with the doctrine there  
The frauds of Antichrist.

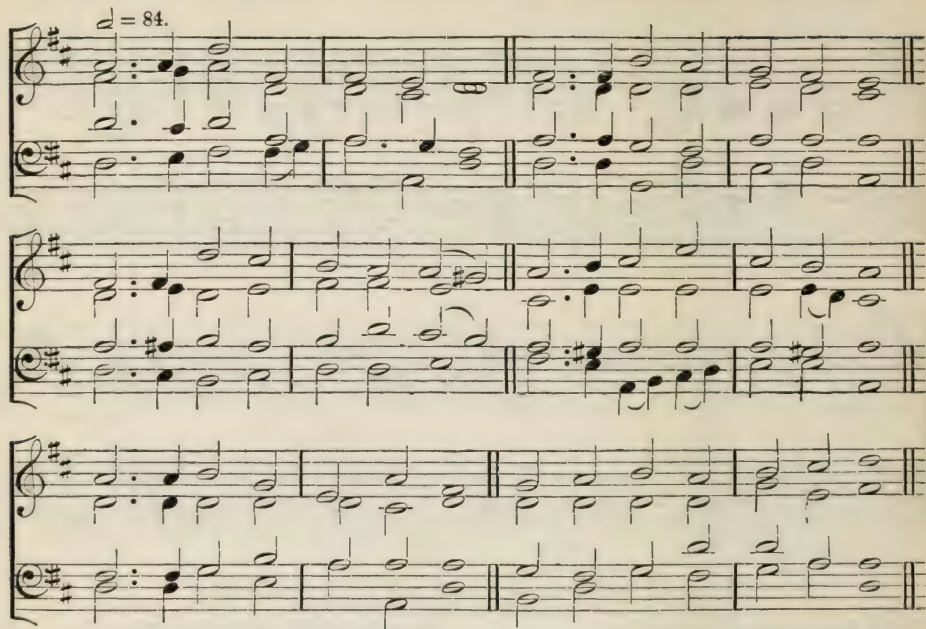
God's SPIRIT in the Church  
Still lives unspent, untired,  
Inspiring hearts that fain would search  
The truths Himself inspired.

Once to the saints was given  
All blessed gospel lore;  
There, written down in words from Heav'n,  
Thou hast it evermore.

*or* Move, HOLY GHOST, with might  
Amongst us as of old;  
Dispel the falsehood, and unite  
In true faith the true fold.

# General Hymns.

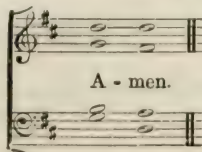
Hymn 533. MORNING.—7 7 7 7 7 7.



*“He that sat on the Throne said, Behold I make all things new.”*

*mf* **O**H how fair that morning broke,  
When in Eden man awoke!  
Beast and bird and insect bright  
Revell'd in the glad some light;  
*cr* God look'd down from Heav'n above,  
All was life and joy and love.  
*p* Ah! the doleful change when sin  
Darkly, subtly enter'd in!  
War and pestilence and dearth  
Mar and sadden God's fair earth;  
Human sorrow fills the air;  
Death is reigning everywhere.

*mf* Yet rejoice; for God on high  
*f* Hath not left His world to die!  
God's dear Son, with dying breath,  
Broke the power of sin and death;  
*CR* CHRIST the Tempter overthrew,  
CHRIST is making all things new.  
*p* LORD, in me be sin subdued,  
So may I with heart renew'd,  
*cr* Fight the fight and run the race,  
Work in my appointed place,  
*mf* Waiting for the glad new birth  
Of Thy perfect Heav'n and earth.



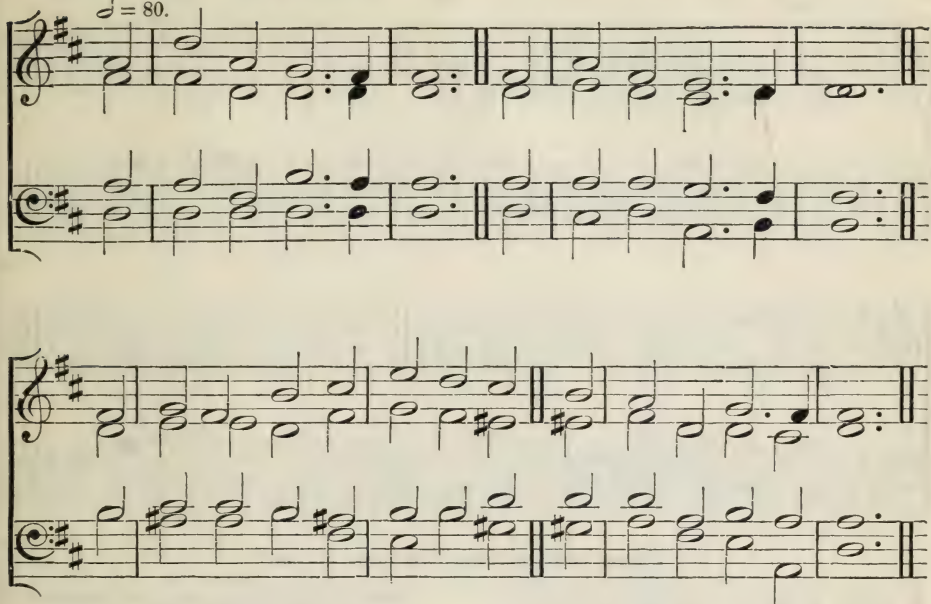
A - men.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 534. HAMMERSMITH.—S.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*“ Verily when we were with you, we told you before that we should suffer tribulation.”*

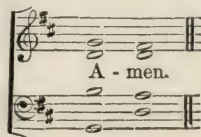
*mf* FAR down the ages now,  
Her journey well-nigh done,  
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,  
And longs to reach her crown.

*cr* Thus onward still we press,  
Through evil and through good,  
Through pain, or poverty, or want,  
Through peril or through blood.

*mp* No wider is the gate,  
No broader is the way,  
No smoother is the ancient path  
That leads to light and day.

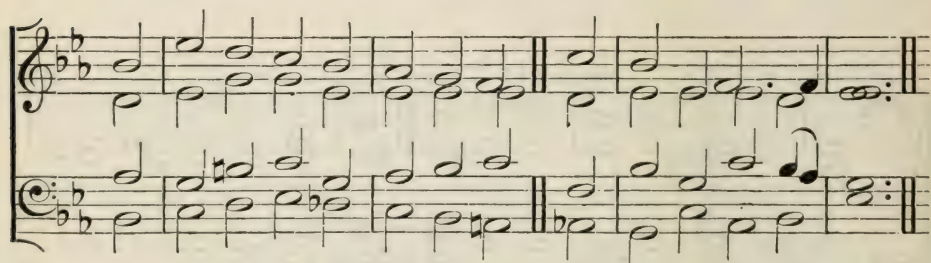
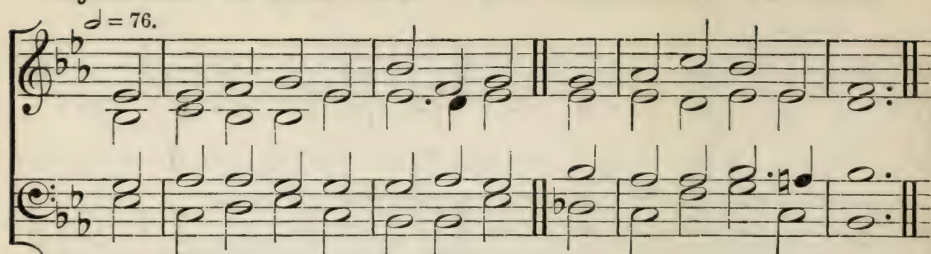
Still faithful to our God,  
And to our Captain true,  
*cr* We follow where He leads the way,  
The Kingdom still in view.

*mf* No feebler is the foe,  
No slacker grows the fight,  
Nor less the need of armour tried,  
Of shield and helmet bright.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 535. ST. HUGH.—C.M.



*"To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."*

*p* **L**ORD, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live;  
*cr* To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.

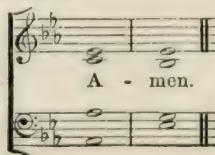
If life be long, oh make me glad  
The longer to obey;  
If short, no labourer is sad  
To end his toilsome day.

*p* **C**HRISt leads me through no darker rooms  
Than He went through before;  
He that unto God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

Come, LORD, when grace hath made me  
Thy blessèd Face to see: [meet  
*cr* For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be!

Then I shall end my sad complaints  
And weary sinful days,  
*mf* And join with the triumphant Saints  
That sing my SAVIOUR'S praise.

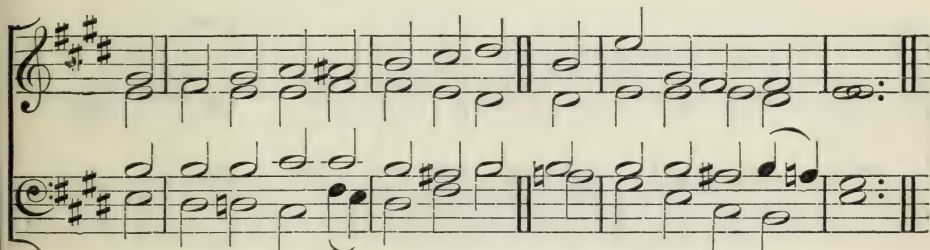
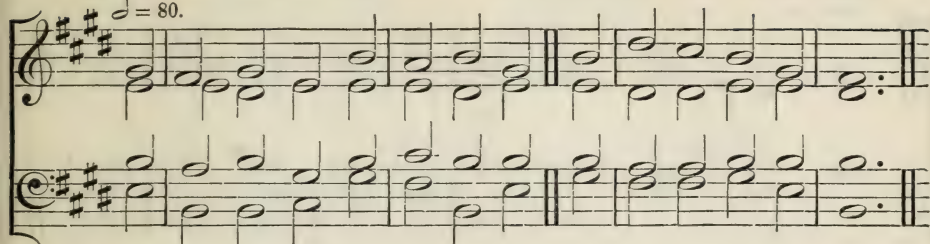
*p* My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that **C**HRISt knows all,  
*cr* And I shall be with Him.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 536. BEULAH.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



*"For now they desire a better country, that is a heavenly."*

**T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where Saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

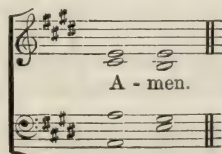
*p* But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross the narrow sea,  
And linger shivering on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
That heavenly land from ours.

*mf* Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unbecclouded eyes :

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood *or*  
Stand dress'd in living green ;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.

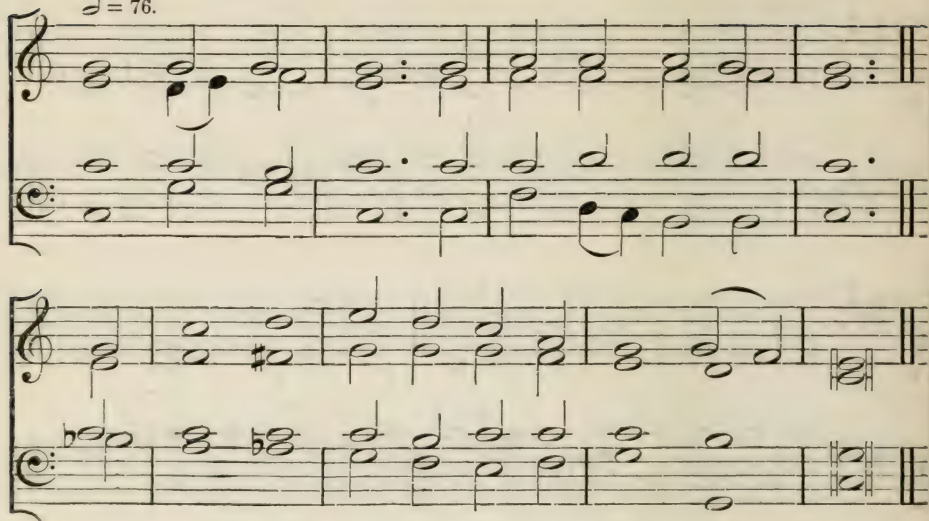
Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er ;  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 537. PAX TECUM.—10 10.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."*

*mf* **P**EACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?  
*p* The Blood of JESUS whispers peace within.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?  
*p* To do the will of JESUS, this is rest.

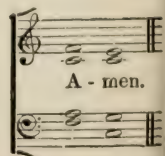
*mf* Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?  
*p* On JESUS' Bosom nought but calm is found.

*mf* Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
*p* In JESUS' keeping we are safe and they.

*mp* Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
*f* JESUS we know, and He is on the Throne.

*mp* Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
*f* JESUS has vanquish'd death and all its powers.

*p* It is enough: (*mf*) earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
 And JESUS call us to Heav'n's perfect peace.

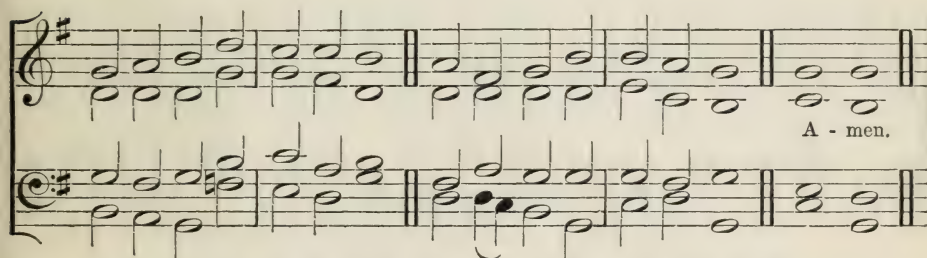
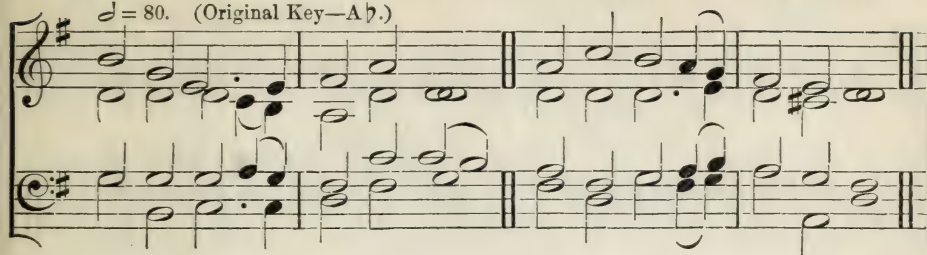




# General Hymns.

Hymn 538. WARNBOROUGH.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 80.$  (Original Key—A $\flat$ .)



*"That whether we wake or sleep we should live together with Him."*

**T**HEY whose course on earth is o'er,  
Think they of their brethren more?  
They before the Throne who bow,  
Feel they for their brethren now?

Each to each may be unknown,  
Wide apart their lots be thrown;  
Differing tongues their lips may speak,  
One be strong, and one be weak;—

We, by enemies distress—  
They in Paradise at rest;  
We the captives—they the freed—  
We and they are one indeed.

*cr* Yet in Sacrament and prayer  
Each with other hath a share;  
*dim* Hath a share in tear and sigh,  
Watch, and Fast and Litany.

One in all we seek or shun,  
One—because our LORD is one;  
One in heart and one in love—  
We below, and they above.

*mf* Saints departed even thus  
Hold communion still with us;  
Still with us, beyond the veil  
Praising, pleading without fail.

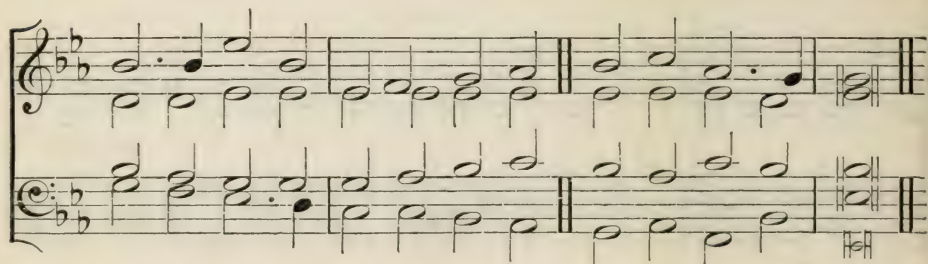
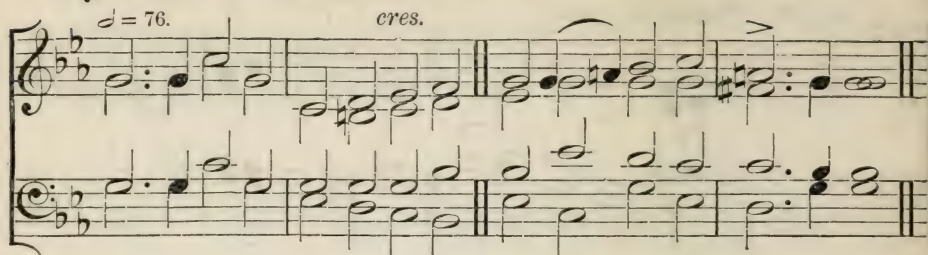
Those whom many a land divides,  
Many mountains, many tides,  
Have they with each other part,  
Fellowship of heart with heart?

*cr* With them still our hearts we raise,  
Share their work and join their praise,  
Rend'ring worship, thanks, and love  
To the TRINITY above.

*May also be sung to the Second Tune of Hymn 280.*

# General Hymns.

Hymn 539. ST. CLARE.—8 7 8 5.



*"Seek: ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."*

*mp* TAKE not thought for food or raiment,  
*cr* Careful one, so anxiously;  
 For the King Himself provideth  
 Food and clothes for thee.

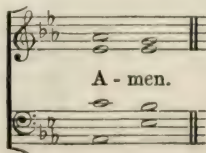
He Who daily feeds the sparrows,  
 He Who clothes the lilies bright,  
 More than birds and flowers holds thee  
 Precious in His sight.

*dim* Would'st thou give a stone, a serpent  
 To thy pleading child for food?  
*cr* And shall not thy Heavenly FATHER  
 Give thee what is good?

*mf* On the heart that careth for thee  
 Rest thou then from sorrow free;  
 For of all most tender fathers  
 None so good as He.

Seek thou first His gracious promise,  
 Treasure stored in Heav'n above;  
 So thou may'st entrust all other  
 Safely to His love.

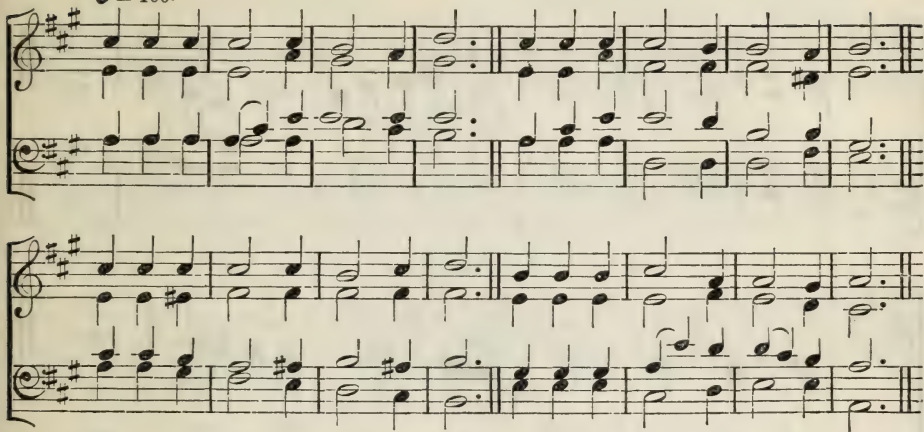
*f* Unto Thee, O bounteous FATHER,  
 Glory, honour, praise be done;  
 With the SON and HOLY SPIRIT,  
 God for ever ONE.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 540. PENTECOST.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



*"Fight the good fight."*

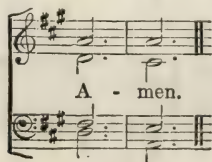
*mf* **F**IGHT the good fight with all thy might,  
CHRIST is thy Strength, and CHRIST thy Right;  
Lay hold on life, and it shall be  
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,  
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His Face;  
Life with its way before us lies,

*cr* CHRIST is the path, and CHRIST the prize.

*mf* Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;  
His boundless mercy will provide;  
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
*cr* CHRIST is its life, and CHRIST its love.

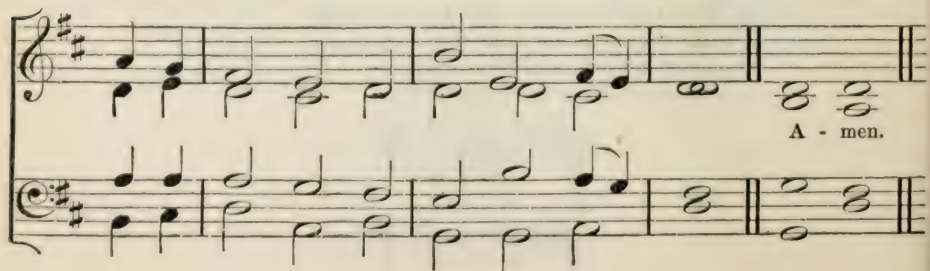
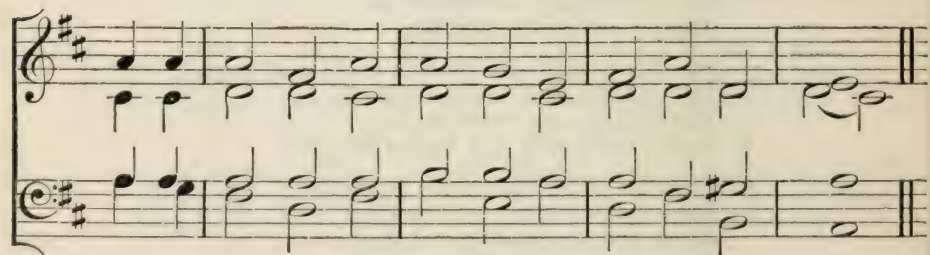
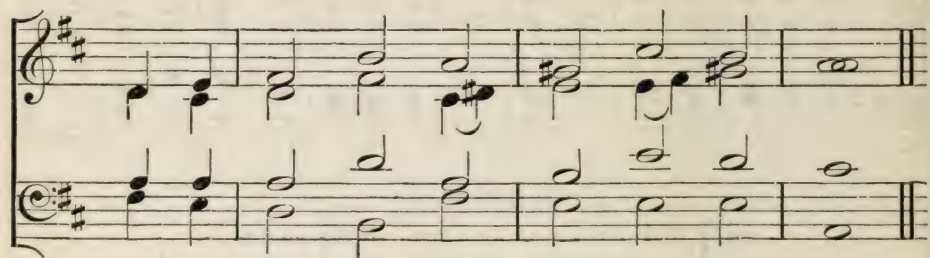
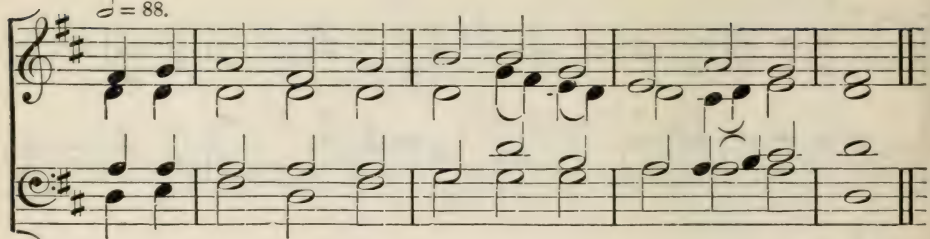
*mf* Faint not nor fear, His Arms are near,  
He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
*cr* Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That CHRIST is all in all to thee.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 541. MILITES.—12 9 12 9.

$\text{♩} = 88.$





# General Hymns.

*"With one mind striving together . . . and in nothing terrified by your adversaries."*

*mf* **W**E are soldiers of CHRIST, Who is mighty to save,  
And His Banner the Cross is unfurl'd;  
We are pledged to be faithful and steadfast and brave  
Against Satan, the flesh, and the world.

We are brothers and comrades, we stand side by side,  
And our faith and our hope are the same;  
*p* And we think of the Cross on which JESUS has died,  
When we bear the reproach of His Name.

*mf* At the font we were mark'd with the Cross on our brow,  
Of our grace and our calling the sign :  
And the weakest is strong to be true to his vow,  
For the armour we wear is Divine.

We will watch ready arm'd if the Tempter draw near,  
If he come with a frown or a smile :  
We will heed not his threats, nor his flatteries hear,  
Nor be taken by storm or by wile.

We will master the flesh, and its longings restrain,  
We will not be the bond-slaves of sin,  
The pure Spirit of God in our nature shall reign,  
And our spirits their freedom shall win.

For the world's love we live not, its hate we defy,  
And we will not be led by the throng;  
We'll be true to ourselves, to our FATHER on high,  
And the bright world to which we belong.

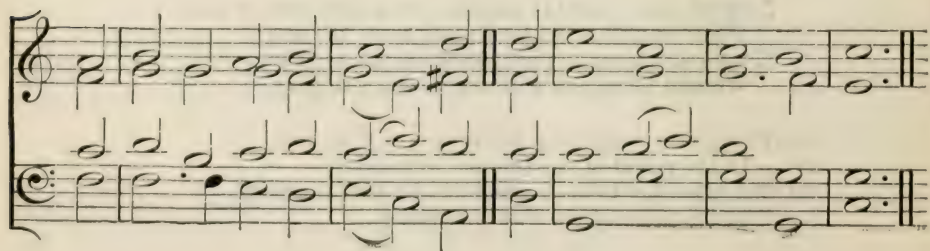
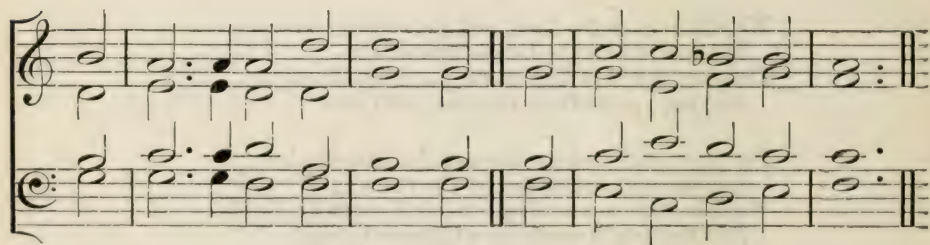
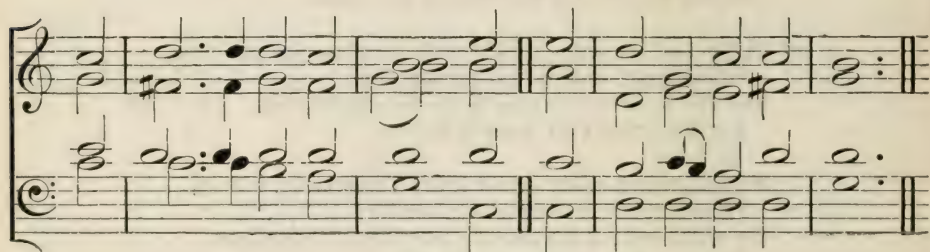
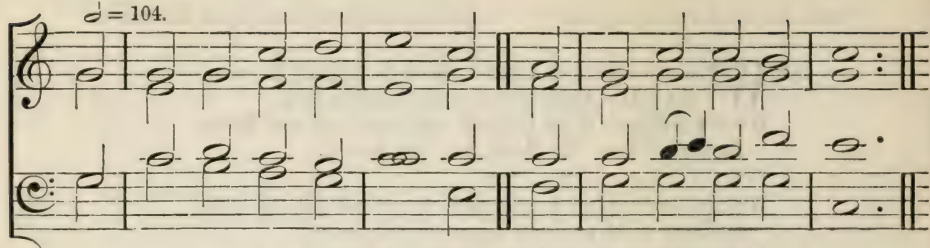
Now let each cheer his comrade, let hearts beat as one,  
While we follow where CHRIST leads the way;  
'Twere dishonour to yield, or the battle to shun,  
We will fight, and will watch, and will pray.

*dim* Though the warfare be weary, the trial be sore,  
*cr* In the might of our God we will stand;  
*mf* Oh! what joy to be crown'd and be pure evermore,  
In the peace of our own Fatherland.

# General Hymns.

Hymn 542. STAND UP.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 104.$



# General Hymns.

"Quit you like men ; be strong."

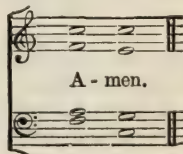
*mf* **S**TAND up !—stand up for JESUS !  
Ye soldiers of the Cross ;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss.  
*cr* From victory unto victory  
His army He shall lead,  
Till every foe is vanquish'd,  
*f* And CHRIST is LORD indeed.

*mf* Stand up !—stand up for JESUS !  
*dim* The solemn watchword hear ;  
If while ye sleep He suffers,  
*cr* Away with shame and fear ;  
Where'er ye meet with evil,  
Within you or without,  
Charge for the God of battles,  
And put the foe to rout.

*mf* Stand up !—stand up for JESUS !  
The trumpet call obey ;  
Forth to the mighty conflict  
In this His glorious day.  
Ye that are men now serve Him  
Against unnumber'd foes ;  
Let courage rise with danger  
And strength to strength oppose.

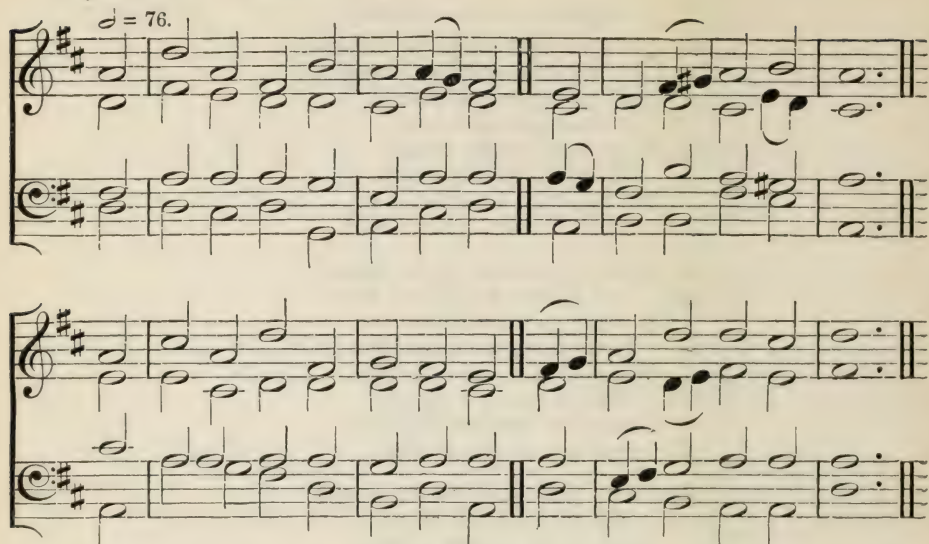
Stand up !—stand up for JESUS !  
Stand in His strength alone ;  
*dim* The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own.  
*cr* Put on the Gospel armour,  
Each piece put on with prayer ;  
When duty calls or danger  
Be never wanting there !

*mf* Stand up !—stand up for JESUS !  
The strife will not be long ;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.  
*cr* To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be ;  
*f* He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 543. FRECH.—C.M.



"When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him."

*p* **T**HERE'S peace and rest in Paradise,  
In weary hours we say;  
And oh that we had wings like doves  
That we might flee away!

*cr* But in our stronger hours we grasp  
The warrior's sword again,  
And burn the good fight yet to fight,  
The faithful watch maintain.

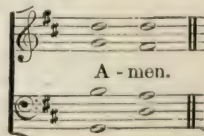
*mp* For here so strong the evil seems,  
So weak appears the good,  
Our standard wavers in the rush  
Of evil, like a flood.

*mf* We fain would tread the famous way  
Martyrs and saints have trod;  
The hours ebb fast of this one day  
Of noblest war for God!

At times, through the long lonely watch,  
Nor sun nor moon appears;  
Without, incessant fightings are,  
Within, incessant fears.

The LORD Himself hath need of us;  
*cr* On! till the fight be won; [heart:  
*f* And the King's words shall thrill the  
"Servant of God, well done!"

Then for the quiet land we long,  
And the abode of Peace;  
And for the word, (*cr*) "Come, weary soul,  
From war and vigil cease!"

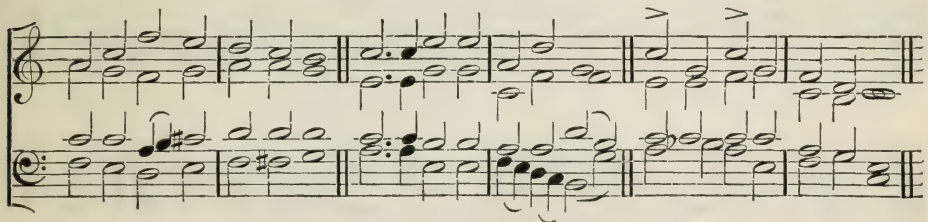
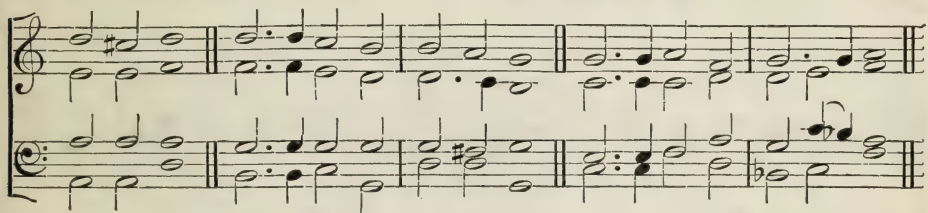
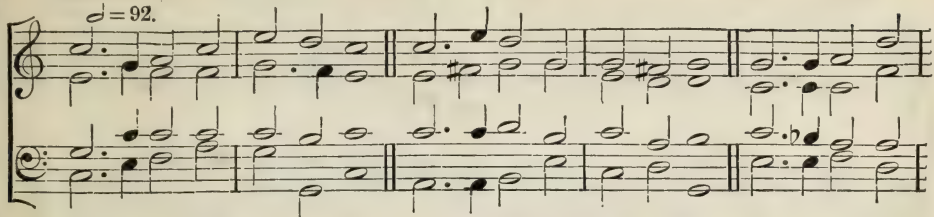




# General Hymns.

Hymn 544. ETHELBERT.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

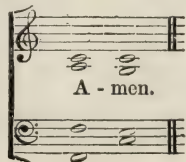
$\text{♩} = 92.$



*“ O praise God.”*

*f* PRAISE the LORD, His glories show,  
Saints within His courts below,  
Angels round His Throne above,  
All that see and share His love.  
Earth to Heav’n, and Heav’n to earth,  
Tell His wonders, sing His worth;  
Age to age, and shore to shore,  
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

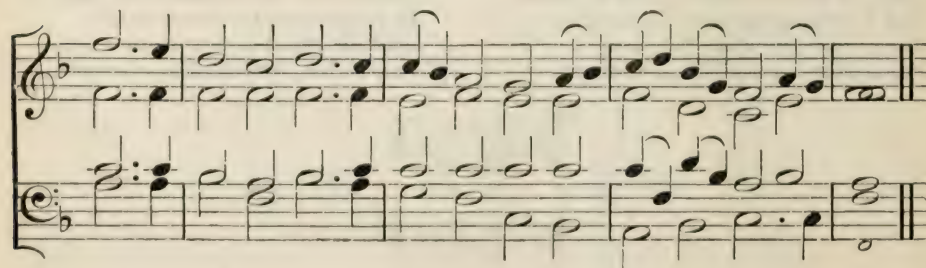
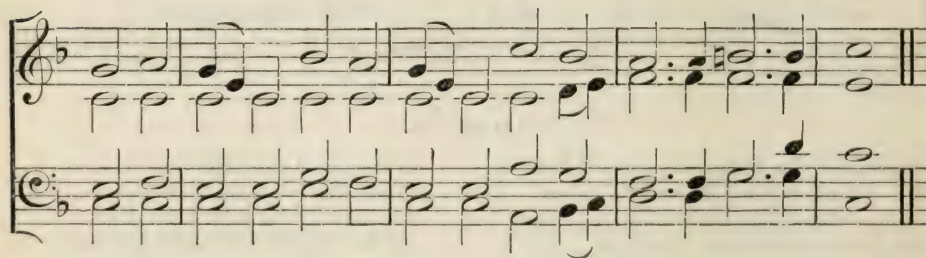
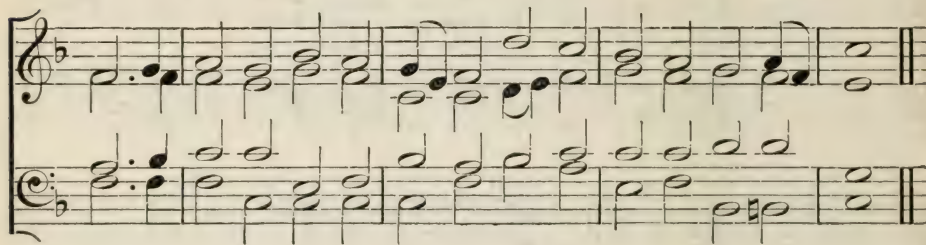
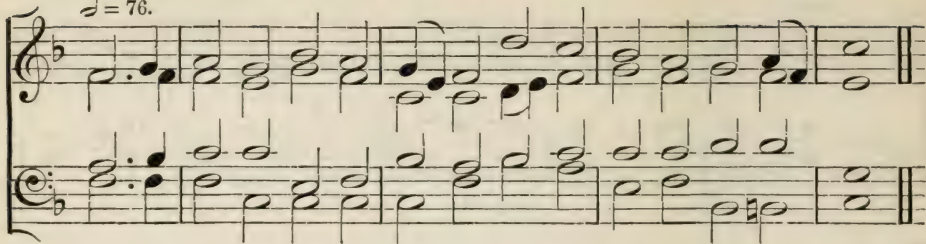
Praise the LORD, His mercies trace;  
Praise His providence and grace,  
All that He for man hath done,  
All He sends us through His SON:  
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,  
In the concert bear your parts;  
All that breathe, your LORD adore,  
*ff* Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 545. AUSTRIA.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



# General Hymns.

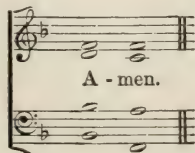
*"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O thou city of God."*

*f* GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God;  
He Whose word cannot be broken  
Form'd thee for His own abode.  
On the Rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

*mf* See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;  
Grace, which like the LORD the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age?

Round each habitation hov'ring,  
See the cloud and fire appear,  
For a glory and a cov'ring—  
Showing that the LORD is near.  
Thus they march, the pillar leading,  
Light by night and shade by day;  
Daily on the manna feeding  
Which He gives them when they pray.

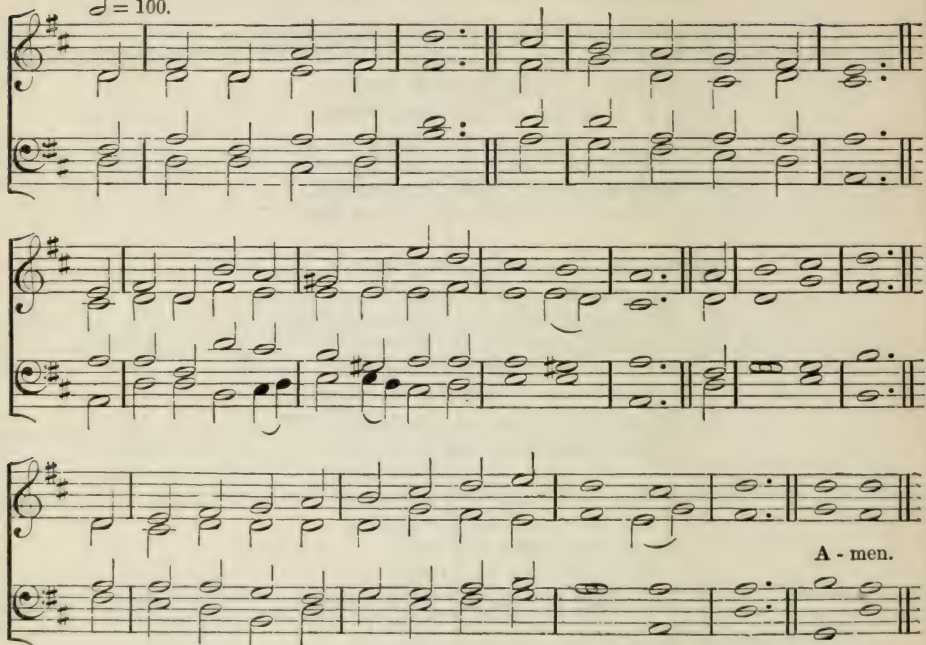
*p* SAVIOUR, since of Zion's city  
I, through grace, a member am,  
Let the world deride or pity,  
I will glory in Thy Name.  
Fading is the world's best pleasure,  
All its boasted pomp and show;  
*f* Solid joys and lasting treasure  
None but Zion's children know.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 546. DARWELL'S.—6 6 6 6 4 4 4 4.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



A - men.

*"Praise the Lord from the heavens. Praise the Lord from the earth."*

*f* YE holy Angels bright,  
Who wait at God's right hand,  
Or through the realms of light  
Fly at your LORD's command,  
Assist our song,  
Or else the theme  
Too high doth seem  
For mortal tongue.

*mf* Ye blessed souls at rest,  
Who ran this earthly race,  
And now, from sin released,  
Behold the SAVIOUR'S Face,  
His praises sound,  
As in His light  
With sweet delight  
Ye do abound.

Ye saints, who toil below,  
Adore your heavenly King,  
And onward as ye go  
Some joyful anthem sing;  
Take what He gives  
And praise Him still,  
Through good and ill,  
Who ever lives!

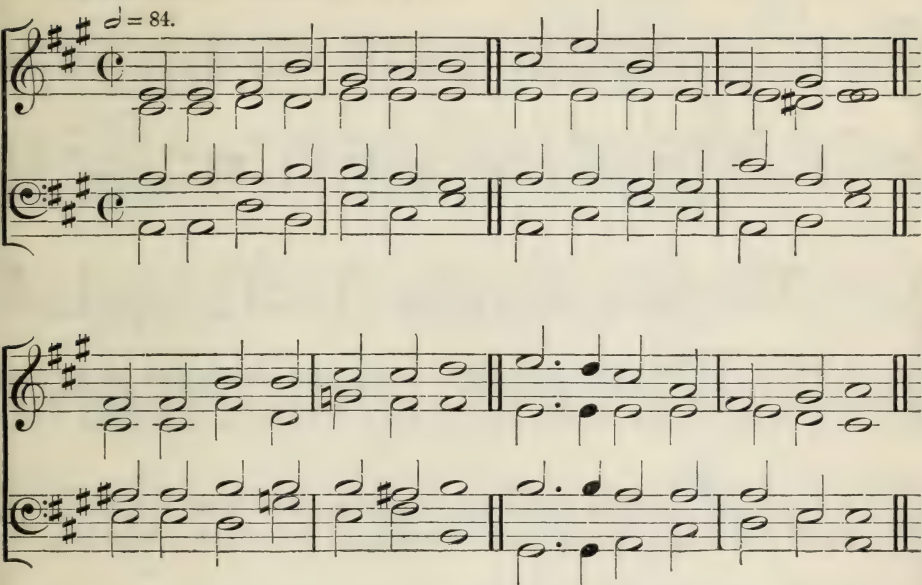
My soul, bear thou thy part,  
Triumph in God above,  
And with a well-tuned heart  
Sing thou the songs of love!

*f* Let all thy days  
Till life shall end,  
Whate'er He send,  
Be fill'd with praise.



# General Hymns.

Hymn 547. BEWDLEY.—7 7 7 7.



*"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs."*

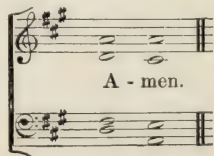
**C**HILDREN of the Heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your SAVIOUR'S worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
JESUS CHRIST, your FATHER'S SON,  
Bids you undismay'd go on.

We are travelling home to God  
In the way the fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

*p* LORD, obedient we would go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
*cr* Only Thou our Leader be,  
*f* And we still will follow Thee.

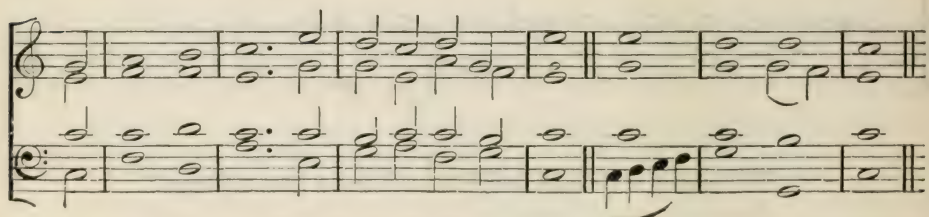
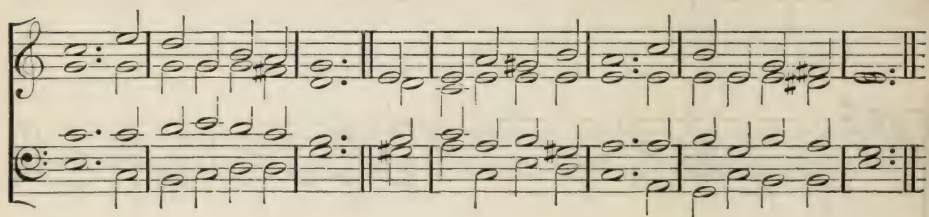
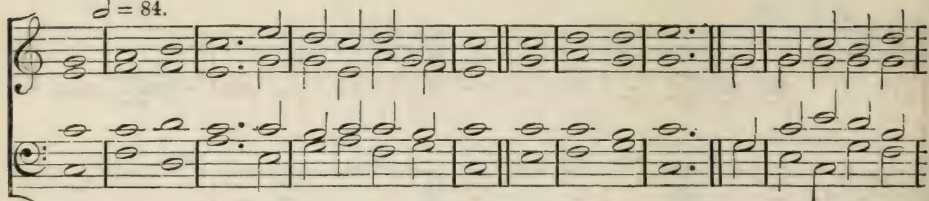
Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Sion's city is in sight;  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our LORD we soon shall see.



# General Hymns.

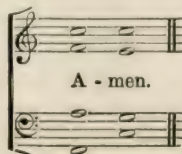
Hymn 548. HERBERT.—10 4 6 6 6 6 10 4.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



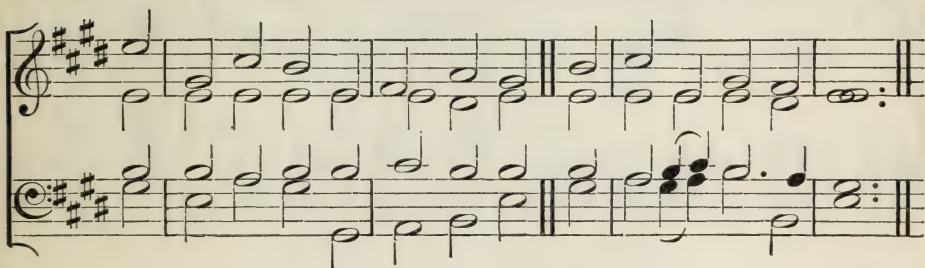
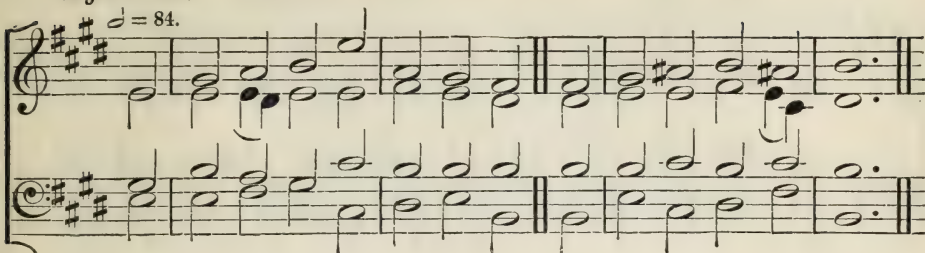
*"His name only is excellent, and His praise above Heaven and earth."*

<i>f</i>	<b>L</b> ET all the world in every corner sing, My God and King! The heav'ns are not too high, His praise may thither fly; <i>dim</i> The earth is not too low, <i>cr</i> His praises there may grow. <i>f</i> Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and King!	Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and King! The Church with psalms must shout, No door can keep them out; But above all the heart Must bear the longest part. Let all the world in every corner sing, My God and King!
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# General Hymns.

Hymn 549. STOCKTON.—C.M.



*"A perfect heart."*

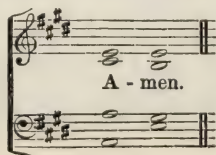
**O** FOR a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from sin set free;  
A heart that's sprinkled with the Blood  
So freely shed for me:

A heart in every thought renew'd,  
And full of love Divine;  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, LORD, of Thine.

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's Throne;  
Where only CHRIST is heard to speak,  
Where JESUS reigns alone:

Thy nature, gracious LORD, impart,  
Come quickly from above;  
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,  
Thy new best Name of Love.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within:



## General Hymns.

Hymn 550. ANGEL-VOICES.—8 5 8 5 8 4 3.

$\text{♩} = 100.$  *Sostenuto.*

$\text{♩} = 100$ . *Sostenuto.*

The first system of the musical score is written for a piano. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in the key of D major (two sharps). The tempo is marked 'Sostenuto' with a quarter note equal to 100 beats. The music begins with a treble staff containing eighth and sixteenth notes, some grouped in triplets. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with similar rhythmic values. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Musical score for "The Rose Tree" in G major, 2/4 time. The score is for voice and piano. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and the same key signature. The tempo is marked "Allegretto". The score consists of two systems. The first system contains the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the vocal melody and the piano accompaniment. The vocal melody is written in a single line, and the piano accompaniment is written in two staves. The score includes a "cres." marking and a "dim." marking. The score ends with a double bar line.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is on two staves: the right hand has a treble clef and the left hand has a bass clef, both with a key signature of one sharp. The music is in 4/4 time. The score consists of two systems. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeat sign at the end of the first system. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Musical score for "The Rose Tree" in G major, 2/4 time. The score is for voice and piano. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked "Allegretto". The score consists of two systems. The first system has four measures, and the second system has four measures. The piano part includes dynamic markings: "cres." (crescendo) and "f" (forte). The vocal line includes lyrics: "The Rose Tree", "The Rose Tree", "The Rose Tree", "The Rose Tree".



# General Hymns.

*"The Lord hath given me a tongue . . . and I will praise Him therewith."*

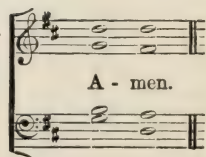
*mf* **A** NGEL-VOICES, ever singing,  
Round Thy Throne of light,  
Angel-harps for ever ringing,  
Rest not day nor night ;  
Thousands only live to bless Thee  
*cr* And confess Thee  
*f* LORD of might !

*mf* Thou, Who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,—  
Can it be that Thou regardest  
Songs of sinful man ?  
Can we know that Thou art near us,  
*cr* And wilt hear us ?  
*f* Yea, we can !

*mf* Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest  
O'er each work of Thine ;  
Thou didst ears and hands and voices  
For Thy praise design ;  
Craftsman's art and music's measure  
For Thy pleasure  
All combine.

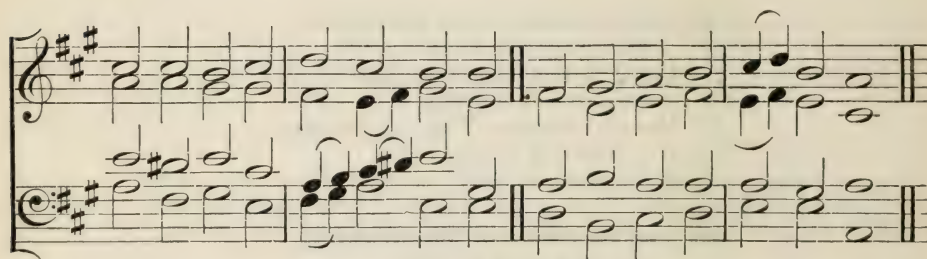
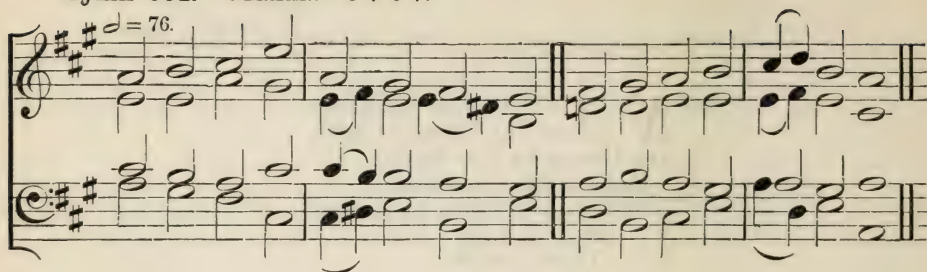
In Thy House, Great God, we offer  
Of Thine own to Thee ;  
And for Thine acceptance proffer  
All unworthily  
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,  
In our choicest  
Psalmody.

*f* Honour, glory, might, and merit  
Thine shall ever be,  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,  
Blessèd TRINITY !  
Of the best that Thou hast given,  
Earth and Heaven  
Render Thee.



# General Hymns.

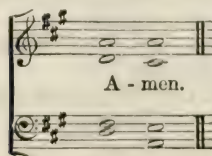
Hymn 551. GERMAN.—8 7 8 7.



*"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all."*

*mf* **M**AY the grace of CHRIST our SAVIOUR,  
And the FATHER's boundless love,  
With the HOLY SPIRIT's favour,  
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union  
With each other and the LORD,  
And possess, in sweet communion,  
Joys which earth cannot afford.



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 552. GLOUCESTER.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 60.$

A - men.

*"It is the Spirit that quickeneth."*

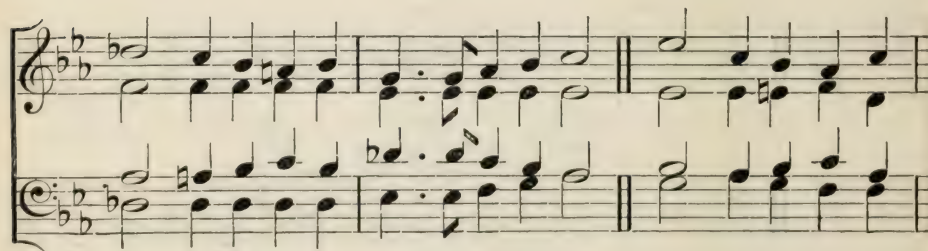
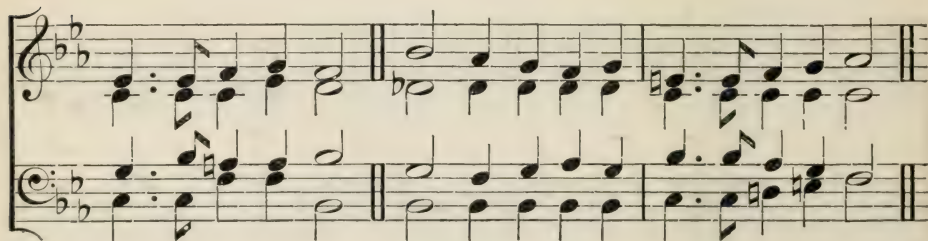
*p* **L**OOK down upon us, God of grace,  
And send from Thy most holy place  
The quickening SPIRIT all Divine  
On us and on this bread and wine.

O may His overshadowing  
Make now for us this bread we bring  
The Body of Thy SON our LORD,  
This cup His Blood for sinners pour'd.

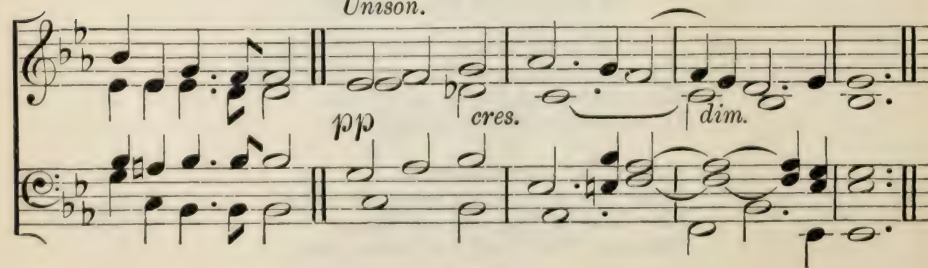
# Holy Communion.

Hymn 553. SACRAMENTUM UNITATIS.—10 10 10 10 10 10.

$\text{♩} = 50.$



*Unison.*





# Holy Communion.

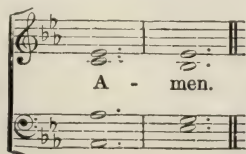
*"That they all may be one."*

*mf* **T**HOU, Who at Thy first Eucharist didst pray  
That all Thy Church might be for ever one,  
*p* Grant us at every Eucharist to say  
With longing heart and soul, "Thy will be done."  
Oh, may we all one Bread, one Body be,  
*pp* Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

*mp* For all Thy Church, O LORD, we intercede ;  
Make Thou our sad divisions soon to cease ;  
*cr* Draw us the nearer each to each, we plead,  
By drawing all to Thee, O Prince of peace ;  
Thus may we all one Bread, one Body be,  
*pp* Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

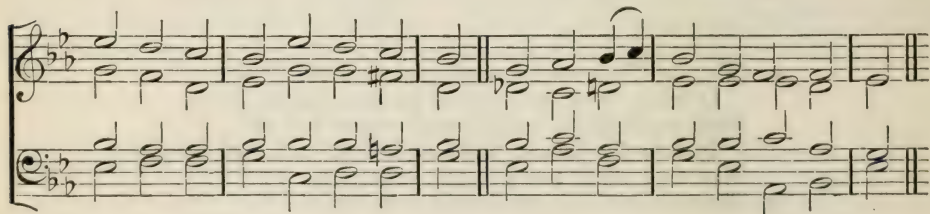
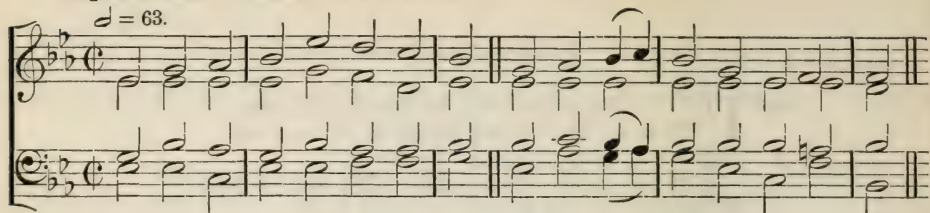
*p* We pray Thee too for wanderers from Thy Fold ;  
O bring them back, Good Shepherd of the sheep,  
Back to the Faith which Saints believed of old,  
Back to the Church which still that Faith doth keep ;  
Soon may we all one Bread, one Body be,  
*pp* Through this blest Sacrament of Unity.

*mp* So, LORD, at length when Sacraments shall cease,  
May we be one with all Thy Church above,  
One with Thy Saints in one unbroken peace,  
One with Thy Saints in one unbounded love :  
*mf* More blessèd still, in peace and love to be  
*pp* One with the TRINITY in Unity.



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 554. TROAS.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

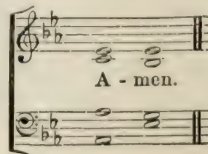


*“In the midst of the Throne . . . stood a Lamb as it had been slain.”*

*mp* **O** THOU, before the world began,  
 Ordain'd a sacrifice for man,  
 And by th' Eternal SPIRIT made  
 An Offering in the sinner's stead;  
*mf* Our everlasting Priest art Thou,  
*dim* Pleading Thy Death for sinners now.

*p* O that our faith may never move,  
 But stand unshaken as Thy love!  
*cr* Sure evidence of things unseen,  
 Now let it pass the years between,  
*p* And view Thee bleeding on the Tree,  
 My LORD, my GOD, Who dies for me.

*mp* Thy Offering still continues new  
 Before the Righteous FATHER's view;  
*cr* Thyself the Lamb for ever slain,  
 Thy Priesthood doth unchanged remain;  
*mf* Thy years, O GOD, can never fail,  
 Nor Thy blest work within the veil.



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 555. ST. HELEN.—8 7 8 7 4 7.

$\text{♩} = 72$ . (Voices in Unison.)

*Harmony.*

*ORGAN.*

“Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour.”

**L**ORD, enthroned in heavenly splendour,  
First begotten from the dead,  
Thou alone, our strong Defender,  
Liftest up Thy people's head.

*Alleluia,*

JESU, True and Living Bread!

Here our humblest homage pay we;  
Here in loving reverence bow;  
Here for Faith's discernment pray we,  
Lest we fail to know Thee now.

*mf* *Alleluia,*

Thou art here, we ask not how.

Though the lowliest form doth veil Thee

As of old in Bethlehem,  
Here as there Thine Angels hail Thee,  
Branch and Flower of Jesse's stem.

*mf* *Alleluia,*

We in worship join with them.

Paschal LAMB, Thine Offering, finish'd  
Once for all when Thou wast slain,  
In its fulness undiminish'd  
Shall for evermore remain,

*Alleluia,*

Cleansing souls from every stain.

*cr* Life-imparting Heavenly Manna,  
Stricken Rock with streaming Side,

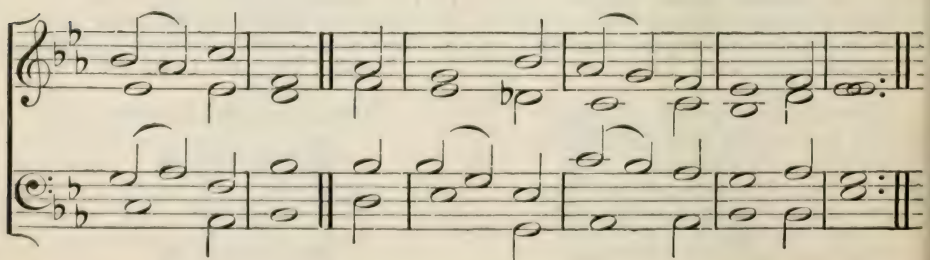
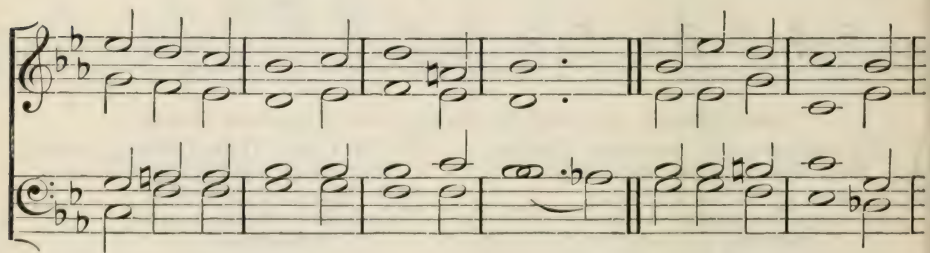
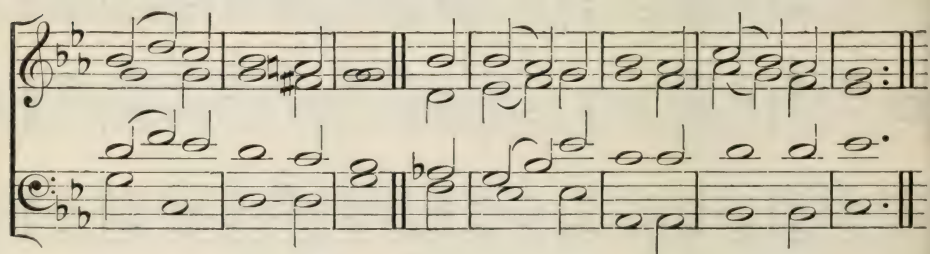
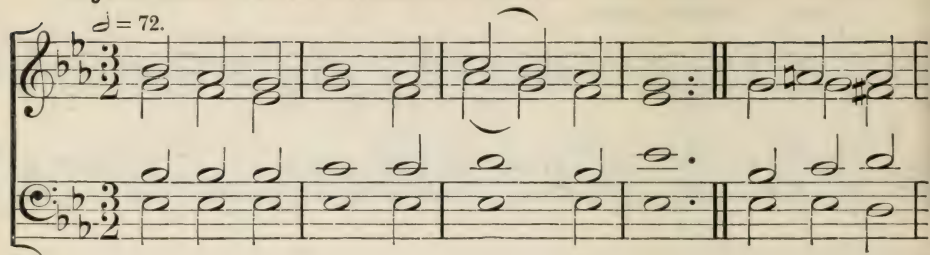
*f* Heav'n and earth with loud Hosanna,  
Worship Thee, the LAMB Who died,

*Alleluia,*

Risen, Ascended, Glorified!

# Holy Communion.

Hymn 556. VICTIM DIVINE.—8 8 8 8 8.



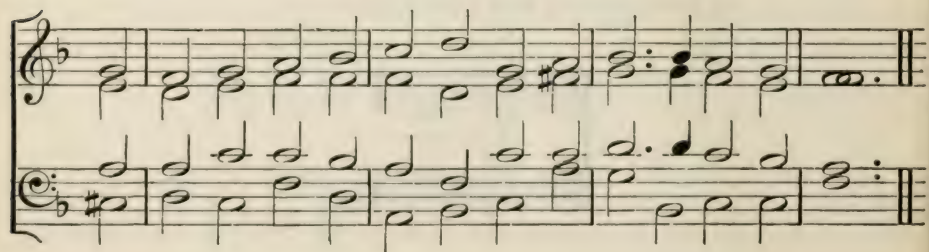
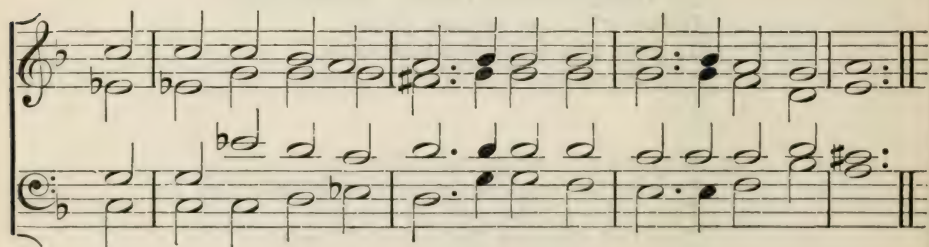
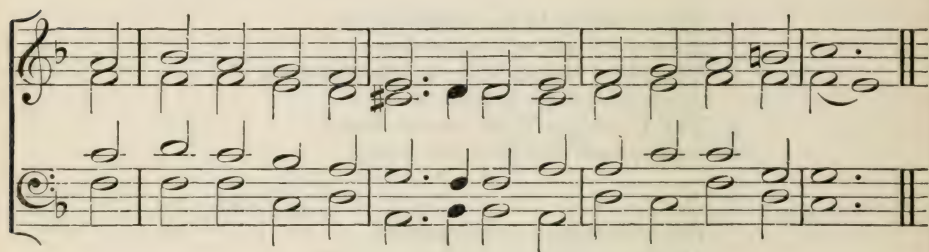
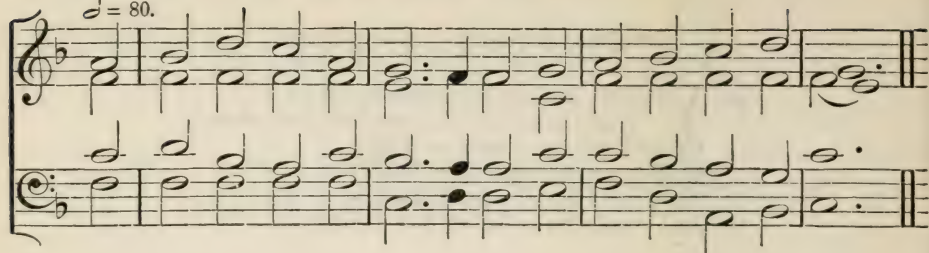




# Holy Communion.

Hymn 557. AVE VERUM CORPUS.—D.C.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



# Holy Communion.

"The Body and Blood of the Lord."

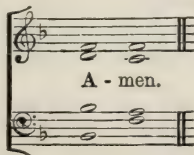
*mp* **H**AIL, Body true, of Mary born, and in the manger laid,  
*p* That once with thorn and scourging torn wast on the Cross display'd,  
*mf* That every eye might there desery th' uplifted Sacrifice,  
*mf* Which once for all to God on high paid our redemption's price !

Hail, precious Blood, by true descent drawn from our own first sire,  
Yet innocent of that fell taint which fills our veins with fire,  
Once from the side of Him that died for love of us His kin  
Drain'd an atonement to provide and wash away our sin !

Still Thou art there amidst us, LORD, unchangeably the same,  
When at Thy board with one accord Thy promises we claim ;  
But lo ! the way Thou com'st to-day is one where bread and wine  
Conceal the Presence they convey, both human and Divine.

*cr* How glorious is that Body now, throned on the Throne of Heav'n !  
*dim* The Angels bow, and marvel how to us on earth 'tis given ;  
*mf* Oh, to discern what splendours burn within these veils of His,—  
That faith could into vision turn, and see Him as He is !

How mighty is the Blood that ran for sinful nature's needs !  
*cr* It broke the ban, it rescued man ; it lives, and speaks, and pleads ;  
And all who sup from this blest Cup in faith and hope and love,  
*f* Shall prove that death is swallow'd up in richer life above.



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 558. WELLS.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 80.$

A - men.

*"Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."*

*mf* **O** JESU, Blessèd LORD, to Thee  
 My heartfelt thanks for ever be,  
 Who hast so lovingly bestow'd  
 On me Thy Body and Thy Blood.

*f* Break forth. my soul, for joy, and say,  
 What wealth is come to me to-day!

*p* My SAVIOUR dwells within me now;

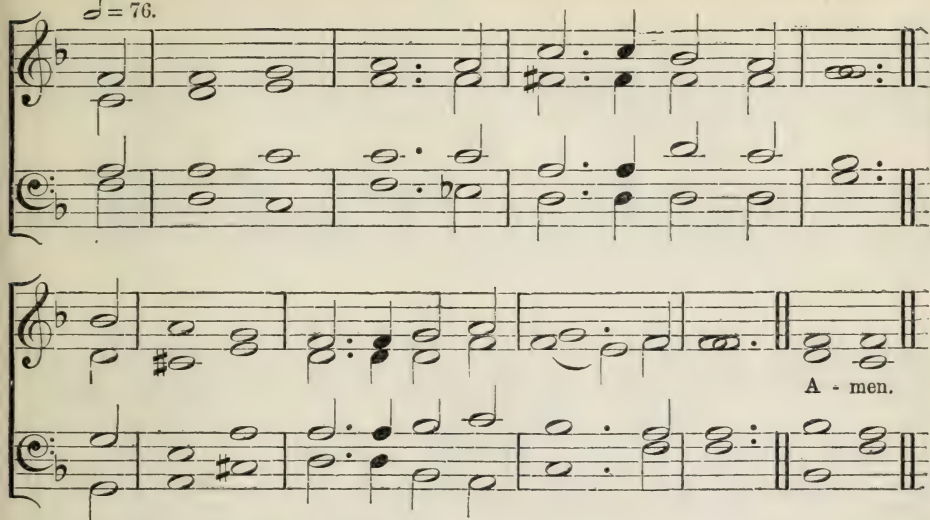
*cr* How blest am I! (*p*) how good art Thou!



# Holy Communion.

Hymn 559. COMMUNIO.—10 10.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."*

*mp* **O** CHRIST, our God, Who with Thine own hast been,  
Our spirits cleave to Thee, the Friend unseen.

Vouchsafe that all who on Thy bounty feed  
May heed Thy Love, and prize Thy gifts indeed.

Make every heart that is Thy dwelling-place  
A water'd garden fill'd with fruits of grace.

*p* Each holy purpose help us to fulfil;  
Increase our faith to feed upon Thee still.

*cr* Illuminate our minds, that we may see  
In all around us holy signs of Thee.

And may such witness in our lives appear,  
That all may know Thou hast been with us here.

*p* O grant us peace, that by Thy peace possess'd,  
Thy life within us we may manifest.

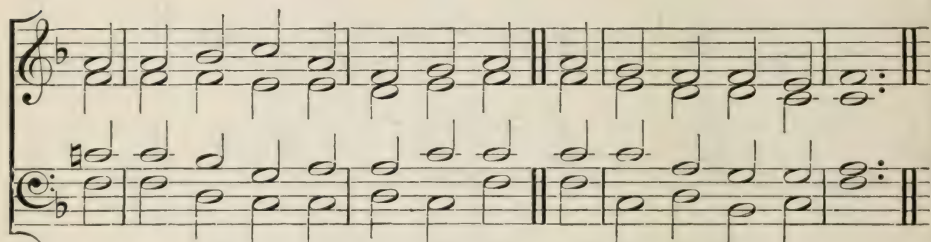
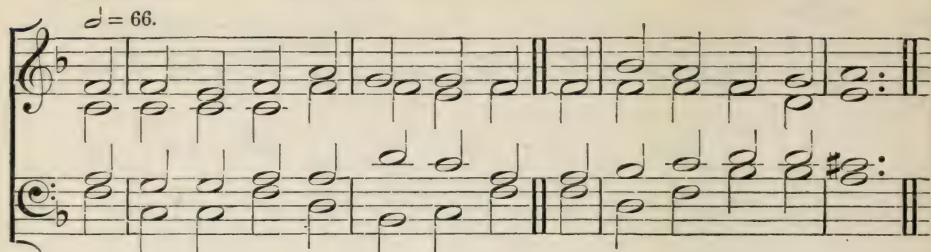
*cr* So shall we pass our days in holy fear,  
In joyful consciousness that Thou art near.

*mf* So shalt Thou be for ever, loving LORD,  
Our Shield and our exceeding great Reward.

*Either of the Tunes of Hymn 313 may be sung.*

# Holy Communion.

Hymn 560. ST. FLAVIAN.—C.M.



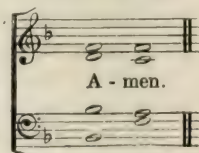
*"The Lord shall give thee rest."*

FOR GATHERINGS OF CLERGY OR CHURCH-WORKERS.

*mp* **W**ITH weary feet and sadden'd heart, *p* With strife of tongues distraught and  
From toil and care we flee, Our troublous way we trod; [worn  
*p* And come, O dearest Lord, apart But cast ourselves, this holy morn,  
To rest awhile with Thee. Into the peace of God.

The courts of Heav'n were lost to view, *mf* And oh! what depth of joy, as thus  
The world had come between; We bend the trembling knee,  
*cr* But here the veil is rent in two; To know that Thou art one with us,  
We see the things unseen. And we are one with Thee.

*p* Our sins, in Thy pure light descried,  
Stand out in dread array;  
*cr* But here in Love's absolving tide  
Their guilt is wash'd away.



*The following Hymns are suitable:*

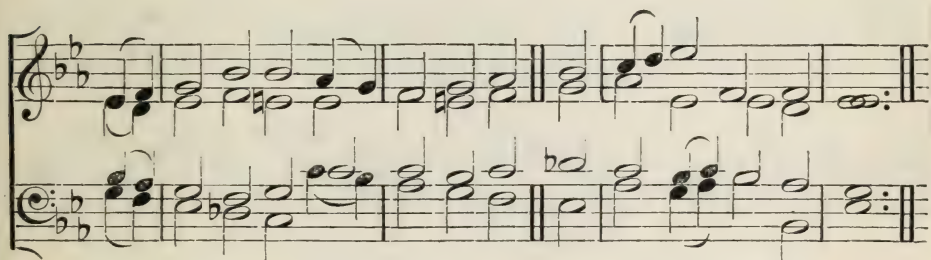
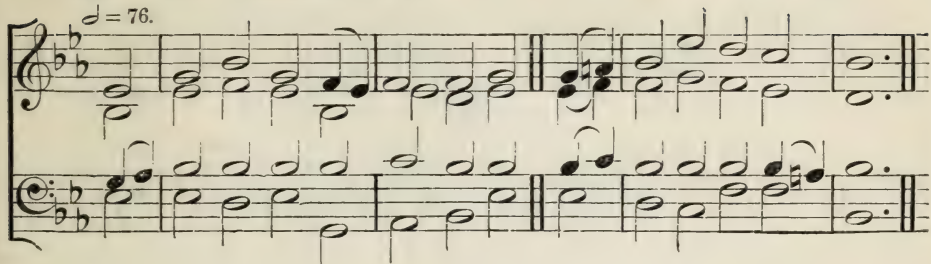
**520** Love Divine, all loves excelling.

**528** Not for our sins alone.

# Holy Baptism.

Hymn 561. HEMS福德.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



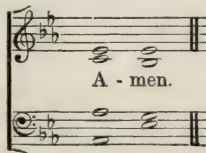
*"Buried with Him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with Him."*

**W**ITH CHRIST we share a mystic grave,  
With CHRIST we buried lie;  
But 'tis not in the darksome cave  
By mournful Calvary.

Thrice blest, if through this world of  
And sin, and selfish care, [strife,  
Our snow-white robe of righteousness  
We undefiled wear.

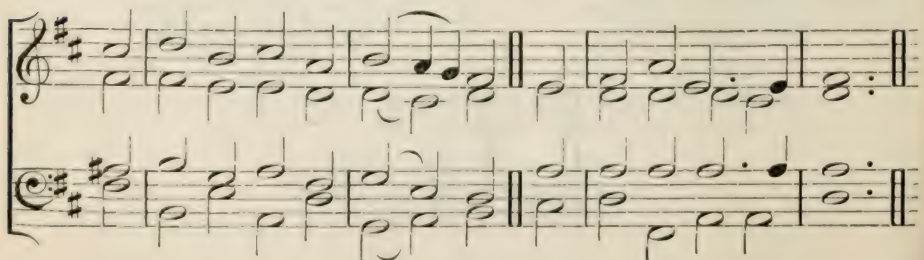
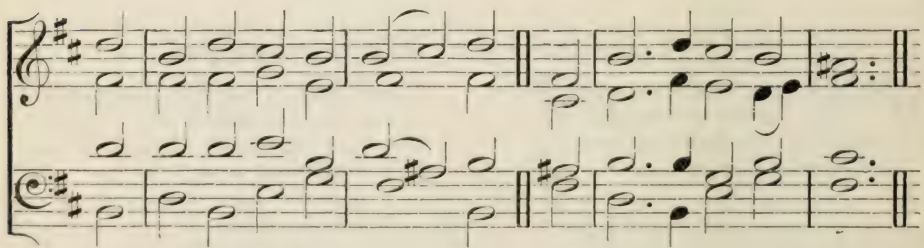
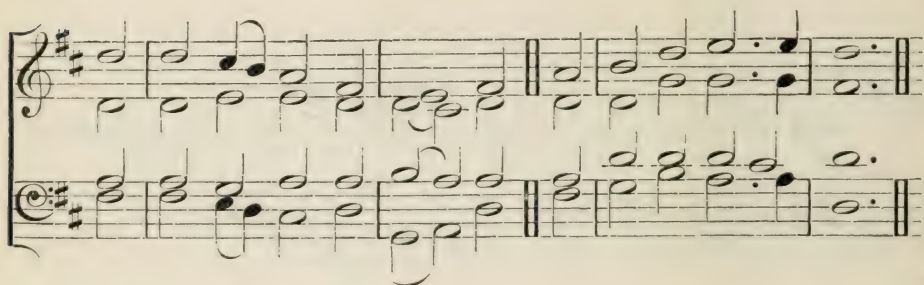
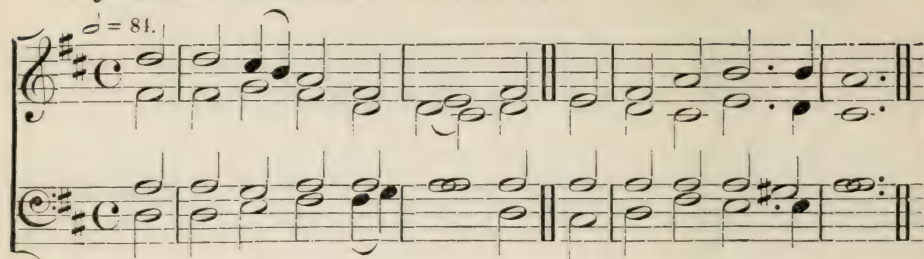
The pure and bright baptismal flood  
Entombs our nature's stain:  
New creatures from the cleansing wave  
With CHRIST we rise again.

*mf* Thrice blest, if through the gate of  
All glorious and free [death  
*f* We to our joyful rising pass,  
O risen LORD, with Thee.



# Holy Baptism.

Hymn 562. ST. KENELM.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.





# Holy Baptism.

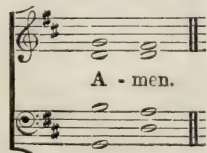
*"Baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."*

*mf* **O** FATHER, bless the children  
Brought hither to Thy gate;  
Lift up their fallen nature,  
Restore their lost estate;  
Renew Thine image in them,  
And own them, by this sign,  
Thy very sons and daughters,  
*dim* New born of birth Divine.

*mf* O JESU LORD, receive them;  
Thy loving Arms of old  
Were open'd wide to welcome  
The children to Thy fold;  
*p* Let these, baptized, and dying,  
*cr* Then rising from the dead,  
*f* Henceforth be living members  
Of Thee, their living Head.

*p* O HOLY SPIRIT, keep them;  
Dwell with them to the last,  
Till all the fight is ended,  
And all the storms are past.  
*cr* Renew the gift baptismal,  
From strength to strength, till each  
*mf* The troublous waves o'ercoming,  
The land of life shall reach.

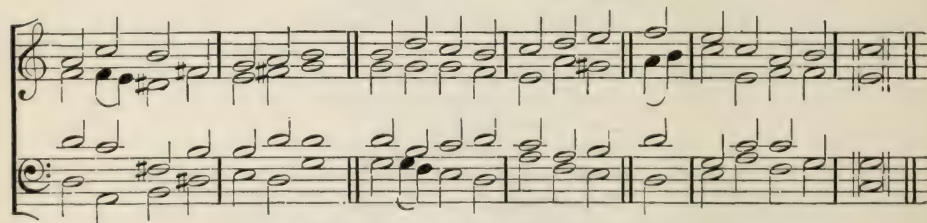
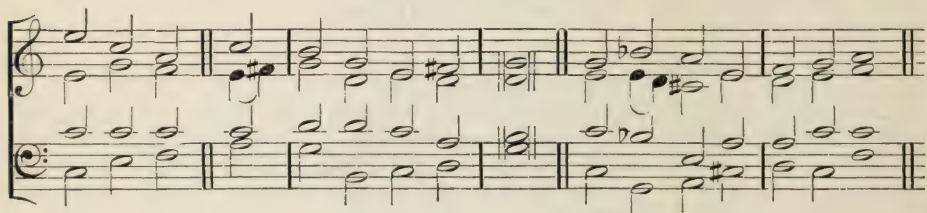
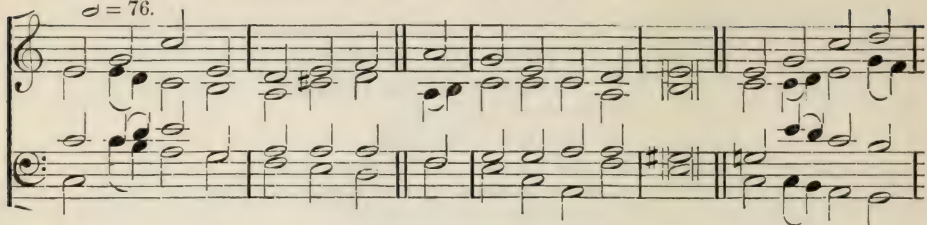
O FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,  
O Wisdom, Love, and Power,  
We wait the promised blessing  
In this accepted hour!  
*p* We name upon the children  
The Threefold Name Divine;  
*cr* Receive them, cleanse them, own them,  
*mf* And keep them ever Thine.



# Holy Baptism.

Hymn 563. HOWLEY PLACE.—7 6 7 6 7 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

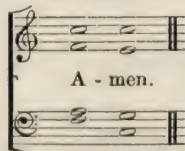


*"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."*

FOR AN ADULT.

*p* **F**ATHER, Son, and HOLY GHOST,  
In solemn power come down,  
Present with Thy heavenly host  
*cr* Thy Sacrament to crown :  
See a sinful child of earth ;  
Bless for *him* the cleansing flood ;  
Make *him* by a second birth  
*mf* One with the life of God.

*p* Let the promised inward grace  
Accompany the sign,  
On *his* new-born soul impress  
The glorious Name Divine ;  
*cr* FATHER, all Thy love reveal,  
JESUS, all Thy mind impart,  
*mf* HOLY GHOST, renew, and dwell  
For ever in *his* heart.

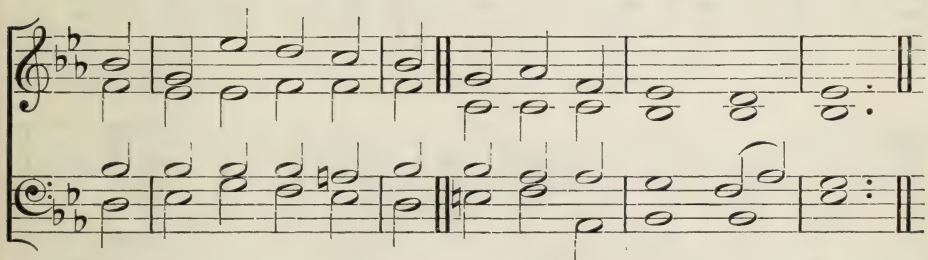
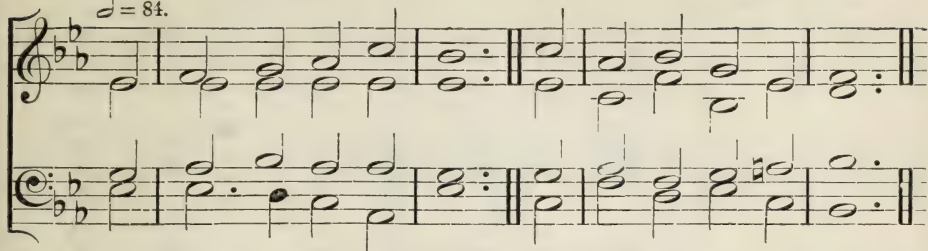


The following Hymn is suitable :  
487 The Son of Man from Jordan rose.

# For the Young.

Hymn 564. MOSELEY.—6 6 6 6.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



"Now therefore, our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious Name."

SUNDAY EVENING.

**A**ND now this holy day  
Is drawing to its end,  
Once more, to Thee, O LORD,  
Our thanks and prayers we send.

We thank Thee for this rest  
From earthly care and strife;  
We thank Thee for this help  
To higher, holier life.

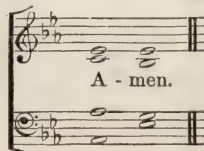
We thank Thee for Thy House;  
It is Thy Palace-gate  
Where Thou, upon Thy Throne  
Of mercy, still dost wait.

We thank Thee for Thy Word,  
Thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
Oh, may its holy fruits  
Within our hearts abound!

*dim* Yet, ere we go to rest,  
FATHER, to Thee we pray,  
Forgive the sins that stain  
E'en this Thy holy day.

*p* Through JESUS let the past  
Be blotted from Thy sight,  
And let us all now sleep  
At peace with Thee this night.

*f* To GOD the FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT glory be,  
From all in earth and Heav'n,  
Through all eternity.



# For the Young.

Hymn 565. UP IN HEAVEN.—8 7 7 5.

♩. = 54. FOR TREBLE VOICES ONLY. (Not to be sung in Harmony.)

Up in Hea - ven, up in Hea - ven, In the

*mf* *cres.*

This system contains the first three measures of the hymn. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on a single staff. The lyrics 'Up in Hea - ven, up in Hea - ven, In the' are placed below the notes. Dynamic markings 'mf' and 'cres.' are present.

bright place far a - way, He Whom bad men cru - ci -

*dim.*

This system contains the next three measures. The lyrics 'bright place far a - way, He Whom bad men cru - ci -' are placed below the notes. A dynamic marking 'dim.' is present.

- fied, Sit - teth at His Fa - ther's side, Till the Judg - ment Day.

*cres.* *dim.*

This system contains the final three measures of the hymn. The lyrics '- fied, Sit - teth at His Fa - ther's side, Till the Judg - ment Day.' are placed below the notes. Dynamic markings 'cres.' and 'dim.' are present.



# For the Young.

*"The Son of Man shall come in His Glory, and all the holy Angels with Him."*

*mf* UP in Heaven, up in Heaven,  
In the bright place far away,  
He Whom bad men crucified,  
Sitteth at His Father's side,  
Till the Judgment Day.

And He loves His little children,  
And He pleadeth for them there,  
Asking the great God of Heav'n  
*dim* That their sins may be forgiven,  
And He hears their prayer.

*cr* Never more a helpless Baby,  
Born in poverty and pain,  
*mf* But with awful glory crown'd,  
With His Angels standing round,  
He shall come again.

Then the wicked souls shall tremble,  
And the good souls shall rejoice;  
Parents, children, every one,  
Then shall stand before His Throne,  
And shall hear His voice.

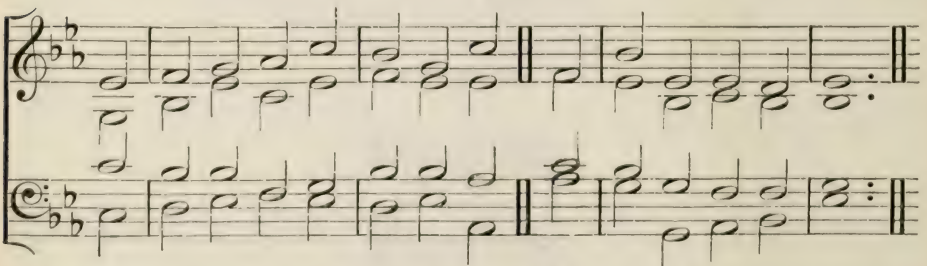
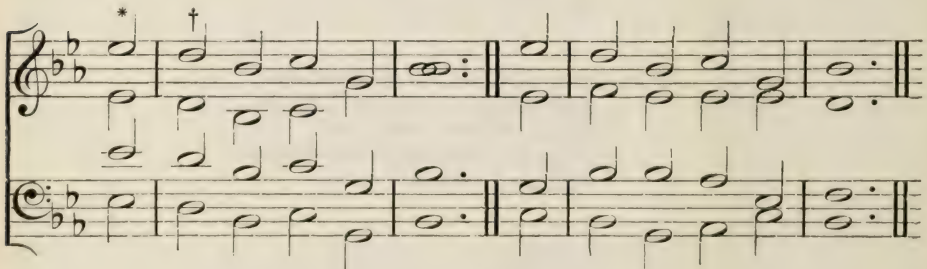
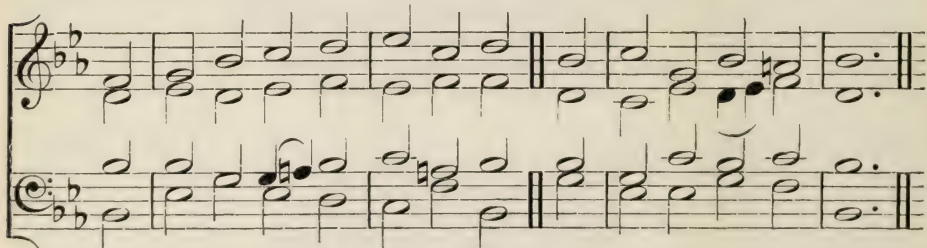
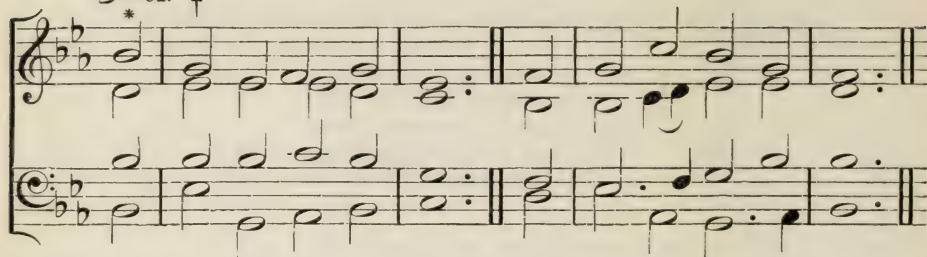
*cr* And all faithful holy Christians,  
Who their Master's work have done,  
Shall appear at His right hand  
And inherit the fair land  
That His love has won.



# For the Young.

Hymn 566. BONAR.—D.S.M.

$\text{♩} = 92.$  \* †



\* If considered desirable, this Chord \* may be omitted in Verses 1 and 2; and this † divided into two crotchets.

# For the Young.

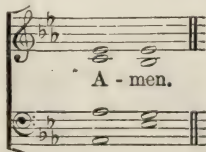
*"Partakers of the Divine nature."*

*mf*    **M**EMBERS of CHRIST are we;  
          He is our living Head,  
*dim* That henceforth we should ever be  
          By His good SPIRIT led  
          In the same narrow path  
          Our LORD and SAVIOUR trod—  
          The path that leadeth by the Cross  
*cr*     To glory and to God.

*mf*    Children of God are we;  
          Such grace to us is given,  
          To kneel and pray in CHRIST's own words,  
          " FATHER, Which art in Heav'n ; "  
          Seeking to do His will  
          As Angels do above,  
          And walking in obedient ways  
          Of holy truth and love.

          Of Heaven's kingdom we  
          Inheritors were made;  
          Each at the Font in CHRIST's own robe  
          Of spotless white array'd.  
*dim*    Upon our forehead now  
          Is traced the suffering sign,  
*cr*    That one day on each saintly brow  
          A glorious crown may shine.

*mf*    CHRIST's little ones are we;  
          And unto us are given  
          Angelic guards, who ever see  
          Our FATHER's face in Heav'n.  
*p*     To walk in folly now  
          We may not, must not, dare,  
*cr*    Mindful Whose seal is on our brow,  
          Whose holy Name we bear.

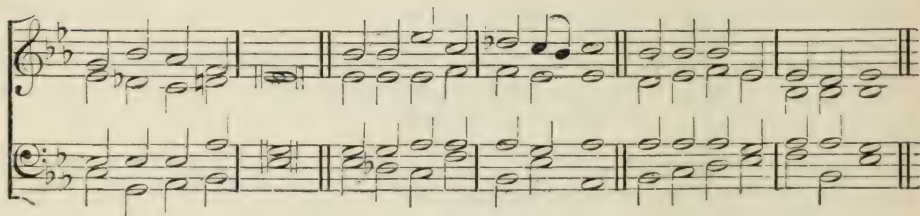
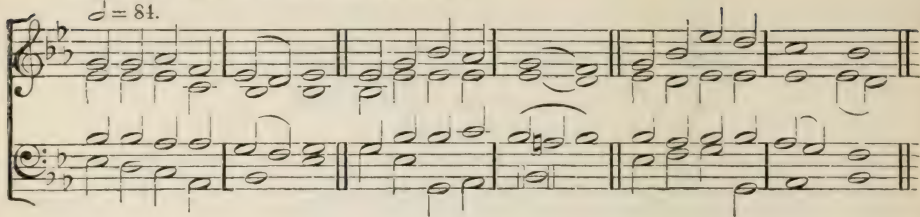


*The Tune of Hymn 304 may be used.*

# For the Young.

Hymn 567. EUROPA.—6 5 6 5 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



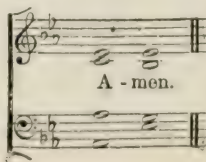
*"It shall be well with them that fear God."*

*mp* **O** MY God, I fear Thee!  
     Thou art very high,  
*cr* Yet to us, Thy children,  
     Thou art always nigh,  
     Far removed from mortal sight,  
     Dwelling in eternal light.

Never earthly father  
     Loveth like to Thee;  
     Thou dost guide and pardon  
     Guilty ones like me;  
     Sending down Thy Holy Son  
     That all sinners might be won.

*p* O my God, I fear Thee!  
     Yet I come in prayer,  
     For my SAVIOUR tells me  
     I need not despair;  
*cr* Tells me of a FATHER's love,  
     And a home prepared above.

*mp* O my God, I fear Thee,  
     Holy, just, and true;  
*cr* But, my Heavenly FATHER,  
     I will love Thee too;  
     Guide me till this life be past,  
     Take me to Thyself at last.

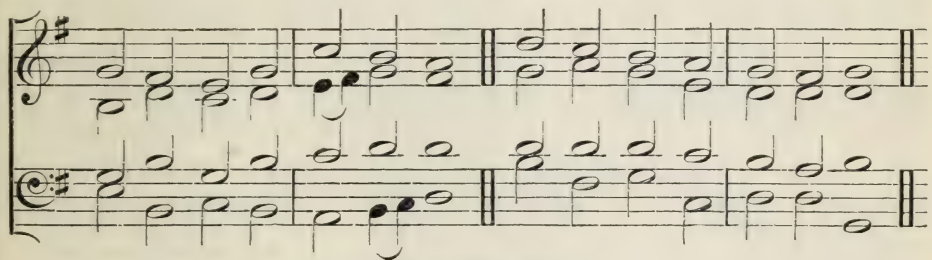
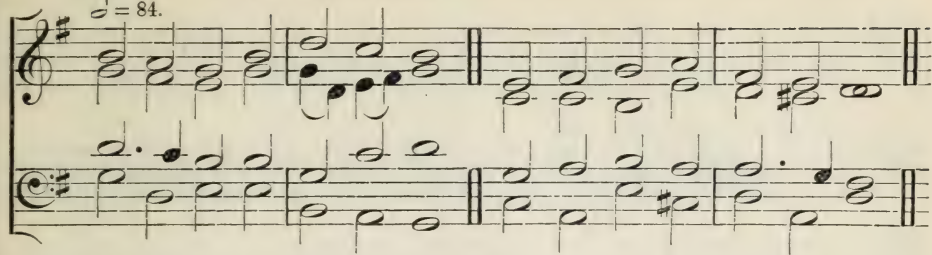




# For the Young.

Hymn 568. VIENNA.—7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



"Looking unto Jesus."

*mf* LAMB of God, I look to Thee,  
Thou shalt my example be :  
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,  
Thou wast once a little child.

Thou didst live to God alone,  
Thou didst never seek Thine own,  
Thou Thyself didst never please,  
God was all Thy happiness.

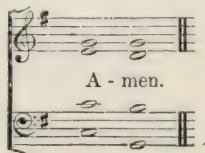
*im* Fain I would be as Thou art ;  
Give me Thy obedient heart ;  
Thou art pitiful and kind,  
Let me have Thy loving mind.

*p* Loving JESU, gentle Lamb,  
In Thy gracious Hands I am ;  
Make me, SAVIOUR, what Thou art ;  
*cr* Live Thyself within my heart.

Meek and lowly may I be ;  
Thou art all humility :  
Let me to my betters bow,  
Subject to Thy parents Thou.

*mf* I shall then show forth Thy praise,  
Serve Thee all my happy days ;  
Then the world shall always see  
CHRIST, the Holy Child, in me.

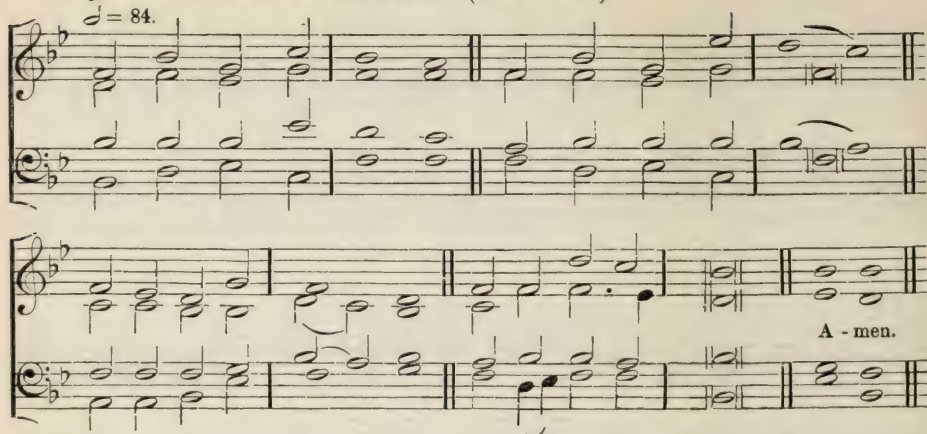
*mf* Let me above all fulfil  
God my Heavenly Father's will ;  
Never His good SPIRIT grieve,  
Only to His glory live.



A - men.

# For the Young.

Hymn 569. GERMAN.—6 5 6 5. (First Tune.)



*"Cease to do evil, learn to do well."*

*mf* **D**O no sinful action,  
Speak no angry word;  
Ye belong to JESUS,  
Children of the LORD.

*dim* CHRIST is kind and gentle,  
CHRIST is pure and true;  
And His little children  
Must be holy too.

There's a wicked spirit  
Watching round you still,

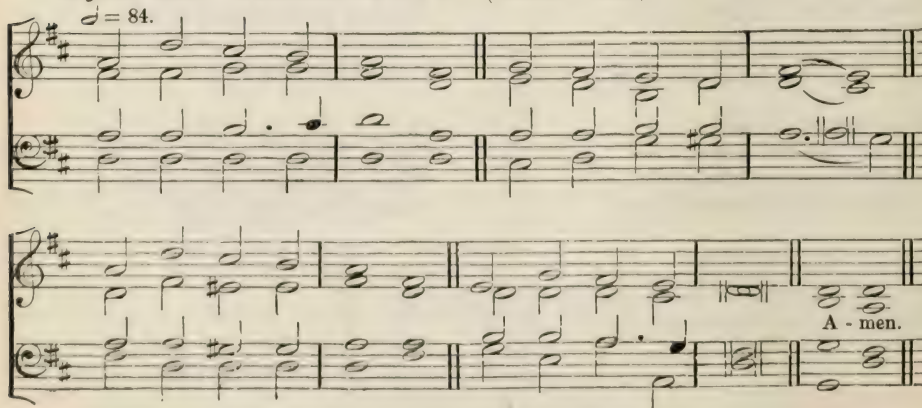
And he tries to tempt you  
To all harm and ill.  
*cr* But ye must not hear him,  
Though 'tis hard for you  
To resist the evil,  
And the good to do.

*mf* For ye promised truly,  
In your infant days,  
To renounce him wholly,  
And forsake his ways.

Ye are new-born Christians,  
Ye must learn to fight  
With the bad within you,  
And to do the right.

CHRIST is your own Master,  
He is good and true,  
And His little children  
Must be holy too.

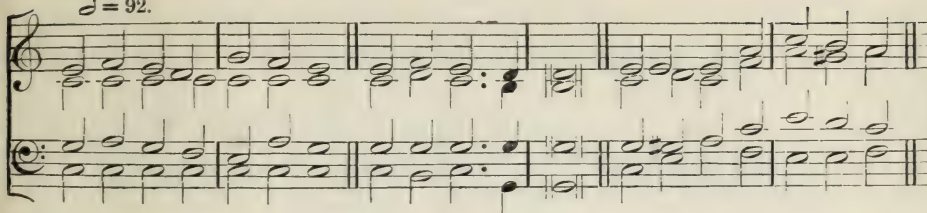
Hymn 569. NEWLAND.—6 5 6 5. (Second Tune.)



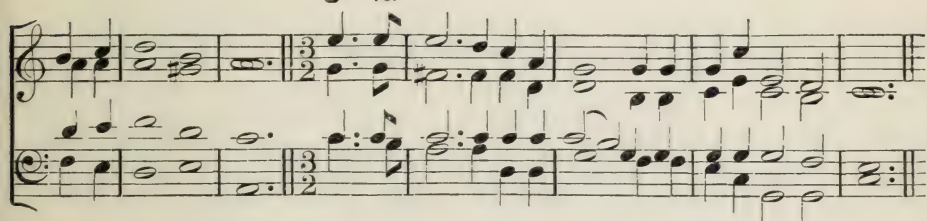
# For the Young.

Hymn 570. ST. FAITH.—7 5 7 5 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



$\text{♩} = 76.$



"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

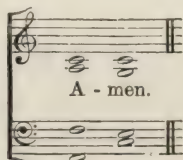
**E**VERY morning the red sun  
Rises warm and bright;  
*m* But the evening cometh on,  
And the dark, cold night.  
There's a bright land far away,  
Where 'tis never-ending day.

*mf* CHRIST our LORD is ever near  
Those who follow Him;  
*dim* But we cannot see Him here,  
For our eyes are dim;  
*cr* There is a most happy place,  
Where men always see His face.

*f* Every spring the sweet young flowers  
Open bright and gay,  
*m* Till the chilly autumn hours  
Wither them away.  
There's a land we have not seen,  
Where the trees are always green.

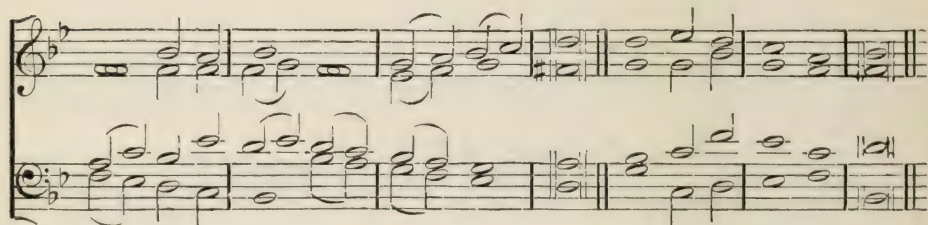
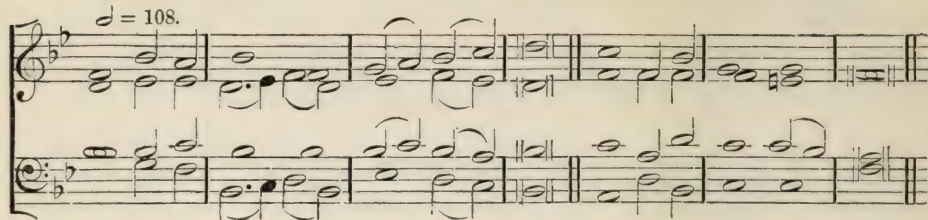
*p* Who shall go to that bright land?  
*cr* All who do the right:  
*mf* Holy children there shall stand  
In their robes of white;  
For that Heav'n, so bright and blest,  
*dim* Is our everlasting rest

*f* Little birds sing songs of praise  
All the summer long,  
*m* But in colder, shorter days  
They forget their song.  
There's a place where Angels sing  
Ceaseless praises to their King.



# For the Young.

Hymn 571. HILL CLIFF.—C.M.



*“To Him that is able to keep you from falling.”*

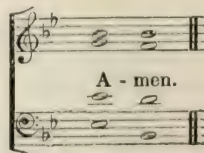
*mf* SING to the LORD the children's hymn,  
His gentle love declare,  
Who bends amid the Seraphim  
To hear the children's prayer.

*mf* Lo! from the stars His Face will  
On us with glances mild; [turn  
The Angels of His Presence yearn  
To bless the little child.

*p* He at a mother's breast was fed.  
Though GOD's own SON was He;  
He learnt the first small words He said  
At a meek mother's knee.

*mp* Keep us, O JESUS, LORD, for Thee,  
That so, by Thy dear grace,  
We, children of the Font, may see  
Our Heavenly FATHER's face.

*cr* Close to His loving Heart He press'd  
The children of the earth;  
He lifted up His hands and bless'd  
The babes of human birth.

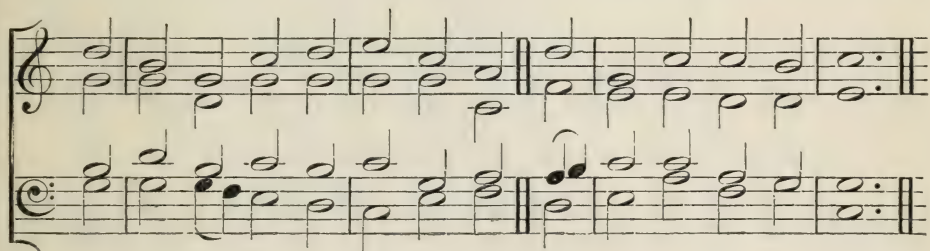
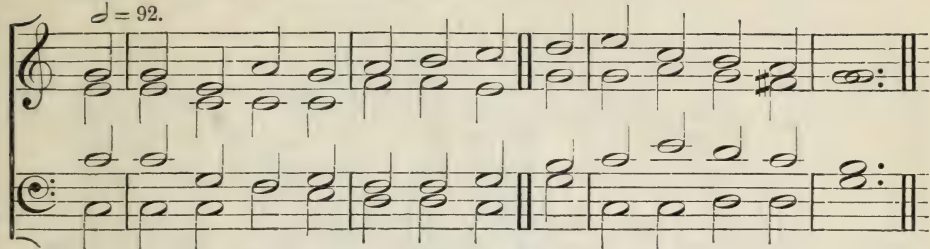




# For the Young.

Hymn 572. ST. LEONARD.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*"God who helpeth us, and poureth His benefits upon us."*

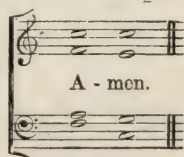
*mf* **L**ORD, I would own Thy tender care,  
And all Thy love to me;  
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,  
Are all bestow'd by Thee.

My health, and friends, and parents dear,  
To me by God are given;  
I have not any blessing here  
But what is sent from Heav'n.

'Tis Thou preservest me from death  
And dangers every hour;  
I cannot draw another breath  
Unless Thou give me power.

*mf* Such goodness, Lord, and constant care  
I never can repay;  
But may it be my daily prayer,  
To love Thee and obey.

Kind Angels guard me every night,  
As round my bed they stay:  
Nor am I absent from Thy sight  
In darkness or by day.



A - men.

# For the Young.

Hymn 573. ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL.—7 6 7 6.

♩ = 100.

Verse 1, and the Refrain after Verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

*f* All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small,

All things wise and won - der - ful, The LORD GOD made them all. *Fine.*

Verses 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

*D.C.*

*Org.*

# For the Young.

*"The Lord made all things."*

*f* **A**LL things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

*mf* Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colours,  
He made their tiny wings.

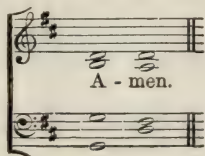
The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them, high or lowly,  
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning,  
That brightens up the sky;—

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,—  
He made them every one;

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water,  
We gather every day;—

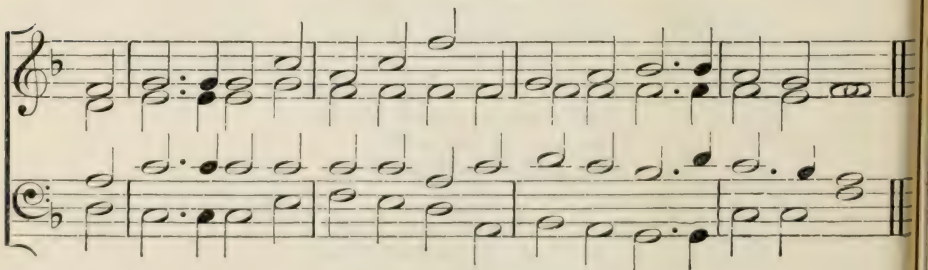
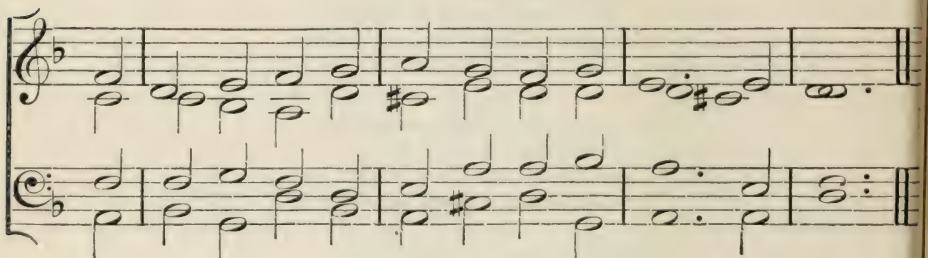
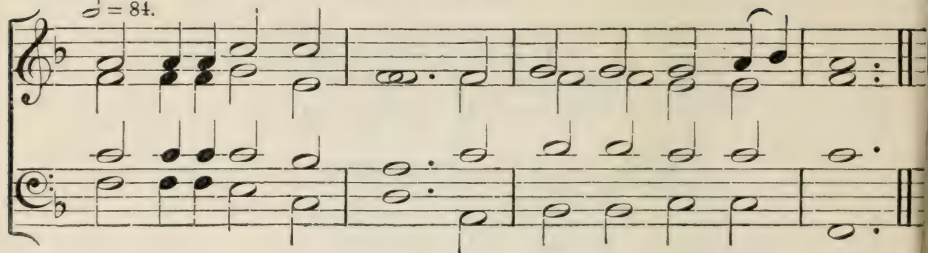
He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell,  
*f* How great is God Almighty,  
Who has made all things well.



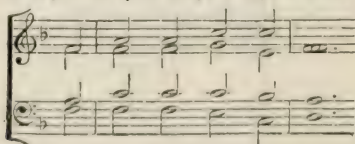
# For the Young.

Hymn 574. SAMUEL.—6 6 6 6 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*Every verse after the first begins thus :*





# For the Young.

"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

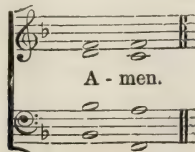
*mp* **H**USH'D was the evening hymn,  
The temple courts were dark ;  
*dim* The lamp was burning dim  
Before the sacred ark ;  
*mf* When suddenly a Voice Divine  
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

*p* The old man, meek and mild,  
The priest of Israel, slept ;  
His watch the Temple child,  
The little Levite kept ;  
*cr* And what from Eli's sense was seal'd,  
The LORD to Hannah's son reveal'd.

*p* Oh ! give me Samuel's ear,  
The open ear, O LORD,  
*cr* Alive and quick to hear  
Each whisper of Thy word ;  
Like him to answer at Thy call,  
And to obey Thee first of all.

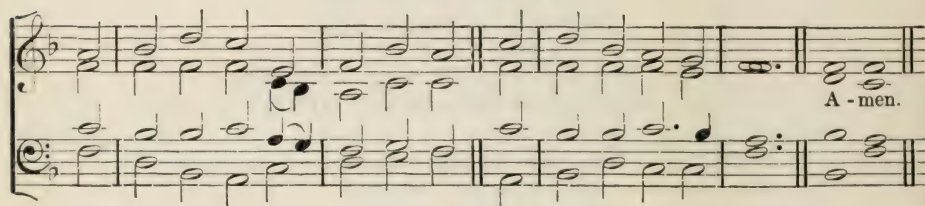
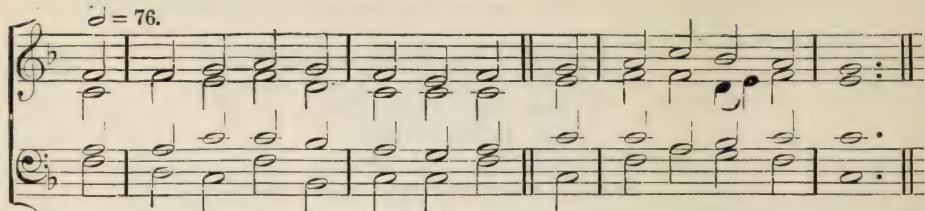
*p* Oh ! give me Samuel's heart,  
A lowly heart, that waits  
Where in Thy house Thou art,  
Or watches at Thy gates,  
*cr* By day and night, a heart that still  
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

*p* Oh ! give me Samuel's mind,  
A sweet un murmuring faith,  
Obedient and resign'd  
To Thee in life and death ;  
*cr* That I may read with child-like eyes  
*mf* Truths that are hidden from the wise.



# For the Young.

Hymn 575. ST. ETHELDREDA.—C.M.



*"Thy brother shall rise again."*

*p* **W**ITHIN the churchyard, side by side,  
Are many long low graves;  
And some have stones set over them,  
On some the green grass waves.

Full many a little Christian child,  
Woman, and man, lies there;  
And we pass near them every time  
When we go in to prayer.

They cannot hear our footsteps come,  
They do not see us pass;  
They cannot feel the warm bright sun  
That shines upon the grass.

*cr* They do not hear when the great bell  
Is ringing overhead;  
They cannot rise and come to Church  
*dim* With us, for they are dead.

But we believe a day shall come  
*cr* When all the dead will rise,  
When they who sleep down in the  
Will ope again their eyes. [grave

For CHRIST our LORD was buried once,  
*mf* He died and rose again,  
He conquer'd death, He left the grave;  
*dim* And so will Christian men.

*mp* So when the friends we love the best  
Lie in their churchyard bed,  
We must not cry too bitterly  
Over the happy dead;

*cr* Because, for our dear SAVIOUR's sake,  
Our sins are all forgiven;  
And Christians only fall asleep  
*mf* To wake again in Heav'n.

# For School and College Use.

Hymn 576. CLIFTON COLLEGE.—8 7 8 7 4 7.

$\text{♩} = 108.$

A - men.

*"The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."*

BEGINNING OF TERM.

**L**ORD, behold us with Thy blessing  
Once again assembled here;  
Onward be our footsteps pressing  
In Thy love, and faith, and fear;  
Still protect us  
By Thy Presence ever near.

For Thy mercy we adore Thee,  
For this rest upon our way;  
LORD, again we bow before Thee,  
Speed our labours day by day;  
Mind and spirit  
With Thy choicest gifts array.

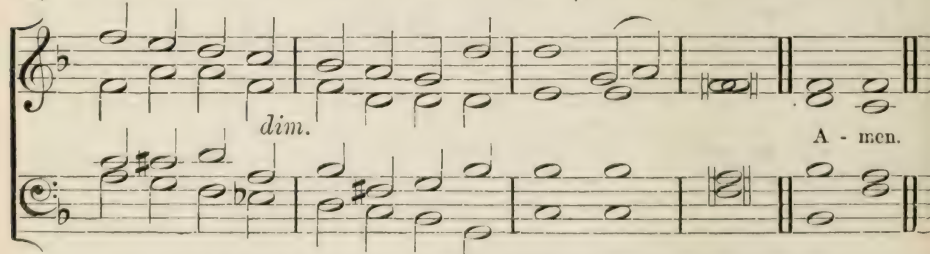
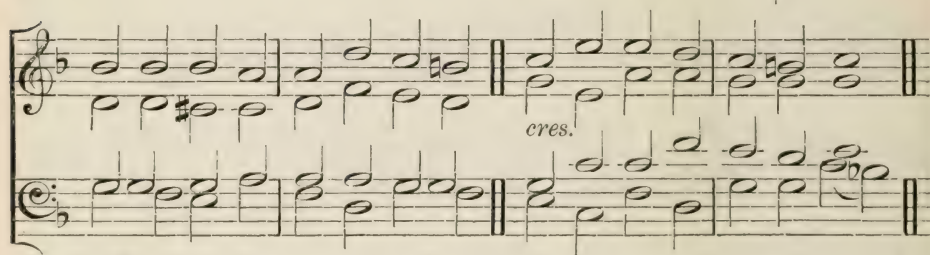
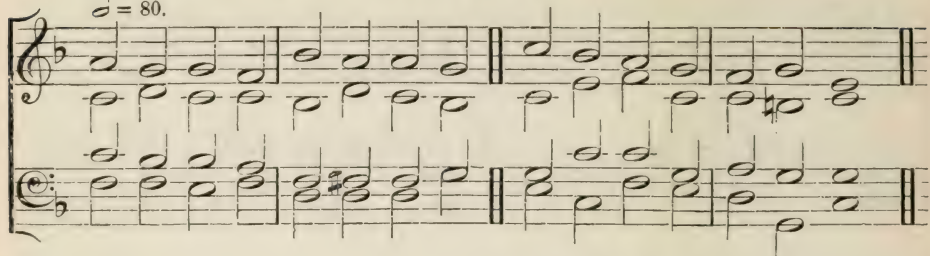
*mf* Keep the spell of home affection  
Still alive in every heart;  
May its power, with mild direction,  
Draw our love from self apart,  
Till Thy children  
Feel that Thou their Father art.  
Break temptation's fatal power,  
Shielding all with guardian care,  
Safe in every careless hour,  
Safe from sloth and sensual snare;  
Thou, our SAVIOUR,  
Still our failing strength repair.

*This Tune and that of Hymn 577 are interchangeable.*

# For School and College Use.

Hymn 577. ETON COLLEGE.—8 7 8 7 4 7.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



END OF TERM.

*"Stablish the thing, O God, that thou hast wrought in us."*

*mf* **L**ORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
*dim* Thanks for mercies past receive;  
 Pardon all, their faults confessing;  
 Time that's lost may all retrieve;  
*cr* May Thy children  
 Ne'er again Thy SPIRIT grieve.  
*mf* Bless Thou all our days of leisure;  
 Help us selfish lures to flee;  
 Sanctify our every pleasure;  
 Pure and blameless may it be;  
 May our gladness  
 Draw us evermore to Thee.

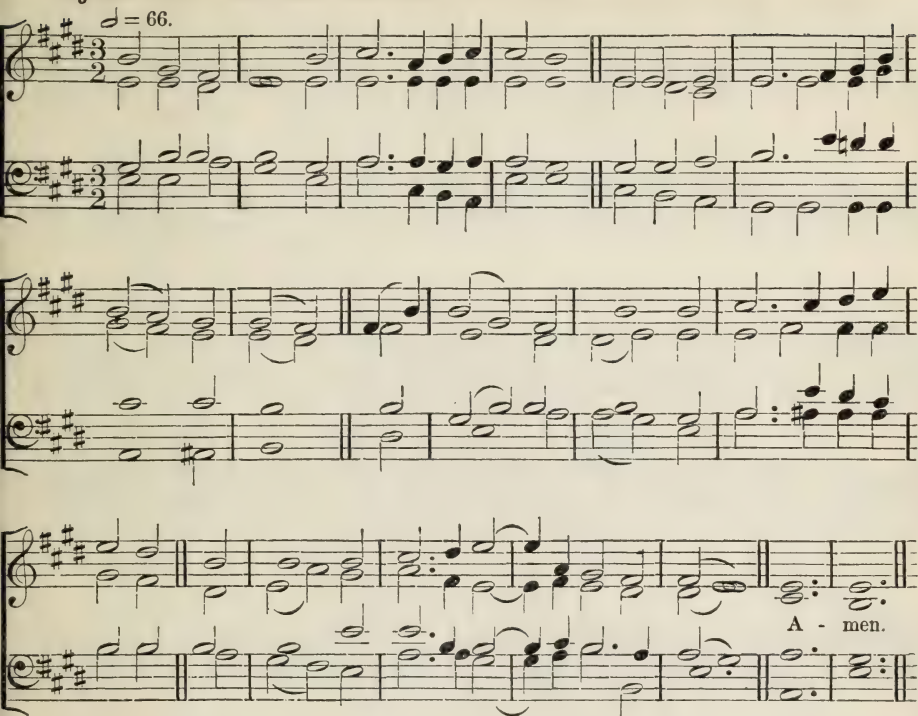
By Thy kindly influence cherish  
 All the good we here have gain'd;  
 May all taint of evil perish  
 By Thy mightier power restrain'd;  
 Seek we ever  
 Knowledge pure and love unfeign'd.  
 Let Thy father-hand be shielding  
 All who here shall meet no more;  
 May their seed-time past be yielding  
 Year by year a richer store;  
 Those returning,  
 Make more faithful than before.

*This Tune and that for Hymn 576 are interchangeable.*



# Holy Matrimony.

Hymn 578. LIFE AND LOVE.—11 10 11 10.



*"The Lord do so to me and more also, if ought but death part thee and me."*

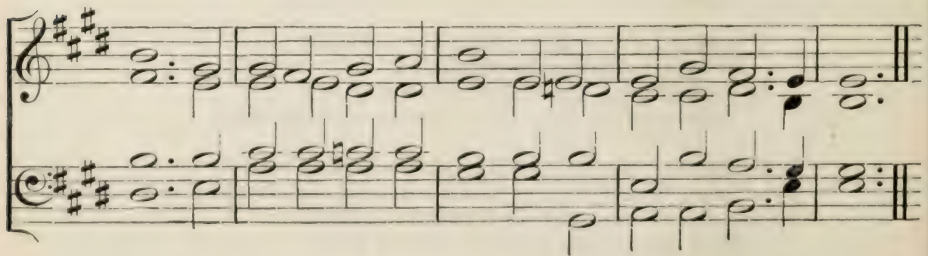
*mf* **O** PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,  
*p* Lowly we kneel in prayer before Thy Throne,  
*cr* That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,  
 Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance  
 Of tender charity and steadfast faith,  
 Of patient hope, and quiet brave endurance,  
 With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,  
*p* Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;  
*mf* And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
 That dawns upon eternal love and life.

Hymn 579. GENESIS.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\phi = 88.$



# Holy Matrimony.

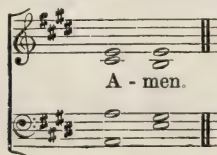
*"Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it"*

*mf* **O** FATHER all creating,  
Whose wisdom, love, and power  
First bound two lives together  
In Eden's primal hour,  
*dim* To-day, to these Thy children  
Thine earliest gifts renew,—  
*cr* A home by Thee made happy,  
A love by Thee kept true.

*mp* **O** SAVIOUR, Guest most bounteous  
Of old in Galilee,  
Vouchsafe to-day Thy presence  
With these who call on Thee ;  
*cr* Their store of earthly gladness  
Transform to heavenly wine,  
And teach them, in the tasting,  
To know the gift is Thine.

*mp* **O** SPIRIT of the FATHER,  
Breathe on them from above,  
So mighty in Thy pureness,  
So tender in Thy love ;  
*cr* That guarded by Thy presence,  
From sin and strife kept free,  
Their lives may own Thy guidance,  
Their hearts be ruled by Thee.

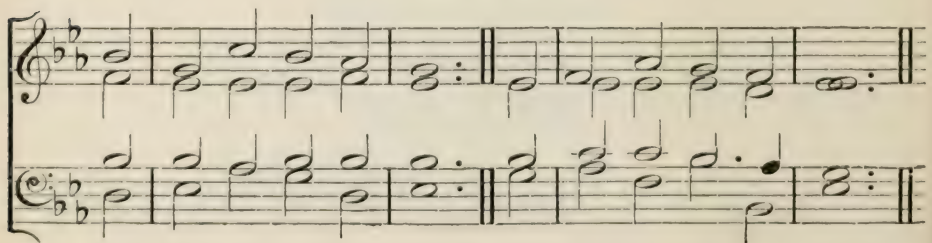
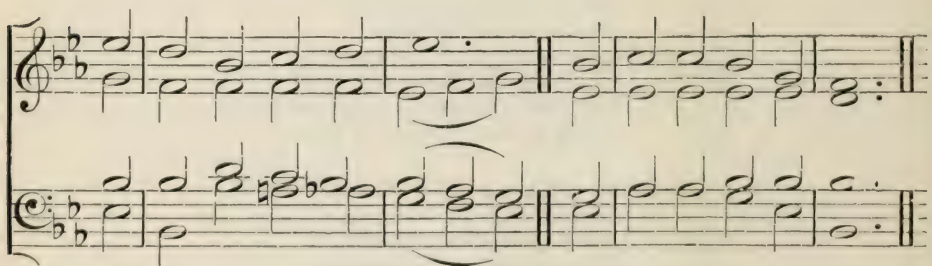
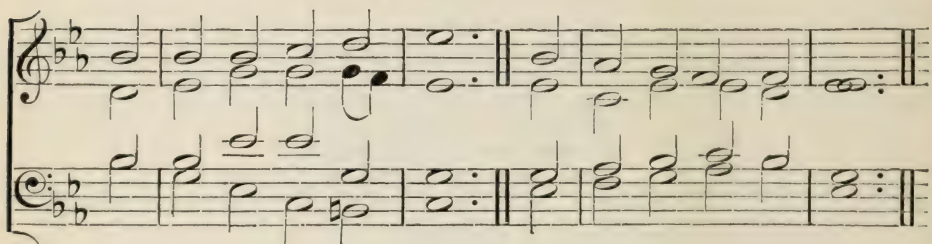
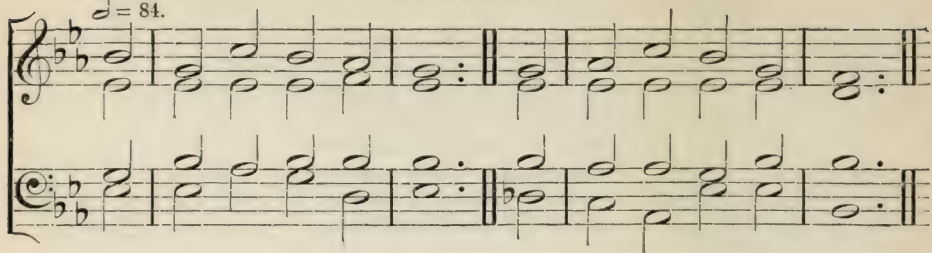
*mf* Except Thou build it, FATHER,  
The house is built in vain ;  
Except Thou, SAVIOUR, bless it,  
The joy will turn to pain ;  
But nought can break the marriage  
Of hearts in Thee made one,  
And love Thy SPIRIT hallows  
Is endless love begun.



# For a Teachers' Meeting.

Hymn 580. LAUSANNE.—6 6 6 6 6 6 6.

$\text{♩} = 84.$





# For a Teachers' Meeting.

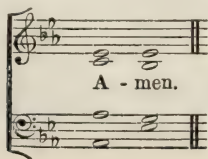
"The word that I shall speak unto thee, that thou shalt speak."

*mf* SHINE Thou upon us, LORD,  
True Light of men, to-day;  
And through the written word  
Thy very self display;  
That so from hearts which burn  
With gazing on Thy Face,  
The little ones may learn  
The wonders of Thy grace.

*mp* Breathe Thou upon us, LORD,  
Thy Spirit's living Flame,  
*cr* That so with one accord  
Our lips may tell Thy Name;  
Give Thou the hearing ear,  
Fix Thou the wandering thought,  
That those we teach may hear  
The great things Thou hast wrought.

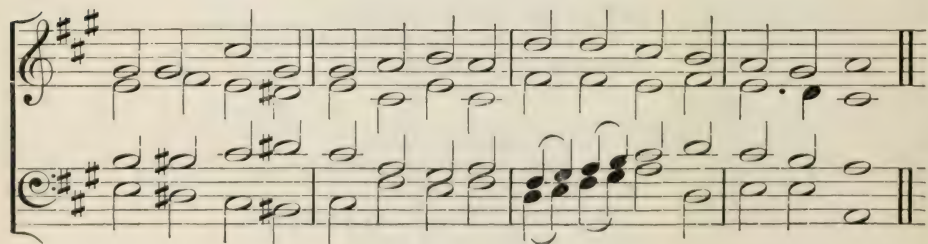
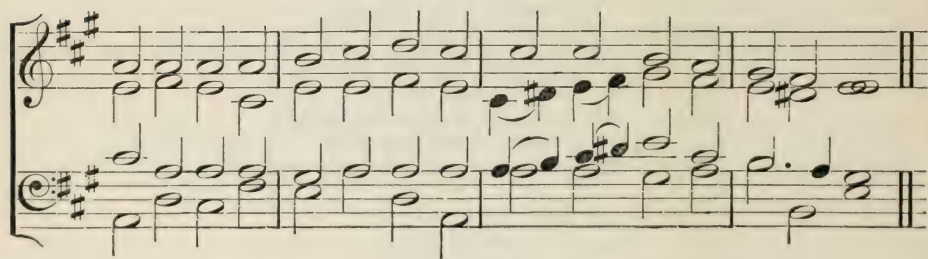
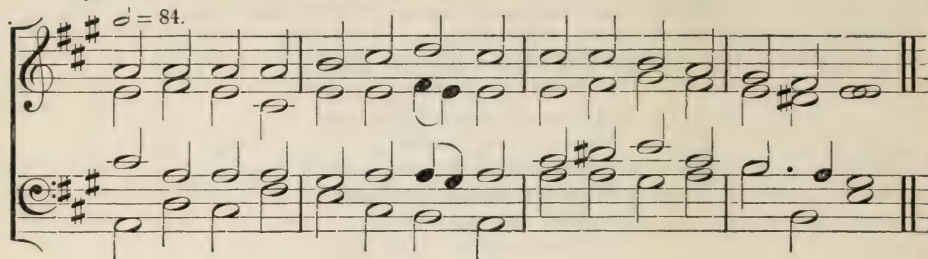
*mf* Speak Thou for us, O LORD,  
In all we say of Thee;  
According to Thy Word  
Let all our teaching be;  
That so Thy lambs may know  
Their own true Shepherd's voice,  
Where'er He leads them go,  
*cr* And in His love rejoice.

*mf* Live Thou within us, LORD;  
Thy mind and will be ours;  
Be Thou beloved, adored,  
And served, with all our powers;  
That so our lives may teach  
Thy children what Thou art,  
*dim* And plead, by more than speech,  
For Thee with every heart.



# For Theological Colleges.

Hymn 581. ORIEL.—8 7 8 7 8 7.



*“Also I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me.”*

*mf* **L**ORD of life, Prophetic SPIRIT,  
In sweet measure evermore  
To the holy children dealing  
Each his gift from Thy rich store;  
*p* Bless Thy family, adoring  
*cr* As in Israel's schools of yore.

Holy JESUS, Eye most loving  
On each young disciple bent;  
Voice that, seeming earthly, summon'd  
Samuel to the awful tent;  
Hand that cast Elijah's mantle;  
Thine be all Thy Grace hath lent.

# For Theological Colleges.

*mf* As to Thine own seventy scholars  
Thou of old Thine Arm didst reach,  
Under Thy majestic shadow  
Guiding them to do and teach,  
Till their hour of solemn unction ;  
*dim* So be with us all and each.

*mf* GOD and FATHER of all Spirits,  
Whose dread call young Joshua knew,  
*dim* Forty days in darkness waiting  
With Thy servant good and true,  
*r* Thence to wage Thy war descending,  
Own us, LORD, Thy champions too.

One Thy Light, the Temple filling,  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Three :  
Meanest men and brightest Angels  
Wait alike the word from Thee ;  
Highest musings, lowliest worship,  
Must their preparation be.

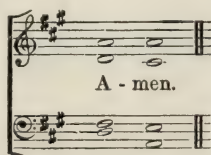
Now Thou speakest—hear we trembling—  
From the glory comes a Voice.  
Who accepts th' Almighty's mission ?  
Who will make CHRIST's work his choice ?  
Who for Us proclaim to sinners,  
Turn, believe, endure, rejoice ?

*cr* Here are we, REDEEMER, send us !  
*dim* But because Thy work is fire,  
And our lips, unclean and earthly,  
Breathe no breath of high desire ;  
*cr* Send Thy Seraph from the Altar  
Veil'd, but in his bright attire.

*mf* Cause him, LORD, to fly full swiftly  
With the mystic coal in hand,  
Sin-consuming, soul-transforming  
*dim* (Faith and love will understand) ;  
Touch our lips, Thou awful Mercy,  
With Thine own keen healing brand.

*mf* Thou didst come that fire to kindle ;  
Fain would we Thy torches prove,  
Far and wide Thy beacons lighting  
With the undying spark of love :  
*dim* Only feed our flame, we pray Thee,  
With Thy breathings from above.

*f* Now to God, the soul's Creator,  
To His Word and Wisdom sure,  
To His all-enlightening SPIRIT,  
Patron of the frail and poor,  
THREE in ONE, be praise and glory  
Here and while the Heav'ns endure.

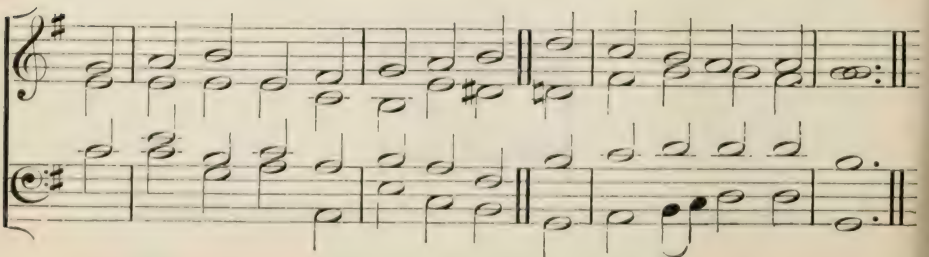
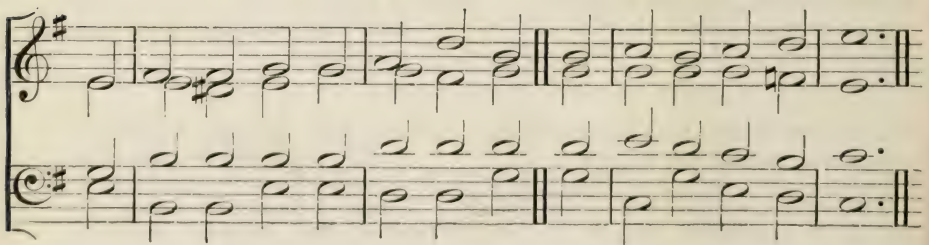
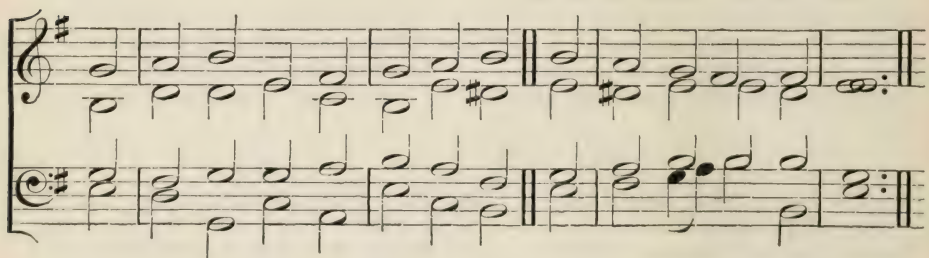
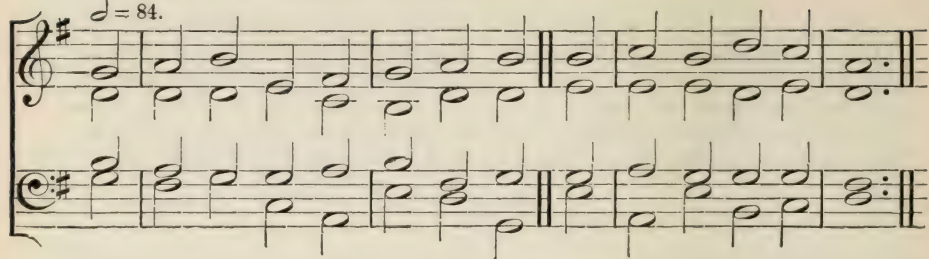


*If the Hymn be thought too long, it may be divided at the end of Stanza 1.*

# For Theological Colleges.

Hymn 582. MACFARREN.—D.C.M.

$\text{♩} = 84.$





# For Theological Colleges.

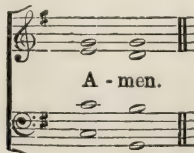
*"Make full proof of thy ministry."*

*mf* **T**HOU, Who didst call Thy Saints of old  
Thy chosen flock to teach,  
Who mad'st the fearful-hearted bold,  
And quick the slow of speech;  
Still Thou dost ask whom Thou shalt send  
And who will go for Thee,  
To feed Thy lambs, Thy sheep to tend;  
"LORD, here am I; send me."

O send us—e'en as Thou, O LORD,  
Wast by the FATHER sent—  
*p* To speak Thine own absolving word  
To sinners penitent;  
To wash Thy chosen in the flood  
Whereby new birth is given;  
*cr* To minister the sacred Food,  
The Bread of Life from Heav'n.

*mf* And Thou, Who didst by prophets deign  
To speak the will Divine,  
That we may never speak in vain,  
May all our words be Thine;  
*p* Oh, teach us, HOLY GHOST, that we  
Thine heritage may teach;  
*cr* Bid us to prophesy for Thee,  
And in Thy power to preach.

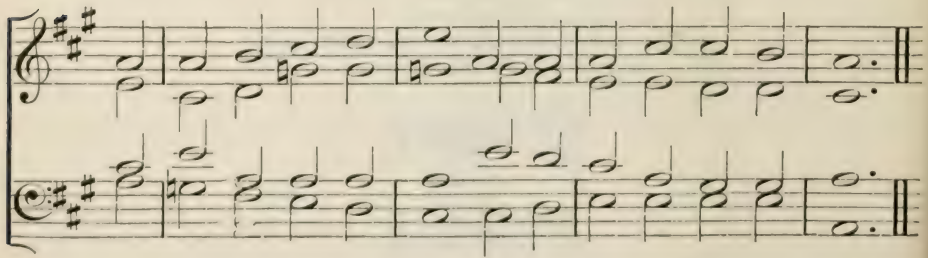
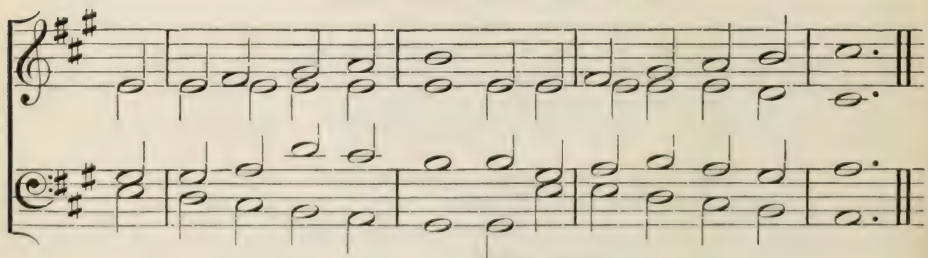
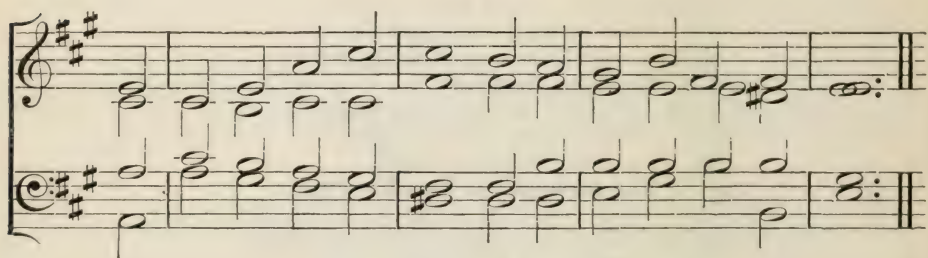
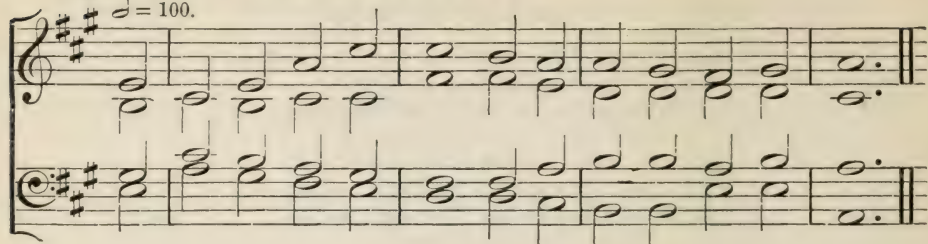
*mf* So may we, though unworthy still,  
Most HOLY TRINITY,  
Thy prophets, pastors, priests, fulfil  
Our sacred ministry:  
*p* That, when beside the crystal sea  
We lay our office down,  
*cr* The souls that we have train'd for Thee  
*f* May be our joy and crown.



# For Church Workers and Guilds.

Hymn 583. ST. CROIX.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 100.$



# For Church Workers and Guilds.

"Stand fast in one spirit, striving together for the faith of the Gospel."

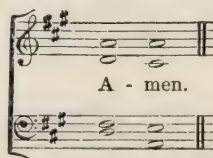
*mf* THE call to arms is sounding,  
The foemen muster strong,  
*dim* While Saints beneath the Altar  
Are crying "LORD, how long?"  
*mf* The living and the loving  
CHRIST's royal Standard raise,  
And marching on to conflict  
Shout forth their Captain's praise.

No time for self-indulgence,  
For resting by the way;  
*dim* Repose will come at even,  
But toil is for the day:  
Work, like the blessed JESUS,  
Who from His earliest youth  
Would do His FATHER's business  
And witness for the truth.

*mf* For the one Faith, the true Faith,  
The Faith which cannot fail,  
For the one Church, the true Church,  
'Gainst which no foes prevail;  
Made one with God Incarnate,  
We in His might must win  
The glory of self-conquest,  
Of victory over sin.

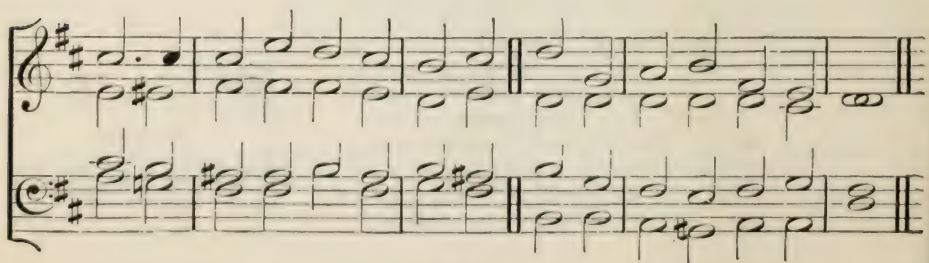
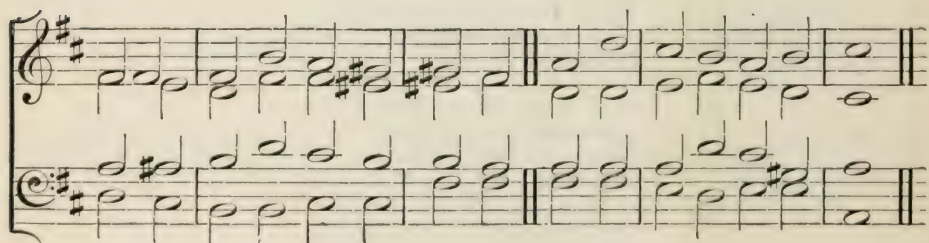
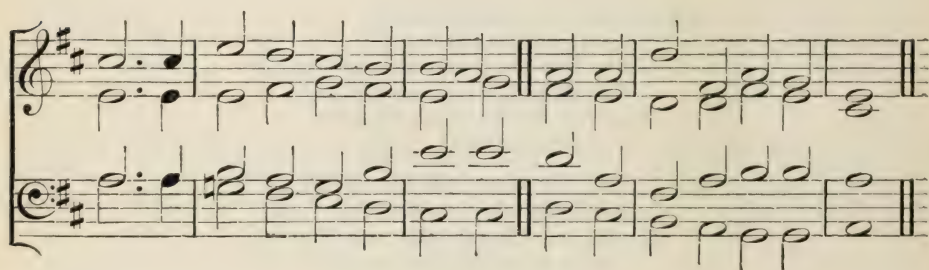
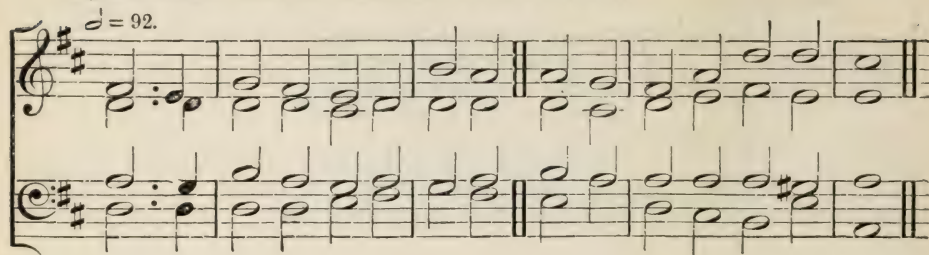
*f* Behold! upon Mount Sion  
A glorious people stand,  
A crown on every forehead,  
A palm in every hand;  
*p* Lo! these are they who boldly  
The Name of CHRIST confess'd,  
*f* And now triumphant praise Him  
In Heav'n's unresting rest.

*p* O JESU! Who art waiting  
Thy faithful ones to crown,  
Vouchsafe to bless our conflict,  
*mf* Our loving service own;  
Come in each heart for ever  
As King adored to reign,  
*cr* Till we with Saints triumphant  
Uplift the victor strain.



# For a Service for Working Men.

Hymn 584. SONS OF LABOUR.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.





# For a Service for Working Men.

"Do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus."

*mf* **S**ONS of Labour, dear to JESUS,  
To your homes and work again;  
*cr* Go with brave hearts back to duty,  
*dim* Face the peril, bear the pain.  
*p* Be your dwellings ne'er so lowly,  
*cr* Yet remember, by your bed,  
*mf* That the SON of God most Holy  
*dim* Had not where to lay His head.

*mf* Sons of Labour, think of JESUS  
As you rest your homes within,  
*dim* Think of that sweet Babe of Mary  
In the stable of the Inn.  
Think how in the sacred story  
JESUS took a humble grade,  
*mf* And the LORD of Life and Glory  
*dim* Work'd with Joseph at his trade.

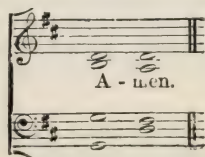
*mf* Sons of Labour, pray to JESUS,  
*dim* Oh, how JESUS pray'd for you!  
In the moonlight, on the mountain,  
Where the shimmering olives grew.  
*cr* When you rise up at the dawning,  
Ere to toil you wend your way,  
Pray, as He pray'd, in the morning,  
Long before the break of day.

*mf* Sons of Labour, be like JESUS,  
Undeified, chaste, and pure;  
And, though Satan tempt you sorely,  
By His grace you shall endure.  
Husband, father, son, and brother,  
Be ye gentle, just, and true,—  
Be ye kind to one another,  
As the LORD is kind to you.

Sons of Labour, seek for JESUS,  
Where He tells you ye shall find,  
*dim* In the children, 'mid the mourners,  
In the sick, poor, lame, and blind,—  
"Search the Scriptures," He entreats you,  
"For of Me they testify;"  
Love His Altar, where He meets you,  
*p* Saying, "Fear not—It is I."

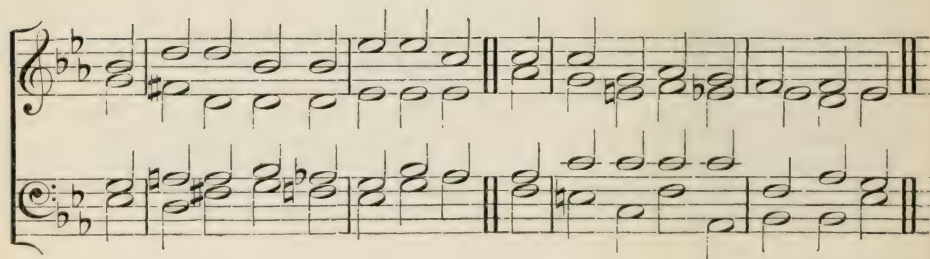
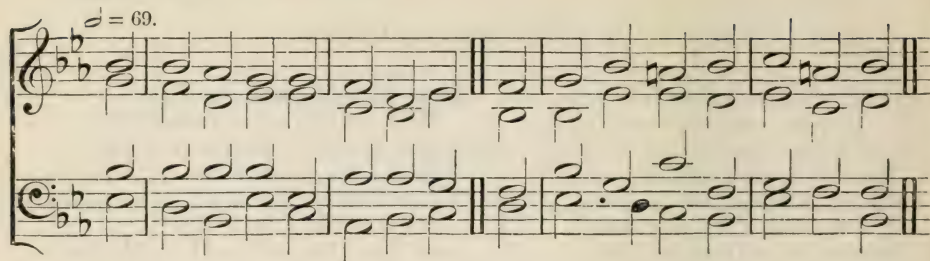
*mf* Sons of Labour, go to JESUS,  
*dim* In your sorrow, shame, and loss;  
He is nearest, you are dearest,  
*cr* When you bravely bear His Cross.  
Go to Him, Who died to save you,  
And is still the sinner's Friend;  
And the great love, which forgave you,  
*dim* Will forgive you to the end.

*mf* Sons of Labour, live for JESUS,  
Be your work your worship too;  
In His Name, and to His glory,  
Do whate'er you find to do;  
Till this night of sin and sorrow  
Be for ever overpast;  
And we see the golden morrow,  
*f* Home with JESUS, home at last!



# Missions.

Hymn 585. STYALL.—L.M.



*"He shall testify of Me, and ye also shall bear witness,"*

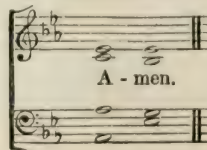
*mf* **O** SPIRIT of the Living God!  
In all the fulness of Thy grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at Thy coming, light,  
Confusion order in Thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

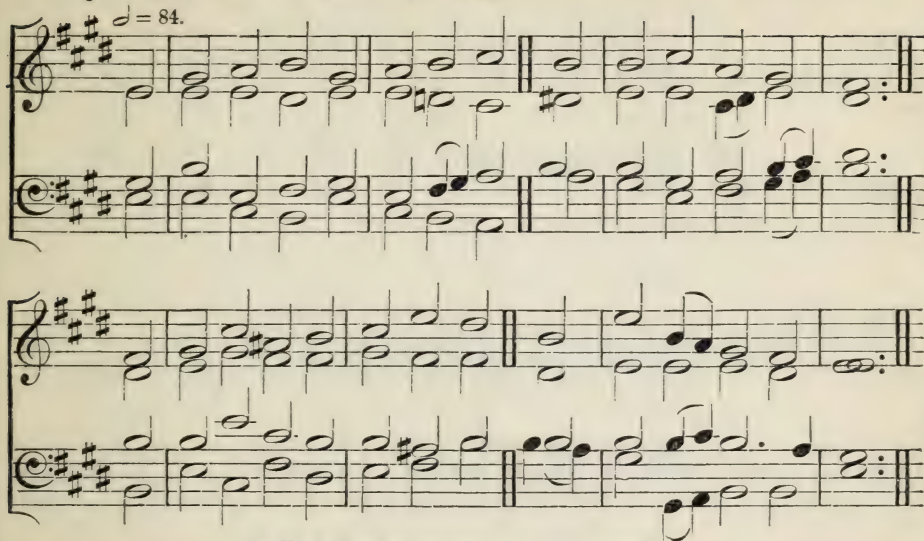
*mp* O Spirit of the Lord! prepare  
All the round earth her God to meet;  
*cr* Breathe Thou abroad like morning air,  
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

*mf* Baptize the nations; far and nigh  
The triumphs of the Cross record;  
*f* The Name of JESUS glorify  
Till every kindred call Him LORD.



# Missions.

Hymn 586. CRUCIS VICTORIA.—C.M.



“He shall set up an ensign for the nations.”

*mf* **L**IFT up your heads, ye gates of *p* Though few and small and weak your bands,  
Ye bars of iron, yield; [*brass*; *cr* Strong in your Captain's strength,  
And let the King of Glory pass; Go to the conquest of all lands:  
The Cross is in the field. All must be His at length.

That banner, brighter than the star  
That leads the train of night,  
Shines on the march, and guides from  
His servants to the fight. [*far*

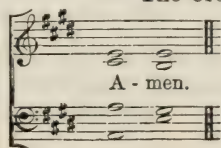
The spoils at His victorious Feet  
You shall rejoice to lay,  
And lay yourselves as trophies meet,  
In His great judgment day.

A holy war those servants wage;  
In that mysterious strife,  
The powers of Heav'n and hell engage  
For more than death or life.

*mf* Then fear not, faint not, halt not now;  
In Jesus' Name be strong!  
To Him shall all the nations bow,  
And sing the triumph song:—

Ye armies of the living God,  
Sworn warriors of CHRIST's host,  
Where hallow'd footsteps never trod,  
Take your appointed post.

*f* Uplifted are the gates of brass,  
The bars of iron yield;  
Behold the King of Glory pass;  
The Cross hath won the field.

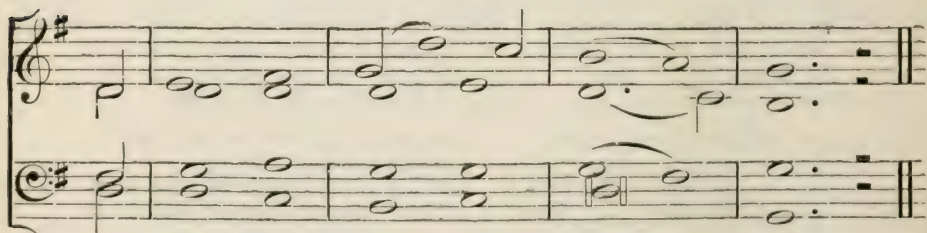
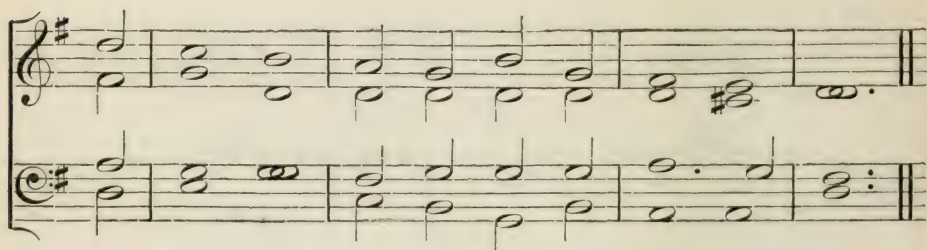
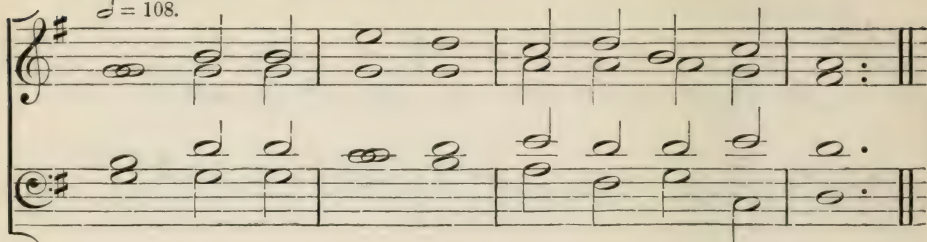


A - men.

# Thanksgiving for Missions.

Hymn 587. HARVEST.—10 10 7.

$\text{♩} = 108.$



*"Blessed be His glorious Name for ever, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory;  
Amen and Amen."*

*mf* **L**ORD of the harvest! it is right and meet  
That we should lay our first-fruits at Thy feet  
With joyful Alleluia.

Sweet is the soul's thanksgiving after prayer;  
Sweet is the worship that with Heav'n we share,  
Who sing the Alleluia!

*p* Lowly we pray'd, (*cr*) and Thou didst hear on high—  
*mf* Didst lift our hearts and change our suppliant cry  
To festal Alleluia.



# Thanksgiving for Missions.

So sing we now in tune with that great song,  
That all the age of ages shall prolong,  
The endless Alleluia.

To Thee, O LORD of Harvest, Who hast heard,  
And to Thy white-robed reapers given the word,  
We sing our Alleluia.

*dim* O CHRIST, Who in the wide world's ghostly sea  
*cr* Hast bid the net be cast anew, to Thee  
We sing our Alleluia.

To Thee, Eternal SPIRIT, Who again  
Hast moved with life upon the slumbrous main,  
We sing our Alleluia.

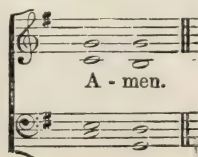
*er* Yea, West and East the companies go forth :  
*f* " We come ! " is sounding to the South and North :  
To God sing Alleluia.

*p* The fishermen of JESUS far away  
Seek in new waters an immortal prey :  
*mf* To CHRIST sing Alleluia.

*p* The Holy Dove is brooding o'er the deep,  
And careless hearts are waking out of sleep ;  
*mf* To Him sing Alleluia.

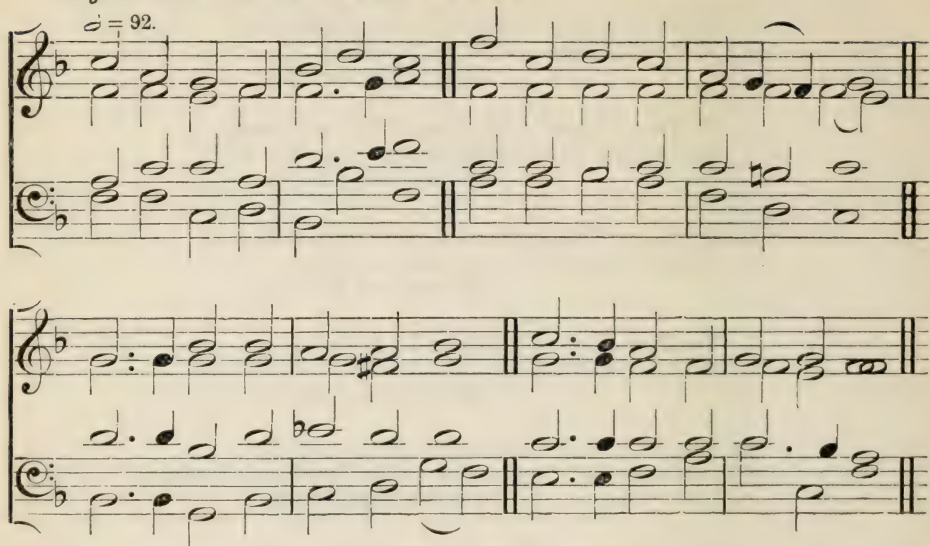
Yea, for sweet hope new-born—blest work begun--  
Sing Alleluia to the THREE in ONE,  
Adoring Alleluia.

*f* Glory to God ! the Church in patience cries ;  
Glory to God ! the Church at rest replies,  
With endless Alleluia.



# Home Missions.

Hymn 588. CRUCIS MILITES.—7 7 7 7.



*"Take the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God."*

*mf* **S**OLDIERS of the Cross, arise !  
Gird you with your armour bright ;  
*cr* Mighty are your enemies,  
Hard the battle ye must fight.

*mf* O'er a faithless fallen world  
Raise your banner in the sky ;  
Let it float there wide unfurl'd ;  
Bear it onward ; lift it high.

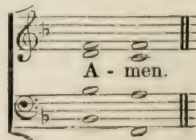
*mp* 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living word,  
*cr* Let the SAVIOUR's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.

*p* Where the shadows deepest lie,  
*cr* Carry truth's unsullied ray ;  
*dim* Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
*cr* There the saving sign display.

*mp* To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless ; seek the stray'd ;  
Comfort troubles, banish grief ;  
In the might of God array'd,  
Scatter sin and unbelief.

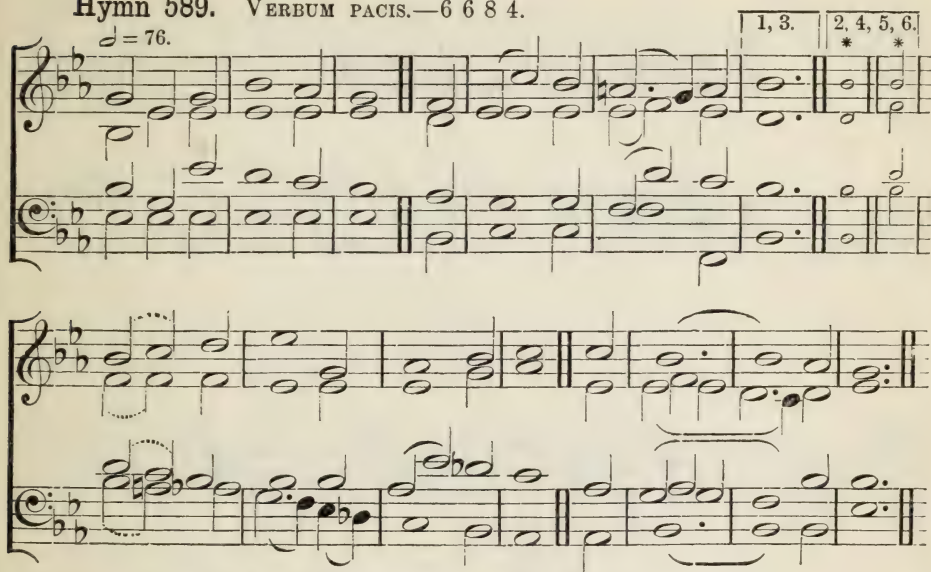
*cr* Be the banner still unfurl'd,  
Still unsheathed the SPIRIT's sword,  
*f* Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdom of the LORD.



# For a Service of Farewell to Missionaries or Emigrants.

Hymn 589. VERBUM PACIS.—6 6 8 4.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"The Lord of peace Himself give you peace always by all means."*

**W**ITH the sweet word of Peace  
We bid our brethren go;  
Peace as a river to increase,  
And ceaseless flow.

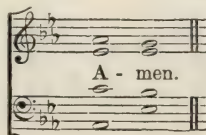
With the calm word of Prayer  
We earnestly commend  
Our brethren to Thy watchful care,  
Eternal Friend!

With the dear word of Love  
We give our brief farewell;  
Our love below, and Thine above,  
With them shall dwell.

With the strong word of Faith  
We stay ourselves on Thee,  
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death,  
Their help shalt be;

Then the bright word of Hope  
Shall on our parting gleam,  
And tell of joys beyond the scope  
Of earth-born dream.

Farewell! in hope and love,  
In faith and peace and prayer;  
Till He Whose Home is ours above,  
Unite us there!

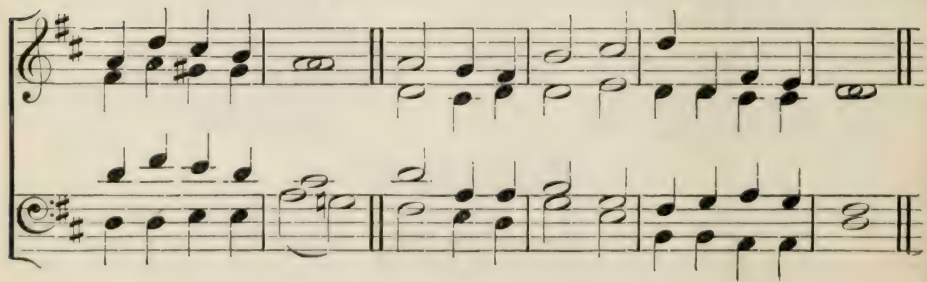
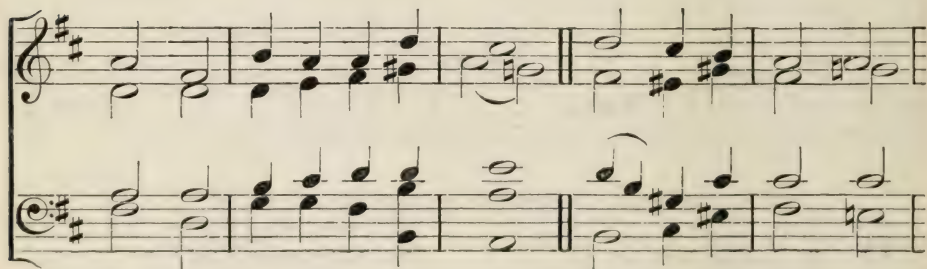
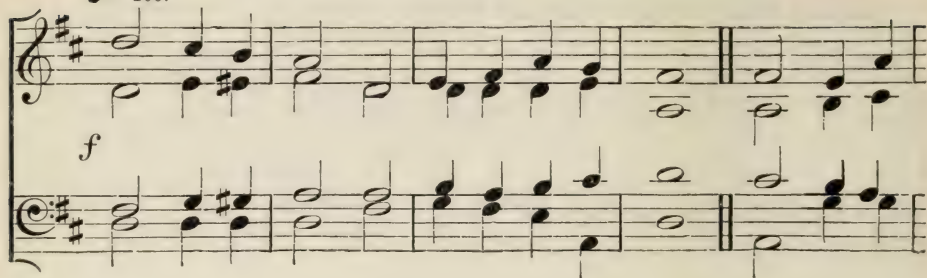


\* In Verses 2, 4, 5, 6,—with a slur over the two following notes.

# Missions to the Jews.

Hymn 590. SHIPLAKE.—10 10 10 10.

♩ = 100.





# Missions to the Jews.

*"The gifts and calling of God are without repentance."*

*mf* UNCHANGING God, hear from eternal Heav'n :  
We plead Thy gifts of grace, for ever given,  
Thy call, without repentance, calling still,  
The sure election of Thy sovereign will.

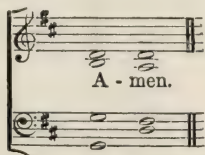
Out of our faith in Thee, who canst not lie,  
Out of our heart's desire, goes up our cry,  
From hope's sweet vision of the thing to be,  
From love to those who still are loved by Thee.

*p* Bring Thy beloved back, Thine Israel,  
Thine own elect who from Thy favour fell,  
But not from Thine election !—O forgive,  
Speak but the word, and, lo ! the dead shall live.

Father of mercies ! these the long-astray,  
These in soul-blindness now the far-away,  
*cr* These are not aliens, but Thy sons of yore,  
Oh, by Thy Fatherhood, restore, restore !

Breathe on Thy Church, that it may greet the day,  
Stir up her will to toil, and teach, and pray,  
*mf* Till Zionward again salvation come,  
And all her outcast children are at home.

Triune JEHOVAH, Thine the grace and power,  
Thine all the work, its past, its future hour,  
O Thou, Who failest not, Thy gifts fulfil,  
And crown the calling of Thy changeless will.

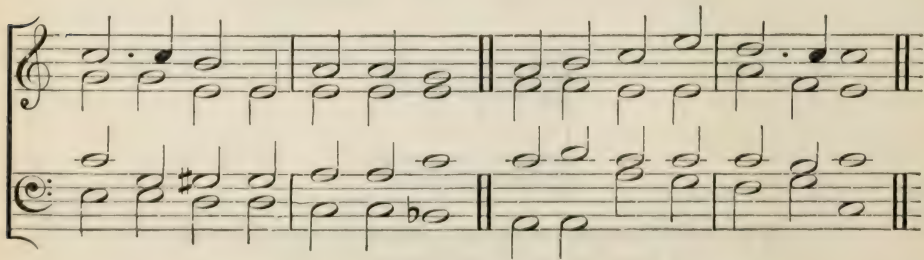
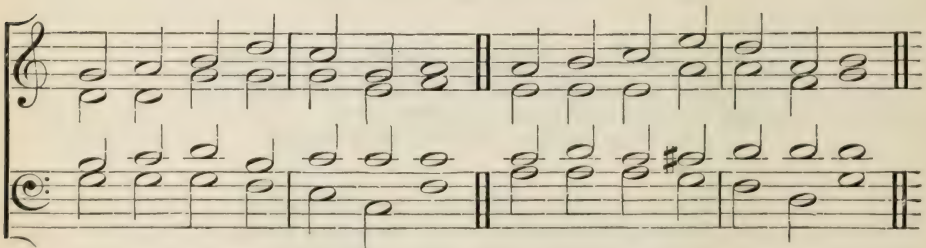
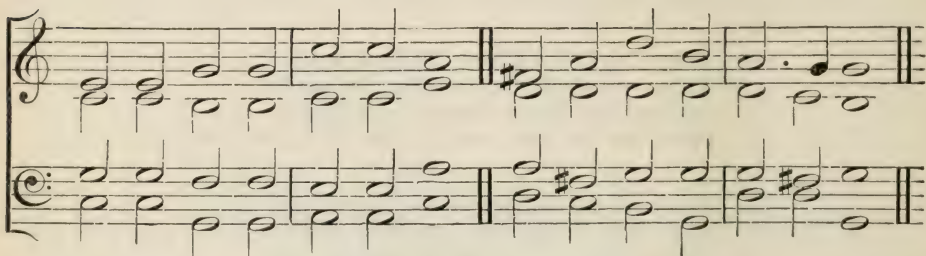
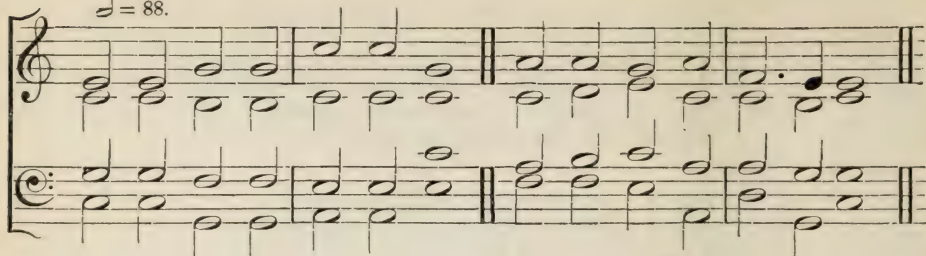


*If the Hymn be thought too long, the first four stanzas may be sung.  
It may also be sung to the Tune of Hymn 252.*

# Missions to the Jews.

Hymn 591. CULFORD.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



# Missions to the Jews.

*"God is able to graft them in again."*

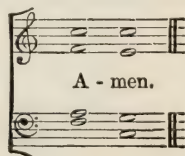
*mf* **T**HOU, The CHRIST for ever one,  
Mary's Child and Israel's God,  
Daniel's Prince and David's Son,  
Jacob's Star and Jesse's Rod,  
Thou of Whom the Prophets spake,  
Thou in Whom their words came true,  
Hear the pleading prayer we make,  
Hear the Gentile for the Jew!

Knowing what the SPIRIT saith,  
Sure of Thee, our CHRIST Divine,  
Lo, we stand, by right of faith,  
Heirs of Abraham's charter'd line;  
*p* Can we then his sons forget,  
Branches sever'd from their tree,  
Exiles from their homes, and yet  
Kinsmen, LORD, in flesh to Thee?

Though the Blood betray'd and spilt,  
On the race entail'd a doom,  
Let its virtue cleanse the guilt,  
Melt the hardness, chase the gloom;  
*cr* Lift the veil from off their heart,  
Make them Israelites indeed,  
*mf* Meet once more for lot and part  
With Thy household's genuine seed.

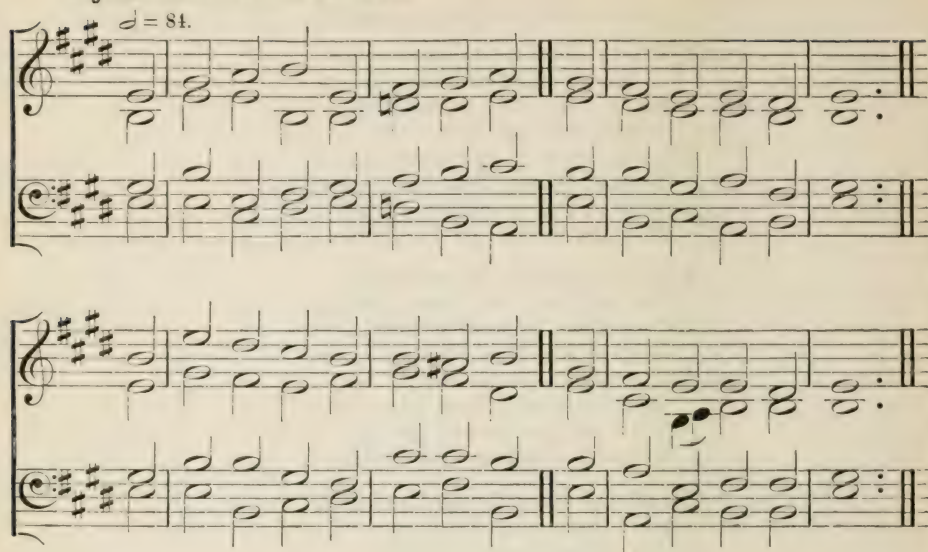
Thou that didst Thy dews outpour,  
Crowning alien grafts with fruit,  
Soon the native growths restore,  
Making glad the parent root:  
*mp* Ah! but let not pride ensnare  
Souls that need to mourn their sin;  
Still the boughs adopted spare,  
And the outcasts—graft them in!

*cr* Speed the day of union sweet  
When, with us in faith allied,  
Israel's heart shall turn to greet  
Thee, Whom Israel crucified;  
Thee, in all Thy truth and grace,  
Own'd at last as Salem's King,  
*mf* While her children find their place,  
Gather'd safe beneath Thy wing.



# For those at Sea.

Hymn 592. DUNDEE.—C.M.



*"The sea is His."*

*p* **O** LORD, be with us when we sail  
Upon the lonely deep,  
Our guard when on the silent deck  
The midnight watch we keep.

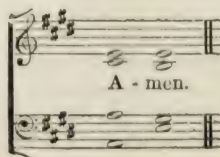
We need not fear, though all around  
'Mid rising winds we hear  
The multitude of waters surge,  
*cr* For Thou, O God, art near.

The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,  
That pass from land to land,  
All, all are Thine, are held within  
The hollow of Thy hand.

*mf* If duty calls from threaten'd strife  
To guard our native shore,  
And shot and shell are answering fast  
The booming cannon's roar,

*dim* Be Thou the mainguard of our host,  
Till war and danger cease :  
Defend the right, put up the sword,  
And through the world make peace.

*f* To Thee the FATHER, Thee the Son,  
Whom earth and sky adore,  
And SPIRIT, moving o'er the deep,  
Be praise for evermore.

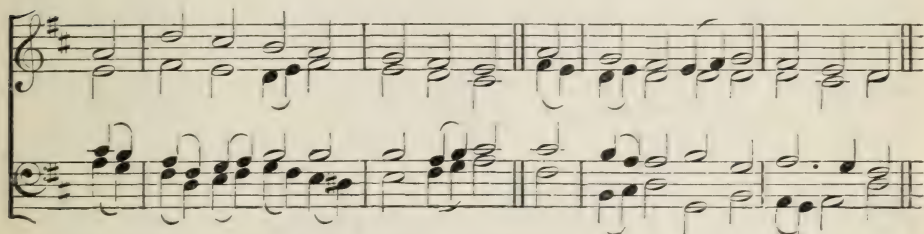
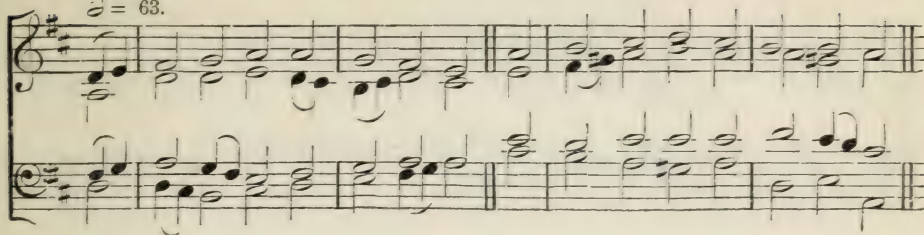




# For those at Sea.

Hymn 593. EISENACH.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 63.$

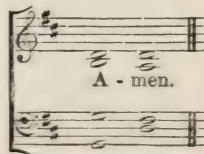


*"The Lord sitteth above the waterfloods."*

*mf* **O** GOD, Who metest in Thine hand *p* Rule then, O LORD, the ocean's wrath,  
The waters of the mighty sea, And bind the tempest with Thy will;  
And barrest ocean with the sand Tread, as of old, the water's path,  
By Thy perpetual decree: And speak Thy bidding, "Peace, be still."

What time the floods lift up their voice *cr* So with Thy mercies ever new  
And break in anger on the shore, Thy servants set from peril free,  
When deep to deep calls with the noise And bring them, Pilot wise and true,  
Of waterspouts and billows' roar; *mf* Within the port where they would be.

When they who to the sea go down,  
And in the waters ply their toil,  
Are lifted on the surge's crown,  
And plunged where seething eddies boil;



# For those at Sea.

Hymn 594. IN STORM.—12 12 12 12.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

“Save, Lord, or we perish.”

IN STORMY WEATHER.

*mp* **W**HEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,  
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,  
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,  
We fly to our Maker, (*mf*) “Save, LORD, or we perish.”

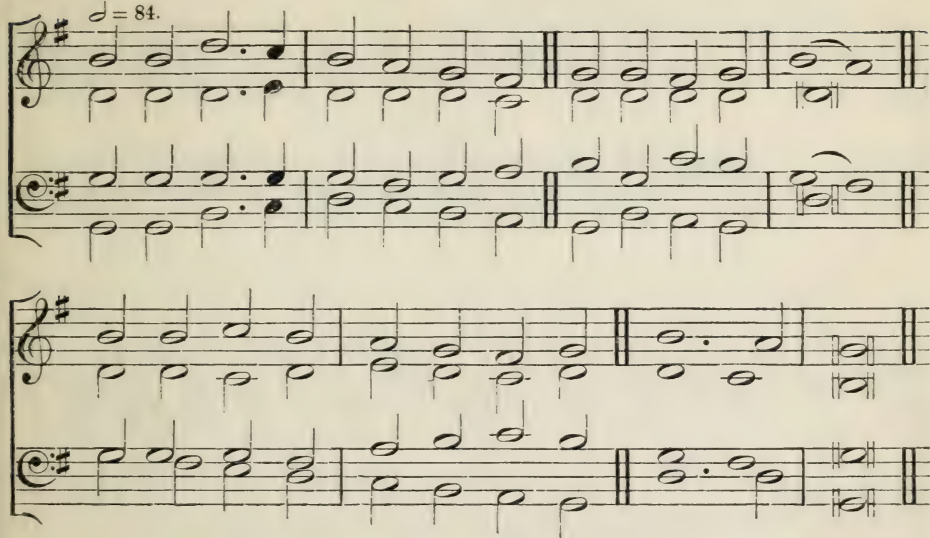
*mp* O JESUS, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,  
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,  
*cr* Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his anguish, (*mf*) “Save, LORD, or we perish.”

*mp* And O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,  
*cr* Then send down Thy grace Thy redeemed to cherish,  
Rebuke the destroyer;—(*mf*) “Save, LORD, or we perish.”

# For those at Sea.

Hymn 595. CAIRNBROOK.—8 5 8 3.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."*

FOR ABSENT FRIENDS.

*f* **H**OLY FATHER, in Thy mercy  
Hear our anxious prayer,  
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,  
'Neath Thy care.

*cr* May the joy of Thy salvation  
Be their strength and stay;  
May they love and may they praise Thee  
Day by day.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, let Thy presence  
Be their light and guide;

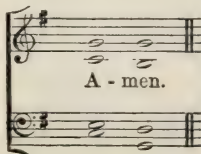
*p* **H**OLY SPIRIT, let Thy teaching  
Sanctify their life;

*m* Keep, oh, keep them, in their weakness, *cr*  
At Thy Side.

Send Thy grace, that they may conquer  
In the strife.

When in sorrow, when in danger,  
When in loneliness,  
In Thy love look down and comfort  
Their distress.

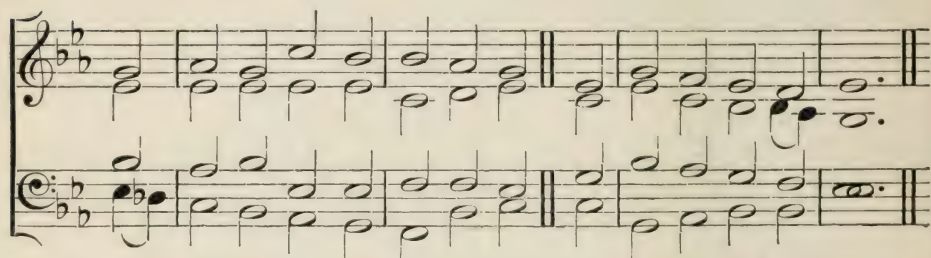
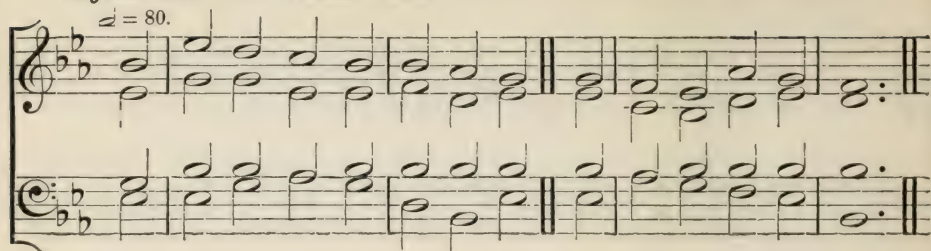
*mf* **F**ATHER, SON, and **H**OLY SPIRIT,  
God the ONE in THREE, [them  
Bless them, guide them, save them, keep  
Near to Thee.



A - men.

# For those at Sea.

Hymn 596. ST. PETER.—C.M.



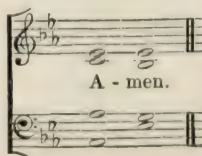
“Pray that ye enter not into temptation.”

*mf* **O** SAVIOUR! when Thy loving Hand  
Has brought us o’er the sea,  
Through perils many, safe to land—  
The land we long’d to see;

Lord, save us! and the Christian name  
Oh, help us pure to keep,  
*cr* On sea or land, alike the same,  
*p* Till we in death shall sleep.

Oh, help us, for Thy help we need  
Each moment more and more,  
*dim* In perils that we scarcely heed,  
More deadly, on the shore.

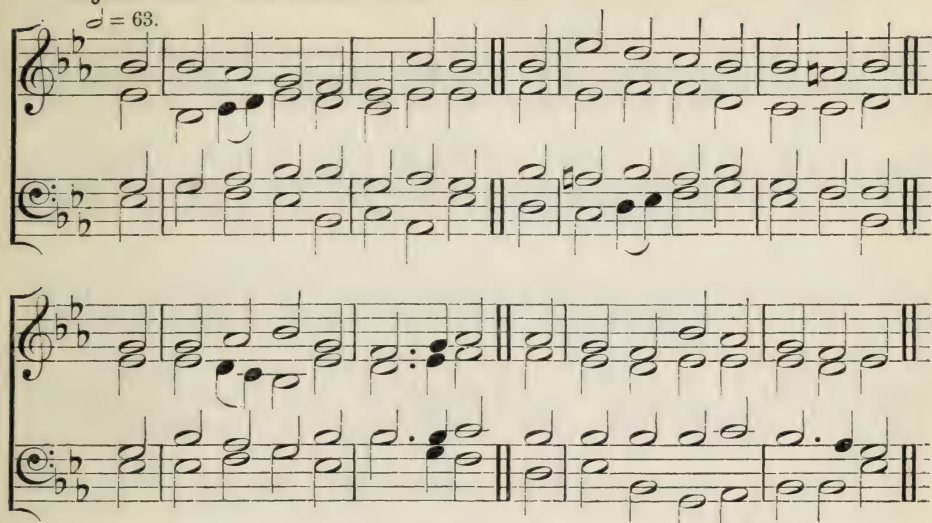
*mf* Then through Thy merits, wash’d and  
From sin’s polluting stain, [clean  
In raiment white may we be seen  
With all Thy Saints to reign,





# For those at Sea.

Hymn 597. MELCOMBE.—L.M.

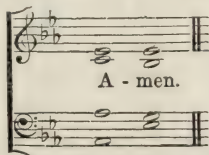


*"So He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."*

*mf* **A**s near the wish'd-for port we draw, *cr* Give us more light, direct our course,  
We lift our hearts in praise to Thee, Cleanse us from guile, our hearts  
Almighty FATHER, loving LORD, renew;  
Our Pilot on the troubled sea. Let not dark clouds of sin shut out  
The Star of JESUS from our view.

By Thy good care in peace we come,  
From fire and foe securely kept,  
And after tempest, at Thy word,  
*dim* The waves have laid them down and slept.  
*mf* And then, our long life voyage o'er,  
And past the perils of the sea,  
Receive us on the blissful shore,  
*dim* To everlasting rest with Thee.

*mf* As Thou hast given us outward calm,  
So, LORD, within us may there be  
*dim* A peace Divine, a peace in Him,  
Through Whom alone we live to Thee.  
*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom Heav'n and earth  
Be glory as it was of old, [adore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.

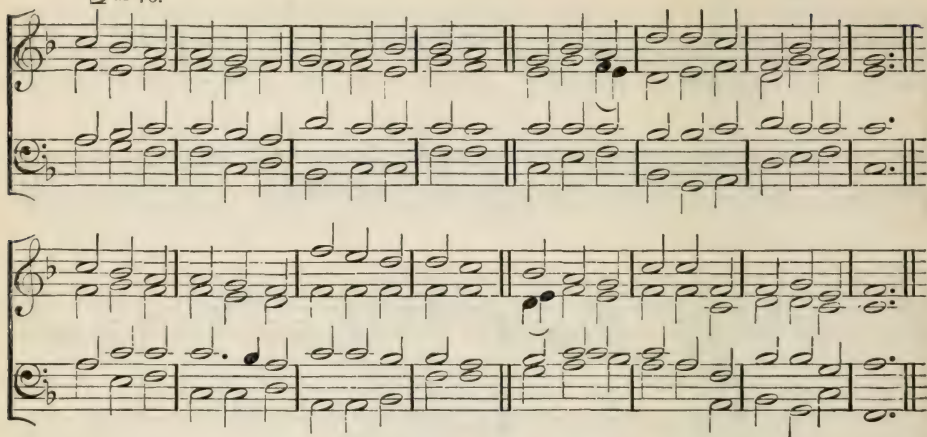


*Litany 624 may also be used.*

# For a Flower Service.

Hymn 598. SPRINGFIELD.—11 10 11 10.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly."*

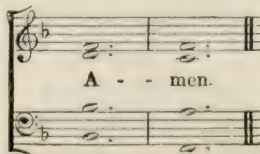
*mf* **H**ERE, LORD, we offer Thee all that is fairest,  
Flowers in their freshness from garden and field;  
Gifts for the stricken ones—knowing Thou carest  
More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

*p* Speak, LORD, by these to the sick and the dying,  
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace,  
Comfort the sad who in weakness are lying,  
Grant the departing a gentle release.

*cr* Raise, LORD, to health again those who have sicken'd,  
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;  
Give of Thy grace to the souls Thou hast quicken'd,  
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

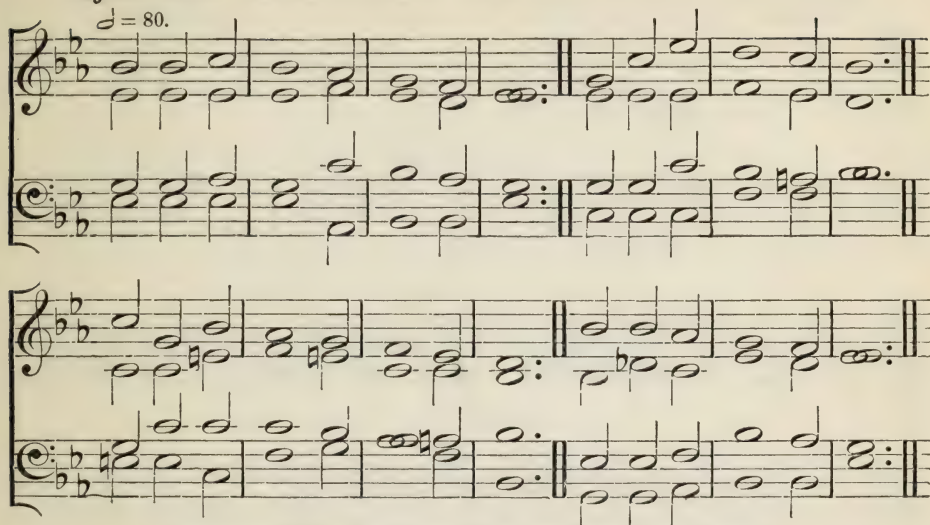
*p* We, LORD, like flowers in our Autumn must wither;  
We, like these blossoms, must fade and must die:

*cr* Gather us, LORD, to Thy bosom for ever,  
Grant us a place in Thy home in the sky.



# For a Bible Class.

Hymn 599. PRINCE OF PEACE.—C.M.

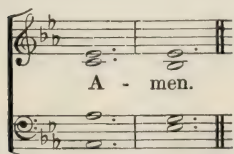


*"Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."*

*mf* COME, HOLY GHOST, our hearts inspire,  
Let us Thy influence prove;  
Source of the old prophetic fire,  
Fountain of life and love.

Come, HOLY GHOST, for moved by Thee  
The prophets wrote and spoke;  
Unlock the Truth, Thyself the Key,  
Unseal the Sacred Book.

God through Himself we then shall know  
If Thou within us shine,  
And sound, with all Thy saints below,  
The depths of Love Divine.



*The following Hymns are suitable:*

530 The Voice of God's Creation found me.

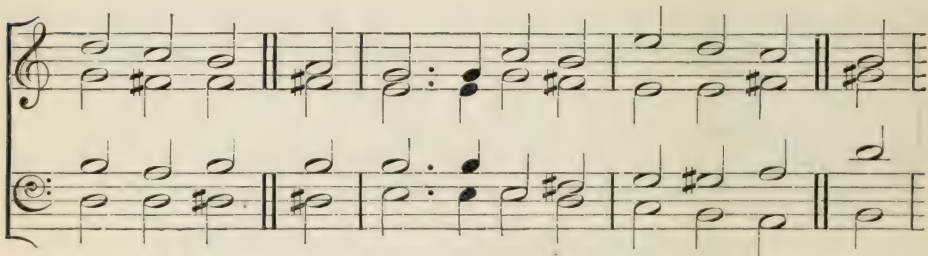
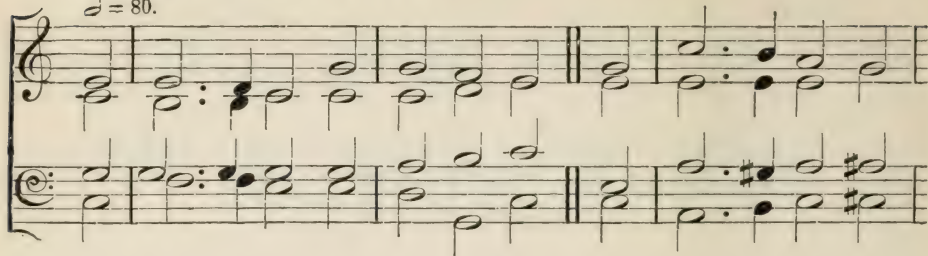
531 FATHER of mercies, in Thy Word.

532 Church of the Living GOD.

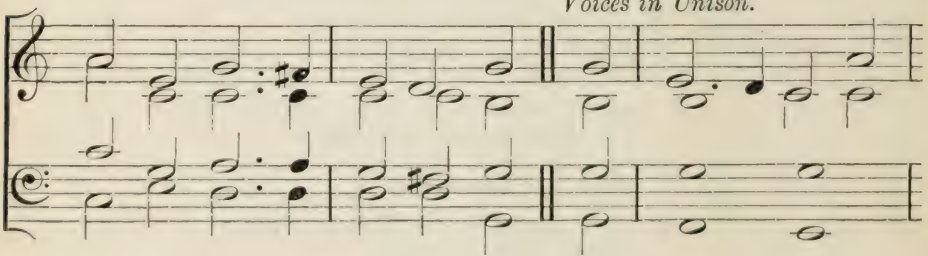
# For a Retreat or Quiet Day.

Hymn 600. REST.—8 8 8 8 8.

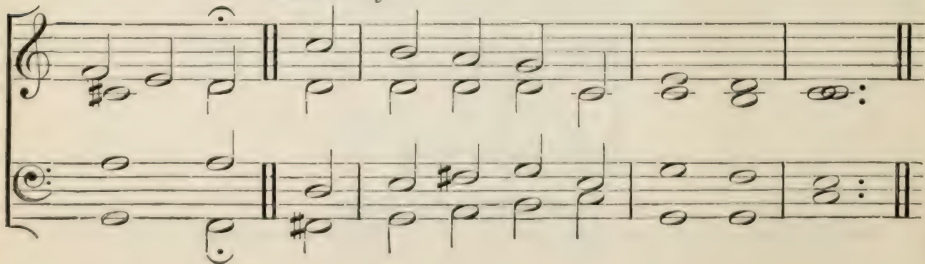
$\text{♩} = 80.$



*Voices in Unison.*



*Harmony.*





# For a Retreat or Quiet Day.

*"I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."*

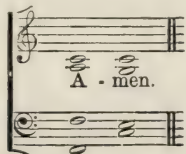
*mf* **T**HOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows;  
I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for Thy repose;  
*cr* My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
*dim* At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.

*mf* 'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;  
Yet, while I seek but find Thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see;  
*cr* O when shall all my wanderings end,  
*dim* And all my steps to Thee-ward tend?

*mf* Is there a thing beneath the sun  
That strives with Thee my heart to share?  
Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,  
The Lord of every motion there!  
Then shall my heart from earth be free,  
*dim* When it hath found repose in Thee.

*mf* O hide this self from me, that I  
No more, but CHRIST in me, may live;  
My vile affections crucify,  
Nor let one hidden lust survive!  
*cr* In all things nothing may I see,  
*dim* Nothing desire, apart from Thee.

*p* Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
*cr* Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice,  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

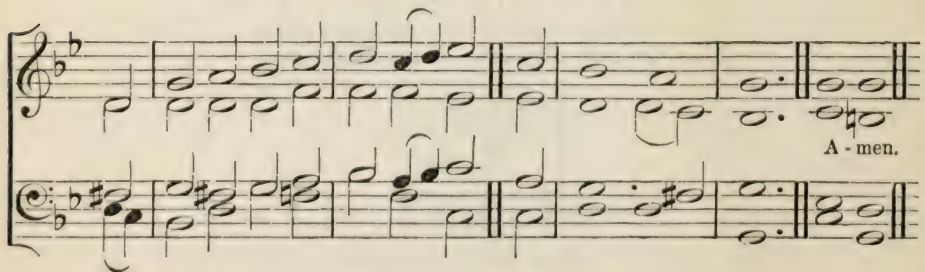
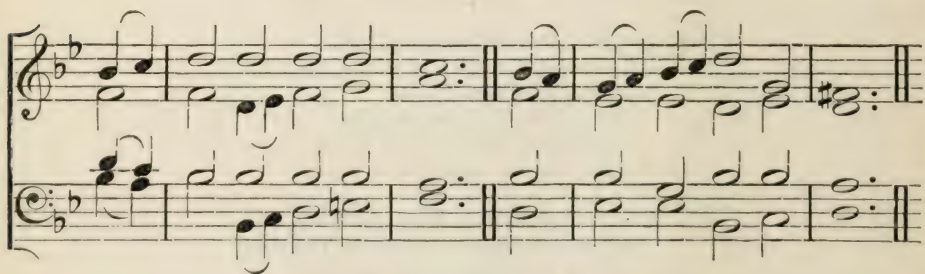
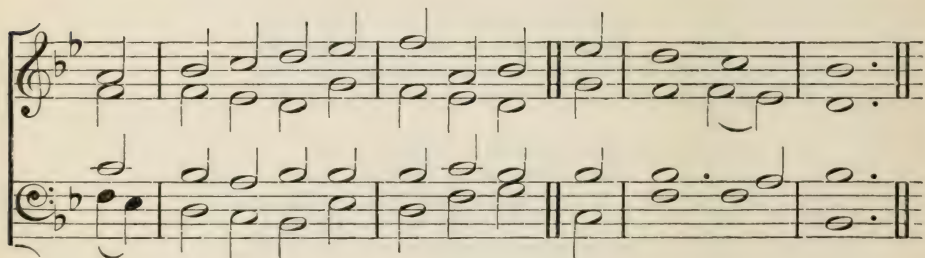
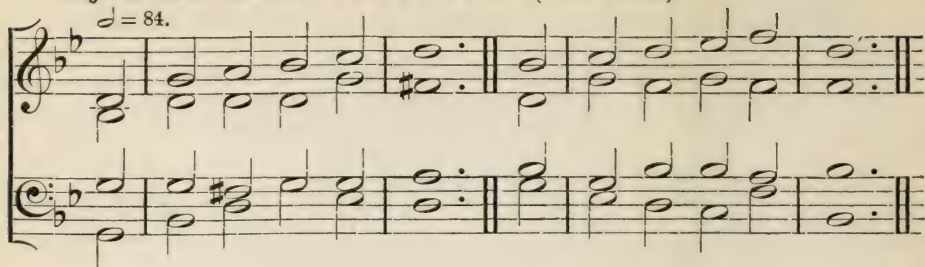


*Hymn 560 is also suitable.*

# Processional.

Hymn 601. LEONI.—6 6 8 4 6 6 8 4. (*First Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 84.$



# Processional.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God."

*f* \* **T**HE God of Abraham praise  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of Love :  
JEHOVAH, Great I AM,  
By earth and Heav'n confest ;  
We bow and bless the Sacred Name  
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,  
At Whose supreme command  
From earth we rise, and seek the joys  
At His right Hand :

*dim* We all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power ;  
*f* And Him our only Portion make,  
Our Shield and Tower.

*p* Though nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
*cr* To Canaan's bounds we urge our way  
At His command.  
The watery deep we pass,  
With Jesus in our view ;  
And through the howling wilderness  
Our way pursue.

*mf* The goodly land we see,  
With peace and plenty blest ;  
A land of sacred liberty  
And endless rest ;

*p* *mf* There milk and honey flow,  
And oil and wine abound,  
And trees of life for ever grow,  
With mercy crown'd.

*f* There dwells the LORD, our King,  
The LORD our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world of sin,  
The Prince of Peace :  
On Sion's sacred height  
His Kingdom He maintains,  
And glorious with His saints in light  
For ever reigns.

\* These verses may be omitted, if the Hymn be thought too long.

*mf* \* He keeps His own secure,  
He guards them by His side,  
Arrays in garment white and pure  
His spotless Bride :  
With streams of sacred bliss,  
Beneath serener skies,  
With all the fruits of Paradise,  
He still supplies.

\* Before the great Three-One  
They all exulting stand,  
And tell the wonders He hath done  
Through all their land :  
The listening spheres attend,  
And swell the growing fame ;  
And sing, in songs which never end,  
The wondrous Name.

*f* \* The God Who reigns on high  
The great Archangels sing ;  
*dim* And " Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,  
*f* " Almighty King !  
Who was, and is the same,  
And evermore shall be ;  
JEHOVAH, FATHER, Great I AM,  
*p* We worship Thee."

*mf* Before the SAVIOUR'S Face  
The ransom'd nations bow,  
O'erwhelm'd at His Almighty grace  
For ever new ;

*p* He shows His prints of love,—  
They kindle to a flame !  
*cr* And sound through all the worlds above  
*p* The slaughter'd Lamb.

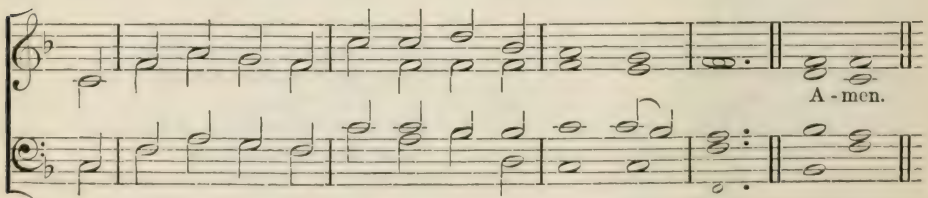
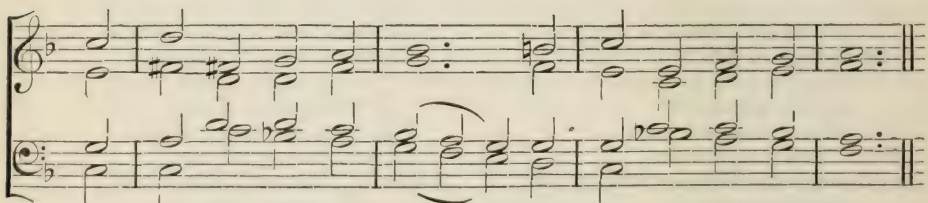
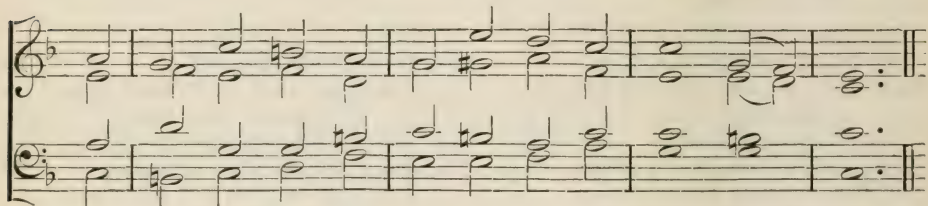
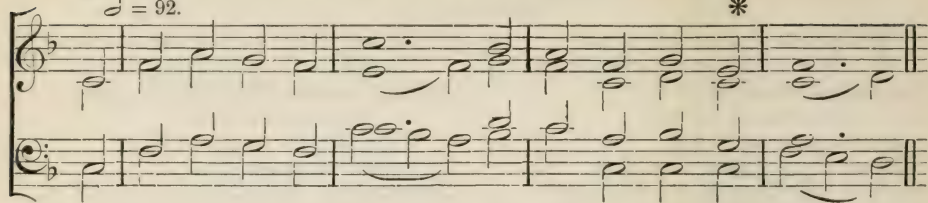
*f* The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high ;  
" Hail ! FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,"  
They ever cry :  
Hail ! Abraham's God, and mine !  
(I join the heavenly lays),  
*ff* All might and majesty are Thine,  
And endless praise.

# Processional.

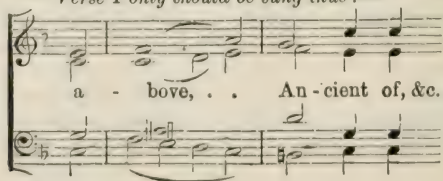
Hymn 601. COVENANT.—6 6 8 4 6 6 8 4. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 92.$

\*



\* Verse 1 only should be sung thus :—





# Processional.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God."

*f* \* **T**HE God of Abraham praise  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of Love:  
JEHOVAH, Great I AM,  
By earth and Heav'n confest;  
We bow and bless the Sacred Name  
For ever blest.

The God of Abraham praise,  
At Whose supreme command  
From earth we rise, and seek the joys  
At His right Hand:  
*dim* We all on earth forsake,  
Its wisdom, fame, and power;  
*f* And Him our only Portion make,  
Our Shield and Tower.

*p* Though nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
*cr* To Canaan's bounds we urge our way  
At His command.  
The watery deep we pass,  
With JESUS in our view;  
And through the howling wilderness  
Our way pursue.

*mf* The goodly land we see,  
With peace and plenty blest;  
A land of sacred liberty  
And endless rest;  
*mf* There milk and honey flow,  
And oil and wine abound,  
And trees of life for ever grow,  
With mercy crown'd.

*f* There dwells the LORD, our King,  
The LORD our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world of sin,  
The Prince of Peace:  
On Sion's sacred height  
His Kingdom He maintains,  
And glorious with His saints in light  
For ever reigns.

\* These verses may be omitted, if the Hymn be thought too long.

*mf* \* He keeps His own secure,  
He guards them by His side,  
Arrays in garment white and pure  
His spotless Bride:  
With streams of sacred bliss,  
Beneath serener skies,  
With all the fruits of Paradise,  
He still supplies.

\* Before the great Three-One  
They all exulting stand,  
And tell the wonders He hath done  
Through all their land:  
The listening spheres attend,  
And swell the growing fame;  
And sing, in songs which never end,  
The wondrous Name.

*f* \* The God Who reigns on high  
The great Archangels sing;  
*dim* And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,  
*f* "Almighty King!  
Who was, and is the same,  
And evermore shall be;  
JEHOVAH, FATHER, Great I AM,  
*p* We worship Thee."

*mf* Before the SAVIOUR's Face  
The ransom'd nations bow,  
O'erwhelm'd at His Almighty grace  
For ever new;

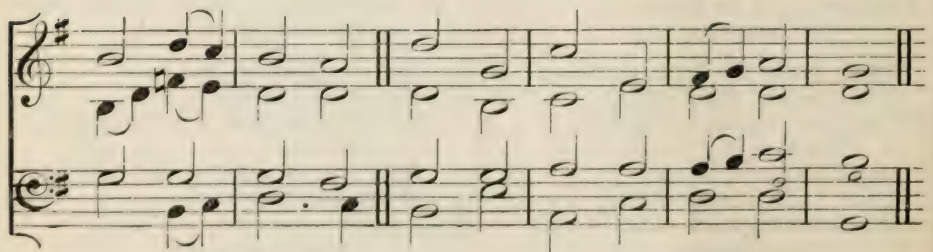
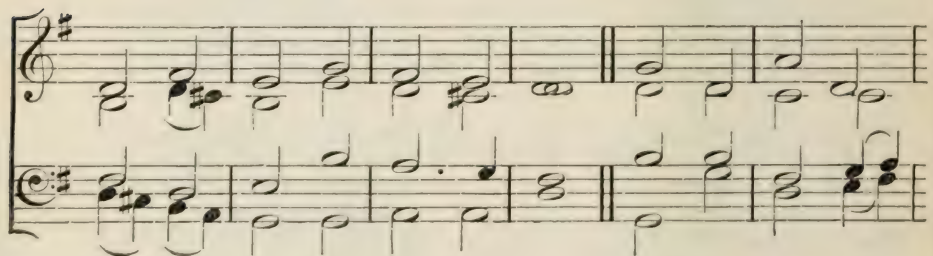
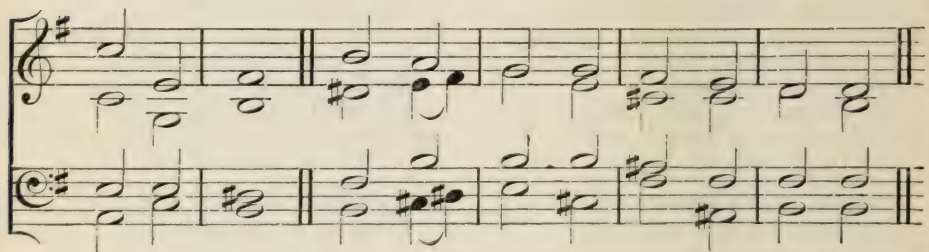
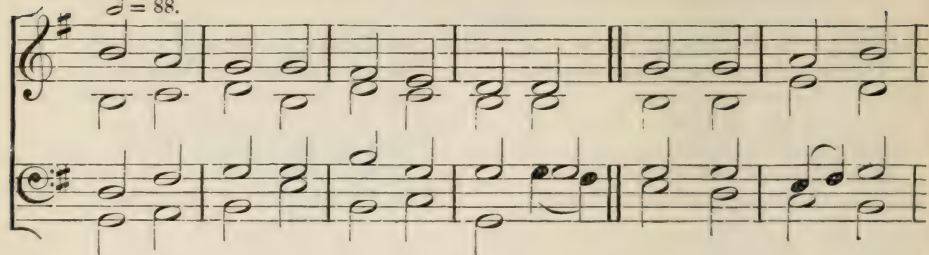
*p* He shows His prints of love,—  
They kindle to a flame!  
*cr* And sound through all the worlds above  
*p* The slaughter'd Lamb.

*f* The whole triumphant host  
Give thanks to God on high;  
"Hail! FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,"  
They ever cry:  
Hail! Abraham's God, and mine!  
(I join the heavenly lays),  
*ff* All might and majesty are Thine,  
And endless praise.

# Restoration of a Church.

Hymn 602. BLAGDON.—15 15 15.

$\text{♩} = 88.$



# Restoration of a Church.

*"To give us a reviving, to set up the house of our God, and to repair the desolations thereof."*

*f* **O** JERUSALEM the blissful, Home of gladness yet untold ;  
Thou whose countless throngs triumphal fill with joy thy street of gold ;  
Graven on thee, new and glorious, they the King's own Name behold !

*mf* Many are thy sons, O Mother, yon august and shining band !  
*p* Gentle Peace in all thy borders makes thee glad, O happy land !  
Perfect is thy Restoration, bright in holiness to stand.

*cr* Here, a figure of the Heavenly, shines our temple, worthier grown  
By its richer restoration on the old foundation-stone,  
With a majesty and beauty to the former house unknown.

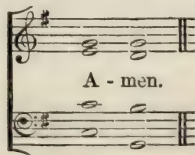
*mp* **L**ORD, we pray Thee, Master-BUILDER, Great and Holy, enter in,  
Fill Thy sanctuary quickly, as our hallowing rites begin,  
And Thyself its Consecrator rest for evermore therein.

Make Thy servants, though unworthy, temples of Thy grace to be ;  
Let us not in flesh or spirit prove disloyal unto Thee,  
But in dedicated service praise Thy Name adoringly.

*mf* Make, O Royal Priest, Thine Altar here henceforth a Throne of light,  
Ever held in highest honour, and with many a gift made bright,  
Ever blessèd, ever peaceful, ever precious in Thy sight.

Yea, our hearts, for these Thou judgest, as Thy cleansèd Altars bless,  
By Thy **SPIRIT**'s grace renew us unto perfect holiness,  
And the sevenfold gifts from Heaven grant us ever to possess.

*f* Now to Thee, through endless ages, O most **HOLY TRINITY**,  
Highest honour, power unmeasured, everlasting glory be ;  
God for ever and for ever, **THREE** in **ONE** and **ONE** in **THREE**.

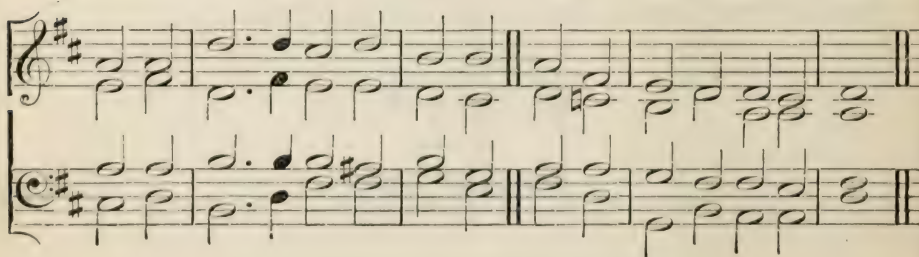
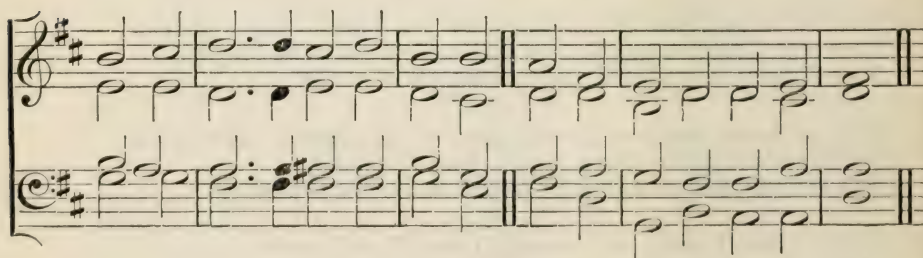
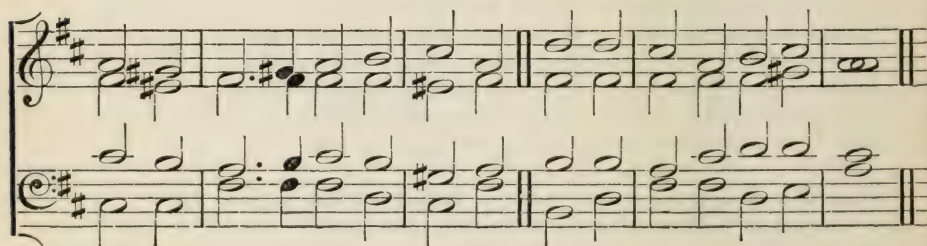
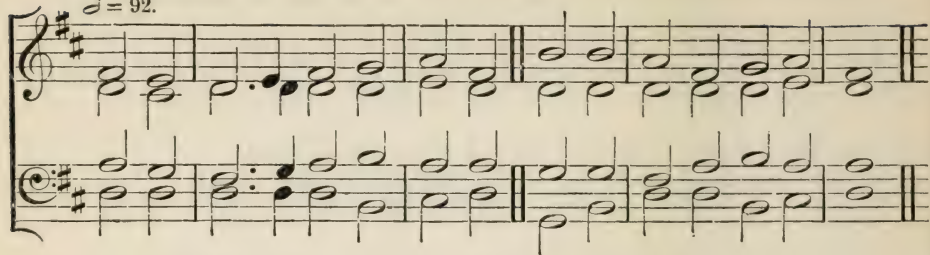


*Either Tune of Hymn 232 may be sung.*

# For Church Defence.

Hymn 603. ST. FRIDESWIDE.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 92.$





# For Church Defence.

"God is in the midst of her, therefore shall she not be removed; God shall help her, and that right early."

*p* **R**OUND the Sacred City gather  
Egypt, Edom, Babylon;  
All the warring hosts of error,  
Sworn against her, move as one:  
*f* Vain the leaguer! her foundations  
Are upon the holy hills,  
*cr* And the love of the Eternal  
All her stately temple fills.

*mf* Get thee, watchman, to the rampart!  
Gird thee, warrior, with thy sword!  
Be ye strong as ye remember  
That amidst you is the LORD:  
*dim* Like the night mists from the valley,  
These shall vanish one by one,  
Egypt's malice, Edom's envy,  
And the hate of Babylon.

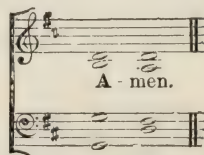
*mf* But be true, ye sons and daughters,  
Lest the peril be within;  
Watch to prayer, lest, while ye slumber,  
Stealthy foemen enter in:  
*cr* Safe the mother and the children,  
If their will and love be strong,  
While their loyal hearts go singing  
Prayer and praise for battle song.

*f* Church of God! if we forget thee  
Let His blessing fail our hand,  
When our love shall not prefer thee  
Let His love forget our land:—  
Nay! to thee shall we be steadfast,  
Though the world's foundations shake,  
Love of thee is love for ever,  
Love of thee for JESUS' sake.

*dim* Church of CHRIST! upon thy banner,  
Lo, His Passion's awful sign;  
By that seal of His Redemption  
Thou art His, and He is thine:  
*cr* From the depth of His Atonement  
Flows thy Sacramental tide:  
*mf* From the height of His Ascension  
Flows the grace which is thy guide.

God the SPIRIT dwells within thee,  
His Society Divine,  
His the living word thou keepest,  
His thy Apostolic line.  
Ancient prayer and song liturgic,  
Creeds that change not to the end,  
*cr* As His gift we have received them,  
As His charge we will defend.

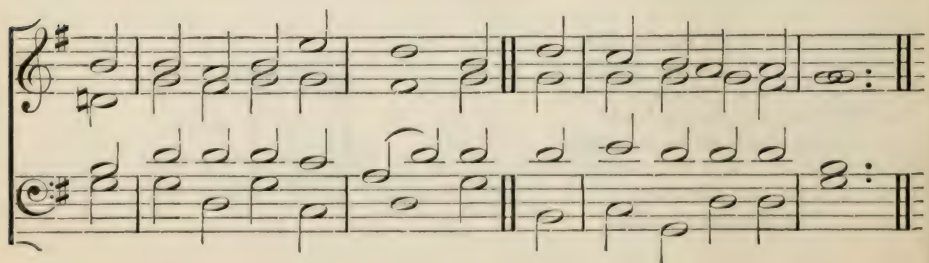
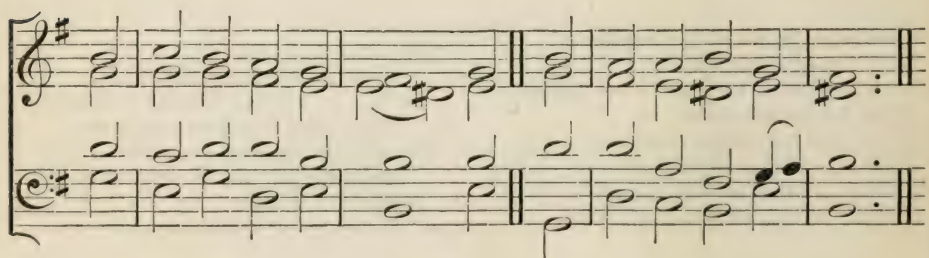
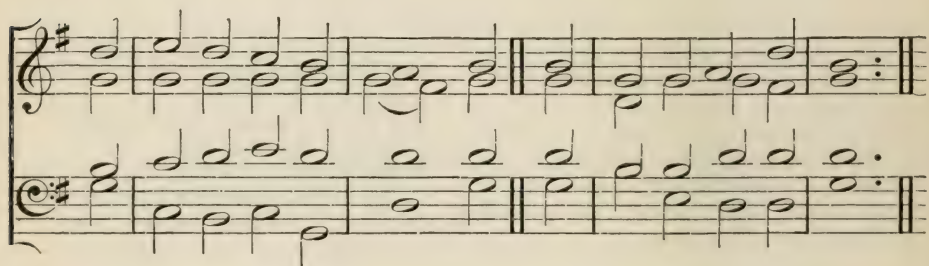
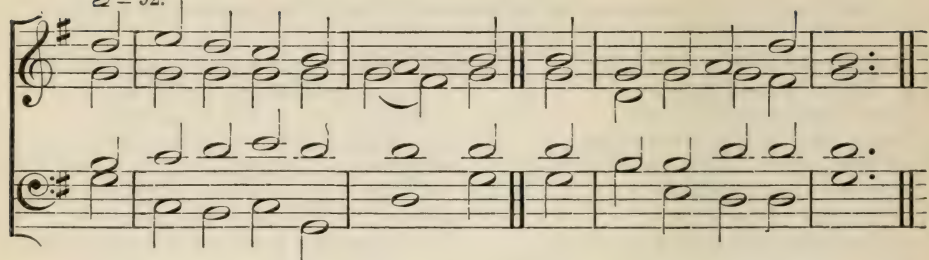
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
To the FATHER, SPIRIT, SON,  
In Whose will the Church at warfare  
With the Church at rest is one;  
So to Thee we sing in union,  
God in earth and Heav'n adored,  
*f* Alleluia, Alleluia,  
*dim* Holy, Holy, Holy LORD.



# For Church Defence.

Hymn 604. CRÜGER.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



# For Church Defence.

"One body, and one Spirit, . . . one Lord, one faith."

*mf* **T**HY Hand, O God, has guided  
Thy flock, from age to age ;  
The wondrous tale is written,  
Full clear, on every page ;  
Our fathers own'd Thy goodness,  
And we their deeds record ;  
And both of this bear witness,  
*f* One Church, one Faith, one LORD.

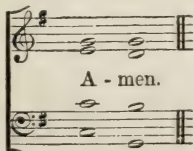
*p* Through many a day of darkness,  
Through many a scene of strife,  
The faithful few fought bravely,  
To guard the Nation's life.  
*cr* Their Gospel of redemption,  
Sin pardon'd, man restored,  
Was all in this enfolded,  
*f* One Church, one Faith, one LORD.

*mf* Thy heralds brought glad tidings  
To greatest, as to least ;  
They bade men rise, and hasten  
To share the great King's feast ;  
And this was all their teaching,  
In every deed and word,  
To all alike proclaiming  
*f* One Church, one Faith, one LORD.

*mf* And we, shall we be faithless ?  
Shall hearts fail, hands hang down ?  
Shall we evade the conflict,  
And cast away our crown ?  
*cr* Not so : in God's deep counsels  
Some better thing is stored ;  
We will maintain, unflinching,  
*f* One Church, one Faith, one LORD.

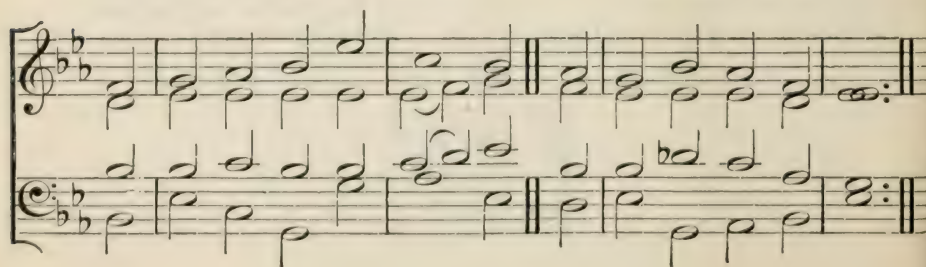
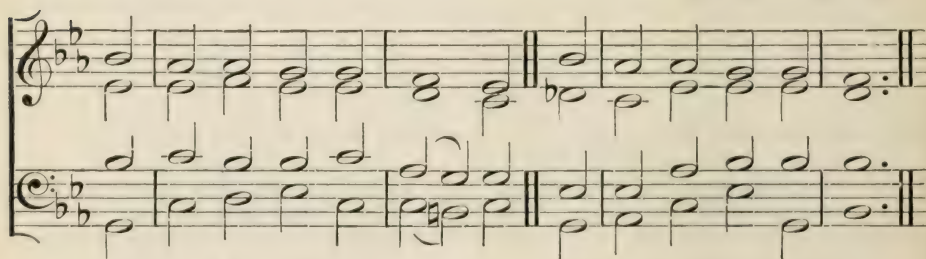
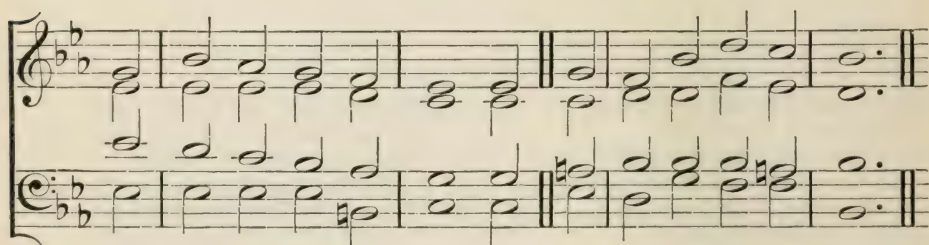
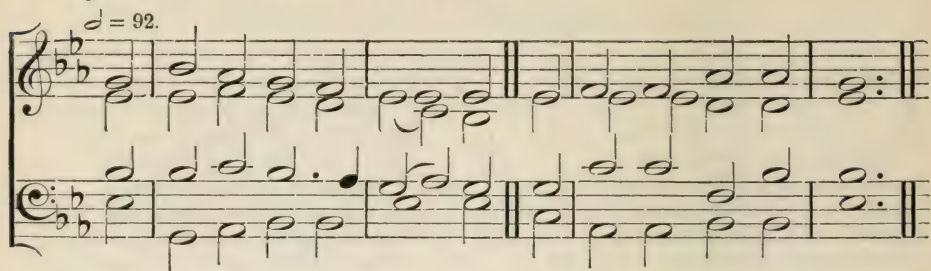
*p* When shadows thick were falling,  
And all seem'd sunk in night,  
*cr* Thou, LORD, didst send Thy servants,  
Thy chosen sons of light.  
*mf* On them and on Thy people  
Thy plenteous Grace was pour'd,  
And this was still their message,  
*f* One Church, one Faith, one LORD.

*mf* Thy Mercy will not fail us,  
Nor leave Thy work undone ;  
*cr* With Thy right Hand to help us,  
The Victory shall be won ;  
And then, by men and angels,  
Thy Name shall be adored,  
And this shall be their anthem,  
*f* "One Church, one Faith, one LORD."



# For Temperance Meetings.

Hymn 605. STOKES.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.





# For Temperance Meetings.

*"He that is begotten of God keepeth himself."*

*mf* **O** LORD, our strength in weakness,  
We pray to Thee for grace ;  
For power to fight the battle,  
For speed to run the race ;  
When Thy baptismal waters  
Were pour'd upon our brow,  
We then were made Thy children,  
And pledged our earliest vow.

CHRIST with His own Blood bought us,  
And made the purchase sure ;  
His are we ; may He keep us  
Sober, and chaste, and pure.  
He, God in Man, has carried  
Our nature up to Heaven ;  
And thence the HOLY SPIRIT  
To dwell in us has given.

*p* Conform'd to His own likeness,  
May we so live and die,  
That in the grave our bodies  
In holy peace may lie.

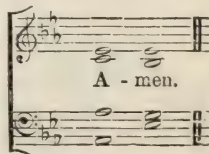
*mf* And at the Resurrection  
Forth from those graves may spring  
Like to the glorious Body  
Of CHRIST, our LORD and King.

*p* The pure in heart are blessèd,  
For they shall see the LORD,  
For ever and for ever  
By Seraphim adored ;

*cr* And they shall drink the pleasures,  
Such as no tongue can tell,  
From the clear crystal river,  
And Life's eternal well.

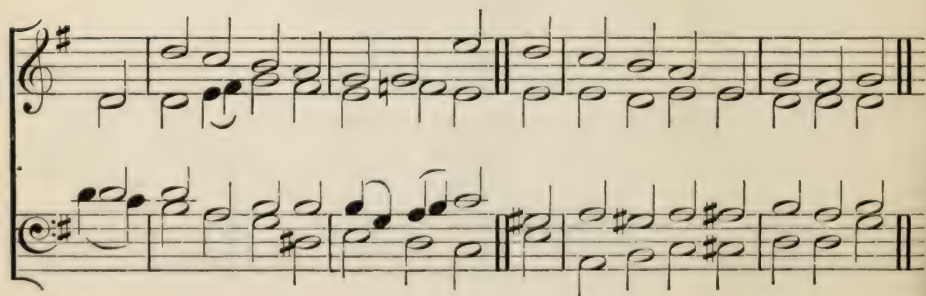
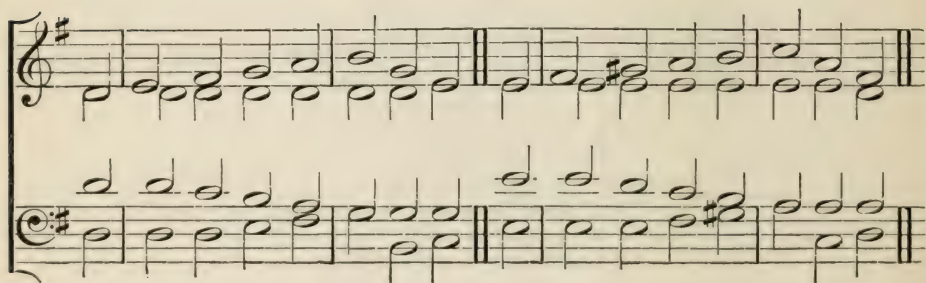
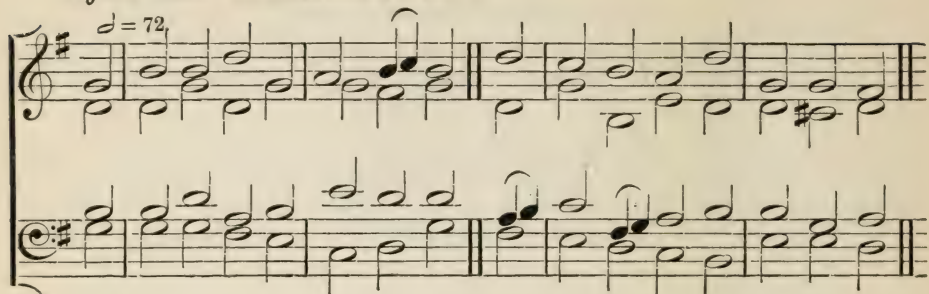
*mf* Sing therefore to the FATHER,  
Who sent the SON in love ;  
And sing to GOD the SAVIOUR,  
Who leads to realms above ;

*f* Sing we with Saints and Angels,  
Before the Heavenly Throne,  
To GOD the HOLY SPIRIT ;  
Sing to the THREE in ONE.



# For Temperance Meetings.

Hymn 606. BICKLEY.—8 8 8 8 8.



# For Temperance Meetings.

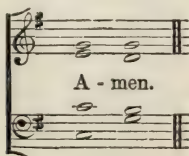
*"This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting."*

*mp* **O** FATHER, in Whose great design  
Our human love is made Divine,  
Teach us to give our love to those  
By sin beset and all its woes;  
On Thee for them to cast our care,  
By fasting and by lowly prayer.

*p* **LORD JESU**, grant us eyes to see  
In our poor brethren Thine and Thee—  
To give ourselves where others need;  
Where others sin to intercede;  
And thus, by fasting and by prayer,  
Our brethren's burden seek to bear.

*cr* **O SPIRIT**, by Whose grace alone  
The many members are made one;  
O warm our hearts, inspire our will,  
That we Thy purpose may fulfil;  
And thus, by fasting and by prayer,  
Through Thee "the glorious Church" prepare.

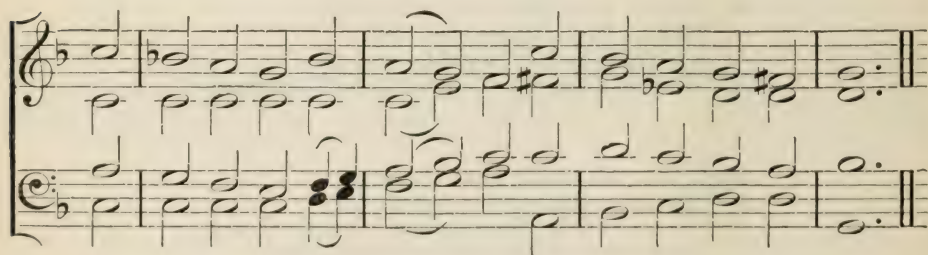
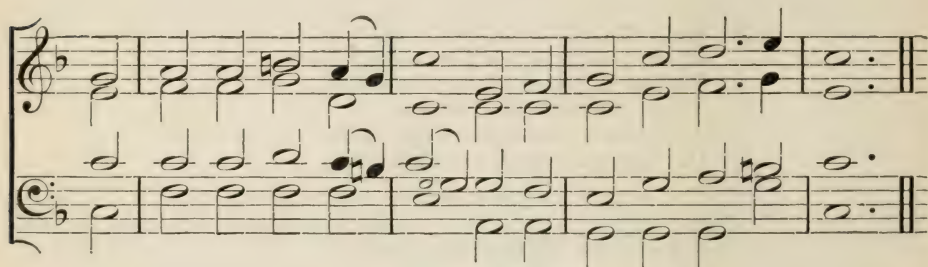
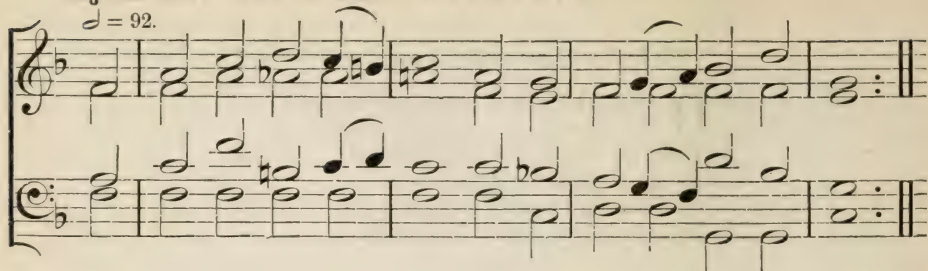
*mp* **O GOD**, All-loving **THREE** in **ONE**,  
Whom we shall see beyond the sun;  
Where walk in white the blood-bought throng,  
Where soars to Thee the sweet new song,  
Grant that we find the brethren there  
We sought by fasting and by prayer.



# For Temperance Meetings.

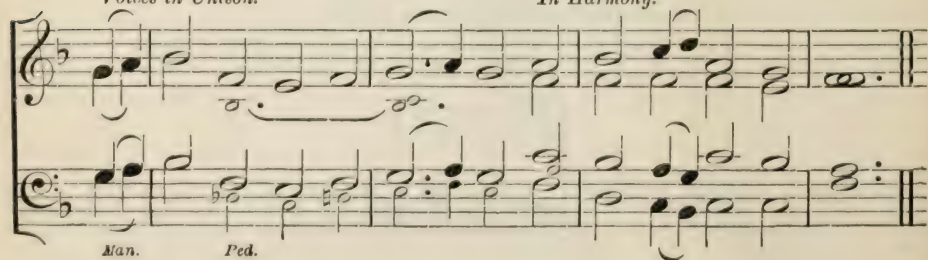
Hymn 607. DAY OF REST.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



*Voices in Unison.*

*In Harmony.*





# For Temperance Meetings.

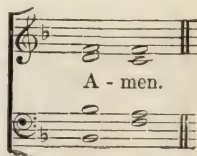
*"The Lord hath done great things for us already."*

*p* **O** THOU before Whose Presence  
Nought evil may come in,  
Yet Who dost look in mercy  
Down on this world of sin;  
*cr* **O** give us noble purpose  
To set the sin-bound free,  
And CHRIST-like tender pity  
To seek the lost for Thee.

Fierce is our subtle foeman :  
The forces at his hand  
With woes that none can number  
Despoil the pleasant land ;  
All they who war against them,  
In strife so keen and long,  
*mf* **M**ust in their SAVIOUR's armour  
Be stronger than the strong.

So hast Thou wrought among us  
The great things that we see !  
For things that are we thank Thee,  
And for the things to be :  
For bright Hope is uplifting  
Faint hands and feeble knees,  
To strive beneath Thy blessing  
For greater things than these.

*cr* **L**ead on, O Love and Mercy,  
O Purity and Power !  
**L**ead on till Peace Eternal  
Shall close this battle-hour :  
Till all who pray'd and struggled  
To set their brethren free,  
*f* **I**n triumph meet to praise Thee,  
**M**ost HOLY TRINITY.



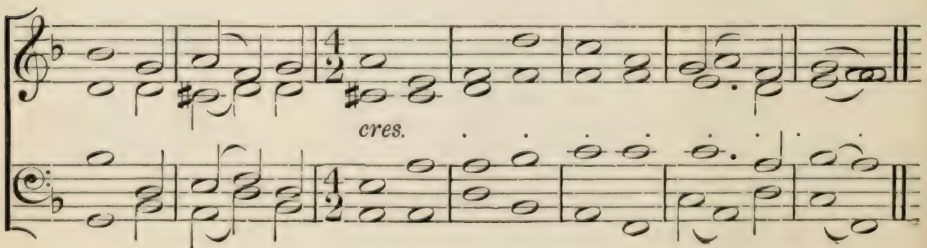
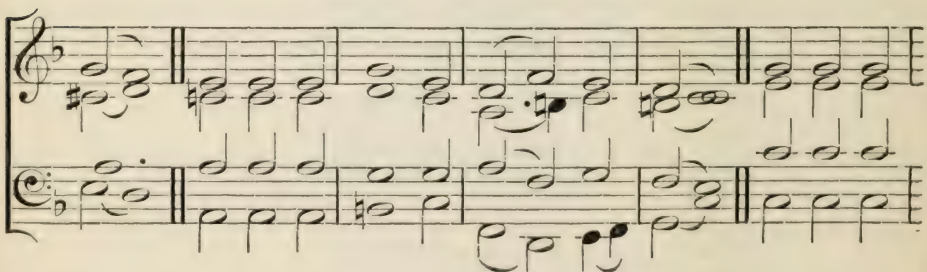
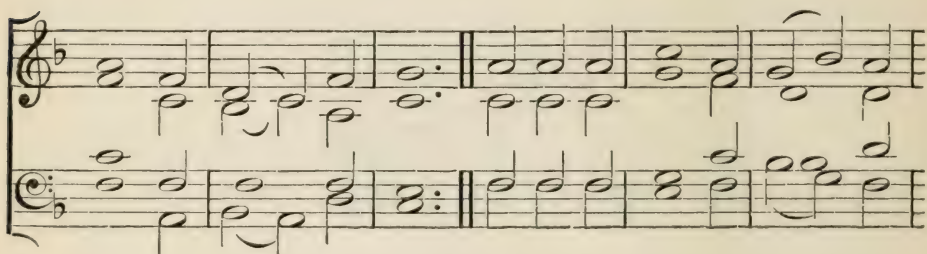
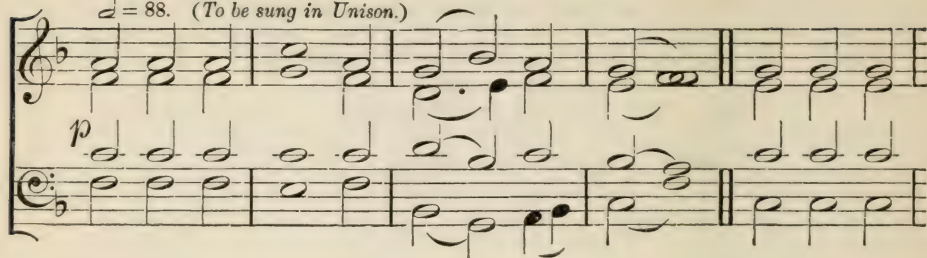
*The following Hymn is suitable :*

**541** We are soldiers of CHRIST,

# Burial of the Dead.

Hymn 608. GOD OF THE LIVING.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 88.$  (To be sung in Unison.)



# Burial of the Dead.

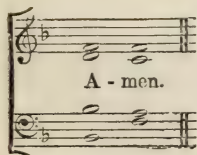
*"All live unto Him."*

*mp* GOD of the living, in Whose eyes  
Unveil'd Thy whole creation lies;  
All souls are Thine; we must not say  
That those are dead who pass away;  
From this our world of flesh set free,  
*cr* We know them living unto Thee.

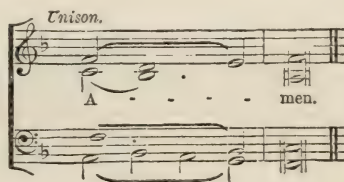
*p* Not spilt like water on the ground,  
Not wrapp'd in dreamless sleep profound,  
Not wandering in unknown despair,  
Beyond Thy Voice, Thine Arm, Thy care;  
Not left to lie like fallen tree,—  
*cr* Not dead, but living unto Thee.

*mf* Thy word is true, Thy will is just;  
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;  
And bless Thee for the love which gave  
Thy Son to fill a human grave,  
That none might fear that world to see,  
Where all are living unto Thee.

O Giver unto man of breath,  
O Holder of the keys of death,  
O Quickener of the life within,  
*p* Save us from death, the death of sin;  
*cr* That body, soul, and spirit be  
*mf* For ever living unto Thee!



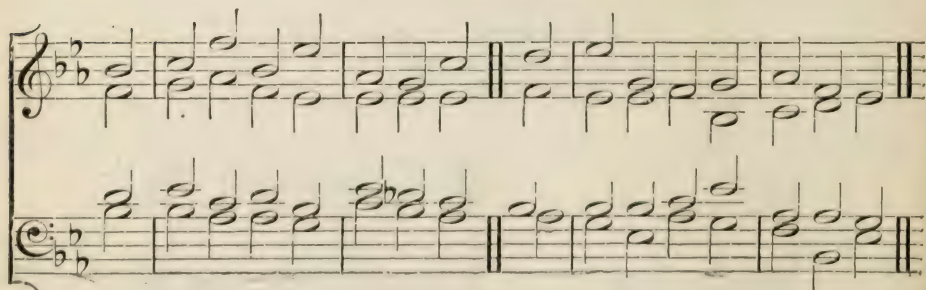
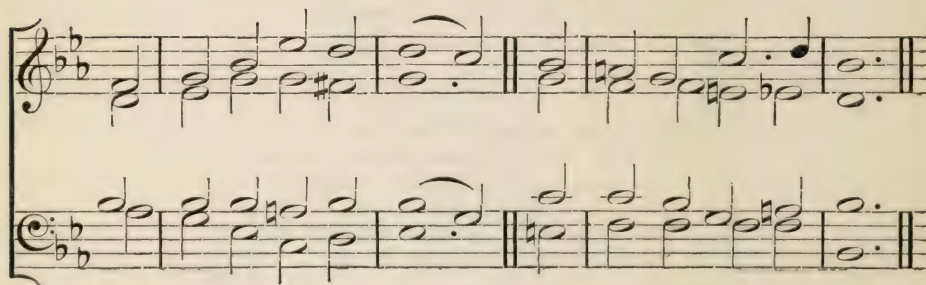
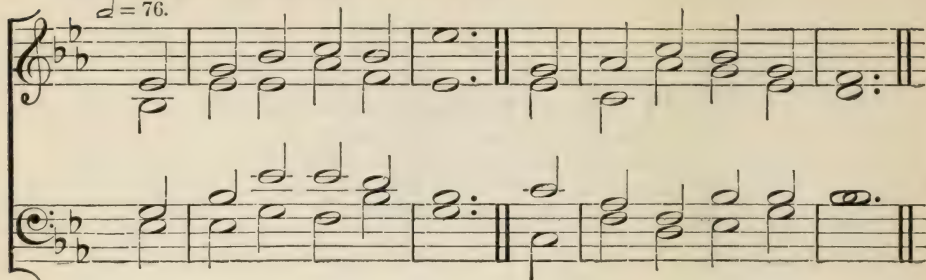
or



# Burial of the Dead.

Hymn 609. AXBRIDGE.—6 6 6 6 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 76.$





# Burial of the Dead.

"Cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished."

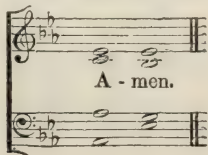
*mf* SAFE home, safe home in port!  
Rent cordage, shatter'd deck,  
Torn sails, provision short,  
And only not a wreck:  
*cr* But oh! the joy upon the shore  
To tell our voyage—perils o'er!

*mf* The prize, the prize secure!  
*dim* The athlete nearly fell;  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well:  
*cr* But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who sets the victor-garland on.

*mf* No more the foe can harm;  
No more of leaguered camp,  
And cry of night alarm,  
And need of ready lamp;  
*dim* And yet how nearly had he fail'd—  
How nearly had that foe prevail'd!

*mp* The lamb is in the fold,  
In perfect safety penn'd;  
The lion once had hold,  
And thought to make an end;  
*cr* But One came by with wounded Side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

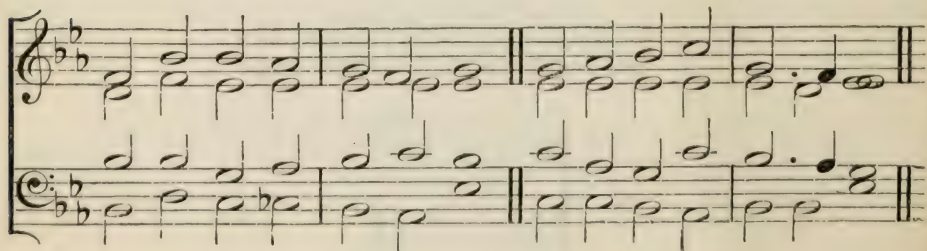
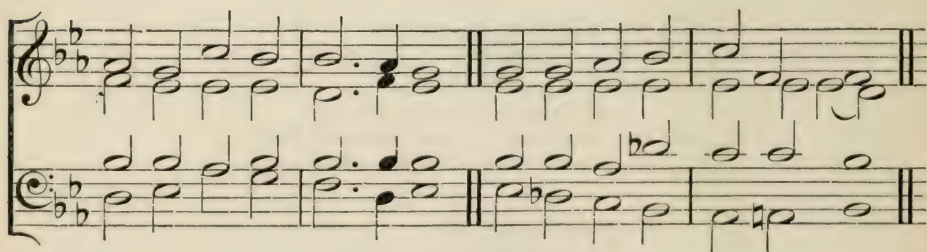
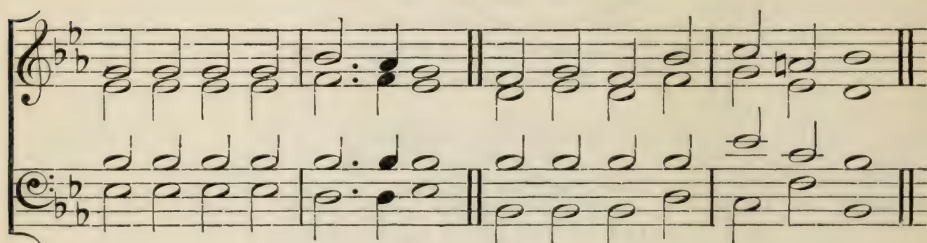
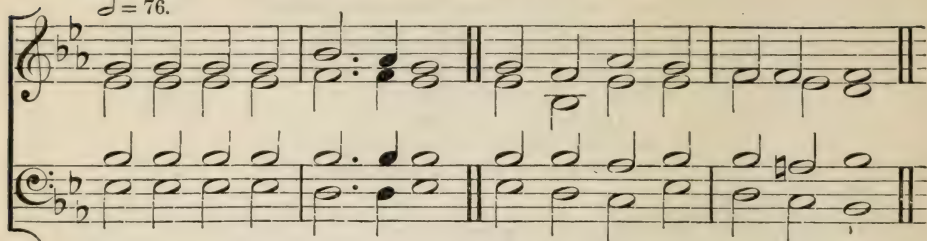
The exile is at home!  
O nights and days of tears,  
*p* O longings not to roam,  
O sins and doubts and fears:  
*cr* What matters now grief's darkest day?  
*f* The King has wiped those tears away.



# Burial of the Dead.

Hymn 610. SAFELY, SAFELY.—7 7 7 7 7 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



# Burial of the Dead.

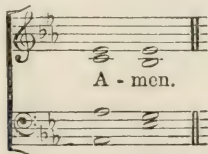
*"Is it well with the child? . . . It is well."*

FOR A CHILD.

- p* SAFELY, safely gather'd in,  
Far from sorrow, far from sin,  
No more childish griefs or fears,  
No more sadness, no more tears;  
*cr* For the life so young and fair  
Now hath pass'd from earthly care;  
*mf* God Himself the soul will keep,  
*p* Giving His beloved—sleep.

- Safely, safely gather'd in,  
Far from sorrow, far from sin,  
*cr* Pass'd beyond all grief and pain,  
Death for thee is truest gain;  
For our loss we must not weep,  
Nor our loved one long to keep  
From the home of rest and peace,  
Where all sin and sorrow cease.

- p* Safely, safely gather'd in,  
Far from sorrow, far from sin;  
*cr* God has saved from weary strife,  
In its dawn, this fresh young life;  
Now it waits for us above,  
Resting in the SAVIOUR's love;  
*p* JESU, grant that we may meet  
There, adoring at Thy Feet.



*The following Hymns are also suitable:*

498 The foe behind, the deep before.

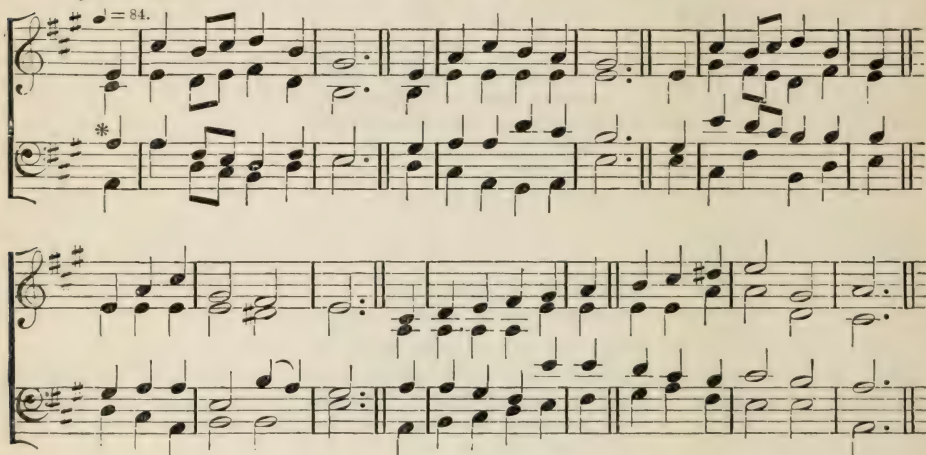
499 On the Resurrection morning.

# Presentation of Christ in the Temple,

COMMONLY CALLED

## The Purification of St. Mary the Virgin.

Hymn 611. ST. VERONICA.—6 6 6 6 6 6.



"The Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His Temple."

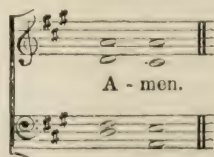
*f* **H**AIL to the LORD Who comes,  
Comes to His Temple gate!  
*dim* Not with His Angel host,  
Not in His Kingly state;  
No shouts proclaim Him nigh,  
No crowds His coming wait.

*p* But borne upon the throne  
Of Mary's gentle breast,  
Watch'd by her duteous love,  
In her fond arms at rest;  
*cr* Thus to His FATHER'S HOUSE  
He comes, the Heavenly Guest.

There Joseph at her side  
In reverent wonder stands;  
And, fill'd with holy joy,  
Old Simeon in his hands  
Takes up the promised Child,  
The Glory of all lands.

*mf* Hail to the Great First-born,  
Whose ransom-price they pay!  
The Son before all worlds;  
*dim* The Child of man to-day;  
*cr* That He might ransom us  
Who still in bondage lay.

*mf* O Light of all the earth,  
Thy children wait for Thee!  
Come to Thy temples here,  
That we, from sin set free,  
Before Thy FATHER'S face  
May all presented be!

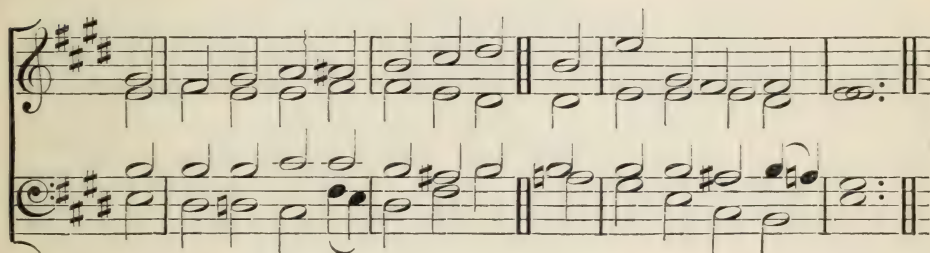
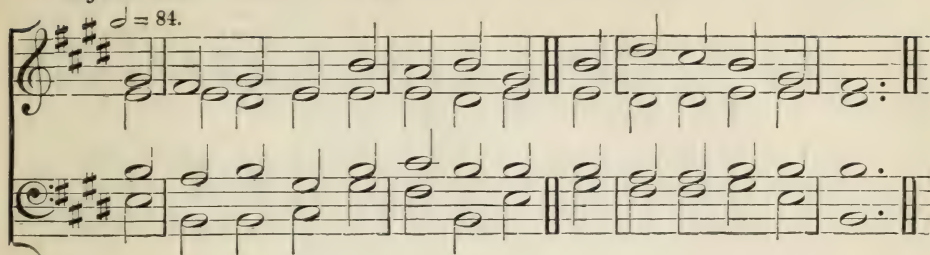


\* This note is not wanted in Verses 1 and 4.



# St. Thomas the Apostle.

Hymn 612. BEULAH.—C.M.



*"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."*

*mf* **W**E have not seen, we cannot see,  
The happy land above,  
From sin and death and suffering free,  
Where all is peace and love;

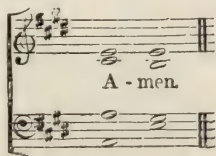
*mf* We only think it hard to part  
With every pleasant sin,  
And give to God a perfect heart,  
And make Him LORD within.

We only see the path is long  
By which we have to go;  
We only feel the foes are strong  
Who seek to work us woe.

We walk by faith, and not by sight;  
And, blessèd Saint, like thee,  
We sometimes doubt if faith tells right,  
Because we cannot see.

*dim* We have not seen, we cannot see  
The Cross our Master bore,  
With all its pains, (*cr*) that we might be *f*  
The slaves of sin no more;

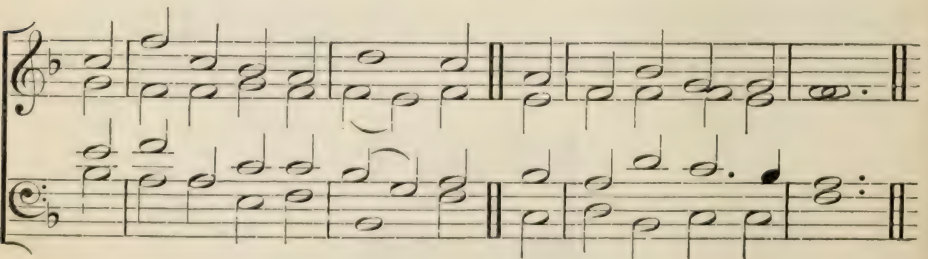
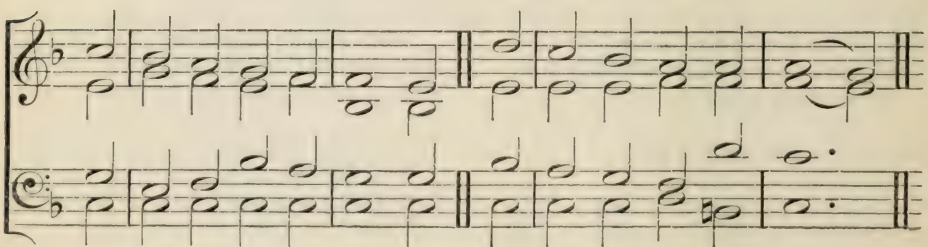
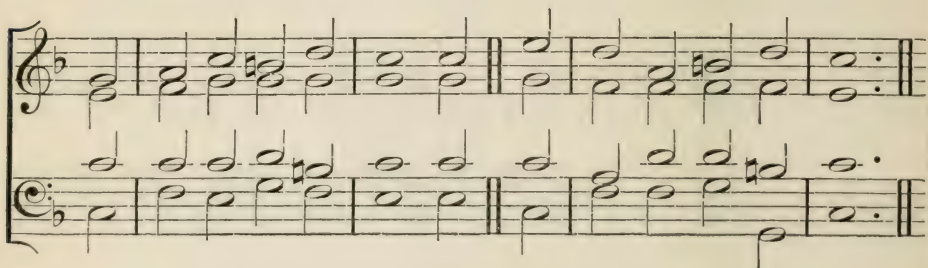
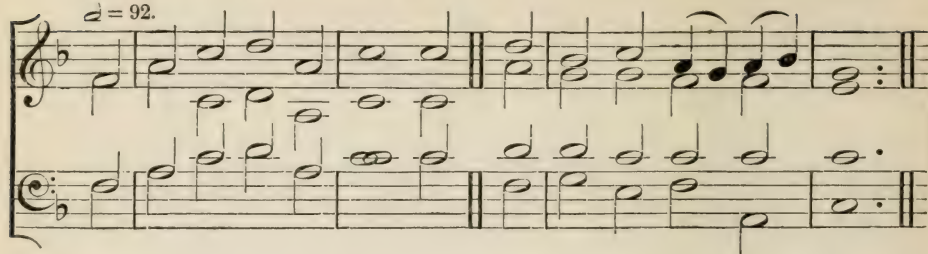
Upon the promise we would lean  
Thy doubting heart received:  
*f* Blessèd are they that have not seen,  
And that have yet believed.



# St. Matthias the Apostle.

Hymn 613. LOCHBIE.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6

$\text{♩} = 92.$



# St. Matthias the Apostle.

*"He was numbered with the eleven apostles."*

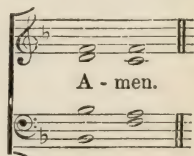
*mf* PRAISE to the Heavenly Wisdom  
Who knows the hearts of all—  
The saintly life's beginnings,  
The traitor's secret fall;  
Our own ascended Master,  
Who heard His Church's cry,  
Made known His guiding presence,  
And ruled her from on high.

Elect in His foreknowledge,  
To fill the lost one's place;  
He form'd His chosen vessel  
By hidden gifts of grace,  
Then, by the lot's disposing,  
He lifted up the poor,  
*cr* And set him with the Princes  
On high for evermore.

*mf* For on the golden breastplate  
Of our great Priest above,  
Twelve are the stones that glisten  
As throbs that Heart of Love;  
And twelve the fair foundations  
Of Salem's jasper wall;  
And twelve the thrones predestined  
Within her judgment-hall.

No mystic gem is lacking  
In that Divine array;  
No empty throne shall darken  
The glory of that day:  
For lo! on Twelve the SPIRIT,  
The FATHER'S Promise, came;  
And Twelve went forth together  
To preach the saving Name.

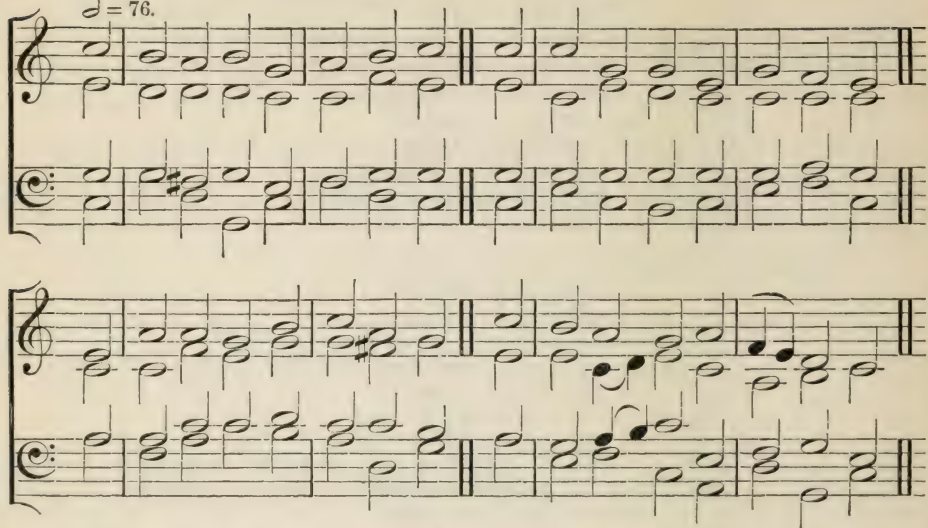
*mf* Still guide Thy Church, Chief Shepherd,  
Her losses still renew;  
Be Thy dread keys entrusted  
To faithful hands and true;  
Apostles of Thy choosing  
May all her rulers be,  
That each with joy may render  
His last account to Thee!



# St. Matthew the Apostle.

Hymn 614. ERFURT.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*“And as He passed by, He saw Levi the son of Alphæus sitting at the receipt of custom, and said unto him, Follow Me.”*

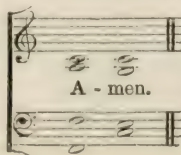
<i>mf</i> <b>B</b> EHOLD, the Master passeth by!	That “Follow Me” his faithful ear
<i>dim</i> Oh, seest thou not His pleading eye?	Seem’d every day afresh to hear:
<i>p</i> With low sad voice He calleth thee;—	Its echoes stirr’d his spirit still,
<i>cr</i> Leave this vain world and follow Me.	And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

<i>p</i> O soul, bow’d down with harrowing care,	<i>p</i> God sweetly calls us every day:
Hast thou no thought for Heav’n to spare?	<i>cr</i> Why should we then our bliss delay?
<i>cr</i> From earthly toils lift up thine eye;—	He calls to Heav’n and endless light:
<i>mf</i> Behold, the Master passeth by!	Why should we love the dreary night?

One heard Him calling long ago,  
And straightway left all things below,  
Counting his earthly gain as loss  
For Jesus and His blessed Cross.

*mf* Praise, LORD, to Thee for Matthew’s call,  
At which he left his earthly all;  
*cr* Thou, LORD, e’en now art calling me,—  
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

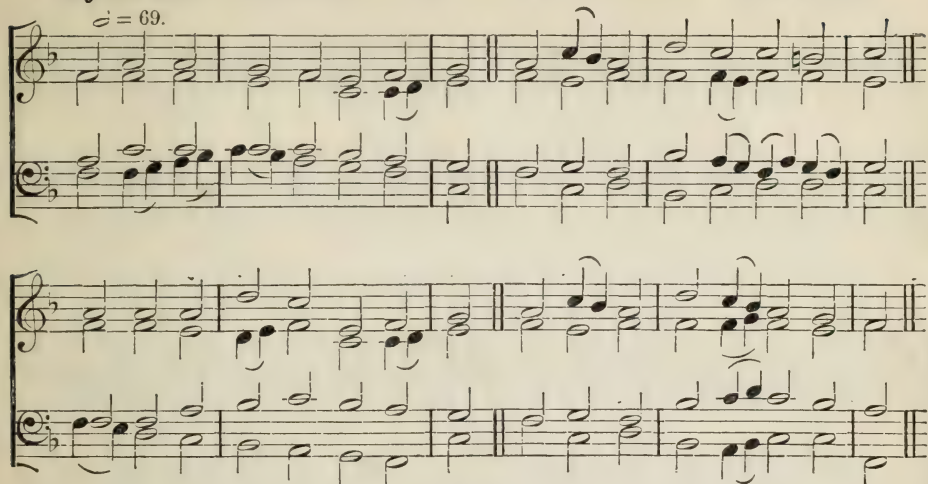




# St. Matthew the Apostle.

Hymn 615. GLOUCESTER.—L.M.

$\text{♩} = 69.$



“Matthew the publican.”

*mf* **H**E sat to watch o'er customs paid,  
A man of scorn'd and hard'ning  
Alike the symbol and the tool [trade;  
Of foreign masters' hated rule.

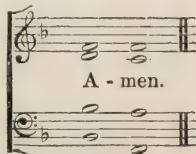
*mf* O wise exchange! with these to part,  
And lay up treasure in Thy heart;  
With twofold crown of light to shine  
Amid Thy servants' foremost line!

*p* But grace within his breast had stirr'd;  
There needed but the timely word;  
*cr* It came, true LORD of souls! from Thee,  
That royal summons, “Follow Me.”

*p* Conie, SAVIOUR, as in days of old;  
*cr* Pass where the world has strongest hold,  
And faithless care and selfish greed  
Are thorns that choke the holy seed.

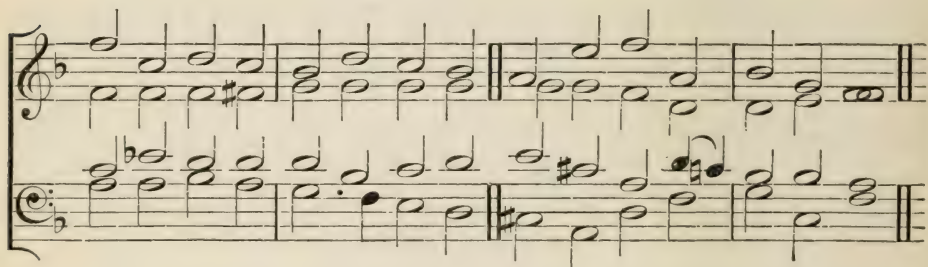
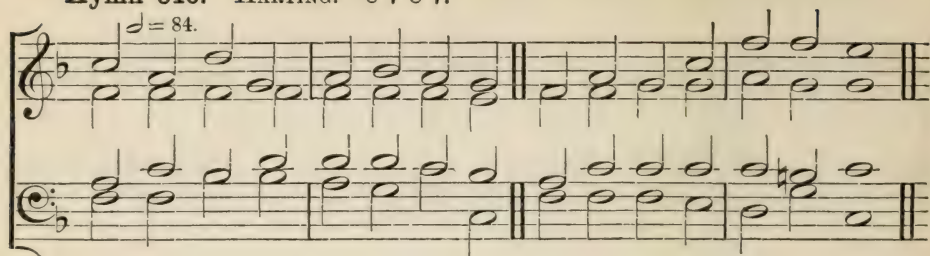
*mf* Enough, when Thou wert passing by,  
To hear Thy voice, to meet Thine eye:  
He rose, responsive to the call,  
And left his task, his gains, his all.

*mf* Who keep Thy gifts, O bid them claim  
The steward's, not the owner's name;  
Who yield all up for Thy dear sake,  
Let them of Matthew's wealth partake.



# St. Michael and all Angels.

Hymn 616. HARTING.—8 7 8 7.



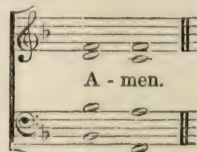
*"I am thy fellow servant."*

*f* **L**IFE and strength of all Thy servants, *dim* LORD of Angels, CHRIST, we pray Thee,  
 Brightness of the FATHER's light ; Bid them aid us in our strife,  
 Men with Angels, earth with Heaven, Chase afar the hosts of evil,  
 In Thy praise their songs unite. *cr* Till we reach the land of life.

Thousand thousand warrior princes  
 In Thine Angel army stand ;  
 Flames the victor Cross before them,  
 Grasp'd in Michael's dauntless hand.

*f* GOD the FATHER, GOD Immortal,  
 GOD the SON, for us Who died,  
 GOD the Comforter, the SPIRIT,  
 Evermore be glorified !

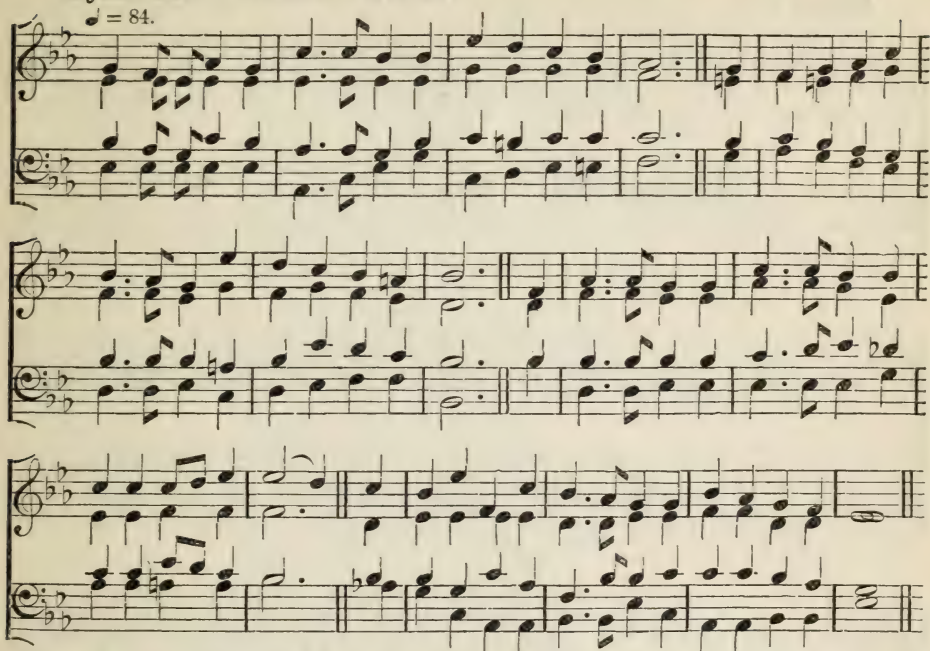
*mf* Hurling back from Heav'n the rebels  
 With the lifting of his sword,  
 In the might of God he tramples  
 On the Dragon's head abhorr'd.



*May also be sung to the Tune of Hymn 76.*

# St. Michael and all Angels.

Hymn 617. WORSHIP.—D.C.M.

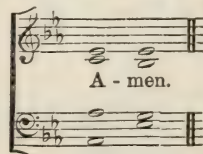


*"And all the Angels stood round about the throne . . . and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God."*

*mf* FATHER, before Thy throne of light  
The guardian Angels bend,  
And ever in Thy Presence bright  
Their psalms adoring blend ;  
*dim* And casting down each golden crown,  
Beside the crystal sea,  
*cr* With voice and lyre, in happy quire,  
Hymn glory, LORD, to Thee.

And as the rainbow lustre falls  
Athwart their glowing wings,  
While Seraph unto Seraph calls,  
And each Thy goodness sings ;  
So may we feel, as low we kneel  
To pray Thee for Thy grace,  
That Thou art here for all who fear  
The brightness of Thy Face.

Here, where the Angels see us come  
To worship day by day,  
Teach us to seek our Heavenly home,  
And love Thee e'en as they ;  
*cr* Teach us to raise our notes of praise,  
With them Thy love to own,  
That childhood's flower, and manhood's  
power,  
*mf* Be Thine, and Thine alone.



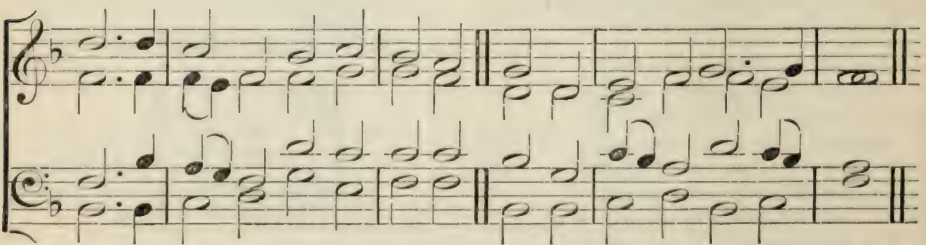
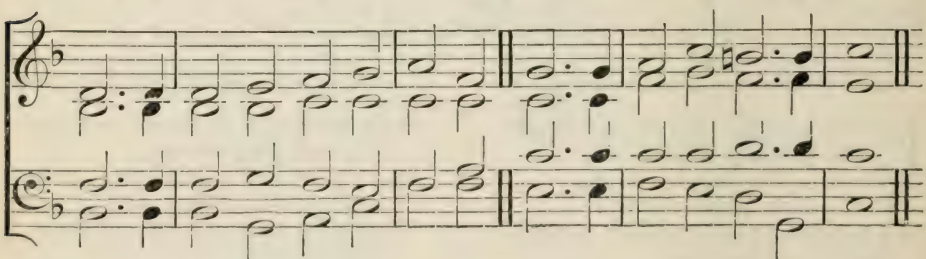
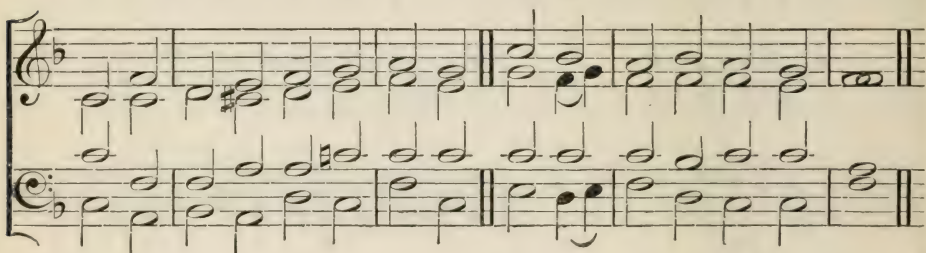
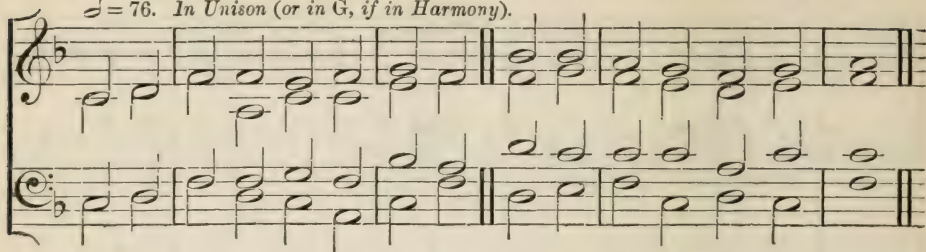
*This Hymn may be sung to the Tune of Hymn 216.*



# All Saints' Day.

Hymn 618. BRIDE OF CHRIST.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7. (First Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 76$ . In Unison (or in G, if in Harmony).





# All Saints' Day.

"The marriage of the Lamb is come."

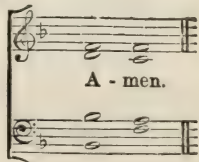
*mf* **B**RIDE of CHRIST, whose glorious warfare  
Here on earth hath never rest ;  
Lift thy voice, and tell the triumphs  
Of the holy and the blest :  
Joyous be the day we hallow,  
Feast of all the Saints on high,  
Earth and Heav'n together blending  
In one solemn harmony.

First the blessèd Virgin-mother,  
Reunited to her Son,  
Leads the host of ransom'd people,  
Who unfading crowns have won ;  
John the herald, CHRIST's forerunner,  
More than Prophet, heads his throng,  
Seer and Patriarch responsive  
Unto Psalmist in their song.

Lo, the Twelve, majestic Princes,  
In the court of JESUS sit,  
Calmly watching, while the conflict  
Rages far beneath their feet :  
Lo, the Martyrs, robed in crimson,  
Sign of life-blood freely spent,  
Finding life, because they lost it,  
Dwell in undisturb'd content.

All the saintly host who witness'd  
Good confessions for His sake—  
Priest and Deacon, world-renouncing,  
Of their Master's joy partake ;  
Virgins to the Lamb devoted,  
Following with steadfast love,  
Bring their lilies and their roses  
To the Marriage Feast above.

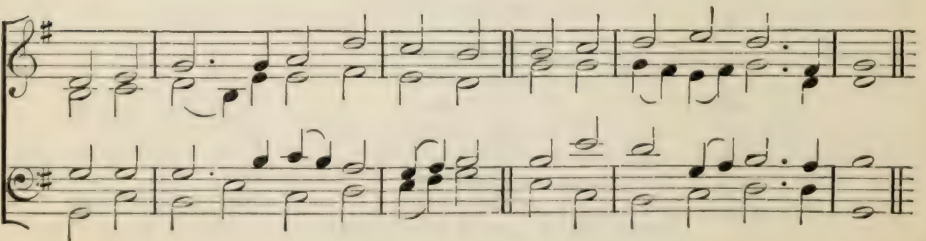
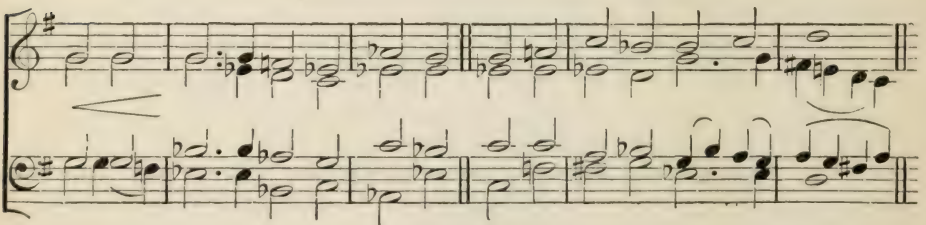
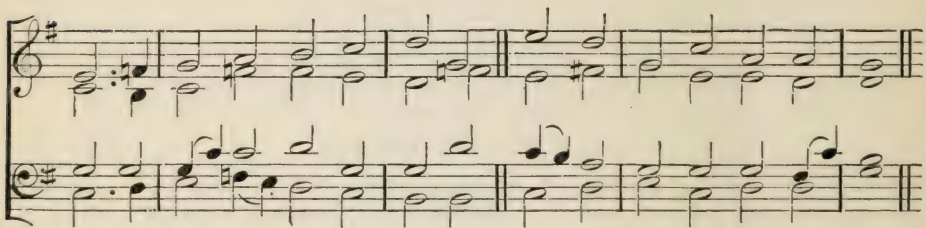
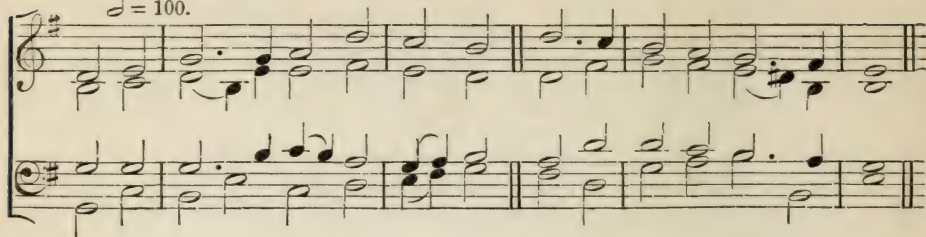
All, their happy lot fulfilling,  
GOD Omnipotent proclaim ;  
*dim* Holy, Holy, Holy, crying,  
*f* Glory to His Holy Name !  
*mf* So may God in mercy grant us  
Here to serve in holiness,  
*or* Till He call us to the portion  
Which His Saints in light possess.



# All Saints' Day.

Hymn 618. SPONSA CHRISTI.—8 7 8 7 8 7 8 7. (*Second Tune.*)

$\text{♩} = 100.$



# All Saints' Day.

"The marriage of the Lamb is come."

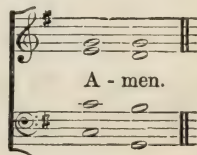
*mf* **B**RIDE of CHRIST, whose glorious warfare  
Here on earth hath never rest ;  
Lift thy voice, and tell the triumphs  
Of the holy and the blest :  
Joyous be the day we hallow,  
Feast of all the Saints on high,  
Earth and Heav'n together blending  
In one solemn harmony.

First the blessèd Virgin-mother,  
Reunited to her Son,  
Leads the host of ransom'd people,  
Who unfading crowns have won ;  
John the herald, CHRIST's forerunner,  
More than Prophet, heads his throng,  
Seer and Patriarch responsive  
Unto Psalmist in their song.

Lo, the Twelve, majestic Princes,  
In the court of Jesus sit,  
Calmly watching, while the conflict  
Rages far beneath their feet :  
Lo, the Martyrs, robed in crimson,  
Sign of life-blood freely spent,  
Finding life, because they lost it,  
Dwell in undisturb'd content.

All the saintly host who witness'd  
Good confessions for His sake—  
Priest and Deacon, world-renouncing,  
Of their Master's joy partake ;  
Virgins to the Lamb devoted,  
Following with steadfast love,  
Bring their lilies and their roses  
To the Marriage Feast above.

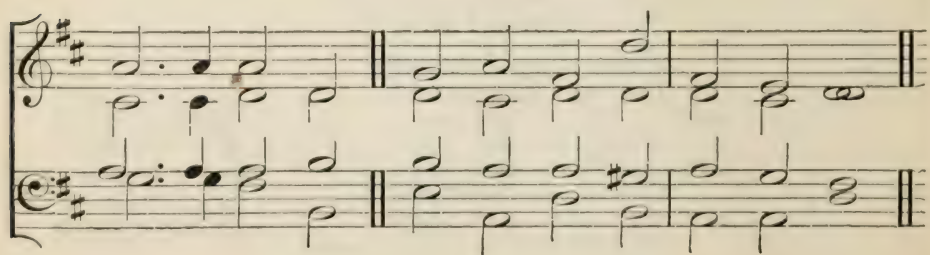
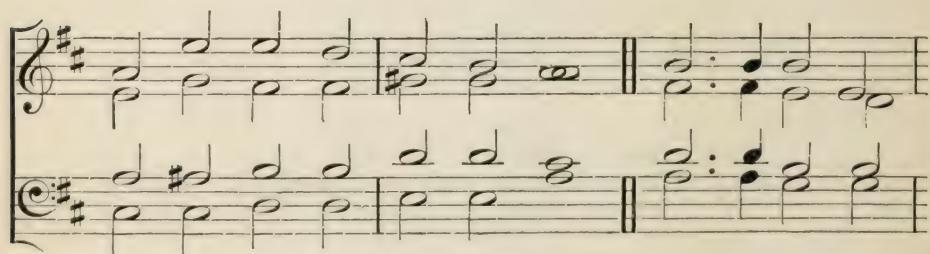
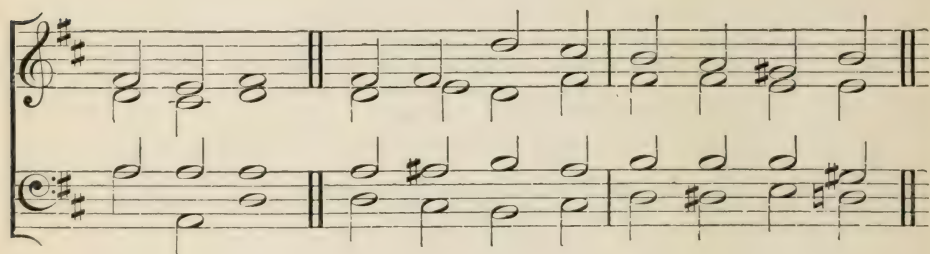
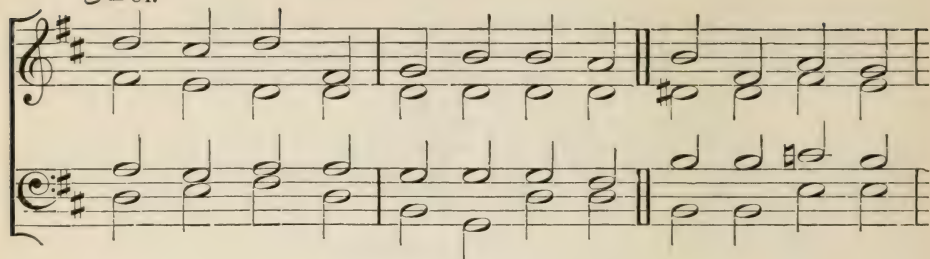
All, their happy lot fulfilling,  
God Omnipotent proclaim ;  
*dim* Holy, Holy, Holy, crying,  
*f* Glory to His Holy Name !  
*mf* So may God in mercy grant us  
Here to serve in holiness,  
*cr* Till He call us to the portion  
Which His Saints in light possess.



# All Saints' Day.

Hymn 619. MODENA.—8 7 8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$





# All Saints' Day.

*"A great multitude which no man can number."*

*mf* **W**HO the multitudes can number  
*cr* In the mansions of the blest,  
 He can weigh the joys eternal  
 By those ransom'd ones possess'd;  
 Exiled now on earth no longer,  
 They have gain'd the Home of Rest.

Then the Trinity of Persons  
 We shall face to face behold,  
 And the Unity of Substance  
 Shall its mystery unfold;  
 As the wondrous Triune Godhead  
 We adore in bliss untold.

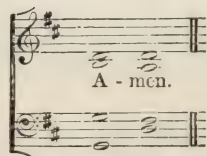
Happily at last deliver'd  
 From the mournful vale of tears,  
*dim* Sweet is now their recollection  
*p* Of the sad and troubled years;  
*cr* While fulfill'd in all perfection  
 God's eternal plan appears.

*mf* Courage, man, be strong, be faithful,  
 Whatsoe'er thy burden be,  
 For unbounded are the glories  
 Which thy sorrows work for thee;  
 Soon the light of light for ever  
 Shall thine eyes with rapture see.

They behold their Tempter fallen,  
 Bound in everlasting chain;  
*mf* Praising CHRIST their gracious SAVIOUR,  
 All unite in joyful strain,  
 CHRIST the great reward and portion  
 Which adoring spirits gain.

*f* God the FATHER, Fount of being,  
 Thee, most Highest, we adore;  
 God the SON, our praise and homage  
 We present Thy Throne before;  
 Glorious PARACLETE, we worship,  
 And we bless Thee evermore.

*p* Now in shadow and in figure,  
 Mirror'd in imperfect light;  
*cr* Then, as we are known, our knowledge  
 Shall be clear, unveil'd, and bright;  
*f* For on God's unclouded glory  
 We shall gaze with cleansed sight.

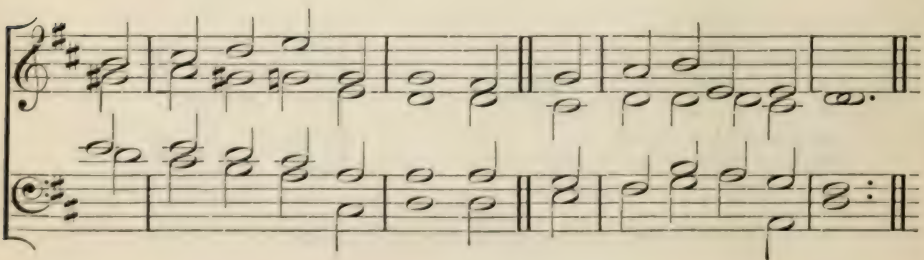
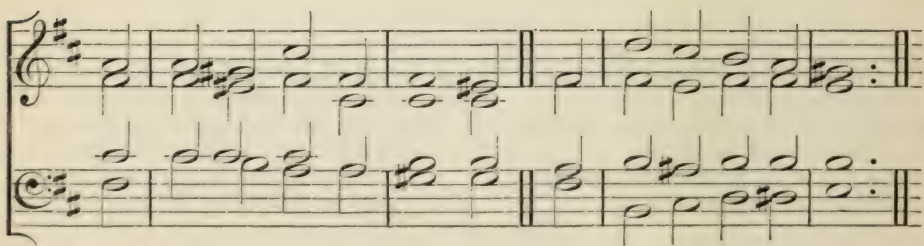
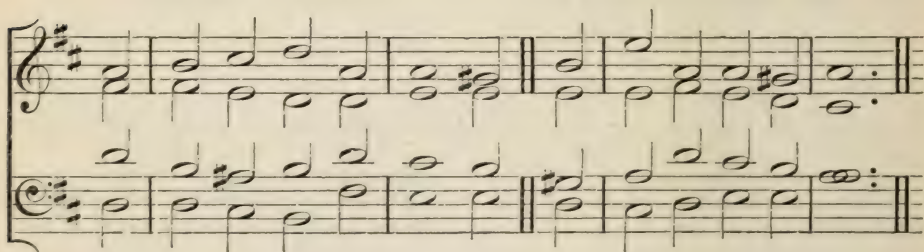
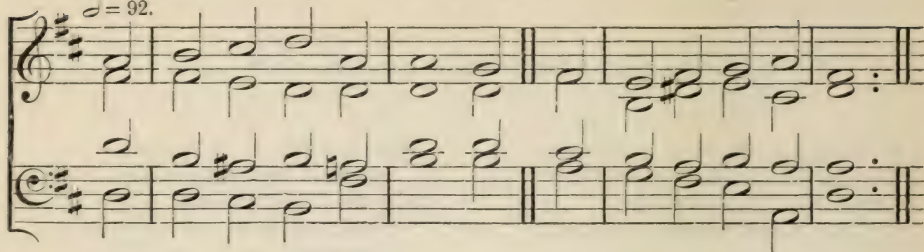


*The Tunes of Hymn 232 may also be used.*

# Festivals of Apostles.

Hymn 620. STOLA REGNI.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



# Festivals of Apostles.

*"Ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel."*

*mf* IN royal robes of splendour,  
Before the great King's feet,  
The Princes of His Kingdom,  
The crown'd Apostles, meet;  
To Him their songs adoring  
With heart and tongue they bring,  
Pure hearts and mighty voices—  
E'en as the Angels sing.

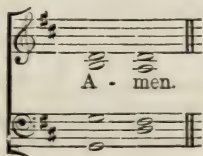
CHRIST's burden light they proffer,  
His easy yoke proclaim;  
The seed of life they scatter,  
That all may own His Name.  
The earth brought forth and budded,  
Where'er their ploughshare ran,  
And fruits of increase follow'd  
The faith of God made Man.

This Order sheds its lustre  
O'er all the human race;  
A court of righteous judgment,  
The Rock of Gospel grace;—  
Rock of His Church, for ages  
Elected and foreknown;  
Whose glorious Master-Builders  
Is Head and Corner-Stone.

These are the sure foundation  
On which the Temple stands;  
The living stones compacting  
That house not made with hands;  
The gates by which man enters  
Jerusalem the new;  
The bond which knits together  
The Gentile and the Jew.

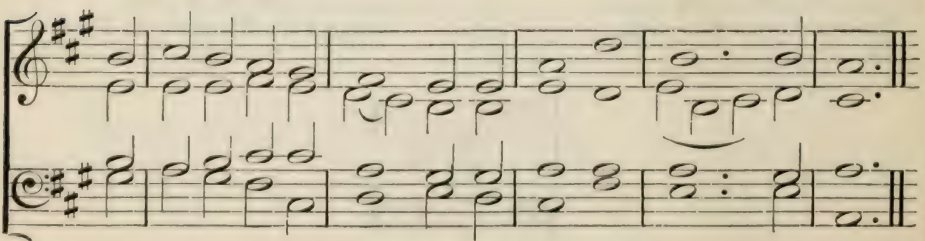
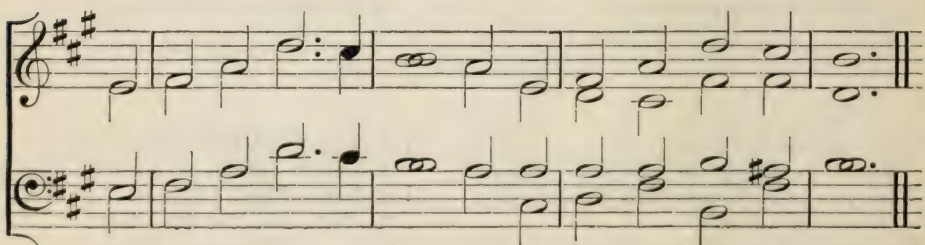
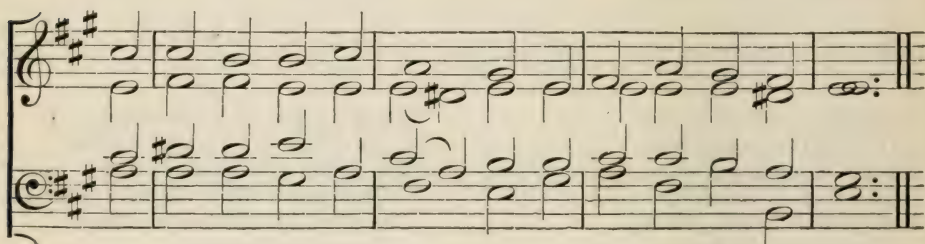
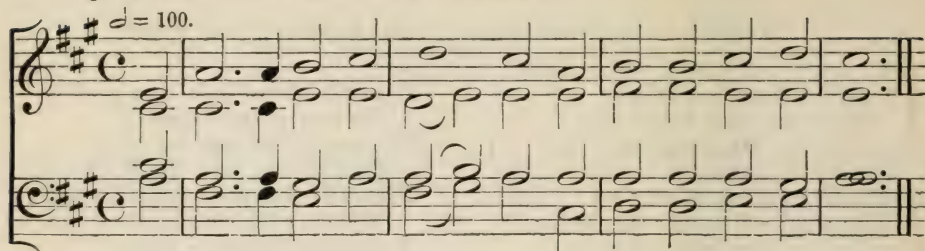
These are the Nazareans,  
Famed heralds to the world,  
Who, preaching CHRIST, His Banner  
Of victory unfurl'd.  
Day unto day shows knowledge;  
Night utters speech to night;  
So these to earth's four corners  
Their wondrous tale recite.

Let error flee before them,  
Let truth extend her sway;  
Let dread of final judgment  
To faith and love give way;  
That, loosed from our offences,  
We then may number'd be  
*f* Among Thy Saints in glory,  
Around the Throne with Thee.



# Festivals of Evangelists.

Hymn 621. COME SING.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.





# Festivals of Evangelists.

*"They four had one likeness."*

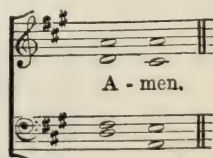
*mf* COME sing, ye choirs exultant,  
Those messengers of God,  
Through whom the living Gospels  
Came sounding all abroad!  
Whose voice proclaim'd salvation,  
That pour'd upon the night,  
And drove away the shadows,  
And flush'd the world with light.

He chose them, our Good Shepherd,  
And, tending evermore  
His flock through Earth's four quarters,  
In wisdom made them Four;  
True Lawgiver, He bade them  
Their healing message speed,—  
One charter for all nations,  
One glorious title-deed!

In one harmonious witness  
The chosen Four combine,  
While each his own commission  
Fulfil in every line;  
As in the Prophet's vision,  
From out the amber flame  
In form of visage diverse  
Four Living Creatures came.

Lo, these the wingèd chariots,  
That bring Emmanuel nigh,  
The golden staves, uplifting  
God's very Ark on high;  
And these the fourfold river  
Of Paradise above,  
Whence flow for all the nations  
New mysteries of love.

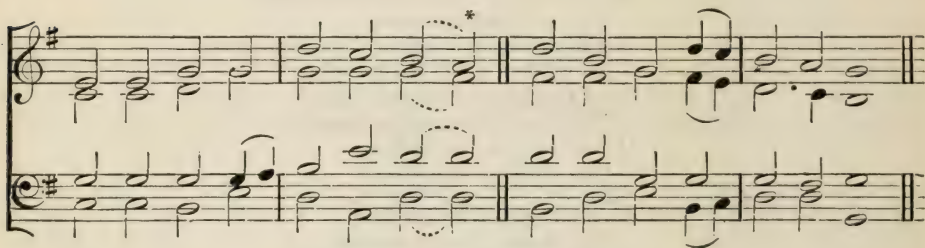
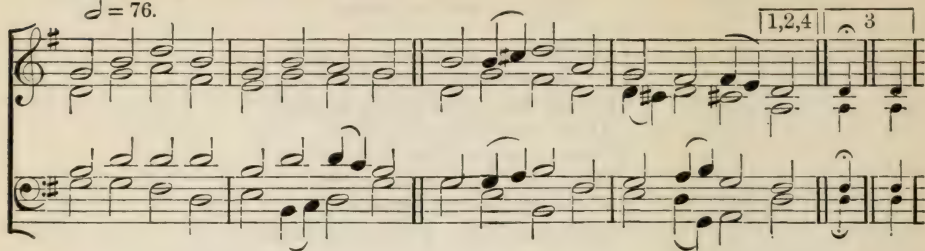
*or* Four-square on this foundation  
The Church of CHRIST remains,  
A House to stand unshaken  
By floods or winds or rains.  
*f* Oh! glorious happy portion  
In this safe Home to be,  
By God, true Man, united  
With God eternally!



# Festivals of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Hymn 622. BEDE.—8 8 7 7.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



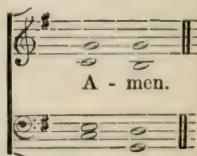
*"Blessed is the womb that bare Thee."*

*mf* **V**IRGIN-BORN, we bow before Thee;  
Blessèd was the womb that bore Thee;  
Mary, Maid and Mother mild,  
Blessèd was she in her Child.

Blessèd was the breast that fed Thee;  
Blessèd was the hand that led Thee;  
Blessèd was the parent's eye  
That watch'd Thy slumbering infancy.

Blessèd she by all creation,  
Who brought forth the world's Salvation,  
*dim* And blessèd they—for ever blest,  
*cr* Who love Thee most and serve Thee best.

*mf* Virgin-Born, we bow before Thee;  
Blessèd was the womb that bore Thee;  
Mary, Maid and Mother mild,  
Blessèd was she in her Child.

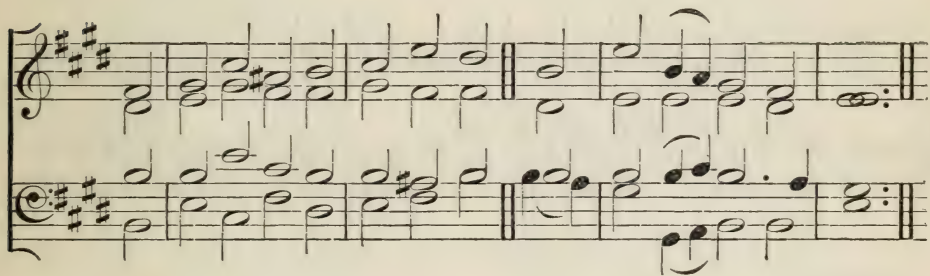
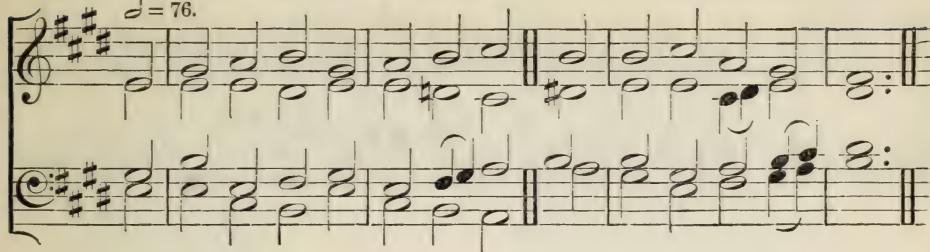


\* In verses 2 and 3, this note belongs to the first word of line 4.

# Commemoration of Saints.

Hymn 623. CRUCIS VICTORIA.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

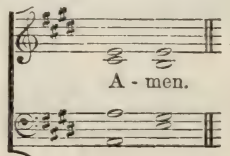


*"A great cloud of witnesses."*

<i>mf</i> <b>G</b> IVE us the wings of faith to rise	<i>p</i> They mark'd the footsteps that He trod,
Within the veil, and see	<i>cr</i> His zeal inspired their breast:
The Saints above, how great their joys,	And, following their incarnate God,
How bright their glories be.	<i>p</i> They reach'd the promised rest.

<i>f</i> Once they were mourning here below,	<i>f</i> Our glorious Leader claims our praise
And wet their couch with tears;	For His own pattern given;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,	While the great cloud of witnesses
With sins, and doubts, and fears.	Show the same path to Heav'n.

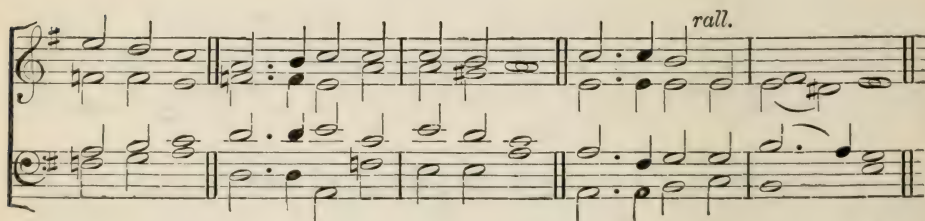
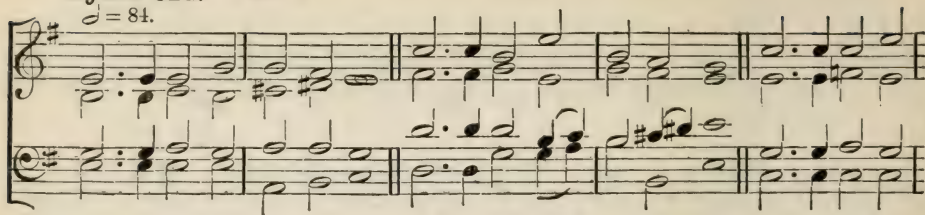
*f* We ask them, whence their victory came;  
 They, with united breath,  
*f* Ascribe the conquest to the Lamb,  
 Their triumph to His Death.



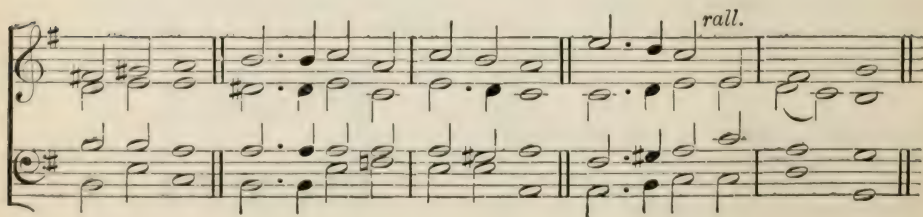
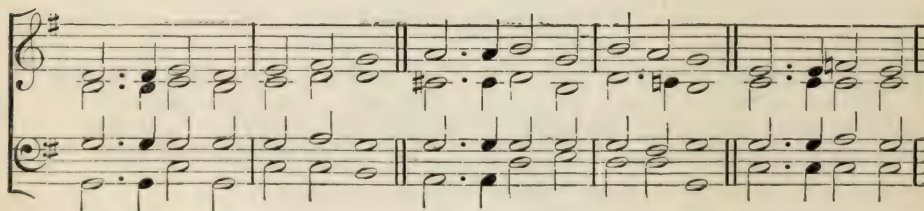
# Litany for those at Sea.

Hymn 624. PART 1.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



PART 2.





# Titany for those at Sea.

## PART 1.

*p* **F**ATHER, Whose creating hand  
Made the ocean and the land;  
All Thy creatures are Thy care,  
Thou art present everywhere.  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

**CHRIST**, Who didst of old appear  
On the waters, drawing near;  
Thou art able still to save,  
Calmly ruling wind and wave.  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

**HOLY GHOST**, Whose presence shed  
Life where all was dark and dead;  
By Thy breath we move and live,  
Thou dost light and order give.  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

God, to Whom our life we owe,  
God, Whose Blood for man did flow,  
God, Who dost within us dwell,—  
Keep us Thine, and all is well.  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

When the deep in slumber lies  
Under bright and peaceful skies,  
When the winds in fury rave,  
Lifting high the rushing wave,  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

All our honest labour bless,  
Give each lawful aim success;  
In our time of need draw nigh,  
Saying, "Fear not, it is I."  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Guard the loved ones left behind,  
Give them peace in heart and mind;  
Keep us all in union sweet,  
At our FATHER's mercy-seat.  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Safe from what might work our woe,  
Rock and shoal, and fire and foe,  
May we home and kindred see,  
And the glory give to Thee.  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

## PART 2.

*p* May Thy Church our shelter be,  
Ark in mercy built by Thee,  
Refuge from the storms of life,  
From the wearing toil and strife.  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

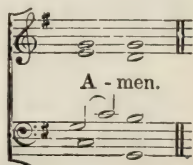
When temptations round us roll,  
Threatening shipwreck to the soul,  
Grant us faith and holy fear,  
By Thy will our course to steer.  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

*cr* Through the gloom of sorrow's night,  
Show Thy cheering, guiding light;  
Waft us homeward, Lord, we pray,  
Nearer Heaven, day by day.  
*p* Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Bid the storms of passion cease,  
Bid the power of love increase,  
Bid each tossing doubt be still,  
Bid us trust and do Thy will.  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Mark our course, and keep us true,  
Till the haven fair we view,  
Grant us on that peaceful shore  
Home and friends for evermore.  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

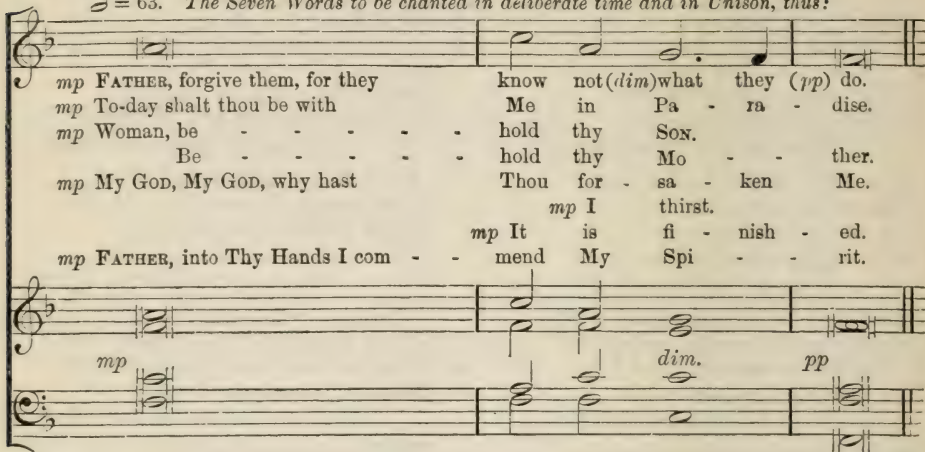
Where there is no night or sea,  
May we praise and worship Thee,  
Glad because we are at rest  
In Thy Presence with the blest.  
Hear us, we beseech Thee.



# Litany of the Seven Words from the Cross.

Hymn 625.

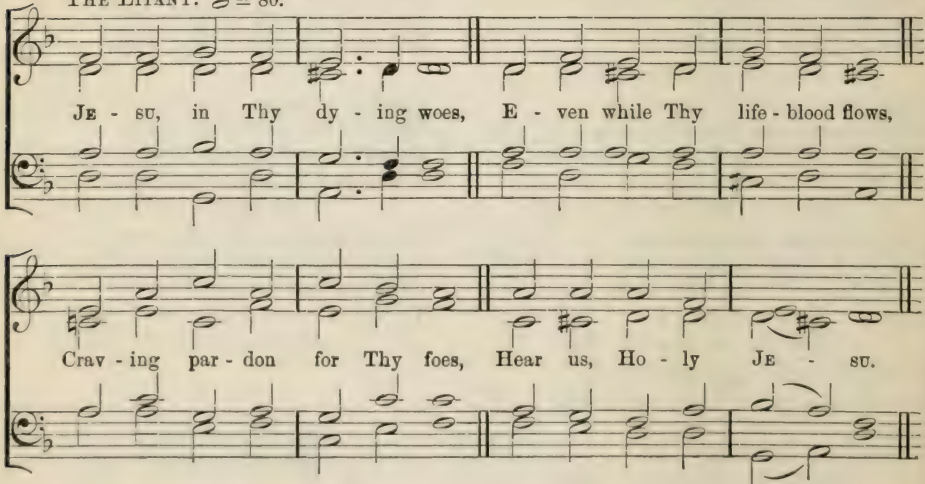
$\text{♩} = 63$ . The Seven Words to be chanted in deliberate time and in Unison, thus:



*mp* FATHER, forgive them, for they know not (*dim*) what they (*pp*) do.  
*mp* To-day shalt thou be with Me in Pa - ra - dise.  
*mp* Woman, be - - - hold thy Son.  
 Be - - - hold thy Mo - - - ther.  
*mp* My GOD, My GOD, why hast Thou for - sa - ken Me.  
*mp* I thirst.  
*mp* It is fi - nish - ed.  
*mp* FATHER, into Thy Hands I com - - mend My Spi - - rit.

*mp* *dim.* *pp*

THE LITANY.  $\text{♩} = 80$ .



JE - su, in Thy dy - ing woes, E - ven while Thy life - blood flows,  
 Crav - ing par - don for Thy foes, Hear us, Ho - ly JE - su.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM, FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO."

*p* JESU, in Thy dying woes,  
 Even while Thy life-blood flows,  
 Craving pardon for Thy foes,  
*cr* Hear us, Holy JESU.

*p* SAVIOUR, for our pardon sue,  
 When our sins Thy pangs renew,  
 For we know not what we do:—  
*cr* Hear us, Holy JESU.

# Pitany of the Seven Words from the Cross.

*p* Oh ! may we, who mercy need,  
Be like Thee in heart and deed,  
When with wrong our spirits bleed.  
*cr* Hear us, Holy JESU.

"TO-DAY SHALT THOU BE WITH ME IN PARADISE."

*mf* JESU, pitying the sighs  
Of the thief who near Thee dies,  
Promising him Paradise,  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*

May we, in our guilt and shame,  
Still Thy love and mercy claim,  
Calling humbly on Thy Name.  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*

Oh ! remember those who pine,  
Looking from their cross to Thine ;  
Cheer their souls with hope Divine.  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*

"WCMAN, BEHOLD THY SON." "BEHOLD THY  
MOTHER."

*mp* JESU, loving to the end  
Her whose heart Thy sorrows rend,  
And Thy dearest human friend,  
*cr* Hear us, Holy JESU.

May we in Thy sorrows share,  
For Thy sake all peril dare,  
Ever know Thy tender care.  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*

May we all Thy loved ones be,—  
All one holy family,  
Loving for the love of Thee.  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*

"MY GOD, MY GOD, WHY HAST THOU FORSAKEN  
ME."

*p* JESU, whelm'd in fears unknown,  
With our evil left alone,  
While no light from Heav'n is shown,  
*cr* Hear us, Holy JESU.

When we seem in vain to pray,  
And our hope seems far away,  
In the darkness be our stay.  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*

Though no Father seem to hear,  
Though no light our spirits cheer,  
May we know that God is near.  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*

"I THIRST."

*p* JESU, in Thy thirst and pain,  
While Thy wounds Thy life-blood drain,  
Thirsting more our love to gain ;  
*cr* Hear us, Holy JESU.

*mp* Long for us in mercy still ;  
May we Thy desires fulfil,—  
Satisfy Thy loving will.  
*cr* Hear us, Holy JESU.

May we thirst Thy love to know ;  
Lead us worn with sin and woe  
Where the healing waters flow.  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*

"IT IS FINISHED."

*mp* JESU,—all our ransom paid,  
All Thy FATHER'S will obey'd,—  
By Thy sufferings perfect made ;  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*

*p* Save us in our soul's distress,  
Be our help to cheer and bless,  
While we grow in holiness.  
*cr* Hear us, Holy JESU.

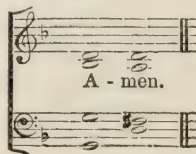
*mp* Brighten all our heavenward way  
With an ever holier ray,  
Till we pass to perfect day.  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*

"FATHER, INTO THY HANDS I COMMEND MY  
SPIRIT."

*mp* JESU,—all Thy labour vast,  
All Thy woe and conflict past,—  
*dim* Yielding up Thy soul at last ;  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*

*p* When the death-shades round us lour,  
Guard us from the tempter's power,  
Keep us in that trial hour.  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*

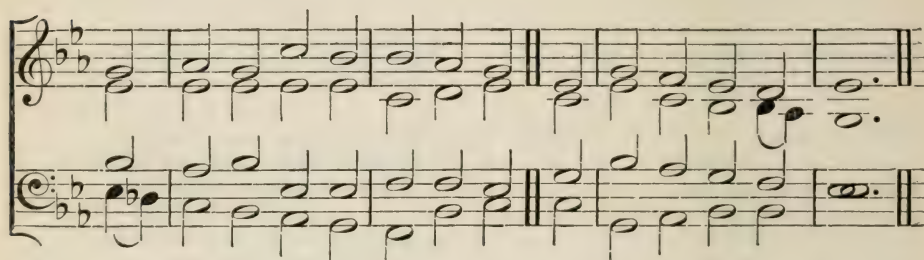
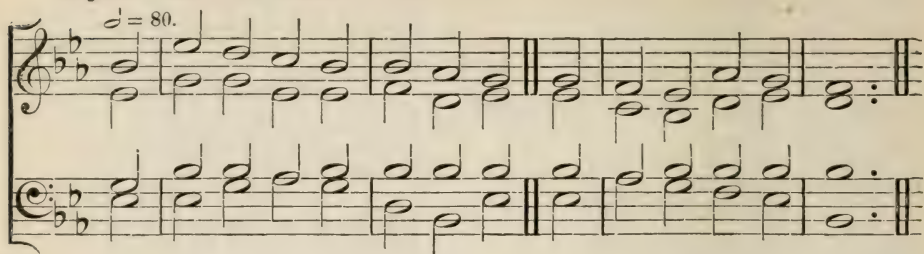
*mp* May Thy life and death supply  
Grace to live and grace to die,  
*cr* Grace to reach the Home on High.  
*Hear us, Holy JESU.*





# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 626. ST. PETER.—C.M.



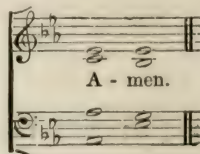
*"So shall I make answer unto my blasphemers: for my trust is in Thy word."*

*mf* **A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat, *p* Be Thou my Shield and Hiding Place,  
Where Jesus answers prayer;  
That, shelter'd near Thy side,  
*dim* There humbly fall before His feet, *cr* I may my fierce accuser face,  
For none can perish there. And tell him, Thou hast died.

*p* Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh:  
Thou callest burden'd souls to Thee,  
*cr* And such, O LORD, am I.

*mf* Oh wondrous love, to bleed and die,  
To bear the Cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious Name!

*p* Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely press'd,  
By war without, and fears within,  
*cr* I come to Thee for rest.

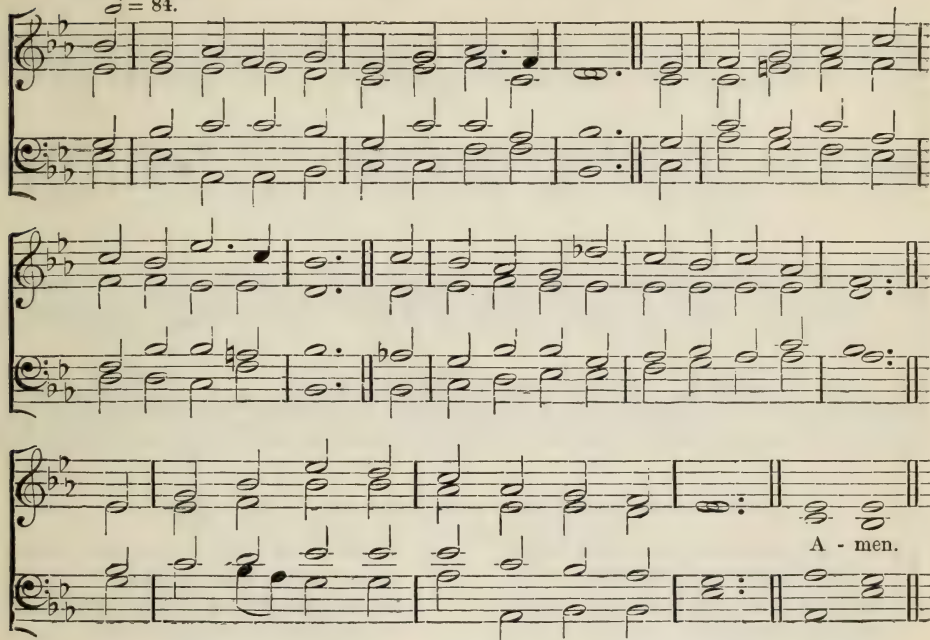




# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 627. GOD MADE ME.—10 10 10 10.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"Thou hast destroyed thyself; but in Me is thy help found."*

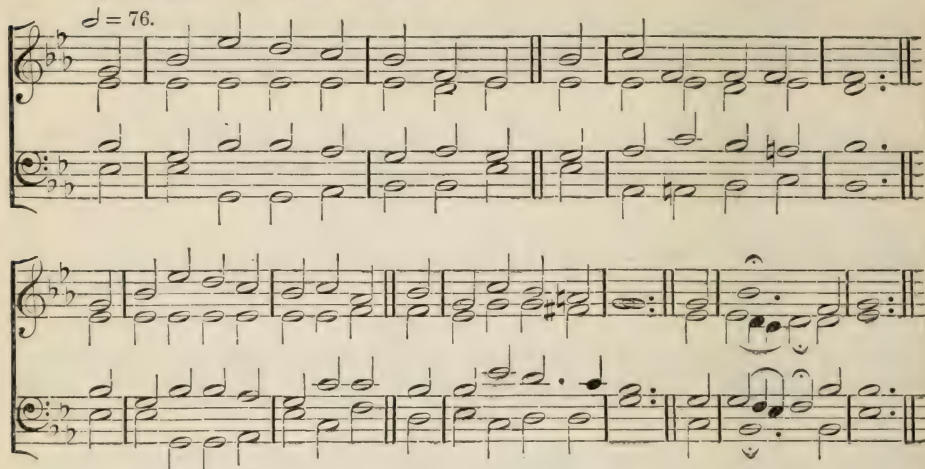
*mf* GOD made me for Himself, to serve Him here  
 With love's pure service and in filial fear;  
 To show His praise, for Him to labour now;  
 Then see His glory where the Angels bow.  
 All needful grace was mine, through His dear Son,  
 Whose life and death my full salvation won;  
 The grace that would have strengthen'd me, and taught;  
 Grace that would crown me when my work was wrought.

*p* And I, poor sinner, cast it all away;  
 Lived for the toil or pleasure of each day;  
 As if no CHRIST had shed His precious Blood,  
 As if I owed no homage to my God.

*mf* O HOLY SPIRIT, with Thy fire Divine,  
 Melt into tears this thankless heart of mine;  
 Teach me to love what once I seem'd to hate,  
 And live to God, before it be too late.

# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 628. RETURN.—8 6 8 6 4.



*"Return unto the Lord thy God : for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity."*

*mf* **R**ETURN, O wanderer, to thy home,  
Thy FATHER calls for thee ;  
No longer now an exile roam,  
In guilt and misery :  
*p* Return, return !

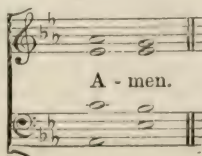
Too long the loathsome fields of sin  
Thy fruitless toil have known :  
No wholesome bread ! no voice of kin !  
No home to call thine own !  
*cr* Return, return !

Thy FATHER stands with outstretch'd hands, *mf*  
He gave His SON for thee :  
Poor soul, from sin's enthralling bands  
He longs to set thee free,  
Return, return !

*mf* Arise, stand up and homeward turn,  
No longer dwell apart ;  
His mighty love will never spurn  
One humble contrite heart.  
*dim* Return, return !

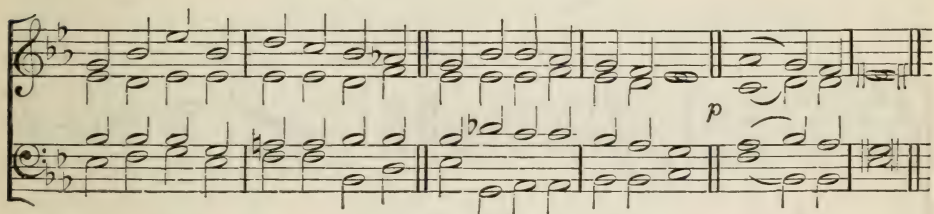
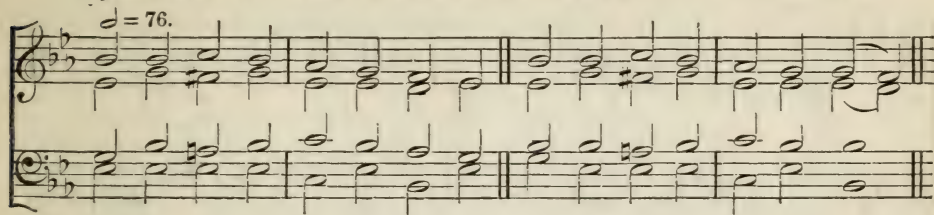
*mf* Our FATHER's house is full of bliss,  
And there is room for all ;  
He welcomes with forgiving kiss ;  
O, hear His loving call !  
*dim* Return, return !

The feast of joys awaits thee there,  
The precious robe and ring ;  
O haste thy FATHER's gifts to share,  
O haste His praise to sing :  
Return, return !



# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 629. SHOWERS OF BLESSING.—8 7 8 7 3.



*"There shall be showers of blessing."*

*mf* **L**ORD, I hear of showers of blessing  
Thou art scattering full and free,  
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some drops descend on me—  
[Even me.]

*p* Have I long in sin been sleeping,  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
O forgive and rescue me—Even me.

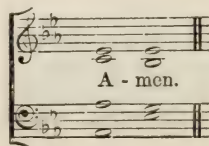
*P* Pass me not, O gracious **FATHER**,  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me—Even me.

*cr* Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
Blood of **CHRIST**, so rich and free;  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

Pass me not, O gracious **SAVIOUR**!  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
*cr* I am longing for Thy favour;  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me—  
[Even me.]

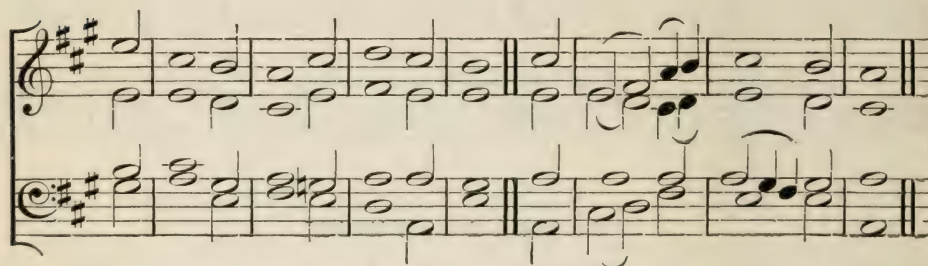
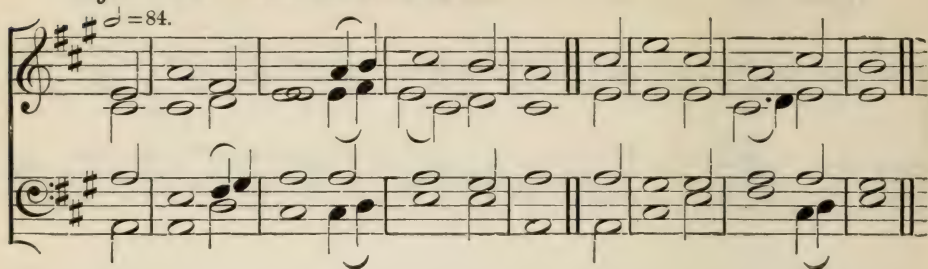
*cr* Pass me not; but, pardon bringing,  
Bind my heart, O **LORD**, to Thee;  
Whilst the streams of life are springing,  
Blessing others, O bless me—  
[Even me.]

Pass me not, O mighty **SPIRIT**!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of **JESU**'s merit,  
Speak the word of power to me—  
[Even me.]



# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 630. MARTYRDOM.—C.M.



*"Oh that I were as in months past."*

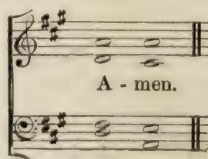
*mf* **O** FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame;  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the LAMB!

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
*cr* Help me to tear it from Thy Throne,  
And worship only Thee.

*p* What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the LAMB.

Return, O holy DOVE, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest:  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

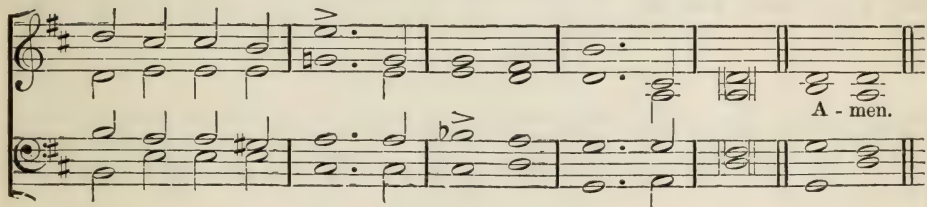
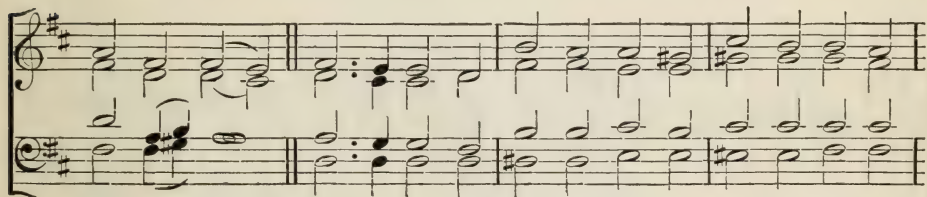
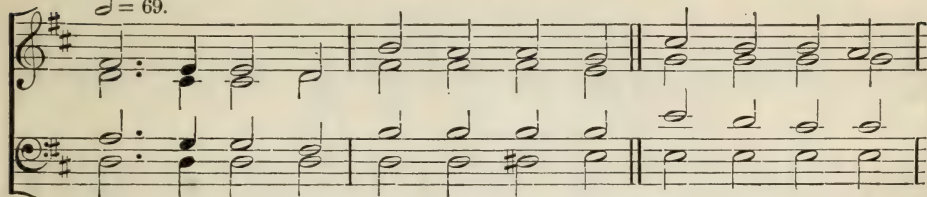




# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 631. OH, THE BITTER.—8 6 8 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 69.$



"He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves."

*mf* **O**H, the bitter shame and sorrow,  
That a time could ever be  
*p* When I let the SAVIOUR's pity  
Plead in vain, and proudly answer'd,  
"All of self, and none of Thee."

*cr* Day by day His tender mercy,  
Healing, helping, full and free,  
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient,  
Brought me lower, while I whisper'd,  
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

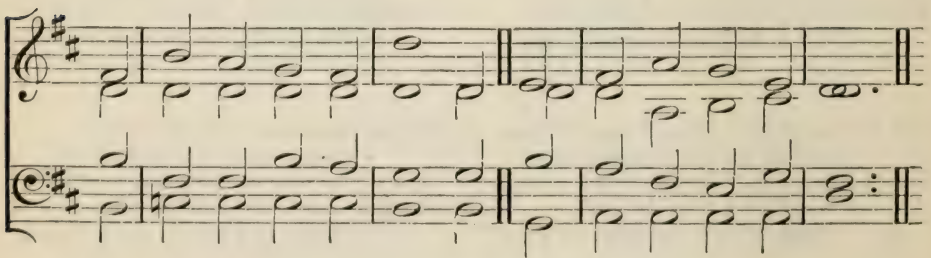
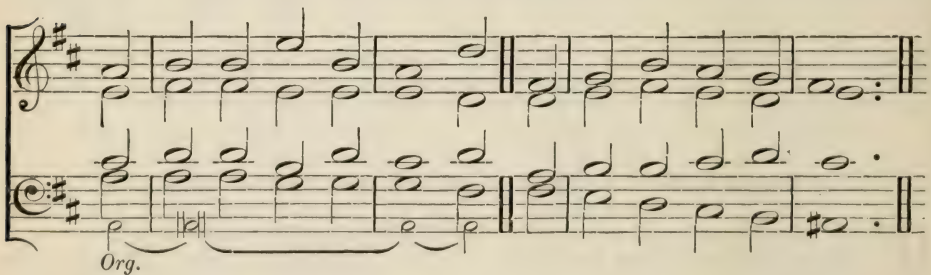
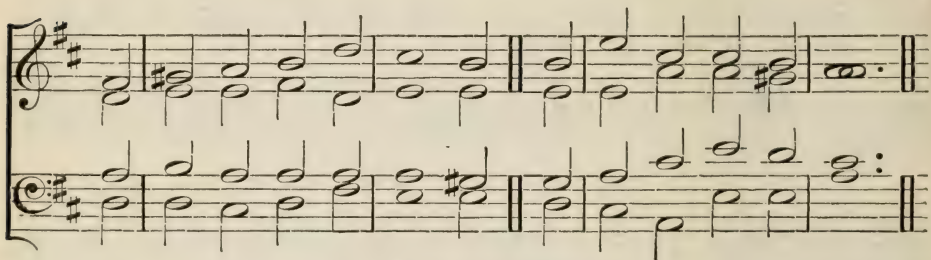
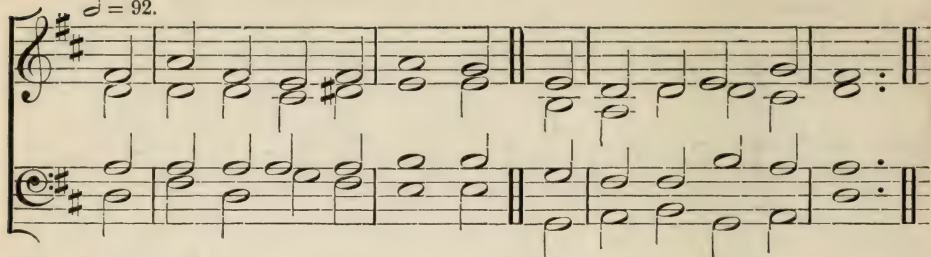
*cr* Yet He found me: (*dim*) I beheld Him  
Bleeding on the accurs'd tree,  
*p* Heard Him pray, "Forgive them, FATHER;"  
And my wistful heart said faintly,  
*pp* "Some of self, and some of Thee."

*mf* Higher than the highest heavens,  
Deeper than the deepest sea,  
LORD, Thy love at last hath conquer'd;  
*cr* Grant me now my soul's desire,  
*f* "None of self, and all of Thee."

# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 632. REDEEMED.—7 6 7 6 7 6 7 6.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



# For Mission Services and Instructions.

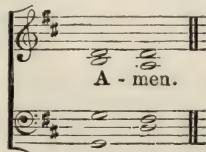
*"He was lost, and is found."*

*mf* **R**EDEEM'D, restored, forgiven  
Through Jesus' precious Blood,  
Heirs of His home in Heaven,  
*cr* O praise our pardoning God!  
Praise Him in tuneful measures,  
Who gave His Son to die;  
*f* Praise Him Whose sevenfold treasures  
Enrich and sanctify!

*p* Once on the dreary mountain  
We wander'd far and wide,  
Far from the cleansing Fountain,  
Far from the piercèd Side;  
*cr* But Jesus sought and found us,  
And wash'd our guilt away;  
With cords of love He bound us  
To be His own for aye.

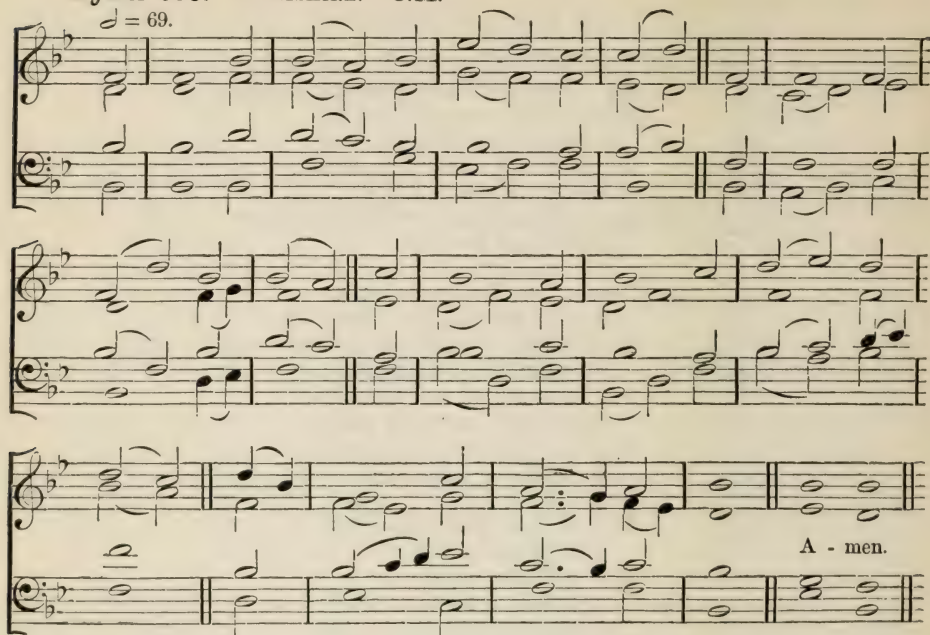
Dear Master, Thine the glory  
Of each recover'd soul;  
Ah! who can tell the story  
*p* Of love that made us whole?  
Not ours, not ours the merit;  
*mf* Be Thine alone the praise,  
*cr* And ours a thankful spirit  
To serve Thee all our days.

*p* Now keep us, Holy SAVIOUR,  
In Thy true love and fear;  
And grant us of Thy favour  
The grace to persevere;  
*cr* Till, in Thy new creation,  
Earth's time-long travail o'er,  
We find our full salvation,  
*f* And praise Thee evermore.



# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 633. WILTSHIRE.—C.M.



"In that day there shall be a fountain opened . . . for sin and for uncleanness."

*mf* **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with Blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;

*dim* And there may I, as vile as he,  
*cr* Wash all my sins away.

*p* Dear dying LAMB, Thy precious Blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
*cr* Till all the ransom'd Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

*cr* 'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,  
And form'd by power Divine,  
*f* To sound in GOD the FATHER's ears  
No other name but Thine.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing Wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor lisping, stammering  
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

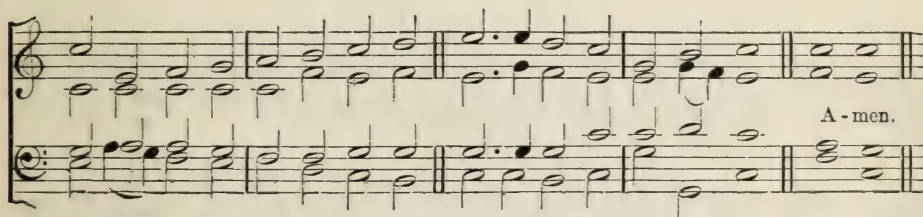
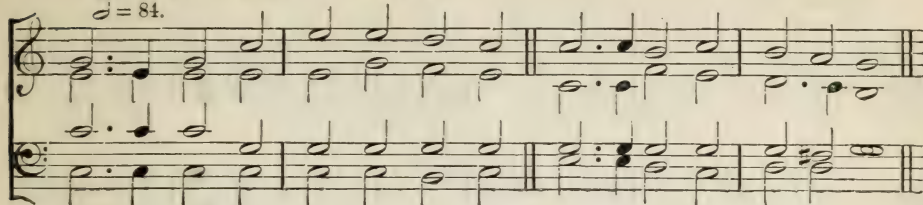
*p* LORD, I believe Thou hast prepared,  
Unworthy though I be,  
For me a Blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me.



# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 634. CLARION.—8 7 8 7.

$\text{♩} = 84.$



*"I came not to judge the world, but to save the world."*

*mf* **S**OULS of men! why will ye scatter  
Like a crowd of frighten'd sheep?  
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander  
From a love so true and deep?

*mf* There is plentiful redemption  
In the Blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

*p* Was there ever kindest shepherd  
Half so gentle, half so sweet,  
As the SAVIOUR Who would have us  
Come and gather round His Feet?

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind;  
And the Heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

*cr* There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in His justice,  
Which is more than liberty.

*mp* Pining souls! come nearer JESUS,  
And oh! come not doubting thus,  
*cr* But with faith that trusts more bravely  
His huge tenderness for us.

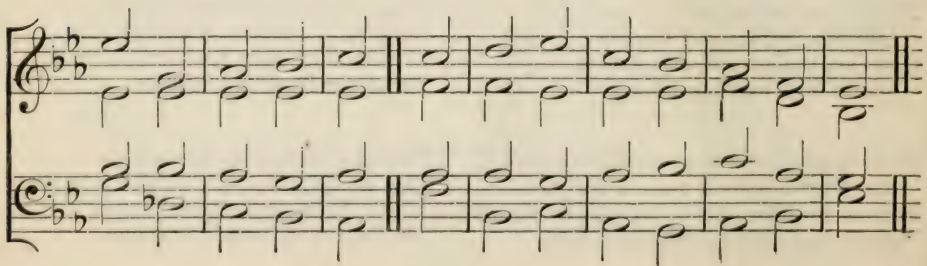
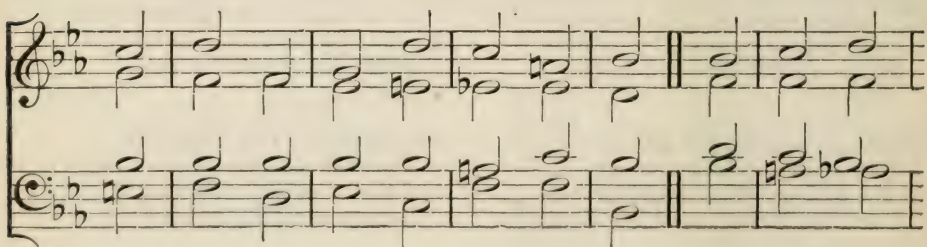
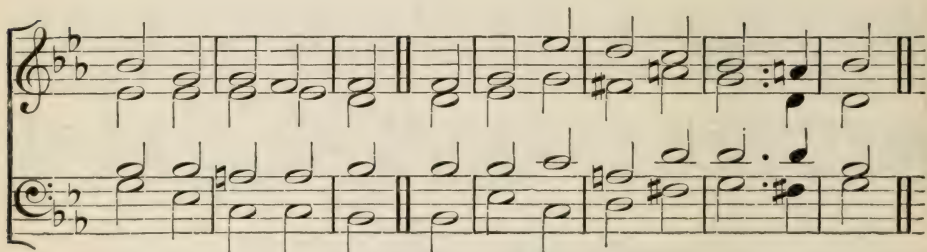
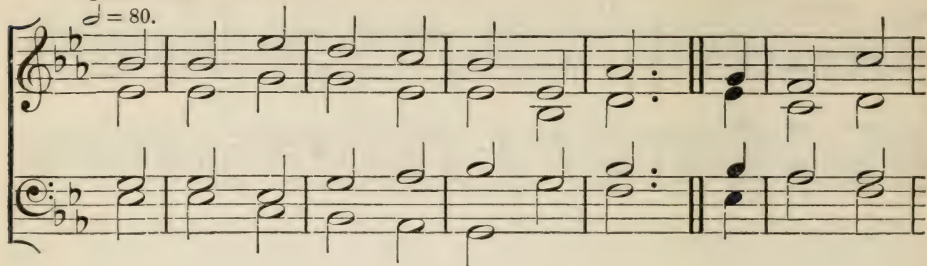
There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in Heav'n;  
*p* There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.

If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
*mf* And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our LORD.

# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 635. MILTON.—8 8 8 8 8 8.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



# For Mission Services and Instructions.

*"O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for Thy Name's sake ; for our backslidings are many."*

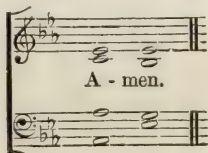
*p* WEARY of wandering from my God,  
And now made willing to return,  
I hear, and bow me to the rod ;  
*cr* For Thee, not without hope, I mourn ;  
I have an Advocate above,  
A Friend before the Throne of Love.

*p* O JESUS, full of pardoning grace,  
More full of grace than I of sin,  
Yet once again I seek Thy Face ;  
*cr* Open Thine Arms, and take me in,  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And love the faithless sinner still.

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
My fallen spirit to restore ;  
*p* O for Thy truth and mercy's sake  
Forgive, and bid me sin no more ;  
The ruins of my soul repair,  
And make my heart a house of prayer.

The stone to flesh again convert,  
The veil of sin once more remove ;  
Sprinkle Thy Blood upon my heart,  
And melt it with Thy dying love ;  
*cr* This rebel heart by love subdue,  
And make it soft, and make it new.

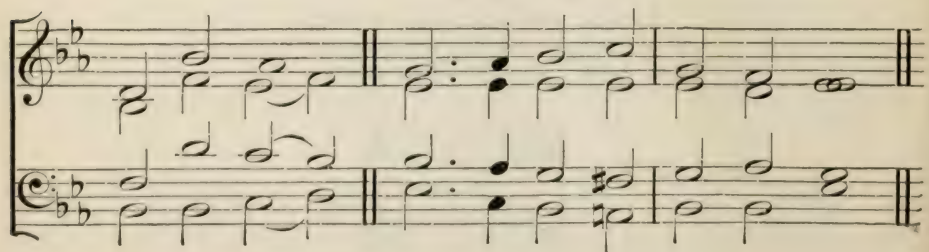
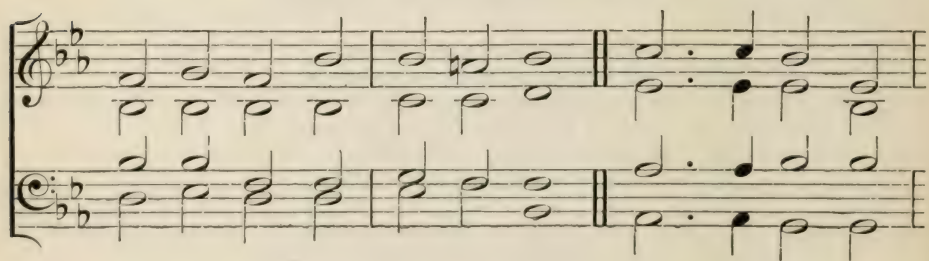
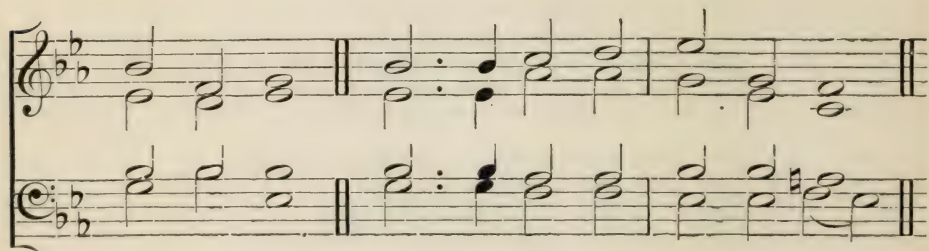
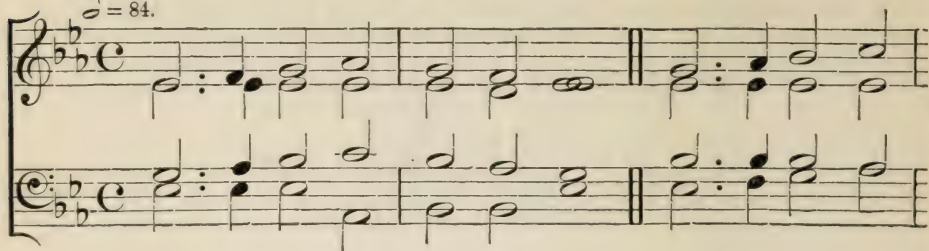
Ah, give me, LORD, the tender heart  
That trembles at the approach of sin ;  
A godly fear of sin impart,  
Implant, and root it deep within,  
That I may dread Thy gracious power,  
And never dare offend Thee more.



# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 636. DULWICH.—777777.

$\text{♩} = 84.$





# For Mission Services and Instructions.

*"Yield yourselves unto God . . . and your members as instruments of righteousness."*

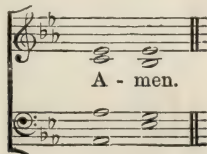
*mf* FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let Thy Will on earth be done ;  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Glorious LORD of earth and Heav'n.

*p* If a sinner such as I  
May to Thy great glory live,  
All my actions sanctify,  
All my words and thoughts receive ;  
*cr* Claim me for Thy service, claim  
All I have, and all I am.

*p* Take my soul and body's powers ;  
Take my memory, mind, and will,  
All my goods, and all my hours,  
All I know, and all I feel,  
*cr* All I think, or speak, or do ;  
Take my heart ;—but make it new !

*mf* O my God, Thine own I am,  
Let me give Thee back Thine own ;  
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,  
Consecrate to Thee alone ;  
Thine to live, thrice happy I ;  
Happier still if Thine I die.

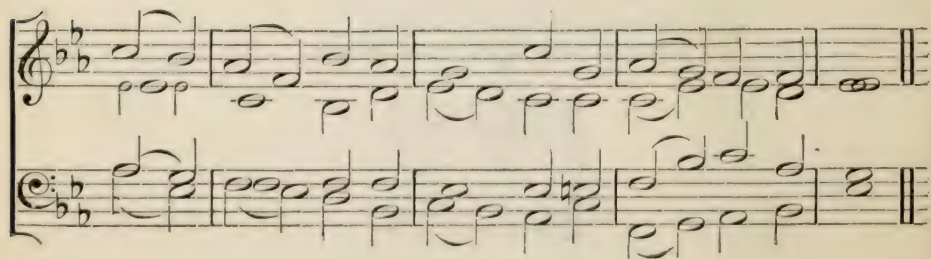
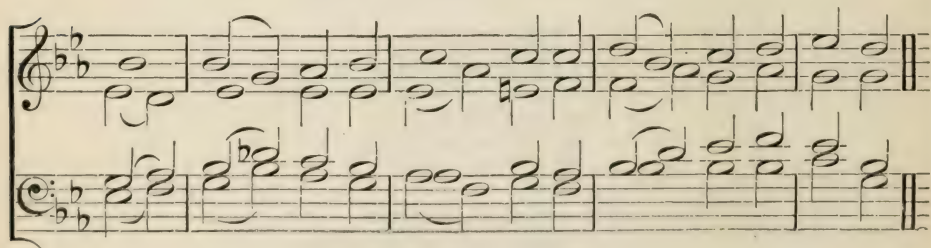
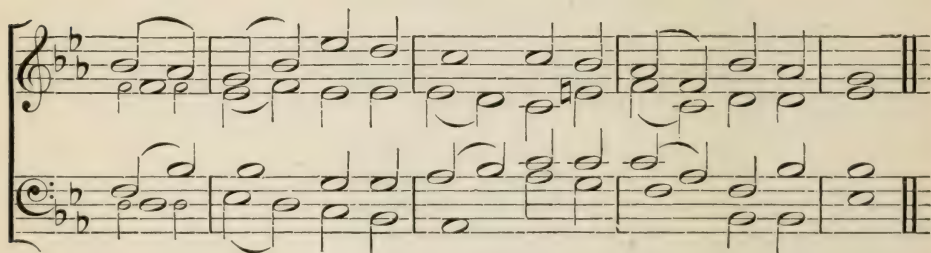
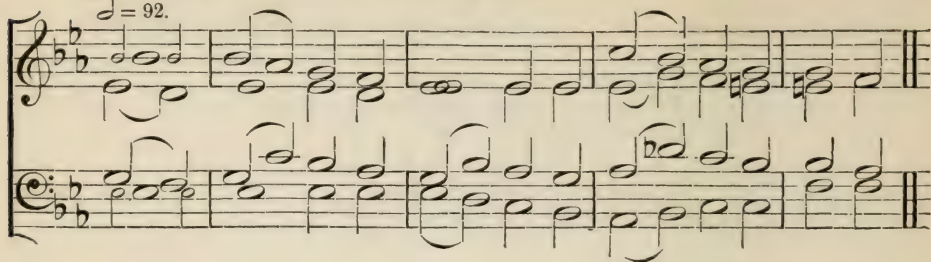
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE,  
As by the celestial host,  
Let Thy Will on earth be done ;  
*f* Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Glorious LORD of earth and Heav'n.



# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 637. COMPASSIO.—12 11 12 11.

$\text{♩} = 92.$



# For Mission Services and Instructions.

*"Be of good comfort; rise, He calleth thee."*

*mf*\* **O**H! come to the merciful SAVIOUR Who calls you,  
*dim* Oh! come to the LORD Who forgives and forgets;  
*cr* Though dark be the fortune on earth that befalls you,  
*cr* There's a bright Home above, where the sun never sets.

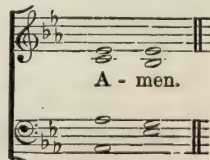
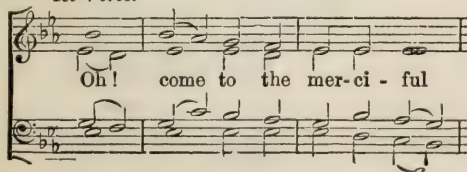
Oh! come then to JESUS, Whose Arms are extended  
To fold His dear children in closest embrace;  
Oh! come, for your exile will shortly be ended,  
And JESUS will show you His beautiful Face.

*mf* Yes, come to the SAVIOUR, Whose mercy grows brighter  
The longer you look at the depth of His love;  
And fear not! 'tis JESUS! and life's cares grow lighter  
As you think of the Home and the Glory above.

*p* Have you sinn'd as none else in the world have before you?  
Are you blacker than all other creatures in guilt?  
*cr* Oh, fear not, and doubt not! the mother who bore you  
*mf* Loves you less than the SAVIOUR Whose Blood you have spilt!

Come, come to His Feet, and lay open your story  
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame;  
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,  
And the joy of our LORD to be true to His Name.

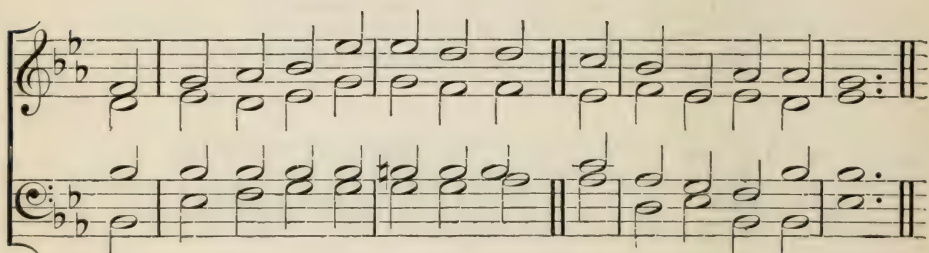
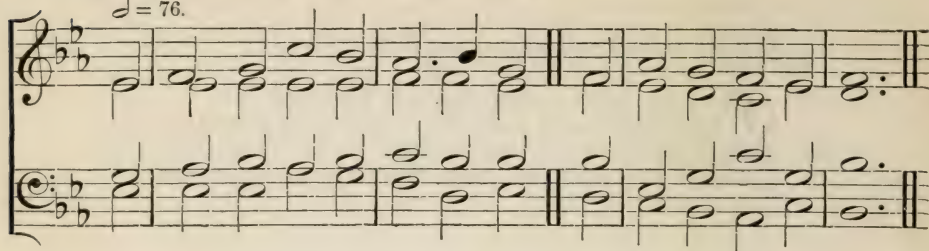
\* 1st Verse.



# For Mission Services and Instructions.

Hymn 638. ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.—C.M.

$\text{♩} = 76.$



*"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."*

*p* **O** GOD, to know that Thou art just  
Gives hope and peace within;  
We could not in a mercy trust  
Which takes no count of sin.

I fain would open to Thy sight  
My utmost wickedness;  
Set, Lord, in Thy most searching light  
What I have done amiss.

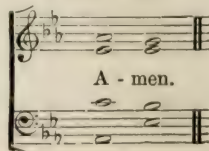
No stern and needless law was Thine—  
Hard to be understood—  
But plainly read in every line,  
Holy, and just, and good.

Though basely weak my fallen race,  
And masterful my foes,  
I had th' omnipotence of grace  
To conquer, if I chose.

Well did I know the tender Heart  
I outraged by my sin,  
Yet with the world I would not part,  
Nor rein my passions in.

My fault it was, O Lord Most High,  
And not my fate alone:  
Thou canst not suffer sin, nor I  
In any way atone.

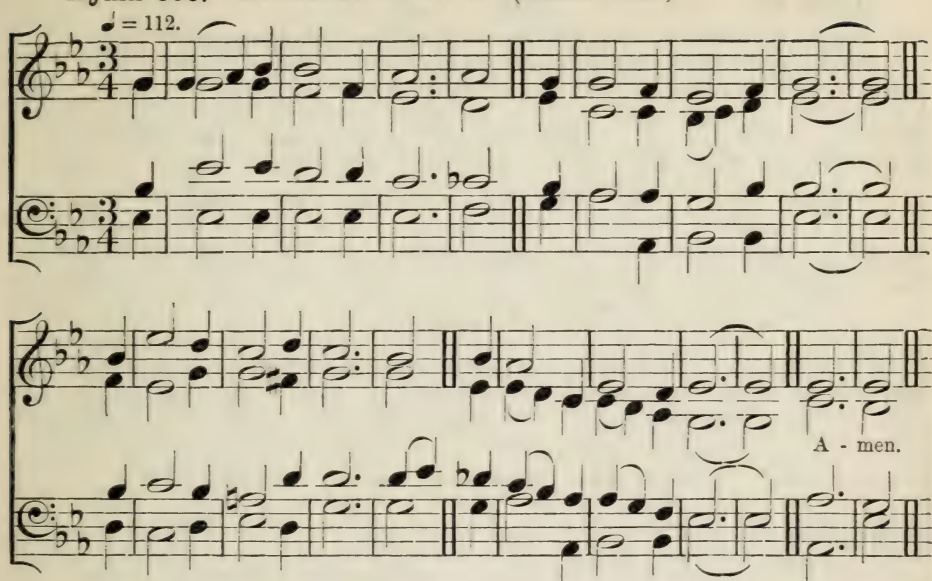
*or* Yet there's a plea that I may trust—  
Christ died that I might live!  
Cleans me, my God, for Thou art just;  
Be faithful, and forgive.





# Holy Matrimony.

Hymn 350. MATRIMONY.—7 6 7 6. (Second Tune.)



"A threefold cord is not quickly broken."

*mf* **T**HE voice that breathed o'er Eden,  
That earliest wedding day,  
The primal marriage blessing,  
It hath not pass'd away :

Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid  
The Holy THREE are with us,  
The threefold grace is said,

For dower of blessèd children,  
For love and faith's sweet sake,  
For high mysterious union  
Which nought on earth may break.

*p* *cr* Be present, awful FATHER,  
To give away this bride,  
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own pierced side ;

*p* *cr* Be present, Son of Mary,  
To join their loving hands,  
As Thou didst bind two natures  
In Thine Eternal bands ;

*p* *cr* Be present, Holiest SPIRIT,  
To bless them as they kneel,  
As Thou for CHRIST, the Bridegroom,  
The heavenly spouse dost seal.

*mf* O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,  
Let no ill power find place,  
When onward to Thine Altar  
The hallow'd path they trace,

*f* To cast their crowns before Thee  
In perfect sacrifice,  
Till to the home of gladness  
With CHRIST's own Bride they rise.

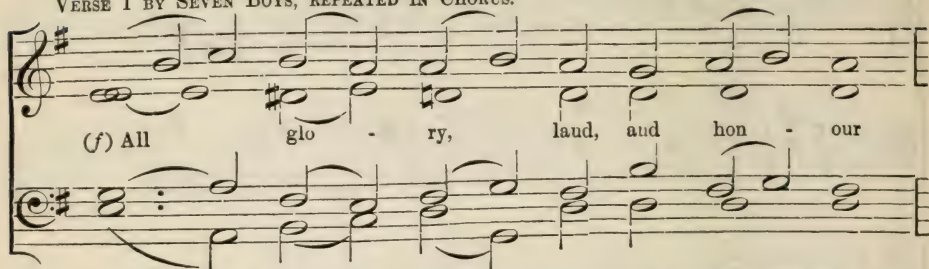
# The Sunday next before Easter.

OTHERWISE CALLED PALM SUNDAY.

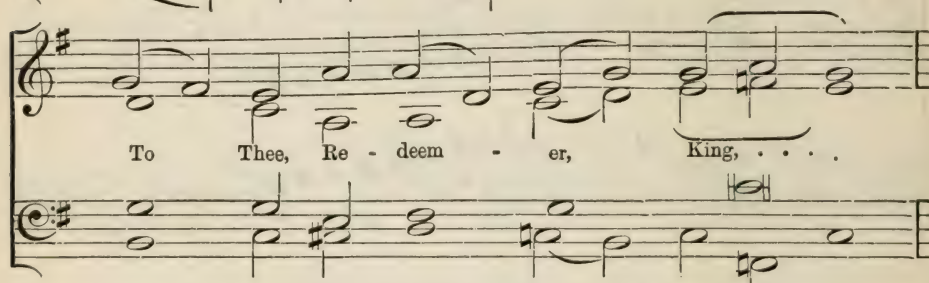
## Hymn 98. PLAIN-SONG MELODY. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 92$ . "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

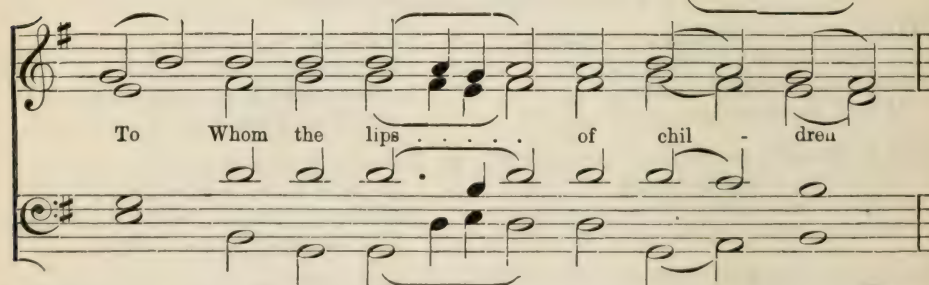
VERSE 1 BY SEVEN BOYS, REPEATED IN CHORUS.



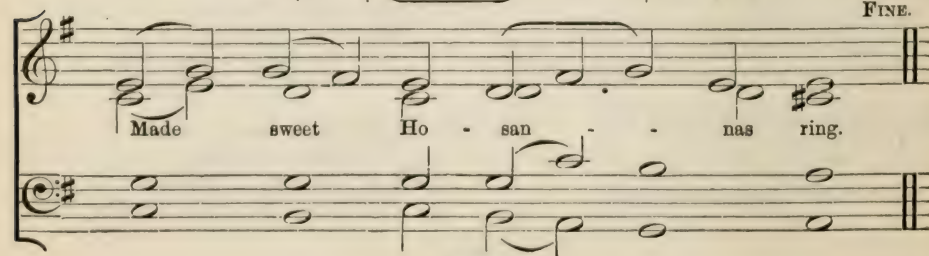
(f) All glo - ry, land, and hon - our



To Thee, Re - deem - er, King, . . .



To Whom the lips . . . of chil - dren

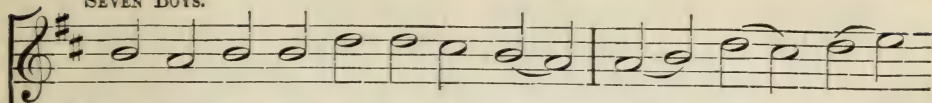


Made sweet Ho - san - nas ring. FINE.

# The Sunday next before Easter.

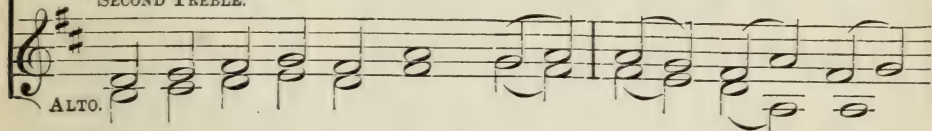
OTHERWISE CALLED PALM SUNDAY.

SEVEN BOYS.

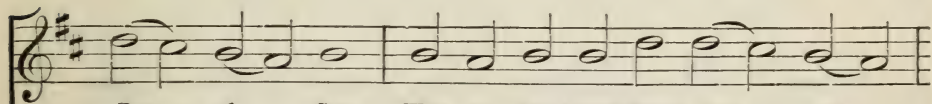


(*mf*) Thou art the King of Is - ra - el, Thou Da - vid's

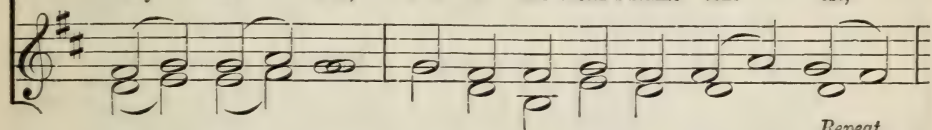
SECOND TREBLE.



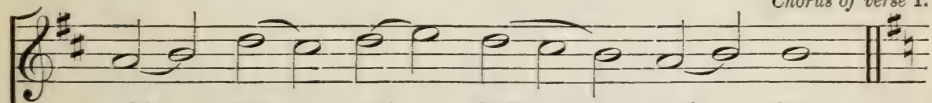
ALTO.



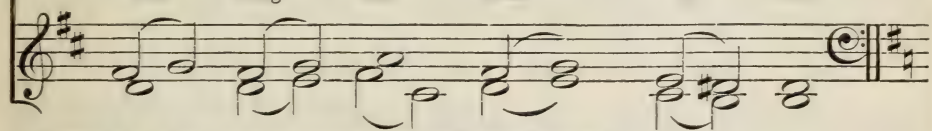
Roy - al Son, Who in the LORD's Name com - est,



*Repeat*  
*Chorus of verse 1.*



The King and Bless - - ed One.



*Verses 3, 4, 5, 6, similarly; always repeating Chorus of verse 1.*

*mf* The company of Angels  
Are praising Thee on high,  
And mortal men and all things  
Created make reply.  
*f* All glory, &c.

*mf* To Thee before Thy Passion  
They sang their hymns of praise;  
To Thee now high exalted  
Our melody we raise.  
*f* All glory, &c.

*mf* The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went;  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before Thee we present.  
*f* All glory, &c.

*mf* Thou didst accept their praises,  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.  
*f* All glory, &c.



# General Hymns.

## Hymn 295. PLAIN-SONG MELODY. (Second Tune.)

♩ = 116.

"All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord."

FULL.

(f) The strain up - raise of joy and praise, Al - le - lu - ia!

The first system of musical notation for the 'FULL' version of Hymn 295. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CAN.

To the glo - ry of their King Let the ran - som'd peo - ple

The second system of musical notation for the 'CAN.' (Canon) version of Hymn 295. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

DEC.

sing Al - le - lu - ia! And the choirs that dwell on high

The third system of musical notation for the 'DEC.' (Deceleration) version of Hymn 295. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

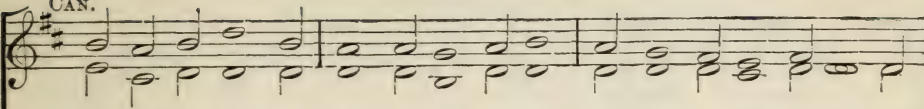
Swell the cho - rus in the sky, Al - le - lu - ia!

The fourth system of musical notation for Hymn 295. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

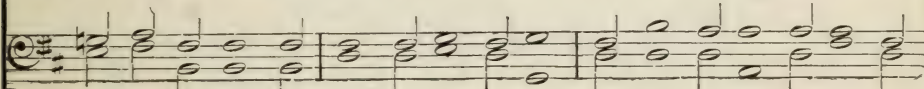


# General Hymns.

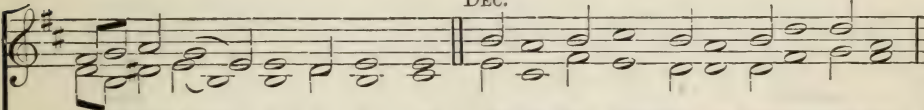
CAN.



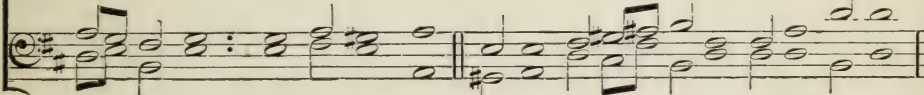
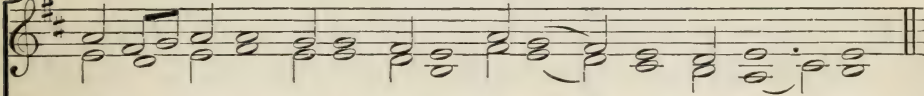
(*mf*) Ye, through the fields of Pa - ra - dise that roam, Ye bless - ed ones, re-peat through



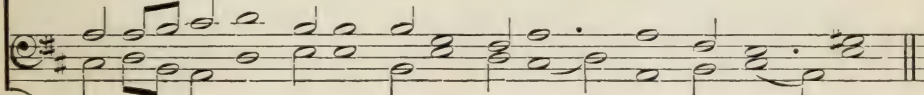
DEC.



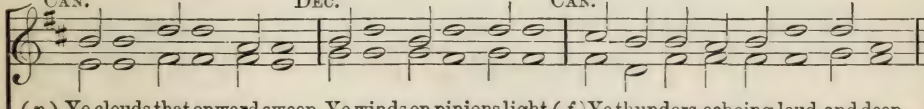
that bright home Al - le - lu - ia! Ye pla - nets glit - t'ring on your heav'nly way,

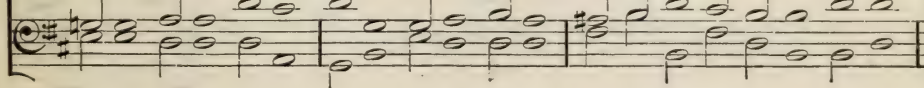
Ye shin - ing con - stel - la - tions, join and say (*f*) Al - le - lu - - ia!



CAN. DEC. CAN.



(*p*) Ye clouds that onward sweep, Ye winds on pinions light, (*f*) Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,



# General Hymns.

DEC. FULL.

Ye light-nings, wild - ly bright, (p) In sweet con - sent u - nite . .

CAN. DEC.

your Al - le - lu - ia! (mf) Ye floods and o - cean bil-lows, Ye storms

CAN. DEC.

and win - ter snow, Ye days of cloud - less beau - ty, Hoar frost and

CAN. DEC.

sum - mer glow, Ye groves that wave in spring, And glo - rious fo - rests, sing

# General Hymns.

FULL.

CAN.

(f) Al - le - lu - ia! (p) First let the birds, with paint - ed plu - mage gay,

Ex - alt their great Cre - a - tor's praise, and say (f) Al - le - lu - ia!

DEC.

Then let the beasts of earth, with vary - ing strain, Join in cre - a - tion's hymn, and

CAN.

cry a - gain Al - le - lu - ia! (f) Here let the moun - tains thun -

# General Hymns.

DEC.

- der forth so - nor - ous Al - le - lu - ia! (*p*) There let the val - leys

No Ped.

This system features a treble and bass staff in G major. The melody is in the treble, and the bass provides harmonic support. A decrescendo (DEC.) is indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: "- der forth so - nor - ous Al - le - lu - ia! (*p*) There let the val - leys". The system ends with a double bar line and the instruction "No Ped."

CAN.

sing in gen - tler cho - rus Al - le - lu - ia! (*mf*) Thou ju - bi - lant

This system continues the melody and harmony. A crescendo (CAN.) is indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: "sing in gen - tler cho - rus Al - le - lu - ia! (*mf*) Thou ju - bi - lant". The system ends with a double bar line.

DEC.

a - byss of o - cean, cry Al - le - lu - ia! Ye tracts of earth

This system continues the melody and harmony. A decrescendo (DEC.) is indicated above the staff. The lyrics are: "a - byss of o - cean, cry Al - le - lu - ia! Ye tracts of earth". The system ends with a double bar line.

and con - ti - nents, re - ply . . . Al - le - lu - ia!

This system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "and con - ti - nents, re - ply . . . Al - le - lu - ia!". The system ends with a double bar line.



# General Hymns.

FULL.

To God, Who all cre - a - tion made, The fre - quent hymn be

CAN.

du - ly paid, . . (f) Al - le - lu - - ia! This is the strain,

th'e - ter - nal strain, the LORD of all things loves, Al - le - lu - - ia!

DEC.

This is the song, the heav'n - ly song, that CHRIST Him -

# General Hymns.

FULL.

self ap - proves, Al - le - lu - ia! Where - fore we

sing, both heart and voice a - wak - ing, Al - le - lu - ia!

CHILDREN.

(p) And chil - dren's voi - ces e - cho, an - swer mak - ing,

FULL.

Al - le - lu - ia! (f) Now from all men be out - pour'd

# General Hymns.

Al - le - lu - ia to the LORD; With Al - le - lu - ia ev - er - more

FULL.  
The SON and SPI - RIT we a - dore. (*ff*) Praise be done to the

CAN. DEC. CAN.  
THREE in ONE. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

DEC. FULL.  
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! . . . .

# Burial of the Dead.

Hymn 398. PLAIN-SONG MELODY. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 63.$

"He cometh to judge the earth."

*mf* Day of Wrath! O day of mourn-ing! See ful - fill'd . . . the pro-phets' warn-ing!

Heav'n and earth in ash - es burn-ing! (*f*) Oh, what fear man's bo-som rend - eth

(*p*) When from Heav'n the Judge descendeth, (*f*) On Whose sentence (*dim*) all de-pend-eth!

(*f*) Won-drous sound the trum - - pet fling - eth, Through earth's se - pul -



# Burial of the Dead.

- chres it ring - eth, All be - fore . . . the Throne it bring-eth.

This system features a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The melody begins with a half note, followed by quarter and eighth notes, and ends with a half note. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in the left hand.

Death is struck, and na - - ture quak-ing, All cre - a - tion is a - wak-ing,

The second system continues the musical setting. The vocal line and piano accompaniment maintain the same rhythmic and harmonic patterns. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staff.

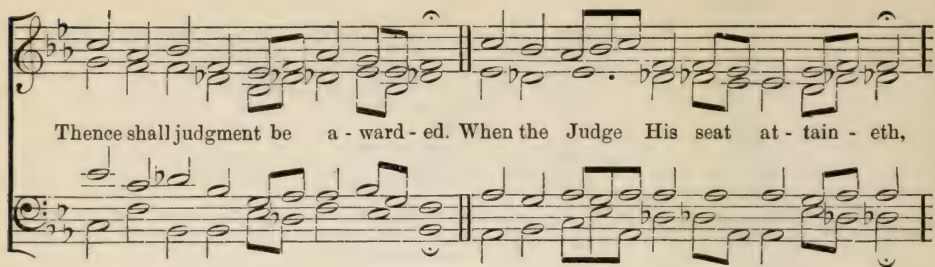
To its Judge . . . an an - swer mak-ing. (*mf*) Lo! the Book ex -

The third system includes a dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) before the word "Lo!". The musical notation continues with the same instrumental and vocal parts.

- act - ly word - ed, Where - in all hath been re - cord - ed;

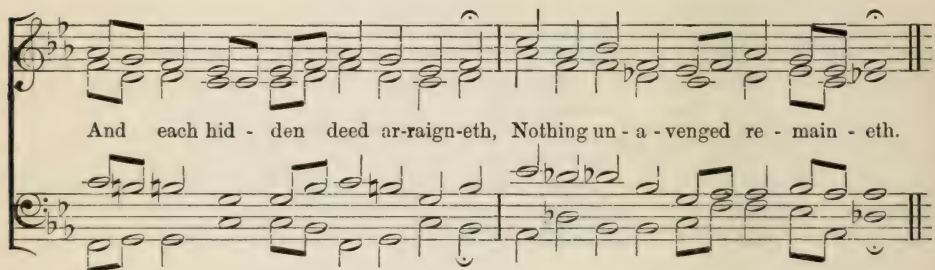
The final system on the page concludes the musical phrase. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment end with a final chord. The lyrics are completed in this system.

# Burial of the Dead.



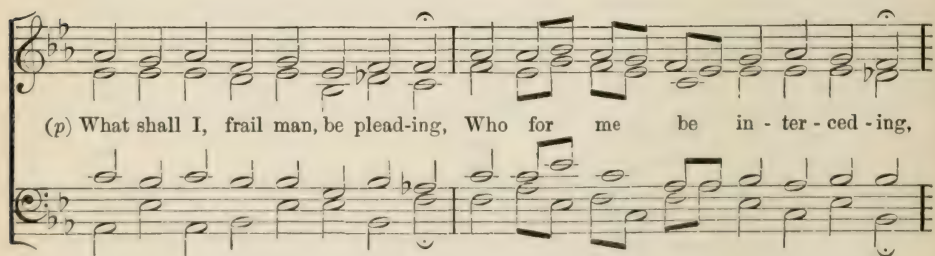
Thence shall judgment be a - ward - ed. When the Judge His seat at - tain - eth,

The first system of musical notation for the piece. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G minor (three flats). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



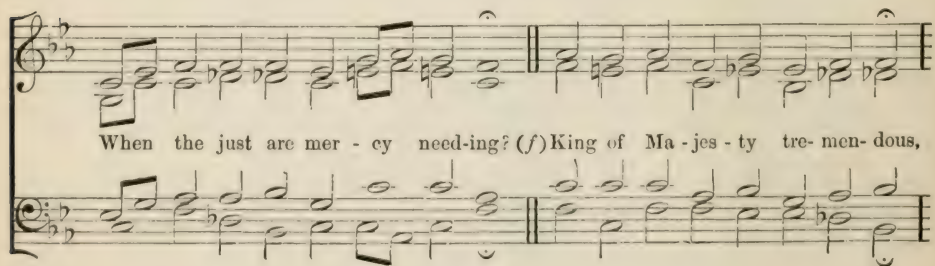
And each hid - den deed ar-raign-eth, Nothing un - a - venged re - main - eth.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



(p) What shall I, frail man, be plead-ing, Who for me be in - ter - ced - ing,

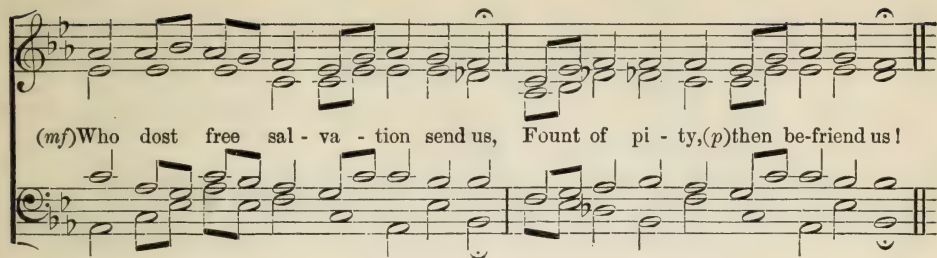
The third system of musical notation. It begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



When the just are mer - cy need-ing? (f) King of Ma - jes - ty tre - men - dous,

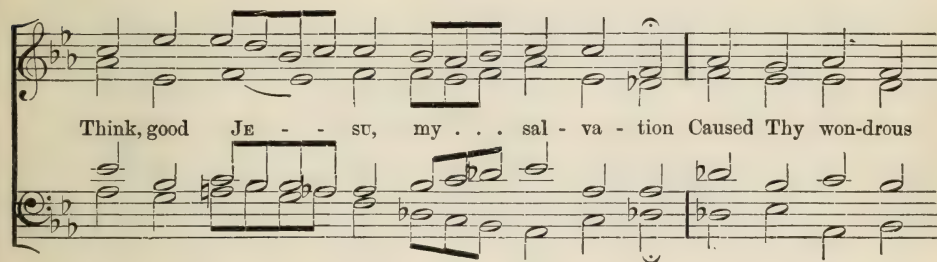
The fourth system of musical notation. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The melody and accompaniment continue. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

# Burial of the Dead.



(mf) Who dost free sal - va - tion send us, Fount of pi - ty, (p) then be - friend us!

The first system of the musical score is written in G minor (three flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a half note D5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.



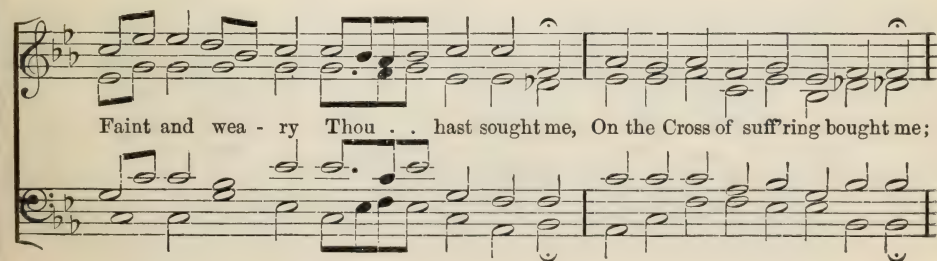
Think, good JE - - su, my . . . sal - va - tion Caused Thy won - drous

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note E5, followed by quarter notes D5, C5, and Bb4. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.



In - car - na - tion; Leave me not . . . to re - pro - ba - tion.

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note A4, followed by quarter notes G4, F4, and E4. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.



Faint and wea - ry Thou . . hast sought me, On the Cross of suff'ring bought me;

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note D4, followed by quarter notes C4, Bb3, and A3. The bass staff continues with its accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

# Burial of the Dead.

Shall such grace . . . be vain - ly brought me? (*mf*) Right-eous Judge! for

The first system of the musical score is in G minor (three flats) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more complex pattern in the right hand, including some triplets.

sin's pol - lu - tion Grant Thy gift of ab - so - lu - tion,

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal melody has a half note D5, followed by quarter notes C5, Bb4, and A4, then a half note G4. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with some changes in the right hand to support the vocal line.

Ere that day of re - tri - bu - tion. Guil - ty, now I pour my moan-ing,

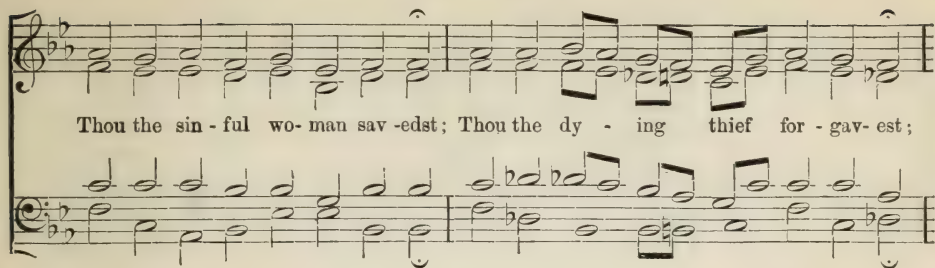
The third system shows the vocal melody with a half note F4, followed by quarter notes E4, D4, and C4, then a half note B3. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic eighth-note accompaniment.

All my shame with anguish owning; Spare, O God, Thy sup-pliant groan - ing.

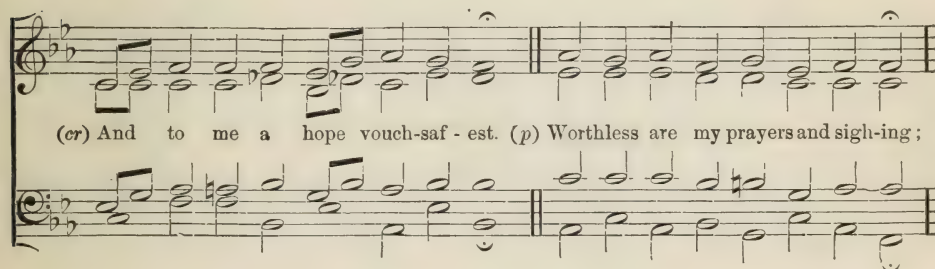
The fourth system concludes the piece. The vocal melody has a half note B3, followed by quarter notes A3, G3, and F3, then a half note E3. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained note in the left hand.



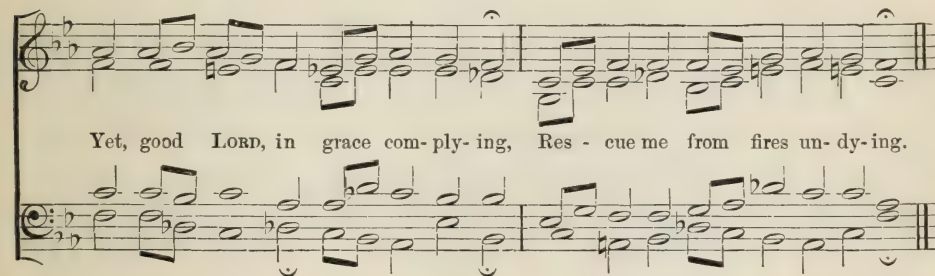
# Burial of the Dead.



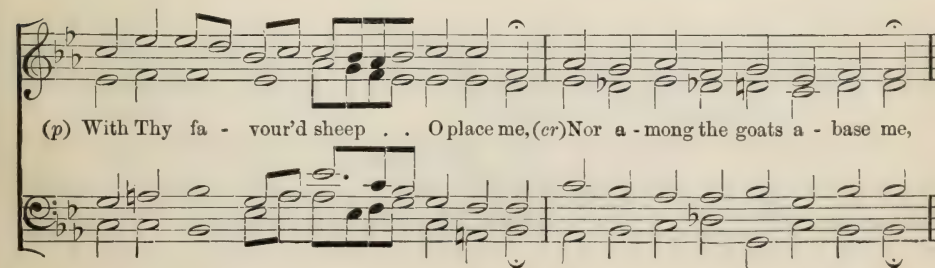
Thou the sin - ful wo - man sav - edst; Thou the dy - ing thief for - gav - est;



(cr) And to me a hope vouch-saf - est. (p) Worthless are my prayers and sigh-ing;

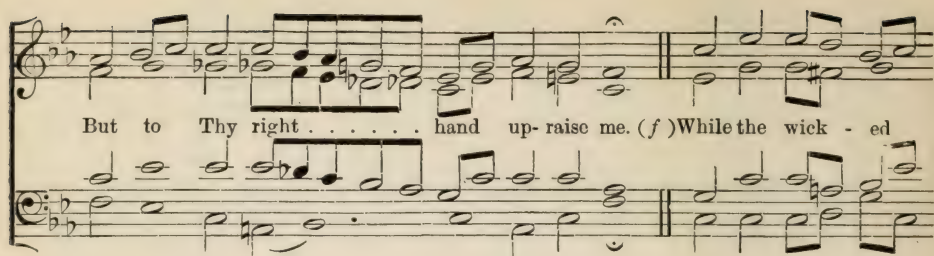


Yet, good Lord, in grace com- ply - ing, Res - cue me from fires un- dy-ing.

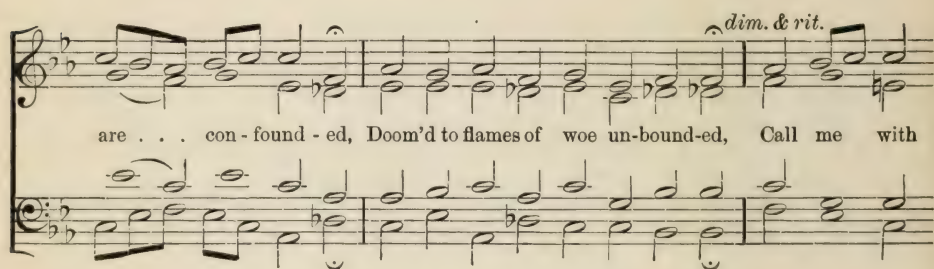


(p) With Thy fa - vour'd sheep . . . O place me, (cr) Nor a - mong the goats a - base me,

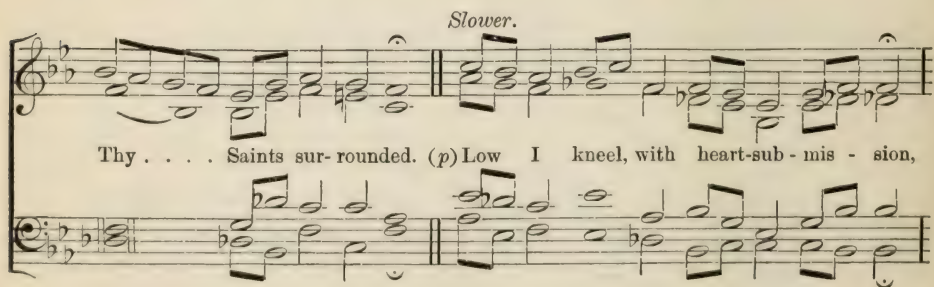
# Burial of the Dead.



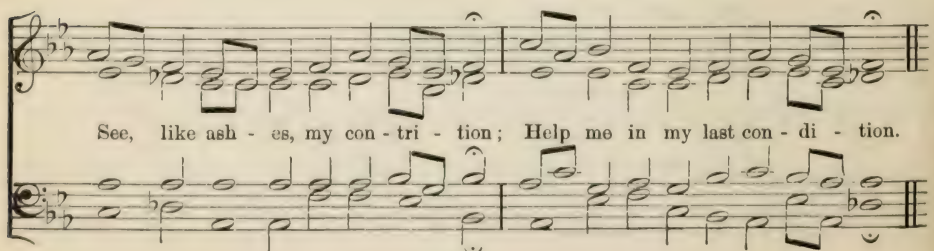
But to Thy right . . . . . hand up-raise me. (*f*) While the wick - ed



are . . . con - found - ed, Doom'd to flames of woe un-bound-ed, Call me with



Thy . . . . Saints sur-rounded. (*p*) Low I kneel, with heart-sub-mis - sion,



See, like ash - es, my con - tri - tion; Help me in my last con - di - tion.

# Burial of the Dead.

(p) Ah! that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth . . .

(cr)

This system features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has two flats. The time signature is common time. The music is in a slow, solemn tempo.

re - turning (f) Man for (ff) judg - ment must . . . pre - pare him; Spare, . .

dim

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats. The music is in a slow, solemn tempo.

O God, in mer - cy spare him! (pp) LORD, all pity - ing, JE - SU Blest,

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats. The music is in a slow, solemn tempo.

(cr) Grant them Thine (dim) e - ter - nal rest. (pp) A - - - men.

This system concludes the piece. The key signature remains two flats. The music is in a slow, solemn tempo.



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 437. FOR ALL THE SAINTS.—10 10 10 4. (Second Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 63.$  — In Unison. 1st v. *S.* vv. 2, 7, 8.

*"Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."*

VERSES 1, 2.

*f* FOR all the Saints who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world con-  
Thy Name, O JESU, be for ever blest.

Alleluia!

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and  
their Might;  
Thou, LORD, their Captain in the well-fought  
Thou in the darkness drear their one true  
Light.

Alleluia!

VERSES 7, 8.

*f* But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious  
day;  
The Saints triumphant rise in bright  
The King of glory passes on His way.

Alleluia!

*ff* From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's  
farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the  
Singing to FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Alleluia!



# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Verses 3, 4, 5 rather faster than verses 1 and 2.

$\text{♩} = 84$ . Harmony.

First system of music, measures 1-4. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *p*, *cres.*

Second system of music, measures 5-8. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f*, *dim.*

Third system of music, measures 9-12. Treble and bass staves. Includes markings for verses 3, 4, 5; v. 6; *rall.*; vv. 7, 8 (*opposite.*); *Unison.*; *Tempo 1mo.*; *ff*.

## VERSES 3, 4.

O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and  
bold, [old,  
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of  
And win, with them, the victor's crown  
of gold. Alleluia!

O blest communion! fellowship Divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory  
shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are  
Thine. Alleluia!

## VERSES 5, 6.

*p* And when the strife is fierce, the warfare  
long, [song,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-  
*cr* And hearts are brave again, and arms  
are strong. Alleluia!

*mf* The golden evening brightens in the  
west; [their rest;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes  
*p* Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.  
Alleluia!

# Festivals of Martyrs and other Holy Days.

Hymn 437. FOR ALL THE SAINTS.—10 10 10 4. (Third Tune.)

$\text{♩} = 100.$

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

“Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.”

- Full. Unison. f* **F**OR all the Saints who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confess'd,  
Thy Name, O JESU, be for ever blest. Alleluia!
- Full. Harmony.* Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might;  
Thou, LORD, their Captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light. Alleluia!
- Men in Unison.* O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the Saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold. Alleluia!
- Harmony. mf* O blest communion! fellowship Divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
*cr* Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- Men in Unison. p* And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
*cr* And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- Trebles in Unison. mf* The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;  
*p* Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- Full. Harmony. f* But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The Saints triumphant rise in bright array:  
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
- Full. Harmony. ff* From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST Alleluia!













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